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PREFACE.

Smollett was the first of the great Scottish novelists whose works have been read and admired by an English, not to mention any Continental, public; and the publication of the first collected edition of his Novels was by a Scotchman. His *Plays and Poems* had, indeed, been issued in one duodecimo volume, in 1784, by Thomas Evans, bookseller in the Strand, with prefixed *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author;* but what have been called his *Miscellaneous Works*—his *Novels*, *Plays*, and *Poems*—were first collected by Mr. David Ramsay, printer of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, and published in six vols. 8vo, in Edinburgh, in the year 1790. To this edition there was prefixed a very meagre Life of Smollett; it had humorous frontispieces by Rowlandson, and it did not contain *The Adventures of an Atom.*

It was another Scotchman in Scotland who made a collected edition of Smollett's Miscellaneous Works a demand in the Scottish and English bookselling market. This was Robert Anderson, M.D.; and his edition is still the best that has been published, if attention to spelling, punctuation, and all the little things which are the only things in which an editor can respect the combined interests of the author and his readers, counts for much. Dr. Anderson had included Smollett's poetry in the *Works of the British Poets*, in thirteen vols. 8vo, published in 1795; and he edited, in 1796, the *Miscellaneous Works*, comprehending all Smollett's plays, poems, and novels, with *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, and this edition was published by James Mundell, printer to the University of Glasgow, in six vols. 8vo. A second edition being found necessary, there was added to the collection, Smollett's Account of the *Expedition to Carthagena in* 1741. The sixth edition was published in 1820. At the time when Mr. Mundell published his edition under Dr. Anderson's direction, the love between Scottish and English booksellers was even less than usual. There had been heart-burnings about the law of copyright between the two countries. The depredations of Alexander Donaldson—of hospital fame—were hard to put up with; and the one class were supposed to be Englishmen, and the others were certainly Scotchmen: so a London edition was inevitable. And Dr. Moore—the good friend of Smollett, the father of the buried but never-dead hero of Corunna and other illustrious places, a novelist of some fame as the author of *Zeluco*, etc.—was both able and willing to supply a name that would buoy up the new edition. Accordingly there was no time lost. In 1797 appeared "The Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D., with Memoirs of his Life; to which is prefixed a View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance, by John Moore, M.D.; in eight vols. 8vo." "This edition," says Dr. Anderson, "is valuable, as it has been the means of procuring for the public a short but faithful account of Smollett from the pen of Dr. Moore, who knew him well, and wrote from personal knowledge." The book was well got up in the matter of printing and binding; but beyond this, it was a very careless piece of editorial work.

The volume now offered to the public contains all of Smollett's works that have become classical, and more. The three novels are certainly English classics, but not the Plays,

nor all the Poems. It will be observed that there are a good many notes appended to the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality in *Peregrine Pickle*, and that the blanks left by Smollett are filled up, but still indicated by means of brackets. These notes have been brought together for the first time since the blanks left by Smollett awakened curiosity about them. Regarding the most important of them, there can be no doubt left in the mind after the evidence supplied in the notes. Where conjecture has been necessary, great care has been observed. Sometimes the editor has conjectured, but has left the name still blank as he found it. A few times he has ventured to fill up the blank upon conjecture; the most obvious case being Dr. and Mrs. S—. The editor gives his reasons in a note. Should any one think that Dr. Smollett was himself the Dr. S—, it is sufficient to remark that there was no Mrs. Smollett for six or seven years after the events in which the editor supposes Dr. Smellie to have taken part. In the story of Mr. Mackercher, the blanks have been all filled up but one. And in *Humphry Clinker*, most of the blanks have been filled up, but, although the effort after accuracy has been no less diligent, very few notes are given. To the poems the present editor has not appended any notes. He has come under many obligations of gratitude during his researches. The heads and assistants of the Advocates', the Signet, the Philosophical Institution, and the University Libraries, deserve from him and many others more thanks than it is easy to put into words, for ungrudging and invariable kindness to constant visitors and questioners who have no other claim on them than their own kindness and good-nature supply. The editor thanks them very earnestly.

Several gentlemen of eminence whom the editor has been under a sort of necessity of putting to trouble in various ways, would be cordially thanked by name, if it were not for a fear, that their names would be of more credit to him than his work could be to them, and that such printed intimations of gratitude might be regarded as so many advertisements.

But one gentleman has been so unwearying in his kindness—simply from literary public spirit, for the editor was previously, and is, beyond the present work, quite unknown to him,—and has supplied so much information and so many valuable hints, that it would lessen the pleasure with which he offers the results of his labour to the public, if he were not allowed to mention his name. It is the learned and venerable James Maidment, Esq., Advocate. The editor had no clue to Mr. C—, Mr. Christie, till Mr. Maidment supplied him with the note, to be read where he is first referred to. And in many other instances he was put upon the proper track of research by the information and suggestions which only such erudition, seeming boundless to a novice, and altogether exceptional in its kind and extent, as the editor of *Pasquils* could supply.

The results of the research expended on the notes certainly do not bulk large, and the editor hopes he will not be supposed in any way to overvalue them, but the labour has been such that he has often felt the wish that Horace Walpole, in his leisure as Lord Orford, had jotted down a few more of the names he could have remembered of people more or less mixed up with his notorious sister-in-law, Lady Orford. There would then have been fewer blanks still left to excite curiosity—not any deeper feeling—than the editor is sorry to count in the list of names he has not succeeded in identifying.

LIFE OF TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

When, in the year 1721, Archibald Smollett's wife, Barbara, gave birth to the infant afterwards baptized Tobias George, Alexander Pope was thirty-three years of age; Samuel Richardson, thirty-two; Henry Fielding, fourteen; Samuel Johnson, twelve; and Laurence Sterne was eight. Oliver Goldsmith was born seven years later. Pope died in 1744, while Smollett, in his twenty-fourth year, was abroad, and two years before he published *Advice, a Satire*, in quarto. This first formal publication is usually called the beginning of a literary career. But a literary career rather trying to the temper of willing or unwilling listeners, has generally been impetuously run by such youths, before they get the tremendously coveted opportunity of taking this final as well as first step. It was so with Smollett. He had quite recently written *The Tears of Scotland*—shed for the disasters occasioned by one member of the house of Stuart; and he had written, years before this, *The Regicide*, a tragedy about the murder of another member of the same plague-stricken house. But he mounted his literary platform too late to enjoy or resent the influence of Alexander Pope in the flesh. Smollett writes of Johnson as "that great *Cham* of literature," when he is using his good offices with John Wilkes to get Francis Barber, Johnson's negro servant, discharged from the navy—at the same time intimating of Johnson, that "He and I were never Cater-cousins." And Johnson lent the last touches to the Latin inscription on the memorial column erected in 1774, near the house in which Smollett was born. This inscription is styled by Sir Walter Scott "nervous and classical;" but most of us are content to read it in some "Life of Smollett." If any adventurous stickler is determined to read it on its original table of stone, he had better be careful to look to his feet. The filthy surroundings of this column, erected in honour of a man who would be an honour to any age or country, were, at least the other day, a reproach to the local authorities. Sterne calls Smollett "the learned Smelfungus," and informs us, "I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon,—he was just coming out of it. '*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit*,' said he. I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I; for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature. I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell." But it is the other two stars of the first magnitude who complete the triad usually constel-

lated as Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. It is not at all likely that Richardson and Smollett would have much personal intercourse. Richardson was a much older man than Smollett; and Smollett, listen elsewhere and also to Matthew Bramble, would not readily affect the company on the only terms on which the other would probably afford it, of a man in business, who was one of the many sons of an honest Derbyshire joiner. Dumbartonshire and other lairds, and their sons, and their grandsons, entertain some very foolish notions about things of this sort. So do a great many other people who are neither lairds nor lords. Smollett was one of them. Fielding is the foil traditionally used to set off the brilliancy of Smollett, or to hit off his deficiencies. Just as in our own day people who read to talk, or who talk and do not read, or who, if they read, certainly do not understand, set up Thackeray and Dickens for comparison, so it has always been one of the accomplishments of polite society to confuse the spheres of kindred stars. Thackeray and Dickens are as unlike as are the eras of Anne and Victoria. And almost as little are Fielding and Smollett to be compared to the advantage or disparagement of either. But Dr. Moore, Dr. Anderson, and Sir Walter Scott, three of Smollett's biographers in chief, have indulged in this species of adumbration, to the considerable confusion of both themselves and any of their readers who may happen to be in earnest. Thomas Roscoe seems to have felt the guidance of a surer instinct of wisdom in biography. He does not compare Smollett and Fielding, nor does he contrast them,—which, by the way, is just another name for the same sort of thing in literature,—even though he hints a preference for this process. He says that Smollett "fills up the space in prose fiction which Fielding left unoccupied; for, widely opposed in genius as in their style, and their selection of characters, it has occurred to us that the preceding biographers of these two delightful writers—without excepting in some degree Sir Walter Scott—have not shown a just discrimination in attempting to draw comparisons between minds and productions so differently constructed, ... having frequently introduced the names of these *facile principes* of their own order in juxtaposition, and with the view of comparison rather than contrast." Thomas Roscoe is here, it is to be feared, raising a gentlemanly protest against one of those weaknesses of the human mind which have been anointed and enthroned as first principles, regulative canons, and primary laws of thought. One at a time for first-rate eminence, is the consecrated frailty in question. There is something conical in the mind of man. A broad base, narrowing upwards, and ending in a single point, is its ideal of all things. One supreme—whether crowned head or first-fiddler. Our grand theories of causation, and our casual theories framed out of fancies believed to be facts, are all under the same control. The sugar-loaf head of Thersites was symbolic of the ultimate shape of the supposed inside of heads, round enough or long enough in outward seeming. One at a time—be he Castor or Pollux, Fielding or Smollett, Thackeray or Dickens. Two at a time, equally brilliant, and each shining his own unborrowed light, is a possibility foreclosed by certain innate ideas, aborigines of the reason, the final security of the understanding of man. Differing, therefore, as Thomas Roscoe does from a great fashion of the universe, it is not to be

expected that he has finally disposed of the *comparative* merits of Fielding and Smollett. Smollett was of a Dumbartonshire family to be proud of—as such pride is wont to be warranted; and he was very proud of the fact. We are told that "from genealogical records preserved in the town archives, it appears that an ancestor of the name—also a Tobias,—so early as the fifteenth century, contracted marriage with a daughter of Sir Patrick Houston, who was master of a handsome property in the county of Renfrew." This Dumbartonshire laird and his Renfrewshire lady seem to have had more than one descendant of the explosive turn of temper so notorious in the conduct of the novelist. An exploit of one of the Smollett family in the sixteenth century—1588—is thus recorded by Matthew Bramble:—"Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage, in one of which the Florida, a ship of the Spanish Armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollett's ancestors. About forty years ago, John, Duke of Argyle, is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared that this ship had the military chest on board. He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between decks; however, they picked up several pieces of plate that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon."

As in the two preceding centuries we have found something to mention of a Smollett, so also in the seventeenth century we have the name of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill. This was the grandfather of the poet and novelist. He was one of the Scottish patriots who, in 1688, risked his all for the Revolution, and all its concomitants and consequences. "So prominent was he," Dr. Robert Chambers tells us, "among those who promoted the Revolution, that the restored Earl of Argyle made him a deputy-lieutenant of his county, and King William knighted him; although we learn from his own statement that he had, after all, some scruples about the new settlement, because, while King James had certainly done illegal things, 'the puir chylde, his son, was innocent:' rather an unexpected trait of softness in the old Whig, though probably of little practical result." Sir James was a learned member of the Scottish bar. He was appointed one of the Commissaries or Consistorial Judges of Edinburgh. And later on in life, he was tied—unless, of course, during holidays—to Edinburgh, in the discharge of the duties of this office, in which he had to exercise judicial functions regarding all manner of doubts and difficulties of a matrimonial sort. He had represented since 1685 the burgh of Dumbarton in the Scottish Parliament, and he was one of the Commissioners for framing the Treaty of Union, and as such he assisted in demolishing for ever one of the most formidable of the Border boundaries between England and Scotland. Sir James Smollett's first wife, a daughter of Mr. Aulay Macaulay of Ardincaple, "heritable bailie of the Lennox," presented him with four sons and two daughters. Of the sons we are told that, according to a custom of the Scottish gentry of that period, Sir James sent them all to the University of Leyden. This is an ascertained fact regarding the three youngest at all events. The eldest, Tobias, died a young man, but had lived to be a captain in Lord Strathmore's regiment, provost of Dumbarton, and sheriff of Dumbartonshire.

The next two, James and George, having been educated at Leyden, qualified for the Scotch bar. James succeeded his father in the Commissary judgeship, and George succeeded James in the same office. The fourth son, Archibald, was, partly from delicate health, and partly from the waywardness of elegant tastes, bred to no profession; and he was the father of Tobias George, the Smollett of the eighteenth century. This Archibald seems to have been such a youth as is often to be encountered in families similarly circumstanced in point of social position and wealth with that of Sir James Smollett. He, delicate in health, but by no means disabled, seems to have preferred elegance to industry, and, as such young gentlemen are wont, to have had little or no just estimate of the only reliable source of the supply of certain grossly material results of such a plebeian thing as industry. Compelled by an ague to return from Leyden, he forthwith married, without his father's consent, Barbara Cunningham, a daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield, in the county of Lanark, and near Glasgow. This was not the first alliance between those two families. They had met in matrimonial contact a century before. Dr. Anderson, with his usual care, informs us in a note that Gilbertfield was "the celebrated residence of Lieutenant William Hamilton, the poetical friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay." This marriage seems to have been a case of like drawing to like a little too much. The lady, like the gentleman, possessed wit, taste, and a sense of elegance in general; and, unfortunately, like him, negatively as well as positively, she was not at all oppressed with hard cash. Sir James Smollett, however, was a sensible man. Although it is not improbable that he felt annoyed, and looked offended, yet he behaved on this occasion, so trying to a stern parent's temper—not like Roderick Random's grandfather. There were, of course, redeeming circumstances. There was the position of the lady's family. There were her acknowledged abilities and accomplishments. So the worthy knight settled on his son the liferent of the house and farm of Dalquhurn, on the banks of the Leven. The vicinity of this house to his own house of Bonhill seems to indicate that the veteran lawyer and Whig had no objections to their company; and the settlement so made, together with a moderate annuity, supplied the lovers in their wedlock with a yearly income of about three hundred pounds. The first child of Archibald Smollett and his wife Barbara was James, named after his paternal grandfather. This son took to the army by and bye, attained the rank of captain, and was lost off the coast of America, along with a number of his men, when the transport in which they were being conveyed abroad went down. Dr. Moore says, "I have often heard him spoken of as a young man of distinguished spirit, and of an excellent character; the Doctor never mentioned him but in the most affectionate terms." The second child was a daughter, named Jane after her paternal grandmother, Sir James's first wife. The third child was our literary hero; and shortly after his birth, Archibald Smollett died, and left a widow and three children—not impotently soliciting our pity. The grandfather was reasonably kind while he lived. The widow seems to have been a clever, managing woman; and there was nothing in the subsequent lot of the children greatly to be commiserated. Captain James Smollett died on duty like a

soldier. Jane, the daughter, was one of the most fortunate ladies of her day —as such things are measured even by people much given to pitying widows and orphans. She "married in 1739"—Dr. Anderson is now being quoted—"Alexander Telfer, Esq., a man of considerable fortune. He was at that time lessee of the mines at Wanlockhead, and resided many years at Leadhills in Lanarkshire. He afterwards purchased the estates of Scotston in Peeblesshire, and Symington in Lanarkshire, and died in 1760, leaving three sons, Alexander, James, and Archibald, and one daughter, Jane. Mrs. Telfer was a woman of admirable good sense, and highly esteemed. Upon the death of her cousin, James Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, in 1776, she succeeded to the family estate of Bonhill, of about one thousand pounds a year; for which it was necessary for her to resume her maiden name of Smollett, and died in 1789, in the seventieth year of her age. Her eldest son, Alexander Telfer, Esq. of Symington, succeeded to the estate at Bonhill, and assumed the name of Smollett. He married Miss Renton, daughter of John Renton, Esq. of Blackadder, in Berwickshire, and niece of the late Earl of Eglinton, and died in 1799, leaving two sons, Alexander and John, and six daughters. His eldest son, Alexander, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and member of Parliament for the county of Dumbarton, succeeded to the family estates of Symington and Bonhill (his father had sold the estate of Scotston some time before), of about sixteen hundred pounds a year, and was killed at the battle of Alkmaar, in Holland, in 1799. His brother, John Smollett, Esq., is the representative of the family." Such was the full statement of the case when Dr. Anderson wrote. It needs only to be added that the John last mentioned was a rear-admiral in the royal navy; and that he married, in 1800, as his second wife, Elizabeth, the second daughter of the Hon. Patrick Boyle, second son of John, second Earl of Glasgow; and he having died in 1842, that their eldest son, Alexander Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, at present represents the family in the direct line from Archibald, the fourth son of the doughty Sir James. This ultimate possession of his property by Archibald's family was more than even the sagacious Revolution patriot either foresaw or provided for. To quote Dr. Robert Chambers—"In 1721, having occasion to arrange his family affairs, he settled his estate in entail on James Smollett, the son of his now deceased second son James; failing this young person and his direct heirs, it was destined to go, not to Sir James's third son, George, who survived under pecuniary difficulties (he had at one time possessed the estate of Ingliston in Midlothian, but had fallen into hopeless embarrassments), but to George's son, another James; and these two Jameses, cousins-german, actually inherited in succession—the second succeeding to the first in 1738, and enjoying it till his death in 1775. Of the unfortunate Archibald and his progeny Sir James took no notice in this deed; neither did he ever make any formal arrangement in their behalf. The three orphans remained in dependency, first upon his bounty, and afterwards upon that of his heirs,"—till the whole of the property fell into the hands of the one girl, the least likely inheritor, as such wisdom as guided Sir James's will would hold as an axiom.

Thus did the imprudent love-marriage provide for the continuance of the

estates in the family, and for the inheritance of the honours of the name Smollett. The offspring of that marriage not only preserved the name from extinction, and its honours from irredeemable dimness, but it rumoured the name away up among the stars, where it was listened to, and received and retained with ingenuous regard; and whence it has been echoed with earnest admiration, and will be echoed again till ages of ages. It is true, Sir James Smollett died without making any provision for the children of his son Archibald; but this was when Archibald's second son, and youngest child, was ten years of age, and after, we have no reason to doubt, a reasonable amount of kindness had been shown the family. It seems to be, therefore, equally true that there was nothing in the conduct of the old gentleman to warrant us to believe that anything but a grievous wrong was done to him, when he was pilloried to posterity by his irritable grandson as guilty of all the enormities of the ungenerous old judge in *Roderick Random*.

It was in the old house of Dalquhurn, in the parish of Cardross, near the village of Renton, erected since then on part of the farm liferented by gift to his father, and in the year 1721, that the subject of this slight narrative was born. The birthday is not on any record that is known; but the day of his baptism is thus to be read on the parish register of Cardross:—"March 19, 1721, Tobias George, son to Mr. Ard. Smollett and Barbara Cunningham, was baptized." On this, Dr. Robert Chambers makes the remark, not more shrewd than interesting in the light of this infant's subsequent career in England, that "the 19th March 1721 being a Sunday, it may be inferred that the baptism took place, in the old Scottish fashion, in the parish church." Where else should the very dependent grandson of Sir James Smollett—worldly and other-worldly, strict in his attention to all the proprieties, religious and revolutionary, of the time, an elder of the Kirk and a member of the Assembly—be baptized? The surroundings of the old house of Dalquhurn seem to have been very romantic in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when George I. was king. They supplied the earlier biographers—especially Dr. Moore, whose life, at this stage, is about Dr. Smollett, and as many other people and places as he could find and find room for—with some rather superfine padding, to relieve the tedium of stating facts. The passage in praise of the Vale of Leven quoted hereabouts by Anderson, Scott, and Roscoe (Dr. Moore quotes lines of his own in praise of the Clyde), can be read in its proper connexion in *Humphry Clinker*. As we look at the place in our own day, we can only feel what a wonderful thing is the progress of civilisation! and how effectually it can improve all sorts of beauty into "extensive bleacheries," and other less romantic sounds, and sights, and smells! Innumerable drudges in the dirt and tourists through the smoke can testify, that now at length civilisation has—short only of pulling down Ben Lomond to fill up the Loch and utilize the quondam bed of the consequently obsolete Leven—done its best and wisest to leave the old romance and beauty

"Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap."

The Dumbarton Grammar School was taught by a mighty schoolmaster of great renown when Smollett was a boy. Mr. John Love, eminent teacher,

good scholar, and excellent man, was a native of the burgh. Born in Dumbarton in 1695, and an alumnus of Glasgow University, he was appointed master of the Grammar School of his native town in 1720—the year before Smollett was born. He went to the High School of Edinburgh in 1735, and thence to the Grammar School of Dalkeith in 1739. He died at Dalkeith in 1750. He wrote "Animadversions on the Latin Grammar lately published by Mr. Robert Trotter, schoolmaster at Dumfries;" and to this work the colossal Ruddiman, whose shadow enlarges as it recedes, appended "A Dissertation upon the way of Teaching of the Latin Language." Mr. Love wrote also "A Vindication of Mr. George Buchanan," against his friend Ruddiman, whose political principles seemed to involve certain prejudices against that earlier and greater Latinist than himself. Ruddiman, in reply, came out with "Animadversions, etc." When Mr. Love died, Ruddiman was, as was to be expected, magnanimous enough to write of his friend and antagonist in the *Caledonian Mercury*, September 24th, 1750:—"For his uncommon knowledge in classical learning, his indefatigable diligence, and strictness of discipline without severity, he was justly accounted one of the most sufficient masters in this country." Such was Smollett's schoolmaster. And of his care and efficiency as a teacher Smollett is a testimony continued on in time long after the good man's name had been all but forgotten. Smollett's command of the Latin language, and his familiarity with that round of facts, fancies, and fables, usually styled classical learning, almost obtrude themselves on every reader of his works—witness, for example, his Feast after the Manner of the Ancients in *Peregrine Pickle*. Dr. Moore records regarding this period:—"The first sprouts of Smollett's poetical genius appeared while he was at the Grammar School of Dumbarton, as I was informed by an old schoolfellow of his. They were verses to the memory of Wallace, of whom he became an early admirer, from the popular stories current in that part of the country, and also from the perusal of Blind Harry's translation of the Latin poems of Robert Blair, chaplain to Sir William Wallace, entitled *Gesta Willelmi Wallas*, and *De Liberata Tyrannide Scotia*." George Buchanan was born in the Lennox, on the banks of the Blane, in the parish of Killearn, near Lochlomond, where a monument has been erected—not to perpetuate his memory, which needs no such prop in stone and lime, but to record the people's feelings of some sort of pride, and especially to attract the honour that is so largely available from such an accident as the place of a great man's birth. The great historian is supposed to have attended the same grammar school as Smollett—the same, that is, in the only sense in which such identity is possible, as that Smollett's school inherited the traditions of Buchanan's. Buchanan's *Rerum Scoticarum Historia* seems to have been used by Mr. Love as a text-book—a sensible procedure. And in it, no doubt, our young poet read the touching story of the murder of James I. at Perth, which he re-embodied in his unlucky tragedy, *The Regicide*: a tragedy of which it may safely be said that it was a noticeable production for a youth of eighteen. One other little item regarding the Dumbarton school-days is, that, in addition to the wholesome birch, schoolboys of the period were exposed to the lash of Tobias George Smollett's satirical propensities. One says

that these intensifications of the companionship of the birch were directed against "the more heartless and stupid of his schoolfellows;" another says, that he selected those for satiric distinction "whose character and conduct disgusted him." Dr. Moore wordily writes, regarding a period a little later: "He began to direct the edge of his boyish satire against such green and scanty shoots of affectation and ridicule as the soil produced." There cannot be a doubt of the fact. Such talent for satire as grew to rank luxuriance in Smollett, poet and novelist, buds always early. The only hesitation one feels regarding the fact as stated, relates to the selection of objects to satirize. Most probably no good reason could be found in either the dispositions or the doings of many of the hobble-de-hoys who were victimized. Satirists born, not made, in the days of their youth, and later on, are not always just in their natural selection. The temper of Tobias Smollett, boy and man, must not be left out of the reckoning.

From Grammar School to College is now, and was in the thirties of last century's age, a course prescribed by custom, fashion, or compulsion to aimless as well as to ambitious young gentlemen. Toby Smollett seems to have been of the former description at this stage of his career. Short views of life, cursory glances at surroundings, and no thought of to-morrow, seem to have been the laddish philosophy which he illustrated, but did not think. He went to Glasgow College, and if he had any ill-defined feeling about a career, it was to be a soldier, like his brother James. But his cousin James—not his grandfather, as all the earlier biographers have written—"thought he should be able to promote their advancement more effectually in separate professions than in the same." This was something more handsome than Roderick Random's cousin ever got or deserved credit for. In Glasgow, an intimacy with some students of medicine—an intimacy which might have been calculated upon, for medical students, rather than nondescripts or students of law or theology, attract such geniuses as Smollett at college—was the slight influence which shaped several of the shuntings in the subsequent career of our hero, who is not a doctor, but a poet and novelist. Ardent natures like his are influenced by evanescent motives; and he, because his companions were going to be medical men, and from no liking either for the profession or for the preparatory studies which qualify for it, resolved to join their classes. James Smollett, his cousin, then Esquire of Bonhill, had had some business acquaintance with Mr. John Gordon, a worthy medical practitioner and apothecary in Glasgow. Through this influence the Smollett of all the ages got behind the apothecary's counter as an apprentice, at the time he was attending classes for Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and, later on, Anatomy and Medicine in the College. Between the counter and the classes he picked up sufficient knowledge to pass some such examination as he exaggerates so notoriously in *Roderick Random*. It is difficult for us to understand, in these days of preliminary examinations on subjects not medical at all, and professional examinations for all the mysteries of the double qualification—the licenses of the College of Surgeons and of the College of Physicians—and the B.M., in advance of the M.D., how his knowledge was acquired. But it sufficed. And the principal result of the studies has been the

creation in literature of his sailor-characters, Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, Crowe, and others of less prominence. For he never could have mentally begotten these immortals, had he not been qualified for medical practice at sea.

Mr. Gordon seems to have unconsciously stood or sat to the young artist for his Potion. Such youthful wielders of the weapons of creative and inventive genius are not hard to please with raw materials. There never was a luckier encounter between a respectable man and a genius—luckier, that is, for the respectable man. Mr. Gordon has lived in Potion by contrast. He seems as certainly to have stood for Potion as that Potion was utterly unlike him. Dr. Moore is a bit touchy on this point. He wants to defend Mr. Gordon. He reasons gravely on the general question of Smollett's identity with Roderick Random, to prepare a general defence of Dr. Gordon. Thus :—"The father of Random, for example, is met by his son in the Spanish West Indies. The father of Smollett died before the latter left Scotland. Random is the only child of his parents. Smollett had a brother and sister. The mother of Random has a brother who is a lieutenant in the navy, one of the most distinguished characters in the work. Smollett had no uncle in the navy." And he goes on to tell us, that Smollett himself regretted the application of Potion's character to Gordon ; and, no doubt, he felt very satirical on the stupidities who did not notice the fine distinctions given by Moore. It might have been added, in the same line, what Dr. Robert Chambers has pointed out, that "he does not even represent Potion as his master, but only as an apothecary with whom he was boarded while at college, and who turned him away on finding that the payment of his board was not likely to be forthcoming." Dr. Gordon may have been as unlike Potion as extra-superfine paper is unlike the rags from which it is made. But the defence of Smollett from satirizing his master seems altogether an afterthought. The rags may have been made out of the superfine paper. Such geniuses as Smollett can do greater wonders than that in the way of working up raw materials to create characters. John Gordon was a sagacious man. Only such a man could have occasioned the following capital anecdote, told by Sir Walter Scott :—"It is said that his master expressed his conviction of Smollett's future eminence in very homely but expressive terms, when some of his neighbours were boasting of the superior decorum and propriety of their young pupils. 'It may be all very true,' said the keen-sighted Mr. Gordon; 'but give me, before them all, my own bubbly-nosed callant, with the stane in his pouch.' Without attempting to render this into English, our Southern readers must be informed that the words contain a faithful sketch of a negligent, unlucky, but spirited urchin, never without some mischievous prank in his head, and a stone in his pocket ready to execute it." Dr. John Gordon rose to eminence. Thirty years later, Matthew Bramble, in *Humphry Clinker*, writes of the same gentleman, no longer an apothecary, but now an eminent consulting physician and more :—"I was introduced to Mr. Gordon, a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is father of the linen manufactory in that place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense."

Dr. Moore tells the following story, and it is all the more precious, that, while there are echoes innumerable of the quips and cranks of a poetical plague, and ridiculous limb of the ancient mischief-maker, this is the only one preserved and verified :—"On a winter evening, when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow-ball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of Crab in *Roderick Random*. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated with him severely for his negligence in quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying, that while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow hit him with a snow-ball in the teeth, and that he had been in pursuit of the delinquent. 'A mighty probable story, truly!' said the master, in an ironical tone. 'I wonder how long I should stand here,' added he, 'before it would enter into mortal man's head to throw a snow-ball at ME.' While he was holding his head erect, with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball. Smollett, who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop-door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and *à propos*."

In 1738 circumstances and Tobias George Smollett began to shape and group for the future. Captain James Smollett died that year. The four biographers—the harmonious four, Moore, Anderson, Scott, and Roscoe—all tell us, or rather one of them writes and the other three repeat, that Sir James Smollett died then. Sir James had been dead seven years. In 1739 Miss Smollett became Mrs. Telfer. Her mother went to live with her, first at Leadhills, and afterwards at Scotston and Edinburgh. Brother James was with his regiment; and our Smollett's apprenticeship was finished, along with his University course of anatomy and medicine; and he was nineteen years of age, and had written a tragedy. Another cousin was now James Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill. The Captain had not left the widow and three orphans out of his scheme of bounty and outlay during his seven years' career as the laird. An incidental confirmation of this is supplied by what Dr. Robert Chambers gives us from the "Family Papers in Cameron House." "We find," says this latest and best biographer of Smollett, "in a scheme of the income and expenditure of 'Captain James Smollett' of Bonhill, in 1735, that a regular sum was set aside for the support of Archibald Smollett's two younger children, 'until they are twelve years old,' namely 400 merks, which assumes, in English sterling money, the form of £22, 4s. 5d. A small matter, it will be thought—and truly so—and yet, perhaps, not quite contemptible relatively to the means and needs of that poor and frugal time. The provision for Sir James's dowager—step-grandmother of the novelist" (erst Elizabeth Hamilton of Orbieston)—"was but twice the sum, £44, 8s. 10d."

At nineteen years of age, with little money; a large, he calls it 'prodigious,' allowance of letters of introduction, and, no doubt, recommendation; a mind well informed; a vein of humour richer than that the Rev. Sydney Smith carried south later on; a fancy or imagination fully as natural as it was nice;

a handsome person, an engaging address, and a tragedy, our Smollett—after some such procedure as is exaggerated, to suit the tastes of our mothers and fathers, in *Roderick Random*—set up his gods in London, and began to look out for employment in the army, in the navy, as a doctor, as an author, or in any other gentlemanly way of toiling to the sweat of his brow or of his brain; but before and above all, he wanted to see his tragedy on the stage of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The history of that terrible tragedy may be read in the story of Melopoyn in *Roderick Random*, and in the puling Preface he wrote to it when he published it by subscription, after he had been accepted by a public as one of its accredited entertainers, and, to be sure, instructors. Indeed, it was a thrice-told tale. But "Gosling Scrag," the ill-used Lord Lyttleton, who had gone too far and not far enough in patronizing this ardent and irritable Scotch gentleman at the end of his teens, disappeared from the second edition of *Peregrine Pickle*. The truth of the matter has been long admitted. It is simply, that *The Regicide, a Tragedy*, is a very laddish production, and Tobias George Smollett did not think so, as neither did a lot of friends and flatterers, including "a humane lady of quality"—this could not be *the* "Lady of Quality," could it?—but that Lacy, Garrick, Lyttleton, and others, who were to be pestered into being patrons, were quite well aware of the fact. The only wonder is, that Smollett, after he had written *Roderick Random*, had not acquired that degree of knowledge of the tragic art which would have condemned the Preface at least. But years and literary work supplied critical knowledge, and he was sorry for the Preface and less proud of the tearful production by and bye. Smollett's apprenticeship to literature was to last a few years longer. His pen required suppling. His career was being shaped, but not by him, as it never has been by any one whose literary career has found an account of itself in the records of the ages. Our youth had to be sent to sea. He had to learn there to create sailors, who have been models ever since for all sailors of literature, stage, and song. "Tom Bowling" was Roderick Random's uncle, and now that "he's gone aloft," he can look down upon a brood more numerous, to use an Oriental exaggeration, than the sands in the sea he loved so well.

Accordingly Tobias entered on board the Cumberland, one of the largest ships of the fleet which sailed in 1740 under Sir Chaloner Ogle, to join in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in 1741. Smollett carved his name on the timber of the Cumberland, and he wrote an account of the expedition. "From the acuteness of observation," says the fondly admiring Moore, "and depth of reflection that appeared in this performance, many were of opinion that it would have been fortunate if, instead of assisting a surgeon, he had had some share in conducting the expedition, and that some of those who conducted the expedition had been employed in the cock-pit. A sketch of this was published in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, and afterwards a more circumstantial account in a compendium of voyages in seven volumes, 12mo." But Smollett was not born to call any man master. And he certainly was not of a temper to endure the worse than brutal treatment to which many of the fine old tars of the jolly times

agone, reduced such a landscum as educated gentlemen whose office it was, to lessen their sufferings in many other ways than by lopping off their limbs. An exaggerated but instructive account of conduct not uncommon in his time, and before and since, but which we find very considerably modified now-a-days,—thanks to the influence of Smollett, and other rulers and benefactors of the nation,—is served up to us in *Roderick Random*. Our spirited assistant-surgeon dismissed his naval employers in the West Indies. He did not come straight home, but continued for some time in Jamaica, where he encountered another of the hurried throng of circumstances which controlled him, and which he has so wittily and wisely controlled for our learning and his country's literature. This particular circumstance was Anne Lascelles, a beautiful woman, very much disposed to be a fine lady, with whom he took up house in London two or three years afterwards. Besides this, we know nothing of Smollett's West Indian adventures in the island of Jamaica, being, as he was, disgusted and done with actual service in the navy.

Most likely a constant flutter, moth-like, anear the charms of Miss Lascelles, kept him out of noteworthy adventures. Dr. Robert Chambers's unsuccessful attempt to fill up this blank in Smollett's biography with a vague guess at one solitary fact, viz., that Mr. Thomas Bontein, a second cousin to Smollett, who was at that time in Jamaica, would probably be friendly to the youth, is one of those knowing and showy feats of research which decoy and damage excellent and honourable biographers, studious of facts and fame. The next recorded appearance of Smollett is in London, at the beginning of the year 1744, when and where he was at war with his destiny in trying to set up and settle down as a London medical practitioner. Here Dr. Chambers's successful research is gladly recognised, who says:—"He himself gives us a peep into his circumstances at this time, by a letter he addressed, May 22, 1744, to a Glasgow friend named Barclay, regarding a mutual college acquaintance of the name of Ritchie, who had recently died. After some rather extravagant lamentations over Ritchie, he says:—'As for the particulars you expect from me, you must wait until I shall be better informed myself; for, to tell you an extraordinary truth, I do not know as yet whether you had better congratulate or condole with me. I wish I was near you, that I might pour forth my heart before you, and make you judge of its dictates, and the several steps I have lately taken; in which case I am confident you and all honest men would acquit my principles, however my prudentials might be condemned. However, I have moved into the house where the late John Douglas, surgeon, died, and you may henceforth direct for Mr. Smollett, surgeon, in Downing Street, West(minster).' Then casting aside both his grief for Ritchie and anxieties about the future, he adds a gay postscript that Willie Wood is just now drinking a glass with him, and desires to have his compliments presented to Miss Becky Bogle." In biography, as in the sciences, facts are light, and this letter is luminous. If he ever paid the rent for this house in Downing Street, it is to be feared the money did not come to him in the shape of professional fees. He was now in the midst of all the fears and false alarms regarding Prince Charlie and the Highland chiefs on the

one side, and Sir John Cope, General Hawley, and the Duke of Cumberland, on the other. 1746 was a busy year for judges, juries, hangmen, headsmen, and Smollett. It was in this year that he wrote *The Tears of Scotland.* About this poem Sir Walter Scott has supplied the following piece of interesting information, put on record by Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore, a friend of Smollett, who, according to Dr. Robert Chambers, received it from one of the gentlemen present, but whom Sir Walter Scott evidently understands to have been the gentleman present, as we infer from his parenthesis: —"Some gentlemen having met at a tavern, were amusing themselves before supper with a game at cards; while Smollett, not choosing to play, sat down to write. One of the company, who also was nominated by him one of his trustees (Gartmore himself), observing his earnestness, and supposing he was writing verses, asked him if it was not so. He accordingly read them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland,* consisting only of six stanzas; and on their remarking that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he sat down, without reply, and, with an air of great indignation, subjoined the concluding stanza:—

> 'While the warm blood bedews my veins,
> And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
> Resentment of my country's fate
> Within my filial breast shall beat.
> Yes, spite of thine insulting foe,
> My sympathizing verse shall flow.
> Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
> Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!'"

This little picture is so full of conviviality, patriotism, valour, and vanity, that one lingers over it—it is so human, and so like a fledgeling poet!

In the August of this year, the very month in which Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino were led to the block, Smollett published *Advice, a Satire,* at a shilling a copy. It came out pamphlet-wise. A sequel to this poem was published a few months after, in the beginning of the year 1747. As to their success there is this fact to be noted, whatever it may be worth,—that a new edition of *Advice and Reproof, two Satires,* was printed in quarto, in 1748. The structure and the satire of these poems is in the style of the period. The satirist avenges himself, whether he eases himself or not, of his adversaries, and, of course, his country's adversaries, since he was the author who had tapped in rather stilted verse, *The Tears of Scotland.*

Dr. Anderson's little bit of narrative regarding one or two facts related to the satires, sheds a steady light on Smollett, quarrelling of course, and his surroundings, including Handel, at this time, and it is appropriated here with thanks:—"Soon after the appearance of this satire (*Advice*), he wrote for Mr. Rich, at that time manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, an opera, entitled *Alceste;* but a dispute taking place between the author and the manager, it was never acted nor printed. The music to this opera was composed by Handel, who, finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Dryden's 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.' About the beginning of

the year 1747, he published his *Reproof, a Satire*, in quarto, a second part of the former, and written with equal energy of expression and acrimony of censure. His recent quarrel with Mr. Rich obtained for him the distinction of being mentioned for his peculiar excellence in the composition of those performances which demand show and expense :—

> 'Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
> Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
> Enjoy the peal, so barbarous and loud,
> While his brain spews new monsters on the crowd.'

Mr. Rich had felt the shafts of Pope's satire before (in the *Dunciad*), and was not of a temper to be much disturbed by Smollett's vengeance, which only injured himself, as it procured him the enmity of a manager of one of the theatres, at a time when his friends were using their influence to get his tragedy acted, when he was yet unknown in the town, and when his pecuniary resources were very slender." Such is the wisdom of genius born with a bad temper. At the same time, it is not to be overlooked that all this preliminary skirmishing with a limited number of people in London, was preparing for the subduing of a larger public, in and out of London, to the obedience of belief in his powers, when he advanced with all his available force as Roderick Random. Much folly, and a great deal of reckless self-obtrusion, are recorded in the indenture of the apprenticeship of genius, during which the heavenly thing bungles idiotically, and slowly learns control.

Men of Smollett's disposition, or, as he would call it, complexion, marry—young if they can, and often when they ought not. He was now of the ripe age of twenty-six. At this age young men live under the delusion that they are rather knowing in the matter of wisdom. In about as many more years, if they live, they begin to correct that mistake. Anne Lascelles was in possession of "the expectation of a fortune of three thousand pounds in West Indian property." Smollett's latest biographer gives the details. "Miss Lascelles's property consisted of certain houses in Kingston, and a few lots of the neighbouring land, yielding in all about £300 'currency' *per annum*." The "West Indian *property*" included also some live stock of humanity; for we are told, "In 1756, Smollett is found giving orders to 'Tom Bontein' to 'sell our niggers in the West Indies.'" Dr. Anderson asserts that the marriage ceremony was performed in London. Dr. Chambers says: "The matrimonial life of Smollett commenced in 1747, when he was twenty-six years of age. Whether he had wedded Miss Lascelles in the West Indies three or four years previously, or accomplished his union with her now, cannot be determined. It is tolerably certain that only now did the pair commence living as man and wife in London." They had an only child, a daughter; and it need not startle us to hear that there was no excess of conjugal felicity. There seldom is with such natures as Smollett's, and there never is when the woman is foolish enough to affect being fine. Besides, such carnal considerations as expectations being fulfilled or falling through, are apt to exert their earthly influence; and, "instead of an expected fortune of £3000, he gained by this connexion only a law-suit, and increased the expense of housekeeping, which he was still less able to

afford, and was again obliged to have recourse to his literary talents," writes Sir Walter Scott. It was all for good—our good, at all events. *The Adventures of Roderick Random,* written autobiographically, that is, as if the hero recorded his own adventures, was the result of the necessity that was now laid upon our *littérateur.* It was published in January 1748. In addition to the need of money, no doubt the loyal wish to look large in his pretty wife's eyes would give him ample motive to keep close at his desk or table during his marriage year. Smollett's name was not on the title-page of the first edition, published "in two pocket volumes, at six shillings, by Osborn of Gray's Inn Lane, the identical bookseller whom Johnson had some time before knocked down for being 'impertinent' to him. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought it must be by Fielding, then the greatest composer of fiction in England." He got a little money in hand for his labour over this book, and he acquired that peculiar species of fame or credit which is the lot of the writers of successful books, and which is intimately allied to credit in money or money's worth. The doctor was now getting independent of medical practice, or rather of medical fees.

Smollett, in the Preface to *Roderick Random,* writes about "Monsieur Le Sage, who, in his Adventures of Gil Blas, has described the knavery and foibles of life with infinite humour and sagacity. The following sheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however, to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid. The disgraces of Gil Blas are, for the most part, such as rather excite mirth than compassion: he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himself to be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world." In these high-flown words we have the author's authority for the model, and a little of what he thought of the mould, of his novel. It would not be easy to read this work aloud now-a-days to our wives,—utterly impossible to our sisters and daughters. It was different in those days. The pure and spiritually-minded Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, the wife of Dr. Delany, a Dean of the Irish Church, writes in August 1750, "I have read, or rather heard read, *The Man of Honour, Roderick Random,* and *The Sieges of Drogheda and Derry.*" The Rev. Dean was in the habit of reading aloud to his excellent wife. Manners are changed; and as manners have a somewhat parental relation to morals, we think ourselves morally a great deal better than our great-grandmothers. We are different. Reading had not then, and has not now, everything to do with our conduct. It is a portion of our conduct; and the springs and guides of conduct are before and beyond the books we read. Books and preachers are admired on the fundamental principle of weathercocks. These show how the wind blows. Those point our bias. Nobody can suffer much harm in the long-run from truth. Human nature has a surprising facility of reconciling happiness with truth—when it has a chance. Nobody coming within any reasonable reach of Smollett's public, will ever suffer moral taint from *Roderick Random.* If any one does, or says

he does, he tells tales about more than the book. Winifred Jenkins would not go near the lion after she was told that it roared tremendously at maidens who might have been misbehaving themselves at some time or other. There is a sort of cant use of the word *realism* in our day. Baron Bunsen in his Introduction to *Soll und Haben*—Debit and Credit—gave the word such an impetus, it has been, like a swallow in the dusk, darting about from pens and tongues ever since. Realism in literature is, or would be—for really we have not sunk to it—unreadableness; on the stage it is ridiculous, and in painting and music it would ultimately disgust "Nickar the Soulless" himself. An eminent degree of self-concealing art—art in which there is the hiding of its power—has been called, by people who knew the worth of words, realism, properly enough, for the want of a better word; but it is the real presence of art which works the transubstantiation of the wafer and wine of facts into the divine body and blood of an artist's soul incarnate. Realism is not a chronicle, or a copy, or an imitation of anything in the heaven above, or on the earth beneath, out of the spell of the plastic force of an artist's eye or ear.

Smollett is, properly understood, the greatest realist in our language. The spirit of truth was the soul of his fancy. If there is lowness in his writings, it is because there is lewdness in men and women. Swift says :—

> "As Rochefoucault his manners drew
> From nature, I believe them true :
> They argue no corrupted mind
> In him—the fault is in mankind."

In his Preface, Smollett, a Scotchman, is almost apologetic for making his hero a North Briton. He assigns his reasons for doing so, and they are these : "I could at a small expense bestow on him such education as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom with more propriety than in any place near the capital; and, lastly, the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country." These are evidently after-thoughts. They provoke a smile—not at Smollett, who was no coward, and who was proud of being a Scotchman—but at the ignorant importance of the South Britons of the time, and especially of the capital, who stood in sore need of such conciliation. Scott, not very long after, had no such apologies to make. And Thomas Carlyle, the Chelsea sage of this, as Smollett was of last century, would as soon pretend to having discovered the perpetual motion as he would veil a single Scotch feature on his face or in his fancy. Dr. Robert Chambers makes a rather curious remark with some bearing on this. Speaking of Roderick Random, he says :—"He made his way to Newcastle, which is the first town or place he mentions by name in his narration : a curious, hitherto unobserved fact, marking part of the feelings of that age. In the early half of the eighteenth century, and more particularly when *Roderick Random* was published, Scotland was sadly out of love and respect in the southern kingdom, and it was little recommendation to be a Scotsman. Mr. Random

therefore only intimates that he was born in 'the northern part of the United Kingdom,' indicates Glasgow as 'a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges,' and passes through seven Scottish chapters without ever specifying a Scottish locality." After bringing his hero through, or rather out of, his scrapes, he does mention Edinburgh by name—leaving it to be supposed that some good thing could come out of the north. Smollett, however, takes ample vengeance for all this unnatural self-restraint when Matthew Bramble and Jerry Melford describe the English, and the Scotch, and Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago.

In *Roderick Random* the practice of giving significant names to the characters is carried out with all an eager youth's urgent defectiveness, from the heroes Random and Strap down to Gawky, Bumpkin, and Shuffle. This species of unartistic affectation begins to dissolve in *Peregrine Pickle*, and almost disappears in *Humphry Clinker*.

In *Roderick Random* and in *Peregrine Pickle* there is no description of scenery or architecture. These are the staple article in our time. Wordsworth somewhere speaks of this as a product of the nineteenth century. But no writer ever excelled Smollett in hitting off—descriptively—the noses and natures in general of women and men.

Smollett was no structuralist. These two novels owe nothing to plots and high play in mystery—the whole thing is byplay. Roderick Random and Strap are the unity of the first of them. One expects something to be made in the mystery way of Mrs. Gawky, but she slips out of the novel like a knotless thread through the eye of a needle. Narcissa, after she does appear, helps to keep things hanging together, but Strap and Random are the plan, and the plot, and the counter-plot. These two are one. Strap is the complement of Random—his artistic as well as his economic completion.

Once more, Smollett is no master in pathos. One sees him making mouths behind the mask. His "dear creature," "arbitress of my fate," and "glowing hopes," and "chilling fears," are all in the sock. Smollett never walked with ease in the buskin. It pinched his foot from *The Regicide* to *Humphry Clinker*. It is usual to pad biographies of Smollett, and his like, with outlines of the story under notice, and with the biographer's estimate of the characters. The story is within reach of the reader, and his own estimate is of vastly more consequence to him than a biographer's. *Roderick Random* being written as if by himself, its autobiographic style provoked a sturdy endeavour to identify the originals of the characters—a notable outcome of the fallen spirit of realism. Who the hero, and his grandfather, and his cousin were, everybody knew. Narcissa sprung from Miss Lascelles. Captain Whiffle has been supposed to be identified in Lord Henry Pawlett, commander of the Harfleur, who died in 1794, the last Duke of Bolton. Tom Bowling and Jack Rattlin are left in their Melchizedek-like originality. But Strap has been the pride and the boast of four claimants. It is not in this case greatness thrust on unwilling victims; it is greatness urged in claim, and utilized to a bargain in business. Lewis, the bookseller of Chelsea; Hew Hewson, the hairdresser in the parish of St. Martin's, London; Duncan Niven, a wigmaker of Glasgow; and

Hutchinson, a barber of Dunbar, have all had their claims and their advocates. Dr. Chambers gives the details in a note, and to it we refer the curious. Whoever was the original, it is certain he was not the man. Clay lifted from the ground by a creator is not the man into whose nostrils the breath of life is breathed. In the story of Melopoyn, it seems to be admitted that Mr. Lacy of Drury Lane was Brayer, Mr. Garrick was Marmozet, and Lord Lyttleton was Sheerwit. To the latter two Smollett made what atonement he could by and by, but as Smollett the novelist is more widely read than the historian Smollett, the atonement could never become as ample as he, no doubt, wished it to be. In his *History of England*, the following is read regarding the period referred to in the story of Random's fellow-prisoner in the Marshalsea :—

"The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and acting of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression." Besides, with the ardour of a nature as eager to praise as to blame, he wrote a rather suppliant letter to Garrick, begging him to believe that his good opinion was sincere. As to Lyttleton, he wrote :—

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished mien, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton."

Smollett had now got a platform all to himself. And he availed himself of it to bring under the notice of his public *The Regicide* and its troubles. This was in 1749. It was published by subscription, octavo in form, and the ill-used and querulous author was quieted down a little with a pecuniary solace : Dr. Anderson says, it was "very much to his emolument."

Success in literature is not favourable to prosperity in any of the other professions. This is as it ought to be. Patients, pleas, the parish, the market, the counter, the workshop, are in danger of being neglected when a man, however great his versatility—a word, by the way, hinting shreds and shallowness, —withdraws from them the amount of attention required for literary success. An instinct in the minds of employers asserts this. Smollett's literary success was now something very like eminence. He had not much of the temper of bowing down in him—a temper so necessary to make a medical practice, and even to keep one which has been only recently bought. His consciousness of power to make money in the labour of another profession would not mend—or mar—his temper in this respect. While, therefore, it seems we should regard him up to this time as still clinging to the name, and pretending to the practice, of a surgeon, the projection of another novel looks very like a slightly obtrusive feeling controlling and shaping into that prostration before necessity, usually called a resolution firmly and finally taken. Smollett's tastes and talents were literary. But literature was not yet acknowledged by society to be gentlemanly. And Smollett was disposed very much to be a gentleman—of course he was one by nature, but nature is not in the question at present ; and his wife seems to have been, as Creoles often are, desperately anxious to be a fine

lady—that is, a female all outside of herself, and by no means a sensible woman. The medical profession was gentlemanly. Here, then, was a difficulty to a mind like Smollett's, which was utterly incapable of being reduced to the equilibrium of equal and opposite forces which the ass used to be logically supposed to feel between two battels of straw, but which no hungry ass ever did feel. It is a fiction of biography to suppose some men capable of this feat of the fictitious ass. If we could suppose such a thing, the moment of the resultant force would be at best equal to nothing, as it was with the ass—as real an existence as the biographers' ideal of philosophic calm. Smollett was neither a philosopher nor an ass of the ideal sort. We accordingly find him between two very dissimilar battels in the same year. In June 1750 he was constituted M.D. by the Marischal College, Aberdeen. Dr. Anderson says :—"At this period, Smollett seems to have obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, probably from a foreign University." Sir Walter Scott settled the question about the degree on final historical evidence. He writes in a note :—"The late ingenious artist, Mr. H. W. Williams of Edinburgh, tells us in his Travels, that a friend of his had seen, in 1816, at Leghorn, the diploma of Smollett's doctorate, and that it was an Aberdeen one. The present editor thought it worth while to inquire into this, and Professor Cruikshanks has politely forwarded a certificated copy of the diploma, which was granted by the Marischal College of Aberdeen in June 1750." And in this same year he left London, and all its possibilities of practice and fees, and went to Paris; and there, as is surmised, wrote the most of *Peregrine Pickle*, which appeared in the spring of 1751, in four volumes duodecimo, and was received with such extraordinary avidity, that a large impression was quickly sold in England, another was bought up in Ireland, a translation was executed into the French language, and it soon made its appearance in a *second edition*, with an apologetic *Advertisement*, and *Two Letters*, relating to the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, sent to the editor by a *Person of Honour*. This first edition is in our day scarce enough, and sufficiently coarse to fetch an enhanced price. Any one who has a taste for such things, or who is fond of a few shillings of profit, will look to the trade certification, which is, "London: Printed for the Author, and sold by D. Wilson, at Plato's Head, near Round Court, in the Strand, 1751." The critical readers of this new novel by Smollett would perhaps observe two things regarding his power of invention, in the sense of the word which relates to the creative faculty in literature. They are richness of invention in incident and detail, and poverty of invention in plan, plot, general construction, machinery, or whatever would require a *Deus ex machina*. There is a wonderful confusion of fine wit and filthiness in the book. But, in a true sense of the word, it is remarkably real—it is so like nature. There are a few points our supposed critics would probably notice: Peregrine Pickle is an Englishman, and Roderick Random was a Scotchman. The North Briton was a proud and poverty-stricken scion of a good old county family—a Scottish county family. The Southron's grandfather died in the harness of London business, and was very sorry indeed to die before his plentiful fortune "amounted

to a plum," and made it his dying request to his son to make up the deficiency. This son had all the greed and gripe of a man of business; and he, therefore, retired from business, believing it would pay best, all things considered—his sister Grizzle, and a loss of five hundred pounds being two of the all things. Further, *Roderick Random* was written autobiographically. *Peregrine Pickle* is written biographically—that is, in the former, the hero appeared also as author, and there was no author's name on the title-page; in this new novel, Smollett appears as the author, and writes an account of the sayings, and doings, and surroundings of this rehabilitation of the one hero of a novel he had yet shown himself capable of creating. The style of hero was evidently at this period of his life to his liking—a species of self-love, no doubt. These and a few other trifling differences would, or perhaps they would not, strike those desperately knowing persons, who, when impersonal, are called the critics.

But to detail the points of resemblance between the two novels would be to enumerate all the general features of both. The hero in both is trotted from infancy to marriage, being introduced with an account of his parentage. He shows utter commonness of head and heart as a representative of his class. Let not Smollett's power be undervalued in regard to this. It is a proof of the highest power to arouse our interest in such a vagabondish, selfish, vindictive, generous ornament of the lower upper class in the one case, and the upper lower class in the other. Pipes crouches to Pickle as Strap does to Random; or perhaps we ought to say Pipes and Hatchway. For there is this to be noted: the second work is to the first pretty much what, in the hands of a writer who has time to pause, a re-written sentence is to itself at first—it is branched out considerably. This tendency is seen in the increase in the number of heartless people at home, who do foul wrong to the rather impious hero. Grandfather in the first; father, and especially mother, in the second story, are the unkind people at home. The cousin and his tutor, whose teeth Roderick knocks out of their setting with a stone; and Gam and his tutor, who gets such a mauling more than once, stand in the relation to each other of the first and the final form of a sentence with the life of thought in it. During the hare-brained career of Pickle, Random's name turns up, or rather Morgan—whom the identifiers have had to trace up to Shakespeare's Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans—reappears in person. In *Humphry Clinker*, Ferdinand Count Fathom is found again as a penitent apothecary in Yorkshire. So all through the story, away to the Continent—only, of course, with additional sprouts and branches in the second—back to beggary and a debtors' prison; a marvellous deliverance, and a happy marriage, described with certain very hot allusions to hymeneal mysteries, are all and a thousand and more, evidences that Smollett was as yet poor in structural invention, while his brain teemed in birth with incidents, and fun, and furious frolic. Narcissa and Emilia—in the second, observe, Emilia and Sophia—are just as like as the feathers in the Phœnix used to be like the feathers of the dead fowl whose ashes were pregnant. In the case of the novels, it is a former fowl, not a dead one. These are not by any means young ladies who would charm people quite as capable of heavenly influences as either Random or

Pickle. But they are the very counterpart of their admirers—made for them truly, immensely more truly than the same thing is so often said by leaning lovers, who have made the same discovery regarding certain fictile ideas in the Creator's head on several other occasions. Smollett's female characters are framed for society. Their individual woman's heart is absorbed by what is social. They are worldly. Narcissa is less so than Emilia. But wasted sweetness in a desert is no part of our novelist's ideal of womanliness. Whenever he can get them brought out, they make a tremendous show. Dr. Moore defends them, and Mr. Roscoe adds a few apologies to Moore's defence, which he adopts. What they say is true. Still it is as true that a fine lady, even if a foolish woman, was uppermost in our artist's conceptions. To love well and wisely is regarded as the solution of the life problem of a woman. The love of Smollett's ideal woman was wondrous wise. Emilia's love and deceit are, it is to be hoped, unrealizable. Again there is no description of scenery as made for man or by him. This is noteworthy. Souls in a rush like Smollett's have no time to look leisurely out of the window. Genius, suffering and restful, utters itself in the highest art. Genius, self-conscious and egotistical, is too forward, and Nature regards it as saintly matrons look upon impudent boys; and the impudent boys have little time to listen to the saintly matrons. No doubt the possessed victims of this devil of self-obtrusive genius often bemoan it, and would hail as a saviour any great physician who would cast it out. But great physicians are not often met. And the great assistant-surgeon, or physician in ordinary, Time, is left to do the work; and he tortures and teaches. Accordingly, in *Humphry Clinker*, when our original was weary and worn, and willingly inclined to rest, we see many evidences of a very noble soul on the look-out. The principal interest of Smollett's earlier novels is a self-evolution of the writer. His inly look was eager then. If he tried to look out, he looked in to see what he was like in the circumstances. The only bit of scenic word-painting—a procedure prolific of fraud, and fondly practised by impostors—by Smollett in these novels, that occurs to memory, is a line or two of description of a storm in *Roderick Random*, chapter xxviii. They read thus:—"The sea was swelled into billows mountain high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our top-mast head, and threatened, by dashing together, to overwhelm us in a moment." No doubt there was many a pause over the pen at the *accouchement* of this. It was quite in Virgil's line, if not exactly in his style. Indeed, it is after the manner of the ancient poetical descriptions of storms, which seem to have been so plentiful that Juvenal ridicules them as one of the literary cants: *Omnia fiunt Talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit tempestas.* The following remark by Dr. Robert Chambers is worth transcribing:—"The attractions of *Peregrine Pickle* mainly centre round two points,—the so-called 'garrison,' with its inhabitants, Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes; and the exquisitely burlesque scenes afforded by the physician and painter in their sojourn at Paris. Or, if a third centre exists, it may be said to reside in the chapters in which the hero forms the

acquaintance of Cadwallader Crabtree." There is a matter of fact or two to be heeded. Pallet is said to have been a study from the life; the name of the model is unknown. The physician was undoubtedly Mark Akenside, medical man and poet. The following passage identifies him:—"*O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind must grasp whatever yonder stars survey*—Pray, Mr. Pallet, what is your opinion of that image of the mind grasping the whole universe? I can't help thinking it the most happy conception that ever entered my imagination." The lines quoted by the ranter about liberty and feaster after the manner of the ancients, are III. 3, 5-6 of Akenside's Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon. Akenside and Smollett could not have mutually embosomed each other, as Smollett's latest biographer thinks they ought to have done. They were both too boisterously eager to pair their bosoms or their brains. Smollett, as a historian, is just to him as we have seen before he was to Garrick and Lyttleton. He says: "Akenside and Armstrong excelled in didactic poetry." The Scotch gentlemen in exile in France which occur in the novel, are traced to originals by Dr. Moore. Mr. Hunter of Burnside, in Forfarshire, whose family is still represented, was the individual who is mentioned as having wept bitterly over the misfortune of having involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress, and, in the impatience of his grief, having cursed himself with frantic imprecation. "I myself heard," says Dr. Moore, "Mr. Hunter express himself in this manner to Dr. Smollett." As to Frances Hawes, first the wife of Lord William Hamilton, then the unhappy Lady Vane, then the mistress of Mr. Shirley, afterwards similarly related to Lord Berkeley and others,—the *Lady of Quality*, whose memoirs are pasted on to the pages of *Peregrine Pickle*,—there is such full information supplied regarding her and her victims and her taskmasters, in the notes to the edition for which this Life is written, that it seems unnecessary to say more of her here. The same remark applies to the hard-headed and soft-hearted Daniel Mackercher, Esq., and Mr. Annesley, and all the obscure persons whose names have been dug up from the mud of reports of their famous case, and printed in this edition to gratify the curious—not that such information is of much material worth.

Regarding Lady Vane, however, the following well-authenticated anecdote of her old age is very welcome; for various and strange are the evil rumours of her latter end to be read in stray corners of journals about four-fifths of a century ago. The anecdote was communicated to Dr. Robert Chambers, "by his friend, the late Rev. John Anderson, minister of Newburgh, who was nephew to Mr. Stuart." And with the good leave of Dr. Chambers, to whom so much is owed in this resetting of facts due to Smollett, the story is here repeated in his own words:—"About 1775, a young divinity student, named Thomas Stuart, while attending the Edinburgh University, was selected by Principal Robertson to go and take charge of the education of a boy named Hawes, who lived with his mother in a villa near Bath. It was set forth to him, that, besides a handsome salary, he might, in the event of giving satisfaction, hope for promotion in the English Church, as the lady had influence with the Earl of Bute. He was pleased with the situation, and

only remarked, with some surprise, that of Mrs. Hawes's many visitors few were ladies. At length, as they were one day passing along a public walk in Bath, the young tutor heard the crowd repeating the name of Lady Vane, mingled with expressions of reprobation, and the truth instantly flashed upon him. He had inadvertently gone into the service of the Lady of Quality, whose memoirs had been published upwards of twenty years ago by Smollett. He wrote to Principal Robertson to explain the necessity he was under of resigning his post. When he communicated his resolution to the lady she changed colour, but did not upbraid him. Charles Fox was present, conversing gaily, on the evening when he departed from Lady Vane's house by a passing stage-coach. The lady, at parting, put a ring upon his finger, and whispered in his ear, 'Had these wan cheeks been twenty years younger, your Scotch pride might have been vanquished.' He became minister of Newburgh, in Fife, and passed through a blameless life."

One other word before parting with *Pickle*. Dean Delany does not seem to have had an opportunity of reading the first edition, at least, of *Peregrine Pickle* to his admirable wife, as he had read *Roderick Random*. She writes to her sister Ann, Mrs. Dewes, or D'Ewes, as her descendant, Lady Llanover, spells the name, on the 6th April 1751 : "You *do not* recommend *Peregrine Pickle*, so I shall *not* buy it." Smollett was brought to feel the weight of, let us hope, many such capital sentences. He set to purge and look cleanly like a gentleman ; and whatever we may think, he thought his second edition quite fit for reading anywhere by whomsoever. Thus the author "flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass of the rules of decorum." *O tempora ! O mores !* Whether Mrs. Delany bought it after this, and had another opportunity of admiring her beloved Dean's elocution, we do not know.

The title Doctor was Smollett's by right after June 1750. He was not a man to hide his right any more than his light. Accordingly his next lesson to the public was one more directly of instruction than of amusement. Dr. Smollett tried in vain once more to eviscerate himself of himself, and to busy himself at Bath with sicknesses and sores of the flesh rather than of the spirit. But the fates were propitious, and he failed. He was destined to works of lasting life. A little more in his own line than physical humouring of the feeble and the humorsome, he published, in 1752, in quarto, "An Essay on the External Use of Water; with particular Remarks upon the present method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath, in Somersetshire, and a Plan for rendering them more Safe, Agreeable, and Efficacious." Reputation for knowledge and public feeling might follow this performance ; but money for medical attendance did not. This is the only attempt Dr. Smollett is known to have made at issuing printed certificates of his professional qualifications. Doctors, and Frenchmen who write French Grammars for English learners, but do not know English, are much given to this mode of advertisement. In Smollett's case it was not all advertising. There was a quarrel in the case, and to join in the fray was quite as necessary to him as work and wages. Mr. Cleland, a surgeon in Bath, was a sort of

local reformer in the bath business. He had opponents in the same line. Dr. Smollett had got his M.D., and wished to get money. He sided with Mr. Cleland, and wrote, and demonstrated that he had been reading, but did not show much valiant fight for his friend. He went in for pure water, and Bath had no reputation on that score. And he put himself in possession of a great many sensible ideas, which he exhibited a good many years after, for our delectation, in the letters of Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis.

The prostration before necessity being now full length and at longest stretch, our novelist therefore determined, with unalterable resolve, to abandon a profession he never had been admitted to in any such sense of material profit as to render the name of it endurable to him. He left Bath and went to Chelsea. And a house in that retreat of sages, which he is known to have occupied, was Monmouth House, in Lawrence Lane, which, along with the garden extending behind it, had been familiar to the lady represented by Sir Walter Scott as the kindly hostess and constant benefactress of the last of all the Border bards: the Duchess of Buccleuch by birthright, the Duchess of Monmouth by marriage to that son of Charles II. who began life with no legal right to his being, and ended it by forfeiting all similar right to his head. Smollett describes this house in *Humphry Clinker*. About this period we are to date the recognition by rivals and revilers of our Chelsea Scotchman's high rank among the wits of the generations; and, as generally happens, henceforth he ceased to revel in the virulence of personal satire, and took to veiling his individual temper by the adoption of that trick of rendering persons impersonal, which is called typical satire,—words which seem to mean delineating the conduct of a character, rather than deleting the character of a man. We are told that such gentlemen as John Wilkes and Dr. Armstrong now valued Smollett's company and conviviality at Monmouth House and at their own. The profession of authorship requires above all things industry. Genius is not favourable to this, and learning is the accumulated profit of its labour. If these three forces, genius, learning, and industry, ever act on any one point, the resultant is appreciable. Smollett often illustrated the operation of this trinity of energy. The resultant in his case was great, and would have been grand but for a bad temper. He was aware of this, as we learn from the dedication of his next novel to Dr. * * *, evidently Dr. Smollett, for he was too well bred to address such a dedication to any other doctor. The novel in question is *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, published in two volumes 12mo, in 1753; and a portion of the apologetic dedication prefixed to it is:—"Know then, I can despise your pride while I honour your integrity; and applaud your taste, while I am shocked at your ostentation. I have known you trifling, superficial, and obstinate in dispute; meanly jealous, and awkwardly reserved; rash and haughty in your resentments; and coarse and lowly in your connexions. I have blushed at the weakness of your conversation, and trembled at the errors of your conduct. Yet, as I own you possess certain good qualities which overbalance these defects, and distinguish you on this occasion as a person for whom I have the most perfect attachment and esteem, you have no cause to complain of the indelicacy with which your faults are reprehended;

and as they are chiefly the excesses of a sanguine disposition and looseness of thought, impatient of caution or control; you may, thus stimulated, watch over your own intemperance and infirmity with redoubled vigilance and consideration, and for the future profit by the severity of my reproof."

Talk like this in a dedication to a new book by a genius all in flame, still struggling at thirty-two years of age, eager to excel all at once, and painfully sensible of the inconvenience of talk in another strain, is dogged with a by-sense of blended apology and advertisement, and with a suspicion that it squirts from a source about as profound as the tongue and the tips of two fingers and a thumb. The talk, let us hope, will by and bye proceed in an opposite direction. When a man begins to say such things to himself, all alone and in the strictest confidence, he is in a hopeful way; and in some score of years or so, more or less, according to the bulk of certain elements of an earthy sort, and according to the action of certain incidents of a torturing kind, the spirit of the talk will perhaps have inspired the temper, and become a law of life to it. As an account of the inner man, Smollett, it has, no doubt, a good deal of truth in it. Many years later he drew only a line, and laid down two points, of the outer man in the face. Tabitha Bramble's tongue is the black-lead used. She says, when comparing Humphry Clinker's features to the family portrait, "I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the nose of my uncle Lloyd of Fluydwellyn; and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's."

Ferdinand Count Fathom never became a classical novel. All the biographers have found a reason for this ready to hand in the author's unwise words in his dedication to the individual already identified. The words are: "Let me not be condemned for having chosen my principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, when I declare my purpose is to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the unexperienced and unwary." Here was ready to hand a necessary and sufficient explanation of a difficulty. The author had begun to work another vein for a metal seen to be different from what he had previously sent to the market; but who was to explain the difference? He had not, wise workman as he was, cleaned out the one from which he had previously taken two tremendous hauls. But variety would please himself and amuse his customers. He would introduce mystery. This would be something new. Everything had been naked and open hitherto. But now a chapter headed, "The mystery unfolded. Another recognition which, it is hoped, the reader could not foresee," would at least give the author a thrill of fresh sensation in the preparation of it. And then description of scenery had not been his forte thus far. He had ventured on a short description of a storm at sea. Now he would try a land-storm in the Black Forest, and a robber's hut, and the bloody doings of cut-throats and a beldame. These accordingly were conceived and brought forth by that healthy generation of intellect of which only genius is capable. But all this, being new, was strange and difficult to an intelligent public. Random and Pickle had shown a faint outline of the genteelest comedy, crammed with the broadest and coarsest farce. But here was melo-drama looking as like tragedy as a

black cloak and a scowl look like deeds of terror and death. Random was a roisterer, Pickle was a trickster, but both were full of fun; Fathom was a cheat, and incapable of a thoughtless joke. Above all, Random and Pickle had both been brought out of their scrapes. Their end was social success. Fathom was a social failure. As to moral failure or success, there was not much to choose among the three. But socially there was all the difference. All these things, the last especially, puzzled the public. An explanation was wanted, the critics were looked to, and the author supplied the key. He, like Sir Walter Scott, when he gossiped so unwarily about his poetry, threw up his own brief. All the biographers have informed us of the fact; and the badness of Fathom's character has gratified the sense of goodness in people whose goodness has not extended to their judgment. There is a toughness in the novel-reading faculty which can stand, and has frequently stood, far worse than Fathom, when Random and Pickle have not gone before. *Ferdinand Count Fathom* coming first from an author, or following novels in its own line, would not have been a drag on his reputation. But coming from Smollett, after he had balanced himself on the very apex of the comical cone, was more than his public could stand or understand.

In one respect this novel is like the other two: Le Sage is still the master, and *Gil Blas* the model.

About the time of the publication of *Count Fathom*, Smollett was in a characteristic scrape. A Peter Gordon had been a recipient of his bounty, and to cancel this and other obligations, had taken sanctuary within the verge of the King's Bench prison. This evasion and certain insolent messages so enraged the quondam benefactor, that he caned the ungrateful beneficiary. Gordon brought an action in the Court of King's Bench against Smollett for this violence. His counsel was the Honourable Alexander Hume-Campbell, twin brother of Pope's Earl of Marchmont. The blow was exaggerated into intended murder. The jury, however, would not listen to this account of it; but unfortunately the loss occasioned by this suit left our pugnacious hero in difficulties about money for some months. This last fact is one excuse for mentioning the wretched affair; but a reason of importance why it should be referred to, is that it explains a letter written by Smollett, and printed in the *European Magazine* for March 1784. This letter was originally addressed to Mr. Mackercher, and dated Chelsea, February 23, 1753, and was submitted to his judgment as to whether it should be sent to Mr. Hume-Campbell. It is a piece of eloquent indignation. It contains a theory of the Hon. Hume-Campbell's conduct—that he was enraged at Smollett's account of a law-suit in *Ferdinand Count Fathom*. But it is a comfort to think that it probably never went nearer the honourable counsel than Mr. Mackercher or the *European Magazine*. Smollett was either too angry or had not time to write a short letter; so we refer the curious to the Magazine or the earlier biographies.

This law-suit did not originate Smollett's money difficulties; it only added to them. Dr. Robert Chambers, in his Life of Smollett, has brought together stray evidences of this. In a letter dated February 1752, he complains of difficulties through failure of West India remittances; and in a letter in May

1753, to Dr. Macaulay, probably a relation through his paternal grandmother, he mentions a former loan of fifteen pounds, and asks a further advance of fifty guineas, in anticipation of a like sum almost immediately due to him for work in hand. Some bankruptcy had recently caused him the loss of £180; he had lost time and money by the Gordon law-suit; he had also been "obliged to pay the costs and damages of that scoundrel Groom, according to the compromise made in court." If Groom is not a mis-spelling for Gordon, this is probably another comet-like tail to some small enough head of an intense white heat of temper. In this letter, things of a pecuniary kind look critical in Smollett's case. Provost Drummond had given him a note of a month's date for fifty guineas, for trouble he was taking with some "Travels" by the Provost's brother; and this note had to be immediately discounted at a rate equal to sixty per cent. For a month this would mean the sacrifice of about £2, 12s. 6d. At the end of the following year, December 11, 1754, there is evidence of continued money distress: he again speaks of the failure of remittances from Jamaica, and of actual extremities. He was "in very great straits for present subsistence." "I have done nothing all last summer but worked upon *Don Quixote*, for which I was paid five years ago." He had written to his brother-in-law, Mr. Telfer, for money, but had received no answer. To crown all for the present, he had been robbed the night before he wrote of his watch and money, in the stage-coach between Chelsea and London. Translating *Don Quixote* was, then, paying a debt of five years' standing; a debt contracted, that is to say, rather before the time he was made M.D., and while he was projecting *Peregrine Pickle*. It might be to pay for the degree, and to meet the expense of the visit to Paris. In March 1755, Smollett's translation was published as "The History of the Renowned Don Quixote, from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, with some account of the Author's Life; illustrated with Twenty-eight new Copperplates, designed by Hayman, and engraved by the best Artists." It was issued by Rivington, in two volumes 4to, and its price was £2, 10s.; and it was dedicated to His Excellency Don Ricardo Wall, Principal Secretary of State to His Most Catholic Majesty, who, while he was resident in London as Spanish Ambassador, had encouraged the work, and permitted the dedication. This translation was favourably received by the public at the time, and it has not yet been displaced from its high position in English esteem. It is not often that the works of a great genius are translated by a genius so near akin.

Smollett longed to revisit Scotland and his relations,—partly owing to strong natural affections, and partly, no doubt, that he might hear the applause of those he cared for, after his sixteen years' absence, and his well-won renown. Accordingly, after he had got *Don Quixote* out of his hands, in the summer of 1755, when he who had left home at eighteen was now thirty-four years old, he accomplished this desire of his heart. A short but telling scene in domestic drama at Scotston, in which the Random and Pickle nature peeps out of both brother and sister—showing that what was born in the blood came out in the novels—is recorded by Dr. Moore, who tells us that he received the particulars from Lieutenant-Colonel Smollett, member of Parliament for the shire

of Dumbarton, and son to Mr. Smollett of Bonhill. In Moore's words: "With the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, on his arrival he was introduced to his mother as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while the old lady's eyes were riveted with a kind of wild and eager stare on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last.' She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere look, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection for some time longer; 'but your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'" Here is a picture for a painter disposed to enshrine genius and worth: the aged Barbara and the son of her sorrow—for her Archibald's death and this son's birth were almost one memory. Scotston is in the upper half of Peeblesshire, and Edinburgh was not far off. It is not known that Smollett had much acquaintance in this ancient capital; but his name was one of the sustained notes of fame now, and would be a sufficient password to any society he would care to be found in. Besides, he had met Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk in London ten years ago, and had shown him his tragedy. He had something very different to show now; so to call on Carlyle was one of the most natural things in the world. "Jupiter" shall tell us about it. Writing of Smollett at this time, he records: "He came out to Musselburgh, and passed a day and a night with me, and went to church and heard me preach. I introduced him to Cardonnel, the Commissioner, with whom he supped, and they were much pleased with each other. . . . He went next to Glasgow and that neighbourhood to visit his friends, and returned again to Edinburgh in October, when I had frequent meetings with him—one in particular, in a tavern, where there supped with him Commissioner Cardonnel, Mr. Hepburn of Keith, John Home, and one or two more. . . . Cardonnel and I went with Smollett to Sir David Kinloch's, and passed the day, when John Home and Logan and I conducted him to Dunbar, where we stayed together all night. Smollett was a man of very agreeable conversation, and of much genuine humour. . . . He was one of the many very pleasant men with whom it was my good fortune to be intimately acquainted." There was every reason why Smollett should visit the West of Scotland. There was the family seat and the relatives on the Leven, and Glasgow, with Gordon and Moore, and the College and old chums, and lots of living memories besides. Accordingly, Dr. Moore tells us: "Dr. Smollett, before his return to England, visited various parts of Scotland, and particularly the city of Glasgow, where I had the pleasure of passing two very agreeable days with him and some of his old friends." Moore had been apprenticed to Gordon after Smollett left. The two had met subsequently in England; and they were in Paris together the year before *Peregrine Pickle* saw the light.

When we next meet Smollett in London, he is a journalist—an occupation neither so respectable socially, nor so free from legal restraint, nor exercised under such effectual restraint upon the individual journalist's temper, as we

know it now. In this last respect, it was the very worst sort of work that want of money could have induced our novelist to undertake. The *Monthly Review* had been started by Dr. Griffiths in 1749, and was now a literary journal, conducted on Whig principles in relation to what appeared on its printed columns, and on something like vampire principles in relation to some miserable scholarly starveling out of whom Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths squeezed the substance subsequently put under the press, and who was bedded and boarded in a garret above their warehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard. This couple were, about the time of Smollett's visit to Scotland, proprietors of the *Monthly Review*, and of the body and soul, and talents and tastes, of a kearnish-looking Irishman, aged twenty-seven, and named Oliver Goldsmith. There was in London at the same time a printer named Hamilton—a Scotchman of a liberal, enlightened, and enterprising spirit. He had twenty years before this shown the exuberance of his love of enterprise by taking part in the hanging of Captain Porteous upon the dyer's pole in Grassmarket, Edinburgh. He had proved his enlightenment and liberality by listening to young Chatterton's request for a little money, and sending it to him, and telling him that he should have more if he wanted it. This Scotchman projected a monthly to rival the *Monthly*. And the man selected to preside over the "Society of Gentlemen"—not the solitary scholarly slave in a garret above a warehouse—was his "brither Scot" just come back again from *home*. And cheerfully and hopefully did Smollett set up his ensign on the side of the High Church and the Tories, and emblazon it *The Critical Review*, which made its first appearance in February 1756; and he succeeded to a marvel in estranging such friends as John Home by just remarks on his *Douglas*, and Professor Wilkie for hostile criticism of the *Epigoniad;* in directing against himself the gall and bitterness of the demagogue Shebbeare; in provoking Dr. Grainger who had translated Tibullus and written an *Ode to Solitude*, to remind the public that the editor's name was Toby—a sally to which the reply was that Small-wit for Smollett was better; in angering Samuel Richardson with a review of *Clarissa;* and in embittering his own soul all the time; and in getting three months into prison as a penal supplement to a fine of a hundred pounds for writing in the *Critical Review* that a certain Admiral Knowles, was "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." This man thus outlined—and subsequent conduct did not contradict the truth of the sketch—had brought the secret expedition to Rochefort, in 1757, to a disastrous end. In an evil day he wrote a pamphlet to defend himself. Smollett criticised it. The Admiral prosecuted the printer to find out the writer, in order to get the satisfaction of a gentleman, if the writer's character could afford it. Smollett was a gentleman, and came forward and declared this, and that he was the writer, and was ready to give the requisite satisfaction. The Admiral was not such a gentleman, and he enforced the judgment just mentioned. Sir Walter Scott, another gentleman, remarks: "How the Admiral reconciled his conduct to the rules usually observed by gentlemen, we are not informed; but the proceeding seems to justify even Smollett's strength of expression, when he terms him an officer without

resolution, and a man without veracity." It was bad for the Admiral all this. Smollett did not forget it in his History; and he is now only known for the Rochefort and other failures; and he is only known for these because every biographer of Smollett has to put the libellous words on record, and remark that justice in all the ages decides against one decision of the law in 1759—the date of Smollett's imprisonment.

The *Critical Review* was apparently only the by-play of Smollett's work at this time. Dr. Anderson tells us that soon after its commencement he published, without his name, "A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series; the whole exhibiting a clear view of the Customs, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, and Natural History of the Known World; Illustrated with a variety of genuine Charts, Maps, Plans, Heads, etc., in seven vols. 12mo;" a popular compilation undertaken at the expense of Mr. Dodsley. This *omnium nationum gatherum* contained Smollett's account of the Expedition against Carthagena in 1741, regarding which Dr. Moore's enthusiastic praises have already been quoted. Mr. Roscoe remarks on the character of Sir Francis Drake, as Smollett has drawn it in this undertaking of honest industry, that "it presents, perhaps, one of the best specimens of biographical taste, and free bold style, and genuine English spirit"—Mr. Roscoe always speaks of Smollett as an Englishman—"which our language can boast of." This was in 1757. In the same year, *The Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England*, a light comedy in two acts, was offered by Smollett to Mr. Garrick, with whom he was now reconciled. It was received, and was successfully put on the boards at Drury Lane; and although it is forgotten in our day, Dr. Anderson, in 1800, says: "It was afterwards printed in octavo, and is still a favourite afterpiece." Garrick accorded to Smollett the sixth night instead of the ninth for his benefit, and remitted a sum of money—John Kemble said ten pounds; Garrick's letter on the occasion, to be read in Davies's Life of Garrick, makes it twenty,—with such a consciousness and show of benignity as strangely overcame all that was characteristic of himself as a proud self-respecting gentleman in Smollett, and brought him to his knees with gratitude. He wrote him a letter, and praised him in the *Critical*. Painful! Melopoyn imploring Marmozet to deign to accept of suppliant thanks! A notable and dreadful warning to young novelists to kennel up their tempers, and to avoid historical accuracy when they are taking vengeance on their enemies. It would be better advice to such persons not to take vengeance at all, or, indeed, not to write novels at all; but they would be as heedless of it as they would say it was needless.

Another labour was begun by our Hercules in that toilful year 1756. It was the "Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748." It was completed in December 1757. It filled four volumes 4to, instead of the three for which subscribers had put down their names for three guineas. He consulted three hundred volumes for information and wrote his History in fourteen months. He was all the time dinned by duns, and he rose from his table with chest affection and scorbutic offensiveness; and he lived and worked, like the hero he was,

fourteen years more, diseased and undismayed, till death, the best friend of us all, worked a cure. Hume's first two volumes, in 1754, convinced the booksellers that Rapin, Oldmixon, Kennet, and Carte, were obsolete. They saw a new sort of thing would sell as history. Smollett was the man to write it. He did it, and died long years before his time in consequence. Smollett afterwards wrote a Continuation of the History, which is better known than the Complete History; for in Hume and Smollett's History of England—a title with which we are all quite familiar,—the narrative of events from 1689 to 1760 is Smollett's, and this is nearly the whole of his Continuation, preceded by a portion of his fourteen-months' self-murder. This History business is said to have been, when expressed in terms of the country's coin, worth £2000 to Smollett. It was also a good thing for the trade—produced in a slaughter-house.

Passing over a compilation of a modern part of Universal History, which disgusted even Smollett's strong stomach for work, *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* occur on the record to remind the reader that the bookseller's hack under his notice, is a genius capable of original and originative work of brain and heart. There are two memorable things about, or outside of, this novel. When Smollett wrote it for the *British Magazine*, in 1760 and 1761, he was on the same literary staff with Oliver Goldsmith, whom John Newbery, projector and proprietor of the *British* (a sixpenny monthly), had got hold of and let out of Griffiths' garret. The other is, that it was a novel written in the successive numbers of a periodical, and was carried on and continued in the next. This fact is submitted to the attention of learned and discerning critics, who explain the peculiarities of the novels of this latter half of the nineteenth century by the sensation necessary to jog the interest of readers in each month's instalment. The work itself is indicative of improvement in Smollett's use of his eyes, and in his power of putting into painting words what he sees. Captain Crowe is a new sailor creation. He and his nephew, Tom Clarke, the kind-hearted amorous attorney, are worthy of the inventor of Tom Bowling. Ferret is another public character pilloried as Pallet and Akenside had been before—at least Dr. Shebbeare, of loud notoriety, is supposed to have been the dirt which Smollett found plastic enough for his purpose. Aurelia Darnel is a likeable woman; and the work contains, among other profits of Smollett's imprisonment—for John Newbery got him to begin writing while yet in prison—a description of the unlucky Theodore, King of Corsica. This novel proves Smollett still weak in power of general build in a story. Its plan is merely a utilization of some notions gathered from his translating of *Don Quixote*; and this weakness of joists and bearings keeps people from reading a novel brimful of vivacity and wit, if not like the author's first two, brimming over. *Sir Launcelot Greaves* was published separately—another early instance of a practice in these latter days,—in 12mo, in 1762.

Our invalid poet, physician, novelist, critic, compiler, historian, and chivalrous gentleman, was also an ardent politician; not an eager student of politics merely, but a keen defender or defamer of passing political measures. When King George III. began to reign, Lord Bute, the young King's former tutor, was appointed, by the influence of the Queen-mother, First Commissioner of the

Treasury, or what we call Premier, on May 29, 1762, and his fall from that height of favour and English hate in fever, was announced on the 8th of April 1763. This was very nearly a year, but its only interest to this narrative is, that it was a period of thankless toil and utter defeat to Smollett, who was now nervous and shattered, his Samson locks cut short, but not by any Delilah, only by disease under which he was declining with grief into the arms of kindly death. Lord Bute, when he became Premier, engaged Smollett's ready, resolute, and painfully-weary pen, to conduct a weekly paper, called *The Briton*, in defence of his measures. When John Wilkes heard this, he said—listen to the compliment to our failing hero :—"It seems his Lordship, after having distributed among his adherents *all the places* under Government, is determined to monopolize the wit also." *The Briton* made its first appearance in the day of Lord Bute's advancement to the premiership; it made its last appearance on the 12th of February 1763—heralding the fall of the Scotch favourite of the Dowager. It was discomfited and routed by John Wilkes who had started an opposition paper, to be called *The Englishman;* but, in mockery of the people of a part of the island who owe no love to the squinting demagogue's memory, it was called *The North Briton*, after the people whose names he traduced, rather than those whose faith he abused.

Smollett had something to do with a translation of the works of Voltaire, and with *The Present State of all Nations*, about the same time—another proof that his name was marketable, and that he was under the necessity of putting a price upon it, as Victor Hugo's heroine in *Les Miserables* sold her teeth, lest a worse thing should happen. At home, in the spring of this same year, the purest light of Smollett's life went out. Some of his tenderest heart-strings were snapt and left to dangle painfully for other eight years. His daughter Elizabeth died, and left him and her mother to mourn. Elizabeth would be about fifteen; she died of consumption, and in the Register of St. Luke's, Chelsea, her burial is dated April 11, 1763. This was terrible. Poor Mrs. Smollett—how she must have felt it! For, no doubt, Elizabeth would have great power of neutralizing irascibility, or causing it to evaporate.

This sorrow, like every other sorrow, would yield to the treatment of time, and change would remove the rawness of its sore. So, acceding to his wife's anxious proposal, our man of sorrow left England in June 1763, and went to France and Italy, and did not return to England for more than two years. Immediately after his return in 1766, with improved health and spirits, and still in need of food and drink and raiment, he published "Travels through France and Italy, containing observations on Character, Customs, Religion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts, and Antiquities, with a Description of the Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added a Register of the Weather kept during a residence of eighteen months in that City; in two vols. 8vo;" in the form of letters, a plan for the structure of a book he was by-and-by to employ in his immortal *Humphry Clinker*, and thus induce Sir Walter Scott, a greater than he, to borrow that plan, as he borrowed from him so many other shapes and forms, just as Robert Burns did from Robert Fergusson. This book of travels, more than a hundred years of age, is still

readable, full of rays of Smollett's soul and riots of his temper, and is enjoyable to some considerable extent. It supplied the leering, sneering Sterne with welcome matter for his soul-less sort of scoffing at a man intimate with grief. And Smollett has been the model for travellers from London ever since. These placid people have a traditionary, mouse-like relation to feline and unfeeling hotel-keepers and local authorities in all provinces, and all capitals but one which has the merit of being large.

Soon after this publication, Smollett set his face again and would go to where his mother was, and would see her and others of his kindred before the welcome end was reached. "He arrived in Edinburgh"—this statement of facts is by Dr. Anderson—"about the beginning of June 1766, and having passed some time with his mother, who retained, at an advanced age, a strong understanding, an uncommon share of humour, and whom he loved with all the warmth of filial affection, he proceeded with his sister, Mrs. Telfer, and his nephew, a young officer in the army, to Glasgow; from whence, after they had made a short stay, they went, accompanied by Dr. Moore, to Cameron, the residence of his cousin, Mr. Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of Loch Lomond. During the time of his stay in Scotland, Dr. Moore informs us, he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains; and he was afflicted besides with an ulcer in his arm, which had been neglected on its first appearance, and afterwards resisted every attempt to heal it. These disorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his conversation from being highly entertaining, when the misery of which they were productive permitted him to associate with his friends." Mrs. Telfer's house in Edinburgh was a floor or flat at the north end of St. John Street, off the Canongate. Neither Hume, nor Home, nor Adam Smith was in Edinburgh at the time. Robertson, Blair, and Adam Ferguson were, however, had the sick man been able to see them, in the very exciting meaning that word suggests, as one of the euphemisms of society. But his pleasant memories of Samuel Mitchelson, Commissioner Cardonnel, Robert Cullen, the Leith races, and St. Cecilia concerts, are all to be read in *Humphry Clinker*. All the journey is to be read in that last and best of his works, in which his spirit blossoms round and beautifies an ugly clogging load of sickness and sorrow as the acanthus graced the stone.

Smollett's last visit was as much of a blessing to him as anything could be in his circumstances. He had pleasant memories of his mother, his other relations, and everybody. The cynic in spirit was dead—what embers of it ashy earth retained, would soon be incapable of their peculiar spasmodic dart of flame. He left Scotland at the end of August, went and spent the winter in Bath, and in the beginning of the year 1767, was in surprising health and spirits for him. Want of money meant more work, however; and again—another hard pull before the last—he published in 1769, *The History and Adventures of an Atom*, in two vols. 12mo. This is a romance political and satirical, in which Japanese names are but a thin japan laid over names supposed to be given at their christening to the leaders of political parties in Great Britain, from the commencement of the French War, 1754, to the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration in 1768.

But now the heavens were narrowing, and their clouds lowering. Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Dickson did their best, and they advised that he should try the air of Italy. All the men in power did their worst when application was made to obtain for him the office of Consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. Lord Bute might have exerted himself on his behalf. Lord Shelburne did not. David Hume did his best; but a friend of Mr. Dunning, the lawyer, had a prior claim to Smollett. He left England for Italy early in the year 1770. Dr. Armstrong, his friend and countryman, could help him, although English Statesmen could not. He, "then abroad," says Sir Walter Scott, "procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Novo, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press the last, and, like music 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions—*The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. This delightful work was published in 1771, in three volumes 12mo, and very favourably received by the public."

Smollett had long broken away from Le Sage; there is not a nail-head of the framework of *Gil Blas* in *Humphry Clinker*. Sir Walter Scott in *Redgauntlet* and *Guy Mannering* has made effective use of its plan of carrying on the story in letters; and others, such as Miss Muloch, have followed Sir Walter Scott. It is to be noted, however, as peculiar to Smollett, that the story is carried on by letters not replied to. In the letters of Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins we have early and the very best specimens of wit, which wings itself out upon bad spelling. This work is the *Logos* of Tobias George Smollett purified and obedient. It is the man himself again after many evil spirits which took early possession of him were cast out. He is now neither a Random Scotchman nor an English Pickle, but a humble Welsh Bramble of Brambleton Hall.

Thus prepared and purified, our brave one lingered through a summer of pain, lessened only by the weakness of the waste of life. He died on the 16th or 17th of September 1771, at Leghorn, and was buried there; and his chaste and chastened widow erected a plain monument to his memory, and Dr. Armstrong wrote in Latin an inscription, worthy of himself and Smollett, for the stone. Another monument has been referred to already.

There is rest for the weary. A greater blessing was this rest to our sufferer than the poor estate of £1000 a year he would have had to encounter, as heir of entail to his cousin, had he endured the wreck of himself four years longer.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

GENUS ET VIRTUS, NISI CUM RE, VILIOR ALGA EST.—HOR.

THE PREFACE.

Of all kinds of satire, there is none so entertaining and universally improving as that which is introduced, as it were, occasionally, in the course of an interesting story, which brings every incident home to life; and by representing familiar scenes in an uncommon and amusing point of view, invests them with all the graces of novelty, while nature is appealed to in every particular.

The reader gratifies his curiosity in pursuing the adventures of a person in whose favour he is prepossessed; he espouses his cause, he sympathizes with him in distress; his indignation is heated against the authors of his calamity; the humane passions are inflamed; the contrast between dejected virtue and insulting vice appears with greater aggravation; and every impression having a double force on the imagination, the memory retains the circumstance, and the heart improves by the example. The attention is not tired with a bare catalogue of characters, but agreeably diverted with all the variety of invention; and the vicissitudes of life appear in their peculiar circumstances, opening an ample field for wit and humour.

Romance, no doubt, owes its origin to ignorance, vanity, and superstition. In the dark ages of the world, when a man had rendered himself famous for wisdom or valour, his family and adherents availed themselves of his superior qualities, magnified his virtues, and represented his character and person as sacred and supernatural. The vulgar easily swallowed the bait, implored his protection, and yielded the tribute of homage and praise even to adoration; his exploits were handed down to posterity with a thousand exaggerations; they were repeated as incitements to virtue; divine honours were paid, and altars erected to his memory, for the encouragement of those who attempted to imitate his example; and hence arose the heathen mythology, which is no other than a collection of extravagant romances. As learning advanced, and genius received cultivation, these stories were embellished with the graces of poetry; that they might the better recommend themselves to the attention, they were sung in public, at festivals, for the instruction and delight of the audience, and rehearsed before battle as incentives to deeds of glory. Thus tragedy and the epic muse were born, and, in the progress of taste, arrived at perfection. It is no wonder that the ancients could not relish a fable in prose, after they had seen so many remarkable events celebrated in verse by their best poets; we, therefore, find no romance among them during the era of their excellence, unless the Cyropædia of Xenophon may be so called; and it was not till arts and sciences began to revive, after the irruption of the Barbarians into Europe, that anything of this kind appeared. But when the minds of men were debauched, by the imposition of priestcraft, to the most absurd pitch of credulity, the authors of romance arose, and, losing sight of probability, filled their performances with the most monstrous hyperboles. If they could not equal the ancient poets in point of genius, they were resolved to excel them in fiction, and apply to the wonder rather than the judgment of their readers. Accordingly they brought necromancy to their aid, and instead of supporting the character of their heroes by dignity of sentiment and practice, distinguished them by their bodily strength, activity, and extravagance of behaviour. Although nothing could be more ludicrous and unnatural than the figures they drew, they did not want patrons and admirers, and the world actually began to be infected with the spirit of knight-errantry, when Cervantes, by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taste of mankind, representing chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to purposes far more useful and entertaining, by making it assume the sock, and point out the follies of ordinary life.

The same method has been practised by other Spanish and French authors, and by none more successfully than by Monsieur Le Sage, who, in his Adventures of Gil Blas, has described the knavery and foibles of life with infinite humour and sagacity. The following sheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however, to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid. The disgraces of Gil Blas are, for the most part, such as rather excite mirth than compassion: he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himself to

be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.

I have attempted to represent modest merit struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind. To secure a favourable prepossession, I have allowed him the advantages of birth and education, which, in the series of his misfortunes, will, I hope, engage the ingenuous more warmly in his behalf; and though I foresee that some people will be offended at the mean scenes in which he is involved, I persuade myself the judicious will not only perceive the necessity of describing those situations to which he must of course be confined in his low estate, but also find entertainment in viewing those parts of life, where the humours and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as nature has implanted them. But I believe I need not trouble myself in vindicating a practice authorized by the best writers in this way, some of whom I have already named.

Every intelligent reader will, at first sight, perceive I have not deviated from nature in the facts, which are all true in the main, although the circumstances are altered and disguised to avoid personal satire.

It now remains to give my reasons for making the chief personage of this work a North Briton, which are chiefly these: I could at a small expense bestow on him such education as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom with more propriety than in any place near the capital; and, lastly, the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country.

That the delicate reader may not be offended at the unmeaning oaths which proceed from the mouths of some persons in these memoirs, I beg leave to premise, that I imagined nothing could more effectually expose the absurdity of such miserable expletives, than a natural and verbal representation of the discourse in which they occur.

APOLOGUE.

A YOUNG painter, indulging a vein of pleasantry, sketched a kind of conversation-piece, representing a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass; and to render it more striking, humorous, and moral, distinguished every figure by some emblem of human life.

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old, toothless, drunken soldier; the owl, perched upon the handle of a coffee-pot, with spectacles on his nose, seemed to contemplate a newspaper; and the ass, ornamented with a huge tye-wig (which, however, could not conceal his long ears), sat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the implements of painting. This whimsical group afforded some mirth, and met with general approbation, until some mischievous wag hinted that the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer; an insinuation which was no sooner circulated, than those very people who applauded it before began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themselves signified by the several figures of the piece.

Among others, a worthy personage in years, who had served in the army with reputation, being incensed at the supposed outrage, repaired to the lodgings of the painter, and, finding him at home, "Hark ye, Mr. Monkey," said he, "I have a good mind to convince you, that though the bear has lost his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not so drunk but he can perceive your impertinence—'Sblood! sir, that toothless jaw is a damned scandalous libel—but don't you imagine me so chopfallen as not to be able to chew the cud of resentment." Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned physician, who, advancing to the culprit with fury in his aspect, exclaimed, "Suppose the augmentation of the ass's ears should prove the diminution of the baboon's—nay, seek not to prevaricate, for by the beard of Æsculapius! there is not one hair in this periwig that will not stand up in judgment to convict thee of personal abuse.—Do but observe, captain, how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls—the colour, indeed, is different, but then the form and foretop are quite similar." While he thus remonstrated in a strain of vociferation, a venerable senator entered, and waddling up to the delinquent, "Jackanapes!" cried he, "I will now let thee see I can read something else than a newspaper, and that without the help of spectacles—here is your own note of hand, sirrah, for money which, if I had not advanced, you yourself would have resembled an owl, in not daring to show your face by day, you ungrateful slanderous knave!"

In vain the astonished painter declared that he had no intention to give offence, or to characterize particular persons: they affirmed the resemblance was too palpable to be overlooked; they taxed him with insolence, malice, and ingratitude; and their clamours being overheard by the public, the captain was a bear, the doctor an ass, and the senator an owl, to his dying day.

Christian reader, I beseech thee, in the bowels of the Lord, remember this example while thou art employed in the perusal of the following sheets; and seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thine own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that, though thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle nose, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the same predicament.

THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM.

CHAPTER I.

Of my Birth and Parentage.

I was born in the northern part of this united kingdom, in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had on many occasions signalized himself in behalf of his country, and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.

My father, his youngest son, falling in love with a poor relation, who lived with the old gentleman in quality of housekeeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage. During her pregnancy, a dream discomposed my mother so much, that her husband, tired with her importunity, at last consulted a Highland seer, whose favourable interpretation he would have secured beforehand by a bribe, but found him incorruptible. She dreamed she was delivered of a tennis-ball, which the devil (who, to her great surprise, acted the part of midwife) struck so forcibly with a racket, that it disappeared in an instant; and she was for some time inconsolable for the loss of her offspring; when all of a sudden, she beheld it return with equal violence, and enter the earth beneath her feet, whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree covered with blossoms, the scent of which operated so strongly on her nerves, that she awoke. The attentive sage, after some deliberation, assured my parents that their first-born would be a great traveller; that he would undergo many dangers and difficulties, and at last return to his native land, where he would flourish in happiness and reputation. How truly this was foretold will appear in the sequel. It was not long before some officious person informed my grandfather of certain familiarities that passed between his son and housekeeper, which alarmed him so much, that a few days after he told my father it was high time for him to think of settling; and that he had provided a match for him, to which he could in justice have no objections. My father, finding it would be impossible to conceal his situation much longer, frankly owned what he had done, and excused himself for not having asked the consent of his father, by saying he knew it would have been to no purpose; and that, had his inclination been known, my grandfather might have taken such measures as would have effectually put the gratification of it out of his power. He added, that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty, and good sense; and as for fortune, it was beneath his care. The old gentleman, who kept all his passions, except one, in excellent order, heard him to an end with great temper; and then calmly asked, how he proposed to maintain himself and spouse? He replied, he could be in no danger of wanting while his father's tenderness remained, which he and his wife should always cultivate with the utmost veneration; and he was persuaded his allowance would be suitable to the dignity and circumstances of his family, and to the provision already made for his brothers and sisters, who were happily settled under his protection. "Your brothers and sisters," said my grandfather, "did not think it beneath them to consult me in an affair of such importance as matrimony; neither, I suppose, would you have omitted that piece of duty, had you not some secret fund in reserve, to the comforts of which I leave you, with a desire that you will this night seek out another habitation for yourself and wife, whither in a short time I will send you an account of the expense I have been at in your education, with a view of being reimbursed. Sir, you have made the grand tour;—you are a polite gentleman,—a very pretty gentleman;—I wish you a great deal of joy, and am your very humble servant." So saying, he left my father in a situation easily imagined. However, he did not long hesitate; for being perfectly well acquainted with his father's disposition, he did not doubt that he was glad of this pretence to get rid of him; and his resolves being invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, he knew it would be to no purpose to attempt him by prayers and entreaties; so, without any further application, he betook himself with his disconsolate bedfellow to a farm-house, where an old servant of his mother dwelt. There they remained for some time in a situation but ill adapted to the elegance of their desires and tenderness of their love; which, nevertheless, my father chose to endure rather than supplicate an unnatural and inflexible parent. But my mother, foreseeing the inconveniences to which she must have been exposed, had she been delivered in this place (and her pregnancy was very far advanced), without communicating her design to her husband, went in disguise to the house of my grandfather, hoping that her tears and condition would move him to compassion, and reconcile him to an event which was now irrecoverably past. She found means to deceive the servants, and was introduced as an unfortunate lady, who wanted to complain of some matrimonial grievances, it being my grandfather's particular province to decide in all cases of scandal. She was accordingly admitted into his presence, where, discovering herself, she fell at his feet, and in the most affecting manner implored his forgiveness; at the same time representing the danger that threatened not only her life, but that of his own grandchild, which was about to see the light. He told her he was sorry that the indiscretion of her and his son had compelled him to make a vow, which put it out of his power to give them any assistance; that he had already imparted his thoughts on that subject to her husband, and was surprised that they should disturb his peace with any further importunity. This said, he retired. The violence of my mother's affliction had such an effect on her constitution, that she was immediately seized with the pains of childbed; and had not an old maid-servant, to whom she was very dear, afforded her pity and assistance, at the hazard of incurring my grandfather's displeasure, she and the innocent fruit of her womb must have fallen miserable victims to his rigour and inhumanity.

By the friendship of this poor woman, she was carried up to a garret, and immediately delivered of a man-child, the story of whose unfortunate birth he himself now relates. My father being informed of what had happened, flew to the embraces of his darling spouse, and, while he loaded his offspring with paternal caresses, could not forbear shedding a flood of tears, on beholding the dear partner of his heart, for whose ease he would have sacrificed the treasures of the East, stretched upon a flock bed in a miserable apartment, unable to protect her from the inclemencies of the weather. It is not to be supposed that the old gentleman was ignorant of what passed, though he affected to know nothing of the matter, and pretended to be very much surprised, when one of his grandchildren, by his eldest son deceased, who lived with him as his heir-apparent, acquainted him with the affair. He determined, therefore, to observe no medium, but immediately, on the third day after her delivery, sent her a peremptory order to be gone, and turned off the servant who had preserved her life. This behaviour so exasperated my father, that he had recourse to the most dreadful imprecations; and, on his bare knees, implored that heaven would renounce him if ever he should forget or forgive the barbarity of his sire. The injuries which this unhappy mother received from her removal in such circumstances, and the want of necessaries where she lodged, together with her grief and anxiety of mind, soon threw her into a languishing disorder, which put an end to her life. My father, who loved her tenderly, was so affected with her death, that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses, during which time the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far, on hearing the melancholy story of his daughter-in-law's death, and the deplorable condition of his son, as to send the child to nurse; and he ordered my father to be carried home to his house, where he soon recovered the use of his reason. Whether this hard-hearted judge felt any remorse for his cruel treatment of his son and daughter, or (which is more probable) was afraid his character would suffer in the neighbourhood, he professed great sorrow for his conduct to my father, whose delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy and reserve. At length he disappeared, and, notwithstanding all imaginable inquiry, could not be heard of; a circumstance which confirmed most people in the opinion of his having made away with himself in a fit of despair. How I understood the particulars of my birth will appear in the course of these memoirs.

CHAPTER II.

I grow up—Am hated by my Relations—Sent to School—Neglected by my Grandfather—Maltreated by my Master—Seasoned to Adversity—I form Cabals against the Pedant—Am debarred access to my Grandfather—Hunted by his Heir—I demolish the Teeth of his Tutor.

THERE were not wanting some who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him; and this conjecture was strengthened by reflecting, that, in all his calamities, they never discovered the least inclination to serve him; but, on the contrary, by all the artifices in their power, fed his father's resentment, and supported his resolution of leaving him to misery and want. But people of judgment treated this insinuation as an idle chimera; because, had my relations been so wicked as to consult their interest by committing such an atrocious crime, the fate of my father would have extended to me too, whose life was another obstacle to their expectation. Meanwhile, I grew apace; and as I strongly resembled my father, who was the darling of the tenants, I wanted nothing which their indigent circumstances could afford: but their favour was a weak resource against the jealous enmity of my cousins, who, the more my infancy promised, conceived the more implacable hatred against me; and, before I was six years of age, had so effectually blockaded my grandfather, that I never saw him but by stealth; when I sometimes made up to his chair, as he sat to view his labourers in the field: on which occasions, he would stroke my head, bid me be a good boy, and promise to take care of me. I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which he had been dictator time out of mind; but as he never paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master, and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him, that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application, than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with whip-cord to my wrist, in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days, by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that, with one stroke of my machine, I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced; no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to

undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit; because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief whose author lay unknown was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol, loaded with small shot, into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness, that I was abed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this infernal usage, my indignation triumphed over that slavish awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher, who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing, and arithmetic; so that, before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by everybody to be the best scholar in the school. This qualification, together with a boldness of temper and strength of make, which had subjected almost all my contemporaries, gave me such influence over them, that I began to form cabals against my persecutor, and was in hope of being able to bid him defiance in a very short time. Being at the head of a faction consisting of thirty boys, most of them of my own age, I was determined to put their metal to trial, that I might know how far they were to be depended upon, before I put my grand scheme in execution: with this view, we attacked a body of stout apprentices, who had taken possession of a part of the ground allotted to us for the scene of our diversions, and who were then playing at ninepins on the spot: but I had the mortification to see my adherents routed in an instant, and a leg of one of them broke in his flight by the bowl, which one of our adversaries had detached in pursuit of us. This discomfiture did not hinder us from engaging them afterwards in frequent skirmishes, which we maintained by throwing stones at a distance, wherein I received many wounds, the scars of which still remain. Our enemies were so harassed and interrupted by these alarms, that they at last abandoned their conquest, and left us to the peaceable enjoyment of our own territories. It would be endless to enumerate the exploits we performed in the course of this confederacy, which became the terror of the whole village; insomuch, that when different interests divided it, one of the parties commonly courted the assistance of Roderick Random (by which name I was known) to cast the balance, and keep the opposite faction in awe. Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access, by reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his female grandchildren, who, though they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and, indeed, was qualified for nothing else, notwithstanding his grandfather's indulgence, in entertaining a tutor for him at home, who at the same time performed the office of parish-clerk. This young Actæon, who inherited his grandfather's antipathy to everything in distress, never set eyes on me without uncoupling his beagles, and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter. In this Christian amusement, he was encouraged by his preceptor, who, no doubt, took such opportunities to ingratiate himself with the rising sun, observing that the old gentleman, according to the course of nature, had not long to live, for he was already on the verge of fourscore. The behaviour of this rascally sycophant incensed me so much, that one day, when I was beleaguered by him and his hounds in a farmer's house, where I had found protection, I took aim at him (being an excellent marksman) with a large pebble, which struck out four of his fore-teeth, and effectually incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk.

CHAPTER III.

My Mother's Brother arrives—Relieves me—A Description of him—He goes along with me to the house of my Grandfather—Is encountered by his Dogs—Defeats them, after a bloody Engagement—Is admitted to the old Gentleman—A Dialogue between them.

About this time my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, lieutenant of a man of war, arrived in his own country; where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me, and, out of his slender finances, not only supplied me with what necessaries I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my grandfather to settle something handsome on me for the future. This was a task to which he was by no means equal, being entirely ignorant, not only of the judge's disposition, but also unacquainted with the ways of men in general, to which his education on board had kept him an utter stranger. He was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which, you might easily perceive, had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat, altered for him by the ship's tailor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches, japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles, that covered three-fourths of his shoes, a silver-laced hat, whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob wig in buckle, a check shirt, a silk handkerchief, an hanger with a brass handle, girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant under his arm. Thus equipped, he set out with me (who, by his bounty, made a very decent appearance) for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Cæsar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was about to betake myself to my heels, when my uncle seized me with one hand, brandished his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Cæsar sprawling on the ground; but finding himself attacked at the same time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Cæsar might recover, he drew his hanger, wheeled

about, and, by a lucky stroke, severed Jowler's head from his body. By this time, the young fox-hunter and three servants, armed with pitch-forks and flails, were come to the assistance of the dogs, whom they found breathless upon the field; and my cousin was so provoked at the death of his favourites, that he ordered his attendants to advance and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curses and reproaches his anger could suggest. Upon which my uncle stepped forward with an undaunted air, at the sight of whose bloody weapon his antagonists fell back with precipitation, when he accosted their leader thus: "Lookee, brother, your dogs have boarded me without provocation; what I did was in my own defence. So you had best be civil, and let us shoot ahead clear of you." Whether the young squire misinterpreted my uncle's desire of peace, or was enraged at the fate of his hounds beyond his usual pitch of resolution, I know not; but he snatched a flail from one of his followers, and came up with a show of assaulting the lieutenant, who, putting himself in a posture of defence, proceeded thus: "Lookee, you lubberly son of a whore, if you come athwart me, 'ware your gingerbread work; I 'll be foul of your quarter, damn me." This declaration, followed by a flourish of his hanger, seemed to check the progress of the young gentleman's choler, who, looking behind him, perceived his attendants had slunk into the house, shut the gate, and left him to decide the contention by himself. Here a parley ensued, which was introduced by my cousin's asking, "Who the devil are you? What do you want?—Some scoundrel of a seaman, I suppose, who has deserted and turned thief. But don't think you shall escape, sirrah; I 'll have you hanged, you dog, I will; your blood shall pay for that of my two hounds, you ragamuffin. I would not have parted with them to save your whole generation from the gallows, you ruffian, you." "None of your jaw, you swab—none of your jaw," replied my uncle—"else I shall trim your laced jacket for you—I shall rub you down with an oaken towel, my boy—I shall." So saying, he sheathed his hanger, and grasped his cudgel. Meanwhile, the people of the house being alarmed, one of my female cousins opened a window, and asked what was the matter? "The matter!" answered the lieutenant, "no great matter, young woman. I have business with the old gentleman, and this spark, belike, won't allow me to come alongside of him, that 's all." After a few minutes' pause, we were admitted, and conducted to my grandfather's chamber, through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very significant looks as I passed along. When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner: "Your servant—your servant. What cheer, father?—what cheer?—I suppose you don't know me—mayhap you don't. My name is Tom Bowling; and this here boy—you look as if you did not know him neither; 'tis like you mayn't. He 's new rigg'd, i'faith; his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it wont to do. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderick Random—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman. Don't lag astern, you dog" (pulling me forward). My grandfather, who was laid up with the gout, received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him; told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down. "Thank ye, thank ye, sir, I had as lief stand," said my uncle. "For my own part, I desire nothing of you; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate. Unchristian, do I call it? I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want. I would fain know why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack" (pointing to the young squire, who, with the rest of my cousins, had followed us into the room). "Is not he as near akin to you as the other? Is not he much handsomer and better built than that great chucklehead? Come, come—consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions. Remember the wrongs you did his father; and make all the satisfaction in your power, before it be too late. The least thing you can do is to settle his father's portion on him." The young ladies, who thought themselves too much concerned to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats all together against my protector, "Scurvy companion—saucy tarpaulin—rude, impertinent fellow—did he think to prescribe to grandpapa? His sister's brat had been too well taken care of; grandpapa was too just not to make a difference between an unnatural rebellious son, and his dutiful loving children, who took his advice in all things"—and such expressions, were vented against him with great violence, until the judge at length commanded silence. He calmly rebuked my uncle for his unmannerly behaviour, which he said he would excuse, on account of his education. He told him he had been very kind to the boy, whom he had kept to school seven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progress in his learning, but was addicted to all manner of vice; which he rather believed, because he himself was witness to a barbarous piece of mischief he had committed on the jaws of his chaplain. But, however, he would see what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to some honest tradesman or other, provided he would mend his manners, and behave for the future as became him. The honest tar, whose pride and indignation boiled within him, answered my grandfather, that it was true he had sent him to school, but it had cost him nothing; for he had never been at one shilling expense to furnish him with food, raiment, books, or other necessaries; so that it was not to be much wondered at if the boy made small progress: and yet, whoever told him so was a lying lubberly rascal, and deserved to be keel-hauled. For though he (the lieutenant) did not understand those matters himself, he was well informed as how Rory was the best scholar of his age in all the country; the truth of which he would maintain, by laying a wager of his whole half-year's pay on the boy's head (with these words, he pulled out his purse, and challenged the company). "Neither is he predicted to vice, as you affirm, but rather left like a wreck, d'ye see, at the mercy of the wind and weather by your neglect, old gentleman. As for what happened to your chaplain, I am only sorry that he did not knock out the scoundrel's brains instead of his teeth. By the Lord, if ever I come up with him, he had better be in Greenland—that 's all. Thank you for your courteous offer of binding the lad apprentice to a tradesman. I suppose you would make a tailor of him—would you? I had rather see him hanged, d'ye see. Come along, Rory, I perceive how the land lies, my boy; let 's tack about—i'faith, while I have a shilling, thou shan't want a tester. B'wye, old gentleman, you 're bound for the other world, but I believe damnably ill provided for

the voyage." Thus ended our visit, and we returned to the village, my uncle muttering curses all the way against the old shark and the young fry that surrounded him.

CHAPTER IV.

My Grandfather makes his Will—Our second Visit—He dies—His Will is read in presence of all his living Descendants—The disappointment of my female Cousins—My Uncle's Behaviour.

A FEW weeks after our first visit, we were informed that the old judge, at the end of a fit of thoughtfulness which lasted three days, had sent for a notary and made his will; that the distemper had mounted from his legs to his stomach, and, being conscious of his approaching end, he had desired to see all his descendants without exception. In obedience to this summons, my uncle set out with me a second time, to receive the last benediction of my grandfather: often repeating by the road, "Ey, ey, we have brought up the old hulk at last. You shall see,—you shall see the effect of my admonition." When we entered his chamber, which was crowded with his relations, we advanced to the bed-side, where we found him in his last agonies, supported by two of his granddaughters, who sat on each side of him, sobbing most piteously, and wiping away the froth and slaver as it gathered on his lips, which they frequently kissed with a show of great anguish and affection. My uncle approached him with these words: "What! he's not aweigh? How fare ye, how fare ye, old gentleman?—Lord have mercy upon your poor sinful soul." Upon which the dying man turned his languid eyes towards us, and Mr. Bowling went on, "Here's poor Rory come to see you before you die, and receive your blessing. What, man! don't despair,—you have been a great sinner, 'tis true, what then? There's a righteous judge above,—an't there?—He minds me no more than a porpoise. Yes, yes, he's agoing,—the land crabs will have him, I see that,—his anchor's apeak, i'faith." This homely consolation scandalized the company so much, and especially the parson, who probably thought his province invaded, that we were obliged to retire into another room, where, in a few minutes, we were convinced of my grandfather's decease, by a dismal yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment; whither we immediately hastened, and found his heir, who had retired a little before into a closet, under pretence of giving vent to his sorrow, asking, with a countenance beslubbered with tears, if his grandpapa was certainly dead?—"Dead!" says my uncle, looking at the body, "ay, ay, I'll warrant him as dead as a herring. Odds fish! now my dream is out for all the world. I thought I stood upon the forecastle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of a dead shark that floated alongside, and the devil perching on our sprit-sail yard, in the likeness of a blue bear,—who, d' ye see, jumped overboard upon the carcass, and carried it to the bottom in his claws." "Out upon thee, reprobate," cries the parson, "out upon thee, blasphemous wretch!—Dost thou think his honour's soul is in the possession of Satan?" The clamour immediately arose, and my poor uncle, being shouldered from one corner of the room to the other, was obliged to lug out in his own defence, and swear he would turn out for no man, till such time as he knew who had a title to send him adrift. "None of your tricks upon travellers," said he; "mayhap old buff has left my kinsman here his heir:—if he has, it will be the better for his miserable soul. Odds bob! I'd desire no better news. I'd soon make him a clear ship, I warrant you." To avoid any further disturbance, one of my grandfather's executors, who was present, assured Mr. Bowling that his nephew should have all manner of justice; that a day should be appointed, after the funeral, for examining the papers of the deceased, in presence of all his relations; till which time every desk and cabinet in the house should remain close sealed; and that he was very welcome to be witness to this ceremony, which was immediately performed to his satisfaction. In the meantime, orders were given to provide mourning for all the relations, in which number I was included: but my uncle would not suffer me to accept of it, until I should be assured whether or not I had reason to honour his memory so far. During this interval, the conjectures of people, with regard to the old gentleman's will, were various. As it was well known he had, besides his landed estate, which was worth £700 per annum, six or seven thousand pounds at interest, some imagined, that the whole real estate (which he had greatly improved) would go to the young man whom he always entertained as his heir; and that the money would be equally divided between my female cousins (five in number) and me. Others were of opinion, that as the rest of the children had been already provided for, he would only bequeath two or three hundred pounds to each of his granddaughters, and leave the bulk of the sum to me, to atone for his unnatural usage of my father. At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midst of the expectants, whose looks and gestures formed a group that would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned spectator. But the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification that appeared when the attorney pronounced aloud, the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate, personal and real. My uncle, who had listened with great attention, sucking the head of his cudgel all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare, and *whew*, that alarmed the whole assembly. The eldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's person, inquired with a faltering accent, and visage as yellow as an orange, "If there were no legacies?" and was answered, "None at all." Upon which she fainted away. The rest, whose expectations, perhaps, were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution; though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot, began: "So there's no legacy, friend, ha!—here's an old succubus;—but somebody's soul howls for it, damn me!" The parson of the parish, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghostly director to the old man, no sooner heard this exclamation, than he cried out, "Avaunt, unchristian reviler! avaunt!—wilt thou not allow the soul of his honour to rest in peace?" But this zealous pastor did not find himself so warmly seconded, as formerly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle against him, and accused him of having acted the part of a busy-body

with their grandpapa, whose ears he had certainly abused by false stories to their prejudice, or else he would not have neglected them in such an unnatural manner. The young squire was much diverted with this scene, and whispered to my uncle, that, if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have shown him glorious fun, by hunting a black badger (so he termed the clergyman). The surly lieutenant, who was not in an humour to relish this amusement, replied, "You and your dogs may be damn'd; I suppose you'll find them with your old dad, in the latitude of hell. Come, Rory—about ship, my lad,—we must steer another course, I think." —And away we went.

CHAPTER V.

The Schoolmaster uses me barbarously—I form a Project of Revenge, in which I am assisted by my Uncle—I leave the Village—Am settled at a University by his generosity.

On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled, with great vehemence, the tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches," etc., his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was left behind a considerable way. Then he waited for me; and when I was almost up with him, called out in a surly tone, "Bear a hand, damme! must I bring-to every minute for you, you lazy dog?" Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along, until his good nature, of which he had a great share, and reflection getting the better of his passion, he said, "Come, my boy, don't be cast down; the old rascal is in hell,—that's some satisfaction; you shall go to sea with me, my lad. 'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes through the world, brave boys,' as the song goes, eh!" Though this proposal did not at all suit my inclination, I was afraid of discovering my aversion to it, lest I should disoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was so much a seaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his design, consequently gave himself no trouble in consulting my approbation. But this resolution was soon dropt, by the advice of our usher, who assured Mr. Bowling it would be a thousand pities to balk my genius, which would certainly, one day, make my fortune on shore, provided it received due cultivation. Upon which this generous tar determined, though he could ill afford it, to give me university education; and accordingly settled my board and other expenses at a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges, whither we repaired in a short time. But, before the day of our departure, the schoolmaster, who no longer had the fear of my grandfather before his eyes, laid aside all decency and restraint, and not only abused me in the grossest language his rancour could suggest, as a wicked, profligate, dull, beggarly miscreant, whom he had taught out of charity; but also inveighed in the most bitter manner against the memory of the judge (who, by the bye, had procured that settlement for him), hinting in pretty plain terms that the old gentleman's soul was damn'd to all eternity, for his injustice in neglecting to pay for my learning. This brutal behaviour, added to the sufferings I had formerly undergone, made me think it high time to be revenged of this insolent pedagogue. Having consulted my adherents, I found them all staunch in their promises to stand by me; and our scheme was this: in the afternoon preceding the day of my departure for the university, I resolved to take advantage of the usher's going out to make water, which he regularly did at four o'clock, and shut the great door, that he might not come to the assistance of his superior. This being done, the assault was to be begun, by my advancing to my master, and spitting in his face. I was to be seconded by two of the strongest boys in the school, who were devoted to me; their business was to join me in dragging the tyrant to a bench, over which he was to be laid, and his bare posteriors heartily flogged with his own birch, which we proposed to wrest from him in the struggle; but if we should find him too many for us all three, we were to demand the assistance of our competitors, who should be ready to reinforce us, or oppose anything that might be undertaken for the master's relief. One of my principal assistants was called Jeremy Gawky, son and heir of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and the name of the other, Hugh Strap, the cadet of a family which had given shoemakers to the village time out of mind. I had once saved Gawky's life, by plunging into a river, and dragging him on shore, when he was on the point of being drowned. I had often rescued him from the clutches of those whom his insufferable arrogance had provoked to a resentment he was not able to sustain; and many times saved his reputation and posteriors, by performing his exercises at school; so that it is not to be wondered at if he had a particular regard for me and my interests. The attachment of Strap flowed from a voluntary disinterested inclination, which had manifested itself on many occasions on my behalf, he having once rendered me the same service that I had done Gawky, by saving my life at the risk of his own; and often fathered offences that I had committed, for which he suffered severely, rather than I should feel the weight of the punishment I deserved. These two champions were the more willing to engage in this enterprise, because they intended to leave the school the next day as well as I, the first being ordered by his father to return into the country, and the other being bound apprentice to a barber, at a market town not far off.

In the meantime, my uncle being informed of my master's behaviour to me, was enraged at his insolence, and vowed revenge so heartily, that I could not refrain from telling him the scheme I had concerted, which he heard with great satisfaction, at every sentence squirting out a mouthful of spittle, tinctured with tobacco, of which he constantly chewed a large quid. At last, pulling up his breeches, he cried, "No, no, zounds! that won't do, neither. Howsomever, 'tis a bold undertaking, my lad, that I must say, i'faith! But lookee, lookee, how dost propose to get clear off?—won't the enemy give chase, my boy? ay, ay, that he will, I warrant, and alarm the whole coast. Ah! God help thee, more sail than ballast, Rory. Let me alone for that—leave the whole to me—I'll show him the foretopsail, I will. If so be your shipmates are jolly boys, and won't flinch, you shall see, you shall see; egad, I'll play him a salt-water trick; I'll bring him to the gangway, and anoint him with a cat-o'nine-tails; he shall have a round dozen doubled, my lad, he shall, and be left lashed to his meditations."

We were very proud of our associate, who immediately went to work, and prepared the instrument of his revenge with great skill and expedition; after which, he ordered our baggage to be packed up, and sent off a day before our attempt, and got horses ready to be mounted, as soon as the affair should be over. At length the hour arrived, when our auxiliary, seizing the opportunity of the usher's absence, bolted in, secured the door, and immediately laid hold of the pedant by his collar, who bawled out, "Murder! thieves!" with the voice of a Stentor. Though I trembled all over like an aspen-leaf, I knew there was no time to be lost, and accordingly got up, and summoned our associates to my assistance. Strap, without any hesitation, obeyed the signal; and seeing me leap upon the master's back, ran immediately to one of his legs, which, pulling with all his force, this dreadful adversary was humbled to the ground; upon which Gawky, who had hitherto remained in his place, under the influence of an universal trepidation, hastened to the scene of action, and insulted the fallen tyrant with a loud huzza, in which the whole school joined. This noise alarmed the usher, who, finding himself shut out, endeavoured, partly by threats, and partly by entreaties, to procure admission. My uncle bade him have a little patience, and he would let him in presently; but if he pretended to move from that place, it should fare worse with the son of a bitch, his superior, on whom he intended only to bestow a little wholesome chastisement, for his barbarous usage of Rory; "to which," said he, "you are no stranger." By this time we had dragged the criminal to a post, to which Bowling tied him with a rope he had provided on purpose, after having secured his hands, and stript his back. In this ludicrous posture he stood (to the no small entertainment of the boys, who crowded about him, and shouted with great exultation at the novelty of the sight), venting bitter imprecations against the lieutenant, and reproaching his scholars with treachery and rebellion, when the usher was admitted, whom my uncle accosted in this manner: "Harkee, Mr. Syntax, I believe you are an honest man, d'ye see, and I have a respect for you; but, for all that, we must, for our own security, d'ye see, belay you for a short time." With these words, he pulled out some fathoms of cord, which the honest man no sooner saw, than he protested with great earnestness he would allow no violence to be offered to him; at the same time accusing me of perfidy and ingratitude. But Bowling representing that it was in vain to resist, and that he did not mean to use him with violence and indecency, but only to hinder him from raising the hue and cry against us before we should be out of their power, he allowed himself to be bound to his own desk, where he sat a spectator of the punishment inflicted on his principal. My uncle having upbraided this arbitrary wretch with his inhumanity to me, told him that he proposed to give him a little discipline for the good of his soul, which he immediately put in practice with great vigour and dexterity. This smart application to the pedant's withered posteriors, gave him such exquisite pain, that he roared like a mad bull, danced, cursed, and blasphemed, like a frantic bedlamite. When the lieutenant thought himself sufficiently revenged, he took his leave of him in these words: "Now, friend, you'll remember me the longest day you have to live; I have given you a lesson that will let you know what flogging is, and teach you to have more sympathy for the future—shout, boys, shout." This ceremony was no sooner over, than my uncle proposed they should quit the school, and convoy their old comrade Rory to a public-house, about a mile from the village, where he would treat them all. His offer being joyfully embraced, he addressed himself to Mr. Syntax, and begged him to accompany us; but this invitation he refused with great disdain, telling my benefactor he was not the man he took him to be. "Well, well, old surly," replied my uncle, shaking his hand, "thou art an honest fellow notwithstanding; and if ever I have the command of a ship, thou shalt be our schoolmaster, i'faith." So saying, he dismissed the boys, and, locking the door, left the two preceptors to console one another, while we moved forwards on our journey, attended by a numerous retinue, whom he treated according to his promise. We parted with many tears, and lay that night at an inn on the road, about ten miles short of the town where I was to remain, at which we arrived next day; and I found I had no cause to complain of the accommodations provided for me, in being boarded at the house of an apothecary, who had married a distant relation of my mother. In a few days after, my uncle set out for his ship, having settled the necessary funds for my maintenance and education.

CHAPTER VI.

I make great progress in my Studies—Am caressed by everybody—My female Cousins take notice of me—I reject their Invitation—They are incensed, and conspire against me—I am left destitute by a Misfortune that befalls my Uncle—Gawky's Treachery—My Revenge.

As I was now capable of reflection, I began to consider my precarious situation; that I was utterly abandoned by those whose duty it was to protect me; and that my sole dependence was on the generosity of one man, who was not only exposed by his profession to continual dangers, which might one day deprive me of him for ever; but also, no doubt, subject to those vicissitudes of disposition which a change of fortune usually creates, or which a better acquaintance with the world might produce; for I always ascribed his benevolence to the dictates of a heart as yet undebauched by a commerce with mankind. Alarmed at these considerations, I resolved to apply myself with great care to my studies, and enjoy the opportunity in my power: this I did with such success, that, in the space of three years, I understood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in the mathematics, and no stranger to moral and natural philosophy; logic I made no account of; but, above all things, I valued myself on my taste in the *Belles Lettres*, and a talent for poetry, which had already produced some pieces that had met with a favourable reception. These qualifications, added to a good face and shape, acquired the esteem and acquaintance of the most considerable people in town; and I had the satisfaction to find myself in some degree of favour with the ladies—an intoxicating piece of good fortune to one of my amorous complexion!—which I obtained, or, at least, preserved, by gratifying their propensity to scandal in lampooning their rivals. Two of my female cousins lived in this place with their mother, since the death of their father, who left his whole fortune equally divided between them; so that, if they were not the most beautiful, they were at

least the richest toasts in town, and received daily the addresses of all the beaux and cavaliers of the country. Although I had hitherto been looked upon by them with the most supercilious contempt, my character now attracted their notice so much, that I was given to understand I might be honoured with their acquaintance, if I pleased. The reader will easily perceive that this condescension either flowed from the hope of making my poetical capacity subservient to their malice, or, at least, of screening themselves from the lash of my resentment, which they had effectually provoked. I enjoyed this triumph with great satisfaction; and not only rejected their offer with disdain, but, in all my performances, whether satire or panegyric, industriously avoided mentioning their names, even while I celebrated those of their intimates. This neglect mortified their pride exceedingly, and incensed them to such a degree, that they were resolved to make me repent of my indifference. The first stroke of their revenge consisted in their hiring a poor collegian to write verses against me, the subject of which was my own poverty, and the catastrophe of my unhappy parents. But, besides the badness of the composition (of which they themselves were ashamed), they did not find their account in endeavouring to reproach me with those misfortunes which they and their relations had brought upon me, and which, consequently, reflected much more dishonour on themselves than on me, who was the innocent victim of their barbarity and avarice. Finding this plan miscarry, they found means to irritate a young gentleman against me, by telling him I had lampooned his mistress; and so effectually succeeded in the quality of incendiaries, that this enraged lover determined to seize me next night, as I returned to my lodgings from a friend's house that I frequented. With this view, he waited in the street, attended by two of his companions, to whom he had imparted his design of carrying me down to the river, in which he proposed to have me heartily ducked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, it being then about the middle of December. But this stratagem did not succeed; for, being apprised of their ambush, I got home another way, and, by the help of my landlord's apprentice, discharged a volley from the garret window, which did great execution upon them; and, next day, occasioned so much mirth at their expense, that they found themselves under a necessity of leaving the town, until the adventure should be entirely forgotten. My cousins, though twice baffled in their expectation, did not, however, desist from persecuting me, who had now enraged them beyond a possibility of forgiveness, by detecting their malice, and preventing its effects. Neither should I have found them more humane, had I patiently submitted to their rancour, and bore without murmuring the rigour of their unreasonable hate; for I have found by experience, that, though small favours may be acknowledged, and slight injuries atoned, there is no wretch so ungrateful as he whom you have most generously obliged; and no enemy so implacable as those who have done you the greatest wrong. These good-natured creatures, therefore, had recourse to a scheme which conspired with a piece of bad news I soon after received, to give them all the satisfaction they desired. This plan was to debauch the faith of my companion and confidant, who betrayed the trust I reposed in him, by imparting to them the particulars of my small amours, which they published with such exaggerations, that I suffered very much in the opinion of everybody, and was utterly discarded by the dear creatures whose names had been called in question. While I was busy in tracing out the author of this treachery, that I might not only be revenged on him, but also vindicate my character to my friends, I one day perceived the looks of my landlady much altered when I went home to dinner, and inquiring into the cause, she screwed up her mouth, and fixing her eyes on the ground, told me her husband had received a letter from Mr. Bowling, with one enclosed for me—she was very sorry for what had happened, both for my sake and his own—people should be more cautious of their conduct. She was always afraid his brutal behaviour would bring him into some misfortune or other. As for her part, she should be very ready to befriend me, but she had a small family of her own to maintain. The world would do nothing for her if she should come to want—charity begins at home. She wished I had been bound to some substantial handicraft, such as a weaver, or a shoemaker, rather than loiter away my time in learning foolish nonsense that would never bring me in a penny—but some folks are wise, and some are otherwise. I was listening to this mysterious discourse with great amazement, when her husband entered, and, without speaking a syllable, put both the letters into my hand. I received them trembling, and read what follows:—

"To Mr. Roger Potion.

"Sir,—This is to let you know that I have quitted the Thunder man of war, being obliged to sheer off for killing my captain, which I did fairly on the beach at Cape Tiberoon, in the island of Hispaniola; having received his fire, and returned it, which went through his body. And I would serve the best man so that ever stept between stem and stern, if so be that he struck me, as Captain Oakum did. I am, thank God, safe among the French, who are very civil, thof I don't understand their lingo; and I hope to be restored in a little time, for all the great friends and parliamentary interest of the captain, for I have sent over to my landlord in Deal an account of the whole affair, with our bearings and distances while we were engaged, whereby I have desired him to lay it before his Majesty, who (God bless him) will not suffer an honest tar to be wronged. My love to your spouse, and am

"Your loving friend and servant to command, while

"Thomas Bowling."

"To Roderick Random.

"Dear Rory,—Don't be grieved at my misfortune; but mind your book, my lad. I have got no money to send you; but what of that?—Mr. Potion will take care of you for the love he bears me, and let you want for nothing, and it shall go hard, but I will see him one day repaid. No more at present, but rests

"Your dutiful uncle and servant till death,

"Thomas Bowling."

This letter, which with the other was dated from Port Louis in Hispaniola, I had no sooner read, than the apothecary, shaking his head, began: "I have a very great regard for Mr. Bowling, that's certain,—and could be well content—but times are very hard. There's no such thing as money to be got—I believe 'tis all vanished under ground, for my part. Besides, I have been out of pocket already, having entertained you since the beginning of this month without receiving a sixpence,—and God knows if ever I shall; for I believe it will go hard with your uncle. And more than that, I was thinking of giving you warning, for I want your apartment for a new 'prentice, whom I expect from the country every hour. So I desire you will this week provide yourself with another lodging." The indignation which this harangue inspired, gave me spirits to support my reverse of fortune,

and to tell him, I despised his mean selfish disposition so much, that I would starve rather than be beholden to him for one single meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the last farthing of what I owed, and assured him, I would not sleep another night under his roof. This said, I sallied out in a transport of rage and sorrow, without knowing whither to fly for shelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only three shillings in my purse. After giving way for a few minutes to the dictates of my rage, I went and hired a small bedroom, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per week, which I was obliged to pay per advance, before the landlord would receive me. Thither I removed my luggage; and next morning got up, with a view of craving the advice and assistance of a person who had on all occasions loaded me with caresses, and made frequent offers of friendship, while I was under no necessity of accepting them. He received me with his wonted affability, and insisted on my breakfasting with him—a favour which I did not think fit to refuse. But, when I communicated the occasion of my visit, he appeared so disconcerted, that I concluded him wonderfully affected with the misery of my condition, and looked upon him as a man of the most extensive sympathy and benevolence. He did not leave me long under this mistake; for, recovering himself from his confusion, he told me he was grieved at my misfortune, and desired to know what had passed between my landlord, Mr. Potion, and me. Whereupon I recounted the conversation; and when I repeated the answer I made to his ungenerous remonstrance with regard to my leaving his house, this pretended friend affected a stare, and exclaimed, "Is it possible you could behave so ill to the man who had treated you so kindly all along!" My surprise at hearing this was not at all affected, whatever his might be; and I gave him to understand, with some warmth, that I did not imagine he would so unreasonably espouse the cause of a scoundrel, who ought to be expelled from every social community. This heat of mine gave him all the advantage he desired over me, and our discourse, after much altercation, concluded in his desiring never to see me again in that place; to which desire I yielded my consent, assuring him, that had I been as well acquainted with his principles formerly as I was now, he never should have had an opportunity of making that request;—and thus we parted.

On my return I met my comrade, Squire Gawky, whom his father had sent, some time ago, to town, for his improvement in writing, dancing, fencing, and other modish qualifications. As I had lived with him, since his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no scruple of informing him of the lowness of my circumstances, and asking a small supply of money, to answer my present expense; upon which he pulled out a handful of half-pence, with a shilling or two among them, and swore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day, he having lost the greatest part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this assertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference; for he neither expressed any sympathy for my mishap, nor desire of alleviating my distress; and accordingly I left him without uttering one word. But, when I afterwards understood that he was the person who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my cousins, to whom likewise he had carried the tidings of my forlorn situation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myself to call him to a severe account; for which purpose I borrowed a sword, and wrote a challenge, desiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of punishing his perfidy at the expense of his blood. He accepted the invitation; and I betook myself to the field, though not without feeling considerable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold sweats by the way: but the desire of revenge, the shame of retracting, and hope of conquest, conspired to repel these unmanly symptoms of fear; and I appeared on the plain with a good grace. There I waited an hour beyond the time appointed, and was not ill pleased to find he had no mind to meet me; because I should have an opportunity of exposing his cowardice, displaying my own courage, and of beating him soundly wheresoever I should find him, without any dread of the consequence. Elevated with these suggestions, which entirely banished all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Gawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having set out for the country in less than an hour after he had received my billet: and I was vain enough to have the whole story inserted in the news, although I was fain to sell a gold-laced hat to my landlord, for less than half-price, to defray the expense, and contribute to my subsistence.

CHAPTER VII.

I am entertained by Mr. Crab—A Description of him—I acquire the art of Surgery—Consult Crab's Disposition—Become necessary to him—An Accident happens—He advises me to launch out into the World—Assists me with Money—I set out for London.

THE fumes of my resentment being dissipated, as well as the vanity of my success, I found myself deserted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different species, or rather as a solitary being, no ways comprehended within the scheme or protection of Providence. My despair had rendered me almost quite stupified, when I was one day told that a gentleman desired to see me at a certain public-house, whither immediately I repaired, and was introduced to one Mr. Launcelot Crab, a surgeon in town, who was engaged with two more in drinking a liquor called *pop-in*, composed by mixing a quartern of brandy with a quart of small beer. Before I relate the occasion of this message, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the reader if I describe the gentleman who sent for me, and mention some circumstances of his character and conduct, which may illustrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry; his nose, resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles; and his little gray eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that, while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe. He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, though a younger practitioner, was better employed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab. This quarrel, which was at one time upon

the point of being made up by the interposition and mediation of friends, had been lately inflamed beyond a possibility of reconciliation by the respective wives of the opponents, who, chancing to meet at a christening, disagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were, with great difficulty, by the gossips, prevented from converting the occasion of joy into a scene of lamentation.

The difference between these rivals was in the height of rancour, when I received the message of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his disposition; and, after desiring me to sit, inquired into the particulars of my leaving the house of Potion; which, when I had related, he said with a malicious grin, "There's a sneaking dog!—I always thought him a fellow without a soul, damn me!—a canting scoundrel, who has crept into business by his hypocrisy, and kissing the arse of everybody." "Ay, ay," says another, "one might see with half an eye that the rascal has no honesty in him, by his going so regularly to church." This sentence was confirmed by a third, who assured his companions, that Potion was never known to be disguised in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had distinguished himself by an *extempore* prayer an hour long. After this preamble, Crab addressed himself to me in these words: "Well, my lad, I have heard a good character of you, and I'll do for you. You may send your things to my house when you please. I have given orders for your reception. Zounds! what does the booby stare at?—If you have no mind to embrace my courteous offer, you may let it alone, and be damn'd." I answered, with a submissive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as soon as he should inform me on what footing I was to be entertained. "What footing! damn my blood," cried he; "d'ye expect to have a footman and a couple of horses kept for you?" "No, sir," I replied, "my expectations are not quite so sanguine. That I may be as little burdensome as possible, I would willingly serve in your shop, by which means I may save you the expense of a journeyman, or porter at least, for I understand a little pharmacy, having employed some of my leisure hours in the practice of that art while I lived with Mr. Potion: neither am I altogether ignorant of surgery, which I have studied with great pleasure and application." "Oho! you did?" says Crab. "Gentlemen, here is a complete artist!—Studied surgery! what? in books, I suppose. I shall have you disputing with me one of these days on points of my profession. You can already account for muscular motion, I warrant, and explain the mystery of the brain and nerves—ha? You are too learned for me, damn me. But let's hear no more of this stuff. Can you bleed and give a clyster, spread a plaster, and prepare a potion?" Upon my answering in the affirmative, he shook his head, telling me he believed he should have little good of me, for all my promises; but, however, he would take me in for the sake of charity. I was accordingly that very night admitted to his house, and had an apartment assigned to me in the garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithstanding the mortification my pride suffered in this change of circumstances. I was soon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner: for, besides the gratification of his revenge, by exposing the selfishness of his antagonist in opposition to his own generosity, which was all affectation, he had occasion for a young man who understood something of the profession, to fill up the place of his eldest apprentice, lately dead, not without violent suspicion of foul play from his master's brutality. The knowledge of this circumstance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new situation with ease; however, as I did not perceive how I could bestow myself to better advantage, I resolved to study Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the address, in my power. And it was not long before I found out a strange peculiarity of humour, which governed his behaviour towards all his dependants. I observed, when he was pleased, he was such a niggard of his satisfaction, that, if his wife or servants betrayed the least symptom of participation, he was offended to an insupportable degree of choler and fury, the effects of which they seldom failed to feel. And, when his indignation was roused, submission and soothing always exasperated it beyond the bounds of reason and humanity. I therefore pursued a contrary plan; and one day, when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp and lazy ragamuffin, I boldly replied, "I was neither ignorant nor lazy, since I both understood and performed my business as well as he could do for his soul; neither was it just to call me ragamuffin, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was descended from a better family than any he could boast an alliance with." He gave tokens of great amazement at this assurance of mine, and shook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly startled at his menacing looks and posture, I yet had reflection enough left to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which must decide my future lot in his service; I therefore snatched up the pestle of a mortar, and swore, if he offered to strike me without a cause, I should see whether his skull or my weapon was hardest. He continued silent for some time, and at last broke forth into these ejaculations: "This is fine usage from a servant to a master,—very fine!—damnation!—but no matter, you shall pay for this, you dog, you shall. I'll do your business—yes, yes, I'll teach you to lift your hand against me." So saying, he retired, and left me under dreadful apprehensions, which vanished entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unusual complacency, and treated me with a glass of punch after dinner. By this conduct I got the ascendency over him in a short time, and became so necessary to him, in managing his business while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aspect; and I consoled myself for the disregard of my former acquaintance with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a close application to the duties of my employment, in which I succeeded beyond my own expectation. I was on very good terms with my master's wife, whose esteem I acquired and cultivated, by representing Mrs. Potion in the most ridiculous lights my satirical talents could invent, as well as by rendering her some Christian offices when she had been too familiar with the dram-bottle, to which she had oftentimes recourse for consolation under the affliction she suffered from her barbarous husband. In this manner I lived, without hearing the least tidings of my uncle, for the space of two years, during which time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to relish, nor in a capacity to maintain much acquaintance: for the Nabal, my master, allowed me no wages; and

the small perquisites of my station scarcely supplied me with the common necessaries of life. I was no longer a pert unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applause, and elevated with the extravagance of hope: my misfortunes had taught me how little the caresses of the world, during a man's prosperity, are to be valued by him; and how seriously and expeditiously he ought to set about making himself independent of them. My present appearance, therefore, was the least of my care, which was wholly engrossed in laying up a stock of instruction that might secure me against the caprice of fortune for the future. I became such a sloven, and contracted such an air of austerity, that everybody pronounced me crestfallen; and Gawky returned to town, without running any risk from my resentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and restrained by prudential reasons so effectually, that I never so much as thought of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had done me. When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I began to cast about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding some provision that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone: but, as this could not be effected without a small sum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmost perplexity how to raise it, well knowing that Crab, for his own sake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his interest was so much concerned in my stay. But a small accident which happened about this time determined him in my favour. This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid-servant, who declared her situation to me, assuring me, at the same time, that I was the occasion of it. Although I had no reason to question the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had passed between her master and her; taking the advantage of which I represented to her the folly of laying the burden at my door, when she might dispose of it to much better purpose with Mr. Crab. She listened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended success of their mutual endeavours. He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foresaw might have very troublesome consequences; not that he dreaded any domestic grumblings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect subjection; but because he knew it would furnish his rival Potion with a handle for insulting and undermining his reputation; there being no scandal equal to that of uncleanness in the opinion of those who inhabit the part of the island where he lived. He therefore took a resolution worthy of himself; which was, to persuade the girl that she was not with child, but only afflicted with a disorder incident to young women, which he could easily remove. With this view, as he pretended, he prescribed for her such medicines as he thought would infallibly procure abortion; but in this scheme he was disappointed; for the maid, being advertised by me of his design, and at the same time well acquainted with her own condition, absolutely refused to follow his directions, and threatened to publish her situation to the world, if he would not immediately take some method of providing for the important occasion, which she expected in a few months. It was not long before I guessed the result of his deliberation, by his addressing himself to me one day in this manner:—"I am surprised that a young fellow like you discovers no inclination to push his fortune in the world. Before I was of your age I was broiling on the coast of Guinea.—Damme! what's to hinder you from profiting by the war which will certainly be declared in a short time against Spain? You may easily get on board of a king's ship in quality of a surgeon's mate, where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize-money." I laid hold of this declaration, which I had long wished for, and assured him I would follow his advice with pleasure, if it was in my power; but that it was impossible for me to embrace an opportunity of that kind, as I had no friend to advance a little money to supply me with what necessaries I should want, and defray the expenses of my journey to London. He told me that few necessaries were required; and as for the expense of my journey, he would lend me money sufficient not only for that purpose, but also to maintain me comfortably in London until I should procure a warrant for my provision on board of some ship. I gave him a thousand thanks for his obliging offer (although I was very well apprised of his motive, which was no other than a design to lay the bastard to my charge after my departure), and accordingly set out in a few weeks for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's Surgery, and ten guineas in cash, for which Crab took my bond, bearing five per cent. interest; at the same time gave me a letter to the member of parliament for our town, which, he said, would do my business effectually.

CHAPTER VIII.

I arrive at Newcastle—Meet with my old School-fellow Strap—We determine to walk together to London—Set out on our Journey—Put up at a solitary Ale-house—Are disturbed by a strange Adventure in the night.

THERE is no such convenience as a waggon in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expense of hiring a horse; I determined, therefore, to set out with the carriers, who transport goods from one place to another on horseback; and this scheme I accordingly put in execution on the first day of September 1739, sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets, one of which contained my goods in a knapsack. But, by the time we arrived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The hostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter time; a journey which, he believed, I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when, one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus: "Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman." I answered in the affirmative. "Pray," continued he, "from what part of Scotland?"—I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at this profusion, that, starting

up, I asked him what the devil he meant by using me so. He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him; and craved my name. But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in a rapture, "How! Rory Random?" "The same," I replied, looking at him with astonishment. "What," cried he, "don't you know your old schoolfellow, Hugh Strap?" At that instant, recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and in the transport of my joy, gave him back one-half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shopmates, who were witnesses of this scene. When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved; but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which, nevertheless, he found means to cut me in three places, in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his place, and after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me. We retired immediately to my lodgings, where, calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance, who worked in the keels; that he had the good fortune of being employed by a very civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring, at which time he proposed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement. When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune. Whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way, and, if we should be fatigued before we could perform all the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road either returning horses or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expense. I was so ravished at this proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing: but he gave me to understand he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions; and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business in that capital, and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan and settled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack), and our money sewed between the lining and waistband of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expense on the road. We travelled all day at a round pace, but, being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge ale-house, that stood on a by-road, about half a mile from the highway. There we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight o'clock, we were all three, at our own desire, shown into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time *extempore*, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use. I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phenomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no small amazement, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb; he told me, with a low faltering voice, that we were undone; for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with pistols in the next room; then bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thick-set brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him. I listened with great attention, and heard him say in a terrible tone: "Damn that son of a bitch, Smack, the coachman;—he has served me a fine trick, indeed!—but damnation seize me, if I don't make him repent it! I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles with me." Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach; and that, if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunity enough to atone for his lost trouble. "I'll tell thee what, my dear Bett," replied he, "I never had, nor ever will, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day.—Zounds! there was four hundred pounds in cash to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money belonging to the passengers;—had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would." "Well, well," cries Betty, "we must trust to Providence for that;—but did you find nothing worth taking, which escaped the other gentleman of the road?" "Not much, faith," said the lover; "I gleaned a few things, such as a pair of pops, silver mounted (here they are); I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch, which he had concealed in his breeches. I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a Quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion. But what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuff-box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid; which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock." Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud, that the highwayman, snatching his pistols, started up, crying: "Hell and damnation! I am betrayed; who's that in the next room?" Mrs. Betty told him he need not be uneasy; there were only three poor wearied travellers, who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. "Travellers," says he, "spies, you bitch! but no matter—I'll send them all to hell in an instant." He accordingly ran towards our door; when his sweatheart interposing, assured him there was only a couple of

poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a Presbyterian pedlar of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before. This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted some linen. Then, in a jovial manner, he put about the glass, mingling his discourse to Betty with caresses and familiarities that spoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard. This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder than he started up, calling as loud as he could, "Thieves, thieves! Lord have mercy on us!" And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man who should enter; for he verily believed himself beset; when his Dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep. Meanwhile my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him; upon which, getting up softly, he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that, falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to Heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. Whether or not his disburdening his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not; but he slipped into bed again, and lay very quiet until the robber and his mistress were asleep, and snored in concert; then, rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bedside and bade us farewell, telling us, that, as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape; and lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion more at ease in his mind; but, on the contrary, so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement. But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way. I told him withal my confidence in Betty's good nature, in which he acquiesced; and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out: "Ods bobs! sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions to lie all night with the window open, in such cold weather." I feigned to start out of sleep, and withdrawing the curtain, called, "What's the matter?" When she showed me, I affected surprise, and said, "Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed." "I'll be hanged," said she, "if Sawney Waddle the pedlar has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstropulous in his sleep.—Sure I put a chamber-pot under his bed." With these words she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and finding the sheets cold, exclaimed, "Good lack-a-daisy! the rogue is fled!" "Fled!" cried I, with feigned amazement, "God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us." Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand; which having reckoned, I said, "Heaven be praised, our money is all safe:—Strap, look to the knapsack." He did so, and found all was right. Upon which we asked, with seeming concern, if he had stole nothing belonging to the house? "No, no," replied she, "he has stole nothing but his reckoning;" which, it seems, this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge, in the midst of his devotion. Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew; and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight than he jumped out of bed, and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar, if ever he should set eyes on him again: "For," said he, "the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me." Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it. While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured, by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or no we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust; when, all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that, with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried, "O Lord! there's the highwayman returned!" Our landlady, staring at these words, said, "What highwayman, young man?—Do you think any highwaymen harbour here?" Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her, we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols; and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since. She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive (not without great concern) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER IX.

We proceed on our Journey—Are overtaken by an Highwayman, who fires at Strap—Is prevented from shooting me by a company of Horsemen, who ride in pursuit of him—Strap is put to bed at an Inn—Adventures at that Inn.

AFTER having paid our score, and taken leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing our-

selves that we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognised to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was? My astonishment had disconcerted me so much, that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before. Strap seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering with a lamentable voice these words: "For Christ's sake, have mercy upon us, Mr. Rifle,—we know you very well." "Oho!" cried the thief, "you do!—but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!" So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground, without speaking one word. My comrade's fate, and my own situation, riveted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me; but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who, as I afterwards learned, was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket-pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him his non-resistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain scampered up to me with great address, and asked, who fired the pistol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground: at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced with a faltering tongue, "Gentlemen, here's murder committed! Let us alight." "No, no," said one of his followers, "let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?" By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg of one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred. The captain foreseeing that, in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and give him the spur at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out his horse was frightened and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroking his neck, whistling and wheeling him with "Sirrah, sirrah, gently, gently," etc.—"Zounds!" cried one of the servants, "sure my lord's Sorrel is not resty!"—With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and Sorrel, disdaining the rein, sprung forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth, happily for him, given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile, one of the three who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and in a little time the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall; and, on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner I passed in observing a game at cards between two farmers, an exciseman, and a young fellow in a rusty gown and cassock, who, as I afterwards understood, was curate of a neighbouring parish. It was easy to perceive that the match was not equal, and that the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of sharpers, who stript them of all their cash in a very short time. But what surprised me very much was, to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen who seemed to suspect foul play, in these words: "Damn me, friend, d'ye question my honour?"—I did not at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country; but I was scandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he swore, and the bawdy songs which he sung. At last, to make amends, in some sort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and, promising to treat them at dinner, began to play most melodiously, singing in concert all the while. This good humour of the parson inspired the company with so much glee, that the farmers soon forgot their losses, and all present went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amused in this manner, our musician spying a horseman riding towards the inn, stopped all of a sudden, crying out, "Gad so! gentlemen, I beg your pardon; there's our dog of a doctor coming into the inn." He immediately concealed his instrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, inquiring very cordially into the state of his health. This rosy son of the church, who might be about the age of fifty, having alighted, and entrusted the curate with his horse, stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe, scarce deigning an answer to the submissive questions of those who inquired about the welfare of his family. While he indulged himself in this state amidst a profound silence, the curate, approaching him with great reverence, asked if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit Squire Bumpkin, who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes; and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home. Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose and moved, with prelatical dignity, to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no sooner mounted, than the facetious curate, coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner: "There the old rascal goes, and the devil go with him.—You see how the world wags, gentlemen.—By gad, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live; and yet he has two livings worth £400 per annum, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for what?

why, truly, for £20 a year. I scorn to boast of my own qualifications; but—comparisons are odious. I should be glad to know how this swag-bellied doctor deserves to be more at ease than me. He can loll in his elbow-chair at home, indulge himself in the best of victuals and wine, and enjoy the conversation of Betty, his housekeeper. You understand me, gentlemen. Betty is the doctor's poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl she is; but no matter for that:—ay, and a dutiful girl to her parents, whom she visits regularly every year, though, I must own, I could never learn in what county they live.—My service t' ye, gentlemen."—By this time dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate all together with great cheerfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could. We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the exciseman, who had been silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin: "Ay, ay, this is an old trick of Shuffle: I could not help smiling when he talked of treating. You must know this is a very curious fellow. He picked up some scraps of learning while he served young Lord Trifle at the university. But what he most excels in is pimping. No man knows his talents better than I; for I was valet-de-chambre to Squire Tattle, an intimate companion of Shuffle's lord. He got himself into a scrape, by pawning some of his lordship's clothes, on which account he was turned away; but as he was acquainted with some particular circumstances of my lord's conduct, he did not care to exasperate him too much, and so made interest for his receiving orders, and afterwards recommended him to the curacy which he now enjoys. However, the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity in making a comfortable livelihood in spite of such a small allowance. You hear he plays a good stick, and is really diverting company. These qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes; and, as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him: the truth is, he is a damnable cheat; and can shift a card with such address, that it is impossible to discover him." Here he was interrupted by one of the farmers, who asked why he had not justice enough to acquaint them with these particulars before they engaged in play? The exciseman replied, without any hesitation, that it was none of his business to intermeddle between man and man; besides, he did not know they were ignorant of Shuffle's character, which was notorious to the whole country. This did not satisfy the other, who taxed him with abetting and assisting the curate's knavery, and insisted on having his share of the winnings returned; this demand the exciseman as positively refused, affirming, that whatsoever sleights Shuffle might practise on other occasions, he was very certain that he had played on the square with them, and would answer it before any bench in Christendom; so saying, he got up, and having paid his reckoning, sneaked off. The landlord, thrusting his neck into the passage, to see if he was gone, shook his head, saying, "Ah! Lord help us, if every sinner was to have his deserts.—Well, we victuallers must not disoblige the exciseman.—But I know what:—if parson Shuffle and he were weighed together, a straw thrown into either scale would make the balance kick the beam.—But masters, this is under the rose," continued Boniface, with a whisper.

CHAPTER X.

The Highwayman is taken—We are detained as evidence against him—Proceed to the next Village—He escapes—We arrive at another Inn, where we go to bed—In the night we are awaked by a dreadful Adventure—Next night we lodge at the house of a Schoolmaster—Our treatment there.

STRAP and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road coming towards us, shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman, not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and, after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopt at our inn to join their companion, and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that, going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared, he would either cudgel or box with the prisoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough. But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity, was our being detained by the captors as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply; and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow. About the twilight we arrived at the place of our destination; but, as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom, we understood, he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. This, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning, when they went upstairs to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his route along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep, at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any further molestation. Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to inquire if there were any waggon, return-horses, or other cheap car-

riage in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed, that the waggon from Newcastle to London had halted here two nights ago; and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest the day after the next. This piece of news gave us some satisfaction; and, after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shown to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house; and accordingly went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster. About two or three o'clock in the morning, I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice: "Blood and wounds! run the halbert into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently." This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than, starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark, and overturned him in an instant; at the same time bawling out, "Fire! murder! fire!" a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a crowd of naked people. When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared; which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment at the concourse of apparitions that surrounded him.—This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting serjeant, who, having listed two country fellows over night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination, that he got up in his sleep, and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprise and mirth; but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady with nothing on her but her shift, and a large pair of buckskin breeches with the backside before, which she had slipt on in the hurry, and her husband with her petticoat about his shoulders. One had wrapt himself in a blanket, another was covered with a sheet, and the drummer, who had given his only shirt to be washed, appeared in cuerpo, with the bolster rolled about his middle. When this affair was discussed, everybody retired to his own apartment, the serjeant slipt into bed, and my companion and I slept without any further disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward, in expectation of overtaking the waggon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We inquired for a public-house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long gray hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire in a very neat paved kitchen, and, with a cheerful countenance, accosted us in these words: "*Salvete, pueri, ingredimini.*" I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered, without hesitation,—"*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco—large reponens.*" I had no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman, running toward me, shook me by the hand, crying, "*Fili mi dilectissime! unde venis? a superis, ni fallor!*" In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter, a jolly rosy-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*, repeating from Horace at the same time, "*Deprome quadrimum Sabina, O Thaliarche, merum diota.*" This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. "I am this day," said he, "the happiest old fellow in his Majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week; but the two chief pleasures of my life are these (pointing to the bottle and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table). I am old, 'tis true,—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises: '*Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi finem di dederint. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*'" As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which, when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us, that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. In the meantime he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends—*permittens divis cætera.* While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drank several bottles of his *quadrimum*, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us that we should overtake the waggon by noon next day; and that there was room enough in it for half a dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that conveyance. Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. "Don't you observe," said he, "that he has conceived a particular affection for us; nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?" I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. "Biddy will let you know, gentlemen," said he, "for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan: *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam.*" Meanwhile, Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8*s.* 7*d.* "Eight shillings and sevenpence!" cried Strap; "'tis impossible—you must be mistaken, young woman." "Reckon again, child," says her father, very deliberately; "perhaps you have miscounted." "No, indeed,

father," replied she, "I know my business better." I could contain my indignation no longer, but said, it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering, "Ay, ay, let us see the particulars—that's but reasonable." And, taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items:—

	s.	d.
To bread and beer	0	6
To a fowl and sausages	2	6
To four bottles *quadrim.*	2	0
To fire and tobacco	0	7
To lodging	2	0
To breakfast	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live "*contentus parvo*, and keep off *importuna pauperies*." My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one-third of the money, or go without. While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done, than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught; but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expense, went up to the schoolmaster, and grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis, "*Semper avarus eget.*" To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile, "*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat.*"

CHAPTER XI.

We descry the Waggon—Get into it—Arrive at an Inn—Our Fellow-travellers described—A Mistake is committed by Strap, which produces strange things.

WE travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish. At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus: "Well, fools and their money are soon parted. If my advice had been taken, that old skinflint should have been damn'd before he had got more than the third of his demand.—'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner. Ah, God help you, how many bristly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and threepence halfpenny, which is all thrown to the dogs? How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramp'd, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig that hung over the door? What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows that came in, for a guinea. I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them." And indeed my companion would have fought anybody, when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to fire-arms, and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him no part of this extraordinary expense should fall upon his shoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that, although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land. Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried, towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by that time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that I verily believe it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther. We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey, to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the waggon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly, the conveyance stopped, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first; but, just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words:—"God's fury! there shall no passengers come here." The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity, and a countenance as white as paper. Joey, perceiving our astonishment, called with an arch sneer, "Waunds, captain, whay woan't you sooffer the poor waggoneer to meake a penny? Coom, coom, young man, get oop, get oop, never moind the captain—I'se not afear'd of the captain." This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed upon to venture up again; upon which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering like distant thunder, "Hell and the devil confound me, if I don't make you smart for this!" However, I crept in, and by accident got an empty place in the straw, which I immediately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap following with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and, by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly upon the stomach of the captain, who bellowed out in a most dreadful manner, "Blood and thunder, where's my sword?" At these words, my frighted comrade started up, and at one spring bounced against me with such force, that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak, who intended to press me to death. In the meantime, a female voice cried, "Bless me! what is the matter, my dear?" "The matter," replied the captain, "damn my blood! my guts are squeezed into a pancake, by that Scotchman's hump." Strap, trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened upon the jolting of the waggon; and the woman who spoke before, went on: "Ay, ay, my dear, it is our own fault; we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniences we meet with. I thank God I never travelled so before. I'm sure, if my lady or Sir John was to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation. I wish to God we had writ for the chariot: I know we shall never be forgiven."—"Come, come, my dear," replied the captain, "it don't signify fretting now—we shall laugh it over as a frolic—I hope you will not suffer in your health. I shall make my Lord very merry with our adventures in the diligence." This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady, that I durst not venture to join in the conversa-

tion. But immediately after, another female voice began: "Some people give themselves a great many needless airs—better folks than any here have travelled in waggons before now. Some of us have rode in coaches and chariots, with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it. What then? we are now all upon a footing; therefore let's be sociable and merry. What do you say, Isaac? Is not this a good motion, you doting rogue? Speak, you old cent. per cent. fornicator. What desperate debts are you thinking of? What mortgage are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively you shall never gain my favour till you turn over a new leaf, grow honest, and live like a gentleman. In the meantime, give me a kiss, you old fumbler." These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed to such a degree, that he cried in a transport, though with a faltering voice, "Ah! you wanton baggage—upon my credit, you are a waggish girl, he, he, he." This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer (such, we afterwards found, was the profession of this our fellow-traveller). About this time, I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap, till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came limping an old man, with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a thread-bare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peaked and prominent, so that when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers; he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane; and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I surprised, when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped; he wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's. Having laid aside his great-coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: he was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck; his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drumsticks, two feet and a half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed the remainder; so that, on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et præterea nihil*. His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches reaching halfway down his thighs, worsted stockings rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high: he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person; but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's woman. We were all assembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse, and told the landlord they would sup by themselves. The innkeeper replied that he could not afford them a room by themselves; and as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the waggon, without respect of persons; but if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said, than all of us declared against the proposal; and Miss Jenny, our other female passenger, observed, that if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done. At this hint the captain put on a martial frown, and looked very big, without speaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about "Creature!" which Miss Jenny overhearing, stept up to her, saying, "None of your names, good Mrs. Abigail. Creature, quotha—I'll assure you, no such creature as you, neither—no ten-pound sneaker—no quality-coupler."—Here the captain interposed, with a "Damme, madam, what do you mean by that?"—"Damn you, sir, who are you?" replied Miss Jenny; "who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler? 'Sdeath! the army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions—what! I suppose you think I don't know you?—Egad, you and your helpmate are well met—a cast-off mistress and a bald valet-de-chambre are well yoked together." "Blood and wounds!" cried Weazel, "d'ye question the honour of my wife, madam!—Hell and damnation! No man in England durst say so much. I would flay him—carbonado him! Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper." So saying, he drew his sword, and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap; while Miss Jenny, snapping her fingers, told him she did not value his resentment a louse. In the midst of this quarrel, the master of the waggon alighted, who understanding the cause of the disturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have everything made up, which he at last accomplished, and we sat down to supper all together. At bed-time we were shown to our apartments: the old usurer, Strap, and I, to one room; the captain, his wife, and Miss Jenny, to another. About midnight, my companion's bowels being disordered, he got up, in order to go backward; but, in his return, mistaking one door for another, entered Weazel's chamber, and, without any hesitation, went to bed to his wife, who was fast asleep, the captain being at another end of the room, groping for some empty vessel, in lieu of his own chamber-pot, which was leaky: as he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went towards his own bed, after having found a convenience; but no sooner did he feel a rough head, covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind that he had mistaken Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own, and that the head he felt was that of some gallant, with whom she had made an assignation. Full of this conjecture, and scan-

dalized at the prostitution of his apartment, he snatched up the vessel he had just before filled, and emptied it at once on the astonished barber and his own wife, who, waking at that instant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the husband beyond measure, but frightened poor Strap almost out of his senses, for he verily believed himself bewitched; especially when the incensed captain seized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, asking him how he durst have the presumption to attempt the chastity of his wife. Poor Strap was so amazed and confounded, that he could say nothing but—"I take God to witness, she 's a virgin for me." Mrs. Weazel, enraged to find herself in such a pickle, through the precipitation of her husband, arose in her shift, and with the heel of her shoe, which she found by the bedside, belaboured the captain's bald pate, till he roared —"Murder." "I'll teach you to empty your stink-pots on me," cried she, "you pitiful hop-o'-my-thumb coxcomb. What! I warrant you're jealous, you man of lath. Was it for this I condescended to take you to my bed, you poor withered sapless twig?" The noise occasioned by this adventure had brought the master of the waggon and me to the door, where we overheard all that passed with great satisfaction. In the meantime, we were alarmed with the cry of "Rape! murder! rape!" which Miss Jenny pronounced with great vociferation.—"Oh! you vile abominable old villain," said she, "would you rob me of my virtue? But I'll be revenged of you, you old goat! I will—Help! for heaven's sake! help!—I shall be ravished—ruined! help!" Some servants of the inn, hearing this cry, came running up stairs with lights, and such weapons as chance afforded, when we beheld a very diverting scene. In one corner stood the poor captain, shivering in his shirt, which was all torn to rags, with a woful visage, scratched all over by his wife, who had by this time wrapped the counterpane about her, and sat sobbing on the side of her bed. In the other end lay the old usurer, sprawling on Miss Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his shirt, and his tawny meagre limbs exposed to the air; while she held him fast by the two ears, and loaded him with execrations. When we asked what was the matter, she affected to weep; told us she was afraid that wicked rogue had ruined her in her sleep; and bade us take notice of what we saw, for she intended to make use of our evidence against him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be released; a favour which he had no sooner obtained, than he protested she was no woman, but a devil incarnate; that she had first seduced his flesh to rebel, and then betrayed him. "Yes, cockatrice," continued he, "you know you laid this snare for me, but you shan't succeed, for I will hang myself before you shall get a farthing off me." So saying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way. We then advanced to the captain, who told us, "Gentlemen, here has been a damn'd mistake; but I'll be revenged on him who was the occasion of it. That Scotchman who carries the knapsack shall not breathe this vital air another day, if my name be Weazel. My dear, I ask you ten thousand pardons; you are sensible I could mean no harm to you."—"I know not what you meant," replied she, sighing, "but I know I have got enough to send me to my grave." At length they were reconciled. The wife was complimented with a share of Miss Jenny's bed (her own being overflowed), and the master of the waggon invited Weazel to sleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally afraid, he having stole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at loggerheads.

CHAPTER XII.

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the Combat—An Affair between the Captain and me—The Usurer is fain to give Miss Jenny Five Guineas for a Release—We are in danger of losing a Meal—The Behaviour of Weazel, Jenny, and Joey, on that occasion—An Account of Captain Weazel and his Lady—The Captain's Courage tried—Isaac's Mirth at the Captain's expense.

NEXT morning I agreed to give the master of the waggon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk—at the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatened, with many oaths, to sacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while. The more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him, or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon; but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him. To which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying he would box with him for a guinea. Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing, in any respect, with such a fellow as Strap. "Odds bodikins!" cries Joey, "sure, coptain, yaw would not commit moorder! Here 's a poor lad that is willing to make atoonement for his offence; and an that woan't satisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw fairly. An' yaw woan't box, I dare say he will coodgel with yaw,—woan't yaw, my lad?"—Strap, after some hesitation, answered, "Yes, yes, I'll cudgel with him." But this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character, and, tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons; this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise, on the head of my companion, that he would even fight Captain Weazel at sharps, but it should be with such sharps as Strap was best acquainted with, namely, razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve, whispered with great eagerness, "No, no, no; for the love of God, don't make any such bargain." At length Weazel, recovering himself, turned towards me, and, with a ferocious countenance, asked, "Who the devil are you? will you fight me?" With these words, putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast; and, springing to one side, snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-lounges, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the

company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and, seeing her husband in these dangerous circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream: in this emergency, Weazel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted; and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling upon his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodshed, we went to breakfast, but missed two of our company, namely, Miss Jenny and the usurer. As for the first, Mrs. Weazel informed us that she had kept her awake all night with her groans; and that, when she rose in the morning, Miss Jenny was so much indisposed, that she could not proceed on her journey. At that instant, a message came from her to the master of the waggon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him in a lamentable tone, that she was afraid of a miscarriage, owing to the fright she received last night from the brutality of Isaac; and, as the event was uncertain, desired the usurer might be detained to answer for the consequence. Accordingly, this ancient Tarquin was found in the waggon, whither he had retired to avoid the shame of last night's disgrace, and brought by force into her presence. He no sooner appeared, than she began to weep and sigh most piteously, and told us, if she died, she would leave her blood upon the head of that ravisher. Poor Isaac turned up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezebel, and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her was the result of her own invitation. The waggoner, understanding the case, advised Isaac to make it up, by giving her a sum of money; to which advice he replied, with great vehemence, "A sum of money!—a halter for the cockatrice!"—"Oh! 'tis very well," said Miss Jenny; "I see it is in vain to attempt that flinty heart of his by fair means. Joey, be so good as to go to the justice, and tell him there is a sick person here, who wants to see him on an affair of consequence." At the name of justice, Isaac trembled, and, bidding Joey stay, asked with a quivering voice, what she would have? She told him, that as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpose, she would be satisfied with a small matter. And though the damage she might sustain in her health might be irreparable, she would give him a release for an hundred guineas. "An hundred guineas!" cried he, in an ecstasy, "an hundred furies! Where should a poor old wretch like me have an hundred guineas? If I had so much money, d'ye think I should be found travelling in a waggon at this season of the year?" "Come, come," replied Jenny, "none of your miserly artifice here. You think I don't know Isaac Rapine, the money-broker in the Minories. Ah! you old rogue! many a pawn have you had of me and my acquaintance, which was never redeemed." Isaac, finding it was in vain to disguise himself, offered twenty shillings for a discharge, which she absolutely refused under fifty pounds. At last, however, she was brought down to five, which he paid, with great reluctancy, rather than be prosecuted for a rape. After which accommodation the sick person made shift to get into the waggon, and we set forwards in great tranquillity, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horse, the driver himself choosing to walk. This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheesemonger, who had the presumption to be his rival;—for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he said, and observed, "The last affair happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from Squire Gobble; and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans, when my Lord Diddle took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed that she had well-nigh fainted." "Yes, my dear," replied the captain, "you know, my lord said to me, with a sneer, 'Billy, Mrs. Weazel is certainly breeding.' And I answered cavalierly, 'My lord, I wish I could return the compliment.' Upon which the whole company broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and my lord, who loves a repartee dearly, came round and bussed me."

We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting anything worth notice; Miss Jenny, who soon recovered her spirits, entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number; and rallying her old gallant, who, notwithstanding, would never be reconciled to her. On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us, that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied, "The passengers in the waggon might be damn'd,—their betters must be served before them—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day." This was a terrible disappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when Miss Jenny observed, that Captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted. But the captain excused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; swearing at the same time, that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. Upon this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried, "Ha! Jenny Ramper! what the devil brought thee hither?" "My dear Jack Rattle!" replied she, running into his arms, "is it you? Then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you." They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the waggon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down at table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I

soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch. He informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town; who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison; upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me likewise, that one of the gentleman's servants whom we left at the inn, having accidentally seen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character. That he had served my Lord Frizzle in quality of valet-de-chambre many years, while he lived separate from his lady. But, upon their reconciliation, she expressly insisted upon Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman he kept; when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he would procure a commission for him in the army. This expedient was agreed to; and Weazel is now, by his lordship's interest, ensign in ——'s regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments with regard to Weazel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of "A highwayman!" as soon as an horseman should appear. This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the waggon, that he was afraid we should be all robbed, than a general consternation arose. Strap jumped out of the waggon, and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs. Weazel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries; and the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore; but this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out, "'Sdeath! captain, is this a time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? Get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour." Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. "Damn my blood! what are you afraid of?" continued he, at the same time trembling with such agitation, that the whole carriage shook. This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried, "Damn your pitiful soul, you are as arrant a poltroon, as ever was drummed out of a regiment.—Stop the waggon, Joey—let me get out, and by God, if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also." So saying, she leapt out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the waggon, and questioning those within. The stranger consenting for the sake of diversion, approached it, and in a terrible tone demanded, "Who have we got here?" Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice, "Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithal, but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of, we must all starve together." "Who's that sobbing in the other corner?" said the supposed highwayman. "A poor unfortunate woman," answered Mrs. Weazel, "upon whom I beg you, for Christ's sake, to have compassion." "Are you maid or wife?" said he. "Wife, to my sorrow," cried she. "Who or where is your husband?" continued he. "My husband," replied Mrs. Weazel, "is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined." "You must be mistaken, madam," said he, "for I myself saw him get into the waggon this afternoon.—But pray what smell is that? Sure your lap-dog has befouled himself; let me catch hold of the nasty cur, I'll teach him better manners." Here he laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor trembling captain, being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of his sleep, cried, "What's the matter?—what's the matter?" "The matter is not much," answered the horseman, "I only called in to inquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain." So saying, he clapt spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself, but at length reassuming the big look, he said, "Damn the fellow! why did he ride away, before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do?—Don't you remember Tom, my dear?" addressing himself to his wife. "Yes," replied she, "I think I do remember something of the fellow—but you know I seldom converse with people of his station." "Hey-day," cried Joey, "do yaw knaw the young mon, captain?" "Know him," said Weazel, "many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my Lord Trippet's table." "And what may his neame be, captain?" said Joey. "His name!—his name," replied Weazel, "is Tom Rinser." "Waunds!" cried Joey, "a has changed his own neame then! for I'se lay any wager he was christened John Trotter." This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted; when Isaac broke silence, and said, "It was no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected. And we ought to bless God for our narrow escape." "Bless God!" said Weazel, "bless the devil! for what? had he been a highwayman, I should have eaten his blood, body, and guts, before he had robbed me, or any one in this *diligence*." "Ha, ha, ha!" cried Miss Jenny, "I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain." The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice, that Captain Weazel seemed to be a good Christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation, instead of carnal weapons, and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling. This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expense, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatened to cut Isaac's throat. The usurer taking hold of this menace, said, "Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in danger from this bloody-minded officer. I'll have him bound over to the peace." This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crest-fallen during the remaining part of our journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strap and I are terrified by an Apparition—Strap's Conjecture—The Mystery explained by Joey—We arrive at London—Our Dress and Appearance described—We are insulted in the Street—An Adventure in an Ale-house—We are imposed upon by a waggish Footman—Set

to rights by a Tobacconist—Take Lodgings—Dine for a Dinner—An Accident at our Ordinary.

We arrived at our inn, supped, and went to bed; but Strap's distemper continuing, he was obliged to rise in the middle of the night, and taking the candle in his hand, which he had left burning for the purpose, he went down to the house of office, whence, in a short time, he returned in a great hurry, with his hair standing on end, and a look betokening horror and astonishment! Without speaking a word, he set down the light, and jumped into bed behind me, where he lay and trembled with great violence. When I asked him what was the matter? he replied, with a broken accent, "God have mercy on us!—I have seen the devil!" Though my prejudice was not quite so strong as his, I was not a little alarmed at this exclamation; and much more so, when I heard the sound of bells approaching our chamber, and felt my bed-fellow cling close to me, uttering these words, "Christ have mercy upon us!—there he comes!" At that instant, a monstrous over-grown raven entered our chamber, with bells at his feet, and made directly towards our bed. As this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and, in a violent fright, shrunk under the bed-clothes. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and, after giving us several severe dabs with its beak through the blankets, hopped away and vanished. Strap and I recommended ourselves to the protection of Heaven with great devotion; and, when we no longer heard the noise, ventured to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared, that had well-nigh deprived us both of our senses. We perceived an old man enter the room, with a long white beard that reached to his middle; there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance that did not savour of this world; and his dress consisted of a brown stuff coat, buttoned behind and at the wrists, with an odd-fashioned cap of the same stuff upon his head. I was so amazed, that I had not power to move my eyes from such a ghastly object, but lay motionless, and saw him come straight up to me. When he reached the bed, he wrung his hands, and cried, with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature, "Where is Ralph?" I made no reply; upon which he repeated, in an accent still more preternatural, "Where is Ralpho?" He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard the sound of the bells at a distance; which the apparition having listened to, tripped away, and left me almost petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myself so far as to speak; and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which, however, did not last long. When he came to himself, I asked his opinion of what had happened; and he assured me, that the first must certainly be the soul of some person damn'd, which appeared by the chains about its legs (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigness of a horse, and the sound of small morrice-bells to the clanking of massy chains). As for the old man, he took it to be the spirit of somebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the assassin in the shape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the said murderer. Although I had not much faith in this interpretation, I was too much troubled to enjoy any sleep, and in all my future adventures never passed a night so ill. In the morning, Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter, by telling him the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years, and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartment in the night, and induced him to follow it to our chamber, where he had inquired after it, under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which continued six or seven days longer. At length, we entered the great city, and lodged all night at the inn where the waggon put up. Next morning, all the passengers parted different ways; while my companion and I sallied out to inquire for the member of parliament, to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Mr. Crab. As we had discharged our lodging at the inn, Strap took up our baggage and marched behind me in the street, with the knapsack on his back, as usual, so that we made a very whimsical appearance. I had dressed myself to the greatest advantage—that is, put on a clean ruffled shirt, and my best thread stockings. My hair, which was of the deepest red, hung down upon my shoulders, as lank and straight as a pound of candles; and the skirts of my coat reached to the middle of my leg; my waistcoat and breeches were of the same piece, and cut in the same taste; and my hat very much resembled a barber's bason, in the shallowness of the crown and narrowness of the brim. Strap was habited in a much less awkward manner; but a short crop-eared wig that very much resembled Scrub's in the play, and the knapsack on his back, added to what is called a queer phiz, occasioned by a long chin, a hook nose, and high cheek-bones, rendered him on the whole a very fit subject of mirth and pleasantry. As we walked along, Strap, at my desire, inquired of a carman, whom we met, whereabouts Mr. Cringer lived; and was answered by a stare, accompanied with the word, "Anan!" Upon which I came up in order to explain the question, but had the misfortune to be unintelligible likewise, the carman damning us for a lousy Scotch guard, and whipping his horses, with a "Gee ho!" which nettled me to the quick, and roused the indignation of Strap so far, that, after the fellow was gone a good way, he told me he would fight him for a farthing. While we were deliberating upon what was to be done, a hackney-coachman driving softly along, and perceiving us standing by the kennel, came up close to us, and calling, "A coach, master!" by a dexterous management of the reins, made his horses stumble in the wet, and bedaub us all over with mud. After which exploit he drove on, applauding himself with a hearty laugh, in which several people joined, to my great mortification; but one, more compassionate than the rest, seeing us strangers, advised me to go into an ale-house and dry myself. I thanked him for his advice, which I immediately complied with; and going into the house he pointed out, called for a pot of beer, and sat down by a fire in the public room, where we cleaned ourselves as well as we could. In the meantime, a wag, who sat in a box smoking his pipe, understanding by our dialect that we were from Scotland, came up to me, and, with a grave countenance, asked how long I had been caught? As I did not know the meaning of this question I made no answer; and he went on, saying it could not be a great while, for my tail was not yet cut; at the same time, taking hold of my hair, and tipping the wink to

the rest of the company, who seemed highly entertained with his wit. I was incensed at this usage, but afraid of resenting it, because I happened to be in a strange place, and perceived the person who spoke to me was a brawny fellow, for whom I thought myself by no means a match. However, Strap having either more courage, or less caution, could not put up with the insults that I suffered; but told him, in a peremptory tone, "He was an uncivil fellow for making so free with his betters." Then the wit, going towards him, asked what he had got in his knapsack? "Is it oatmeal or brimstone, Sawney?" said he, seizing him by the chin, which he shook, to the inexpressible diversion of all present. My companion, feeling himself assaulted in such an opprobrious manner, disengaged himself in a trice, and lent his antagonist such a box on the ear, as made him stagger to the other side of the room; and, in a moment, a ring was formed for the combatants. Seeing Strap beginning to strip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which banished all other thoughts, I undressed myself to the skin in an instant, and declared, that as the affront that occasioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myself; upon which one or two cried out, "That's a brave Scotch boy; you shall have fair play, by God." This assurance gave me fresh spirits, and going up to my adversary, who, by his pale countenance, did not seem much inclined to the battle, I struck him so hard on the stomach, that he reeled over the bench, and fell to the ground. Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my success, according to the manner of my own country, but was restrained by the spectators, one of whom endeavoured to raise up my opponent, but in vain; for he protested he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illness. I was very well pleased with this excuse, and immediately dressed myself, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who shook me by the hand, and wished me joy of the victory. After having drank our pot, and dried our clothes, we inquired of the landlord if he knew Mr. Cringer, the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative; for we imagined he must be altogether as conspicuous here as in the borough he represented; but he told us we might possibly hear of him as we passed along. We betook ourselves, therefore, to the street, where, seeing a footman standing at a door, we made up to him, and asked if he knew where our patron lived? This member of the party-coloured fraternity, surveying us both very minutely, said he knew Mr. Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the first street on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would observe a lane, through which we must pass, and at the other end we should find an alley that leads to another street, where we should see the sign of the Thistle and Three Pedlars, and there he lodged. We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me that he knew this person to be an honest friendly man by his countenance, before he opened his mouth; in which opinion I acquiesced, ascribing his good manners to the company he daily saw in the house where he served. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again; but, instead of seeing a lane before us, found ourselves at the side of the river, a circumstance that perplexed us not a little; and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce that we had certainly missed our way. By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and not knowing how to proceed, I went into a small snuff-shop hard by, encouraged by the sign of the Highlander, where I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the shopkeeper was my countryman. He was no sooner informed of our peregrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us we had been imposed upon, telling us Mr. Cringer lived in the other end of the town; and that it would be to no purpose for us to go thither to-day, for by that time he was gone to the House. I then asked if he could recommend us to a lodging. He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance, who kept a chandler's shop not far from St. Martin's-lane; there we hired a bedroom, up two pair of stairs, at the rate of 2*s.* per week, so very small, that, when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and use the bedstead by way of chairs. About dinner-time, our landlord asked us how we proposed to live? to which interrogation we answered, that we would be directed by him. "Well then," says he, "there are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition —the one more creditable and expensive than the other; the first is, to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only; and the other is called diving, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally." I gave him to understand, that, provided the last was not infamous, it would suit much better with our circumstances than the other. "Infamous," cried he, "God forbid! there are many creditable people, rich people, ay, and fine people, that dive every day. I have seen many a pretty gentleman, with a laced waistcoat, dine in that manner very comfortably for threepence-halfpenny, and go afterwards to the coffee-house, where he made a figure with the best lord in the land; but your own eyes shall bear witness—I will go along with you to-day, and introduce you." He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bade us observe him, and do as he did; and, walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant. I followed his example, and descending very successfully, found myself in the middle of a cook's shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place, or on board-wages, who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap, in his descent, missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook, as she carried a porringer of soup to one of the guests. In her fall she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way, and scalded him so miserably, that he started up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair stand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himself, the cook got up, and, after a hearty curse on the poor author of this mischance, who lay under the table, scratching his rump with a woful countenance, emptied a salt-cellar in her hand, and stripping down the patient's stocking, which brought the skin along with it, applied the contents to the sore. This poultice was scarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclam-

ation, broke forth into such a hideous yell as made the whole company tremble; then, seizing a pewter pint pot that stood by him, squeezed the sides of it together, as if it had been made of pliant leather, grinding his teeth at the same time with a most horrible grin. Guessing the cause of this violent transport, I bade the woman wash off the salt, and bathe the part with oil, which she did, and procured him immediate ease. But here another difficulty occurred, which was no other than the landlady's insisting on his paying for the pot he had rendered useless. He swore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bade her be thankful for his moderation, or else he would prosecute her for damages. Strap, foreseeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promised to satisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeased him, and composed all animosities. After this accommodation, our landlord and we sat down at a board, and dined upon shin of beef most deliciously; our reckoning amounting to twopence-halfpenny each, bread and small beer included.

CHAPTER XIV.

We visit Strap's Friend—A Description of him—His Advice—We go to Mr. Cringer's House—Are denied Admittance—An Accident befalls Strap—His Behaviour thereupon—An extraordinary Adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my Money.

In the afternoon my companion proposed to call at his friend's house, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood; whither we accordingly went, and were so lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a school in town, where he taught the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but what he chiefly professed was the pronunciation of the English tongue, after a method more speedy and uncommon than any practised heretofore; and, indeed, if his scholars spoke like their master, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle; for, although I could easily understand every word of what I had heard hitherto since I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me as if he had spoke in Arabic or Irish. He was a middle-sized man, and stooped very much, though not above the age of forty; his face was frightfully pitted with the small-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. He was dressed in a night-gown of plaid, fastened about his middle with a serjeant's old sash, and a tie periwig, with a fore-top three inches high, in the fashion of King Charles the Second's reign. After he had received Strap (who was related to him) very courteously, he inquired of him who I was, and, being informed, took me by the hand, telling me he was at school with my father. When he understood my situation, he assured me that he would do me all the service in his power, both by his advice and otherwise; and, while he spoke these words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me several times, and muttering, "O Christ! O Christ! fat a saight is here!" I soon guessed the reason of his ejaculation, and said, "I suppose, sir, you are not pleased with my dress?" "Dress!" answered he, "you may caal it fat you please in your country, but I vaw to Gad, 'tis a masquerade here! No Christian will admit such a figure into his hawse. Upon my conscience! I wonder the dogs did not hunt you. Did you pass through St. James's market? Gad bless my eye-saight! you look like a cousin-german of Ouran Outang."—I began to be a little serious at this discourse, and asked him if he thought I should obtain entrance to-morrow at the house of Mr. Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended for an introduction into business. "Mr. Cringer, Mr. Cringer," replied he, scratching his cheek, "may be a very honest gentleman—I know nothing to the contrary; but is your sole dependence upon him? Who recommended you to him?" I pulled out Mr. Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes; at which he stared at me, and repeated, "Christ!" I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would assist me with his advice, which he promised to give very frankly; and, as a specimen, directed us to a periwig warehouse in the neighbourhood, in order to be accommodated; laying strong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr. Cringer till I had parted with these carrotty locks, which he said were sufficient to beget an antipathy against me in all mankind. And, as we were going to pursue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be sure to deliver my letter into Mr. Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who, it seems, had assured him he would, in a day or two, provide for him with some good master; and "Now," says he, "you shall see how I will fit you with a wig. There's ne'er a barber in London, and that's a bold word, can palm a rotten caul, or a pennyweight of dead hair upon me." And, indeed, this zealous adherent did wrangle so long with the merchant that he was desired twenty times to leave the shop, and see if he could get one cheaper elsewhere. At length I made choice of a good handsome bob, for which I paid ten shillings, and returned to our lodging, where Strap in a moment rid me of that hair which had given the schoolmaster so much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr. Cringer gave audience by candlelight to all his dependants, he himself being obliged to attend the levee of my Lord Terrier at break of day; because his lordship made one at the minister's between eight and nine o'clock. When we came to Mr. Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an instance of his politeness, ran to the knocker, which he employed so loud and so long that he alarmed the whole street; and a window opening in the second storey of the next house, a chamber-pot was discharged upon him so successfully that the poor barber was wet to the skin, while I, being luckily at some distance, escaped the unsavoury deluge. In the meantime a footman opening the door, and seeing nobody in the street but us, asked with a stern countenance if it was I who made such a damn'd noise, and what I wanted? I told him I had business with his master, whom I desired to see. Upon which he clapped the door in my face, telling me I must learn better manners before I could have access to his master. Vexed at this disappointment, I turned my resentment against Strap, whom I sharply reprimanded for his presumption; but he, not in the least regarding what I said, wrung the urine out of his periwig, and, lifting up a large stone, flung it with such force against the street door of that house from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could. Indeed there was no time for deliberation; I therefore pursued him with all the

speed I could exert, until we found ourselves, about the dawn, in a street we did not know. Here, as we wandered along gaping about, a very decent sort of a man passing by me, stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned and presented it to me with these words: "Sir, you have dropped half-a-crown." I was not a little surprised at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe; upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town), and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas seven shillings and twopence, assured him I had lost nothing. "Well, then," says he, "so much the better—this is a godsend; and, as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me." I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integrity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "you are too modest—I see you are strangers; but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet this cold raw morning." I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whispered to me that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied. "Where shall we go?" said the stranger, "I am quite ignorant of this part of the town." I informed him that we were in the same situation; upon which he proposed to go into the first public-house we should find open; and, as we walked together, he began in this manner: "I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen. My grandmother by the father's side was of your country; and I am so prepossessed in its favour that I never meet a Scotchman but my heart warms. The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago. There 's your Douglasses, Gordons, Campbells, Hamiltons. We have no such ancient families here in England. Then you are all very well educated. I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew as well as if they had been his mother tongue. And for honesty, I once had a servant, his name was Gregory Macgregor: I would have trusted him with untold gold."—This eulogium on my native country gained my affection so strongly that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author; and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a public-house, which we entered, and found a man sitting by the fire smoking a pipe, with a pint of purl before him. Our new acquaintance asked us if ever we had drank egg-flip? To which question we answering in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily; the conversation, which was introduced by the gentleman, turning upon the snares that young unexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis. He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary; and warned us of them with so much good nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the can about for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person; and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake. "Suppose," said he, "we should take a hand at whist for pastime. But let me see, that won't do, there 's only three of us: and I cannot play at any other game. The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep." Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend; and knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, "I wish we could find a fourth hand." While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance overhearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus: "Gentlemen, my pipe is out, you see (shaking the ashes into the fire), and rather than you should be balked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle; but remember I won't play for anything of consequence." We accepted his proffer with pleasure. Having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him against our friend and Strap, for threepence a game. We were so successful, that, in a short time, I was half-a-crown gainer; when the gentleman whom we had met in the street observing he had no luck to-day, proposed to leave off, or change partners. By this time I was inflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two strangers played but indifferently. Therefore, I voted for giving him his revenge; and, cutting again, Strap and I, to our mutual satisfaction, happened to be partners. My good fortune attended me still; and in less than an hour we had got thirty shillings of their money; for, as they lost, they grew the keener, and doubled stakes every time. At last the inconstant goddess began to veer about; and we were very soon stripped of all our gains, and about forty shillings of our own money. This loss mortified me extremely, and had a visible effect upon the muscles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace; but our antagonists perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loss, and console ourselves with a new acquisition. Then my companion wisely suggested it was time to be gone; upon which the person who had joined us in the house began to curse the cards, and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our success being owing to our good play. This insinuation nettled me so much, that I challenged him to a game of piquet for a crown; and he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the invitation. This contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a sixpence. The gentleman at whose request we had come in, perceiving, by my disconsolate looks, the situation of my heart, which well-nigh bursted with grief and resentment, when the other stranger got up and went away with my money, began in this manner: "I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it, was it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? It is always a maxim with gamesters to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about. You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous; you must learn to govern them better. However, there is no experience like that which is bought; you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live. As for the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him. Did not you observe me tip you the wink to leave off in time?" I answered, "No." "No," continued he, "you was too eager to mind anything but the game. But harkee," said he, in a whisper, "are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious; but I may be mistaken; he made a great many grimaces while he stood

behind you; this is a very wicked town." I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss. "Oho! if that be the case, I ask his pardon. Landlord, see what's to pay."—The reckoning amounted to eighteenpence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and, saying he should be very glad to see us again, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Strap moralizes—Presents his Purse to me—We inform our Landlord of my Misfortune—He unravels the Mystery—I present myself to Cringer—He recommends and turns me over to Mr. Staytape—I become acquainted with a Fellow Dependant, who explains the Characters of Cringer and Staytape—And informs me of the Method to be pursued at the Navy Office and Surgeons' Hall—Strap is employed.

In our way to our lodging, after a profound silence on both sides, Strap, with a hideous groan, observed that we had brought our pigs to a fine market. To this observation I made no reply; and he went on, "God send us well out of this place; we have not been in London eight and forty hours, and I believe we have met with eight and forty thousand misfortunes.—We have been jeered, reproached, buffeted, pissed upon, and at last stripped of our money; and I suppose by and by we shall be stripped of our skins.—Indeed, as to the money part of it, that was owing to our own folly; Solomon says, *Bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise.* Ah! God help us, an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of gold." This was no time for him to tamper with my disposition, already mad with my loss, and inflamed with resentment against him for having refused me a little money to attempt to retrieve it. I therefore turned towards him with a stern countenance, and asked who he called fool? Being altogether unaccustomed to such looks from me, he stood still, and stared in my face for some time; then, with some confusion, uttered, "Fool! I called nobody fool but myself; I am sure I am the greatest fool of the two, for being so much concerned at other people's misfortunes: but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—that's all, that's all." Upon which a silence ensued, that brought us to our lodging, where I threw myself upon the bed in an agony of despair, resolved to perish rather than apply to my companion, or any other body, for relief; but Strap, who knew my temper, and whose heart bled within him at my distress, after some pause came to the bedside, and, putting a leathern purse into my hand, burst into tears, crying, "I know what you think; but I scorn your thoughts. There's all I have in the world; take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that be gone. If not, I'll beg for you, steal for you, go through the wide world with you, and starve with you; for though I be a poor cobbler's son, I am no scout." I was so touched with the generous passion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping also; and we mingled our tears together for some time. Upon examining the purse, I found in it two half-guineas and half-a-crown, which I would have returned to him, saying he knew better than I how to manage it; but he absolutely refused my proposal, and told me it was more reasonable and decent that he should depend upon me, who was a gentleman, than that I should be controlled by him.

After this friendly contest was over, and our minds more at ease, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced. He no sooner heard the story, than he assured us we had been grievously imposed upon by a couplo of sharpers, who were associates; and that this polite, honest, friendly, humane person, who had treated us so civilly, was no other than a rascally money-dropper, who made it his business to decoy strangers in that manner to one of his own haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to assist in pillaging the prey he had run down. Here the good man recounted a great many stories of people who had been seduced, cheated, pilfered, beat, nay even murdered, by such villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedness of mankind; and Strap, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from such scenes of iniquity; for surely the devil had set up his throne in London. Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr. Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars; at which he shook his head, and told us we had not gone the right way to work; that there was nothing to be done with a member of parliament without a bribe; that the servant was commonly infected with the master's disease, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters. He therefore advised me to give the footman a shilling the next time I should desire admittance to my patron, or else I should scarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly, next morning, when the door was opened, I slipped a shilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter for his master. I found the good effects of my liberality; for the fellow let me in immediately, and taking the letter out of my hand, desired me to wait in a kind of passage for an answer. In this place I continued standing for three quarters of an hour, during which time I saw a great many young fellows, whom I formerly knew in Scotland, pass and repass, with an air of familiarity, in their way to and from the audience chamber; while I was fain to stand shivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowness of my condition. At length Mr. Cringer came out to see a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than Squire Gawky, dressed in a very gay suit of clothes. At parting, Mr. Cringer shook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleasure of his company at dinner; then turning about towards me, asked what were my commands? When he understood I was the person who had brought the letter from Mr. Crab, he affected to recollect my name, which, however, he pretended he could not do, till he had consulted the letter again; to save him that trouble, I told him my name was Random. Upon which he went on, "Ay, ay, Random, Random, Random—I think I remember the name;" and very well he might, for this very individual Mr. Cringer had many a time rode before my grandfather's cloak-bag in quality of a footman. "Well," says he, "you propose to go on board a man of war, as surgeon's mate." I replied by a low bow. "I believe it will be a difficult matter," continued he, "to procure a warrant, there being already such a swarm of Scotch surgeons at the Navy Office, in expectation of the next vacancy, that the commissioners are afraid of being torn to pieces, and have actually applied for a guard to protect them. However, some ships will soon be put in commission, and then we shall see what's to be done." So saying, he left me ex-

ceedingly mortified at the different reception Mr. Gawky and I had met with from this upstart, proud, mean member, who, I imagined, would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligations he owed to my family.

At my return, I was surprised with the agreeable news of Strap's being employed, on the recommendation of his friend the schoolmaster, by a periwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five shillings per week, besides bed and board. I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levee of Mr. Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profession, who also depended on the member's interest; but was treated with much more respect than I, both by the servants and master, and often admitted into a parlour, where there was a fire, for the convenience of the better sort of those who waited for him. Thither I was never permitted to penetrate on account of my appearance, which was not at all fashionable: but was obliged to stand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the first opportunity of Mr. Cringer's going to the door to speak with him. One day, while I enjoyed this occasion, a person was introduced, whom Mr. Cringer no sooner saw, than, running towards him, he saluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards shaking him by the hand with great heartiness and familiarity, called him his good friend, and asked very kindly after Mrs. Staytape and the young ladies; then after a whisper which continued some minutes, wherein I overheard the word *honour* repeated several times with great emphasis, Mr. Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a person whose advice and assistance I might depend upon, and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me, I need not give myself the trouble to call at his house any more, for Mr. Staytape would do my business. At that instant my fellow dependant coming out after me, overheard the discourse of Mr. Cringer, and making up to me in the street, accosted me very civilly. This address I looked upon as no small honour, considering the figure he made; for he was dressed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, silver buckles, a gold-laced hat, a Spencer wig, and a silver-hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane in his hand. "I perceive," says he, "you are but lately come from Scotland; pray what may your business with Mr. Cringer be? I suppose it is no secret—and I may possibly give you some advice that may be serviceable; for I have been surgeon's second mate on board of a seventy-gun ship, and consequently know a good deal of the world." I made no scruple to disclose my situation, which when he had learned, he shook his head, and told me he had been pretty much in the same circumstances about a year ago; that he had relied on Cringer's promises, until his money (which was considerable), as well as his credit, was quite exhausted; and when he wrote to his relations for a fresh supply, instead of money, he received nothing but reproaches, and the epithets of "idle," "debauched fellow:" that, after he had waited at the Navy Office many months for a warrant, to no purpose, he was fain to pawn some of his clothes, which raised a small sum, wherewith he bribed the secretary, who soon procured a warrant for him, notwithstanding he had affirmed the same day that there was not one vacancy: that he had gone on board, where he remained nine months, at the end of which the ship was put out of commission; and he said the company were to be paid off in Broad Street the very next day: that his relations, being reconciled to him, had charged him to pay his devoirs regularly to Mr. Cringer, who had informed them by letter that his interest alone had procured the warrant; in obedience to which command, he came to his levee every morning, as I saw, though he looked upon him to be a very pitiful scoundrel. In conclusion, he asked me if I had yet passed at Surgeons' Hall? To which question I answered, I did not so much as know it was necessary. "Necessary!" cried he, "O Lord, O Lord! I find I must instruct you—come along with me, and I'll give you some information about that matter." So saying, he carried me into an ale-house, where he called for some beer, and bread and cheese, on which we breakfasted. While we sat in this place, he told me I must first go to the Navy Office, and write to the board, desiring them to order a letter for me to the Surgeons' Hall, that I might be examined touching my skill in surgery: that the surgeons, after having examined me, would give me my qualification sealed up in form of a letter directed to the commissioners, which qualification I must deliver to the secretary of the board, who would open it in my presence, and read the contents. After which I must employ my interest to be provided for as soon as possible. That the expense of this qualification, for second mate of a third rate, amounted to thirteen shillings, exclusive of the warrant, which cost him half a guinea and half a crown, besides the present to the secretary, which consisted of a three-pound-twelve piece. This calculation was like a thunderbolt to me, whose whole fortune did not amount to twelve shillings. I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my distress, after having thanked him for his information and advice. He condoled me on this occasion; but bade me be of good cheer, for he had conceived a friendship for me, and would make all things easy. He was run out at present, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a considerable sum, of which he would lend me what would be sufficient to answer my exigencies. This frank declaration pleased me so much, that I pulled out my purse, and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleased for pocket expense, until he should receive his own money. With a good deal of pressing he was prevailed upon to take five shillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city; but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I should go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myself, without any servile dependence on that rascal Cringer, much less on the lousy tailor to whom I heard him turn you over. "How," cried I; "is Mr. Staytape a tailor?" "No less, I'll assure you," answered he; "and, I confess, more likely to serve you than the member; for, provided you can entertain him with politics and conundrums, you may have credit with him for as many and as rich clothes as you please. I told him, I was utterly ignorant of both, and so incensed at Cringer's usage, that I would never set foot within his door again. After a good deal more conversation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet the next day at the same place, in order to set out for the city. I went immediately to Strap, and related everything which had happened; but he did not at all approve of my being so forward to lend money to a stranger, especially as we had already been so

much imposed upon by appearances. "However," said he, "if you are sure he is a Scotchman, I believe you are safe."

CHAPTER XVI.

My new Acquaintance breaks an appointment—I proceed by myself to the Navy Office—Address myself to a Person there who assists me with his Advice—Write to the Board—They grant me a Letter to the Surgeons at the Hall—Am informed of the Beau's Name and Character—Find him—He makes me his Confidant in an Amour—Desires me to pawn my Linen, for his occasions—I recover what I lent him—Some curious observations of Strap on that Occasion—His Vanity.

In the morning I rose and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain; and was so exasperated against him for breaking his appointment, that I set out for the city by myself in hopes of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promise. At length I found myself at the Navy Office, which I entered, and saw crowds of young fellows walking below, many of whom made no better appearance than myself. I consulted the physiognomy of each, and at last made up to one whose countenance I liked; and asked if he could instruct me in the form of the letter which was to be sent to the board, to obtain an order for examination. He answered me in broad Scotch, that he would show me the copy of what he had writ for himself, by the direction of another who knew the form; and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my perusal; and told me that, if I was expeditious, I might send it in to the board before dinner, for they did no business in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffeehouse hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately delivered to the messenger; who told me I might expect an order to-morrow about the same time. Having transacted this piece of business, my mind was a good deal composed; and as I met with so much civility from this stranger, I desired further acquaintance with him, fully resolved, however, not to be deceived by him so much to my prejudice as I had been by the beau. He agreed to dine with me at the cook's shop which I frequented; and on our way thither, carried me to 'Change, where I was in some hopes of finding Mr. Jackson (for that was the name of the person who had broke his appointment). I sought him there to no purpose, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me. Upon which, he gave me to understand, that he was no stranger to the name of Beau Jackson (so he was called at the Navy Office), although he did not know him personally; that he had the character of a good-natured careless fellow, who made no scruple of borrowing from anybody that would lend; that most people who knew him believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was such, he would probably never have it in his power to manifest the honesty of his intention. This account made me sweat for my five shillings, which I nevertheless did not altogether despair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor. This young man likewise added another circumstance of squire Jackson's history, which was, that being destitute of all means to equip himself for sea, when he received his last warrant, he had been recommended to a person who lent him a little money, after he had signed a will and power, entitling that person to lift his wages when they should become due, as also to inherit his effects in case of his death. That he was still under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advanced him small sums from time to time upon his security at the rate of 50 per cent. But at present his credit was very low, because his funds would do little more than pay what he had already received, this moderate interest included. After the stranger (whose name was Thomson) had entertained me with this account of Jackson, he informed me that he himself had passed for third mate of a third rate, about four months ago; since which time he had constantly attended at the Navy Office in hope of a warrant, having been assured from the beginning, both by a Scotch member and one of the commissioners to whom the member recommended him, that he should be put into the first vacancy; notwithstanding which promise, he had the mortification to see six or seven appointed in the same station almost every week: that now, being utterly impoverished, his sole hope consisted in the promise of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a small matter, for a present to the secretary, without which he was persuaded he might wait a thousand years to no purpose. I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which, I believe, proceeded from the similitude of our fortunes. We spent the whole day together; and, as he lived at Wapping, I desired him to take a share of my bed. Next day we returned to the Navy Office, where, after being called before the board, and questioned about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half-a-crown to the clerk, I received, and delivered into the hands of the clerk at Surgeons' Hall, together with a shilling for his trouble in registering my name. By this time my whole stock was diminished to two shillings, and I saw not the least prospect of relief, even for present subsistence, much less to enable me to pay the fees at Surgeons' Hall for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight. In this state of perplexity, I consulted Strap, who assured me he would pawn everything he had in the world, even to his razors, before I should want. But this expedient I absolutely rejected, telling him I would a thousand times rather list for a soldier, of which I had some thoughts, than be any longer a burden to him. At the word soldier he grew pale as death, and begged, on his knees, I would think no more of that scheme. "God preserve us all in our right wits!" cried he, "would you turn soldier, and perhaps be sent abroad against the Spaniards, where you must stand and be shot at like a woodcock?—Heaven keep cold lead out of my carcass! and let me die in a bed like a Christian, as all my forefathers have done. What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? And, in the next, there is no respect of persons. Better be a poor honest barber with a good conscience, and time to repent of my sins upon my death-bed, than be cut off (God bless us!) by a musket shot, as it were in the very flower of one's age, in the pursuit of riches and fame. What signify riches, my dear friend? do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith; and does not Horace observe, *Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri, Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres, Non animo curas?* I could moreover mention many other sayings in contempt of riches, both from the Bible and other good books; but, as I know you are not very fond of those things, I shall only assure you that, if you take on to be a soldier, I

will do the same ; and then if we should both be slain, you will not only have your own blood to answer for, but mine also ; and peradventure the lives of all those whom we shall kill in battle. Therefore, I pray you, consider whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings ; or, by your despair, plunge both our souls and bodies into everlasting perdition, which God of his infinite mercy forbid." I could not help smiling at this harangue, which was delivered with great earnestness, the tears standing in his eyes all the time ; and promised to do nothing of that sort without his consent and concurrence. He was much comforted with this declaration, and told me in a few days he should receive a week's wages, which should be at my service, but advised me, in the meantime, to go in quest of Jackson, and recover, if possible, what he had borrowed of me. I accordingly trudged about from one end of the town to the other for several days, without being able to learn anything certain concerning him : and one day, being extremely hungry, and allured by the steams that regaled my nostrils from a boiling cellar, I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with two-pennyworth of beef ; when, to my no small surprise, I found Mr. Jackson sitting at dinner with a footman. He no sooner perceived me than he got up and shook me by the hand, saying he was glad to see me, for he intended to have called at my lodgings in the afternoon. I was so well pleased with this rencontre, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my resentment, and sat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recovering my own money before we should part, but also of reaping the benefit of his promise to lend me wherewithal to pass examination ; and this hope my sanguine complexion suggested, though the account Thomson gave me of him ought to have moderated my expectation. When we had feasted sumptuously, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an ale-house hard by, where, after shaking me by the hand again, he began thus : "I suppose you think me a sad dog, Mr. Random, and I do confess that appearances are against me. But I dare-say you will forgive me, when I tell you my not coming at the time appointed was owing to a peremptory message I received from a certain lady, whom, harkee (but this is a great secret), I am to marry very soon. You think this strange, perhaps, but it is not less true for all that—a five thousand pounder, I 'll assure you, besides expectations. For my own part, the devil take me if I know what any woman can see engaging about me—but a whim, you know ; and then one would not balk one's good fortune. You saw that footman who dined with us—he 's one of the honestest fellows that ever wore livery. You must know it was by his means I was introduced to her, for he made me first acquainted with her woman, who is his mistress ; ay, many a crown has he and his sweetheart had of my money ; but what of that ? things are now brought to a bearing. I have—come a little this way—I have proposed marriage, and the day is fixed ; she 's a charming creature, writes like an angel. O Lord ! she can repeat all the English tragedies as well as e'er a player in Drury Lane ! and indeed is so fond of plays, that, to be near the stage, she has taken lodgings in a court hard by the theatre. But you shall see—you shall see—here 's the last letter she sent me."—With these words, he put it into my hand, and I read, to the best of my remembrance, as follows :—

"DEER KREETER,—As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my keymeryeal fansee, when Murfy sends his puppies to the heys of slipping mortals ; and when Febus shines from his merrydying throne. Whereupon, I shall canseeif old whorie time has lost his pinners, as also Cupid his harrows, until thou enjoy sweet propose in the loafseek harms of thy faithfool to commend, CLAYRENDER.

"Wingar-yeard, Droory-lane,
January 12th."

While I was reading, he seemed to be in an ecstasy, rubbing his hands, and bursting out into fits of laughter ; at last he caught hold of my hand, and, squeezing it, cried, "There is style for you ! what do you think of this billet-doux ?" I answered, "It might be sublime for ought I knew, for it was altogether above my comprehension."—"Oho !" said he, "I believe it is both tender and sublime—she 's a divine creature !—and so dotes upon me ! Let me see, what shall I do with this money, when I have once got it into my hands ? In the first place, I shall do for you —I 'm a man of few words ; but, say no more, that 's determined—whether would you advise me to purchase some post by which I may rise in the state ; or lay out my wife's fortune in land, and retire to the country at once ?"—I gave my opinion without hesitation, that he could not do better than buy an estate and improve ; especially since he had already seen so much of the world. Then I launched out into the praises of a country life, as described by the poets whose works I had read. He seemed to relish my advice, but withal told me, that, although he had seen a great deal of the world, both by land and sea, having cruised three whole months in the channel, yet he should not be satisfied until he had visited France, which he proposed to do before he should settle ; and to carry his wife along with him. I had nothing to object to his proposal, and asked how soon he hoped to be happy ? "As to that," he replied, "nothing obstructs my happiness but the want of a little ready cash ; for you must know, my friend in the city has gone out of town for a week or two, and I unfortunately missed my pay at Broad Street, by being detained too long by the dear charmer ; but there will be a recall at Chatham next week, whither the ship's books are sent, and I have commissioned a friend in that place to receive the money." "If that be all," said I, "there 's no great harm in deferring your marriage a few days."—"Yes, faith ! but there is," said he, "you don't know how many rivals I have, who would take all advantages against me. I would not balk the impatience of her passion for the world ; the least appearance of coldness and indifference would ruin all : and such offers don't occur every day." I acquiesced in this observation, and inquired how he intended to proceed ; at this question, he rubbed his chin, and said, "Why, truly, I must be obliged to some friend or other—do you know of nobody that would lend me a small sum for a day or two ?"—I assured him I was such an utter stranger in London, that I did not believe I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it. "No !" said he, "that 's hard—that 's hard. I wish I had anything to pawn ; upon my soul you have got excellent linen (feeling the sleeve of my shirt) ; how many shirts of that kind have you got ?"—I answered, "Six ruffled and six plain ;"—at which he testified great surprise, and swore that no gentleman ought to have more than four. "How many d'ye think I have got ?" continued he. "But this and another, as I hope to be saved ! I dare say we shall be able to raise a good sum o' your superfluity—let me see—let me see—"

these shirts is worth sixteen shillings at a moderate computation; now suppose we pawn them for half-price, eight times eight is sixty-four, that's three pounds four; zounds! that will do; give me your hand."—"Softly, softly, Mr. Jackson," said I, "don't dispose of my linen without my consent; first pay me the crown you owe me, and then we shall talk of other matters." He protested he had not above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out of the first of the money raised from the shirts. This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him; and as for the shirts, I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows. At this expression he laughed aloud, and then complained it was damn'd hard that I should refuse him a trifle that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also. "You talk of pawning my shirts," said I, "suppose you should sell this hanger, Mr. Jackson? I believe it would fetch a good round sum."—"No, hang it," said he, "I can't appear decently without my hanger, or egad it should go." However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and, showing me the sign of the three blue balls, desired me to carry it thither and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise; but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should perhaps ever have, I ventured into a pawnbroker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams. "Two guineas!" said the pawnbroker, looking at the hanger; "this piece of goods has been here several times before for thirty shillings; however, since I believe the gentleman to whom it belongs will redeem it, he shall have what he wants;" and accordingly, he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and, calling for change, counted out to him seven and thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself. After looking at the money some time, he said, "Damn it! it don't signify—this won't do my business; so you may as well take half a guinea, or a whole one, as the five shillings you have kept." I thanked him kindly, but I refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration he stared in my face, and told me I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner. "Blood!" cried he, "I have a very bad opinion of a young fellow who won't borrow of his friend when he is in want; 'tis the sign of a sneaking spirit. Come, come, Random, give me back the five shillings, and take this half-guinea, and if ever you are able to pay me, I believe you will; if not, damn me if ever I ask it." When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded; and, after making my acknowledgments to Mr. Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning; and at night imparted my day's adventures to Strap, who rejoiced at the good luck, saying, "I told you, if he was a Scotchman, you was safe enough; and who knows but this marriage may make us all? You have heard, I suppose, as how a countryman of ours, a journeyman baker, ran away with a great lady of this town, and now keeps his coach. Ecod! I say nothing; but sterday morning, as I was a-shaving a gentle- at his own house, there was a young lady in om—a fine buxom wench, i'faith! and she threw so many sheep's eyes at a certain person whom I shall not name, that my heart went knock, knock, knock, like a fulling-mill, and my hand sh—sh—shook so much that I sliced a piece of skin off the gentleman's nose. Whereby he swore a deadly oath, and was going to horsewhip me, when she prevented him, and made my peace. *Omen haud malum!* Is not a journeyman barber as good as a journeyman baker? The only difference is, the baker uses flour for the belly, and the barber uses it for the head. And as the head is a more noble member than the belly, so is a barber more noble than a baker; for what's the belly without the head? Besides, I am told he could neither read nor write; now you know I can do both, and, moreover, speak Latin. But I will say no more, for I despise vanity; nothing is more vain than vanity." With these words he pulled out of his pocket a wax-candle's end, which he applied to his forehead; and, upon examination, I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was indeed in his whole dress become a very smart shaver. I congratulated him on his prospect with a satirical smile, which he understood very well; and, shaking his head, observed I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in spite of my incredulity.

CHAPTER XVII.

I go to Surgeons' Hall, where I meet with Mr. Jackson—Am examined—A fierce Dispute arises between two of the Examiners—Jackson disguises himself to attract Respect—Is detected—In hazard of being sent to Bridewell—He treats us at a Tavern—Carries us to a Night-House—A troublesome Adventure there—We are committed to the Round House—Carried before a Justice—His Behaviour.

With the assistance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almost all the money he earned, I preserved my half-guinea entire till the day of examination, when I went with a quaking heart to Surgeons' Hall, in order to undergo that ceremony. Among a crowd of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr. Jackson, to whom I immediately went up, and inquiring into the state of his amour, understood it was still undetermined by reason of his friend's absence, and the delay of the recall at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a conclusion. I then asked what his business was in this place; he replied, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow, that in case the one failed he might use the other; and, with this view, he was to pass that night for a higher qualification. At that instant a young fellow came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared, than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with; which, after some pause, he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner, we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot: at length the beadle called my name, with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet; however, there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table, one of whom bade me come forward, in such an imperious tone

that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, "Where was you born?" To which I answered, "In Scotland."—"In Scotland," said he; "I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt: I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?" I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of: he then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the term of my apprenticeship; and when I informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion; swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least; that my friends would have done better if they had made me a weaver or shoemaker, but their pride would have me a gentleman, he supposed, at any rate, and their poverty could not afford the necessary education. This exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but, on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand; which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me, with a skull before him, he said Mr. Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and, turning towards me, told me I need not to be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well satisfied with my answers. The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head, and said, "What!—upon a dead subject, I suppose?" "If," continued he, "during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?" After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed for such an accident, in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer, or the archness of the question, I know not, but every member at the board deigned to smile, except Mr. Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risibile* in his constitution. The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus: "Suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit, who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, "I would bleed him immediately." "What!" said he, "before you had tied up his arm?" But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him; and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then said, with a supercilious smile, "So you think by such treatment the patient might recover?"—I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. "That may be," resumed he, "I won't answer for your foresight; but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I acknowledged I did not; and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopped me, by saying, with some precipitation, "Nor never will. I affirm, that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal."—"Pardon me, brother," says the fat gentleman, "there is very good authority—" Here he was interrupted by the other, with "Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom."—"But sir, sir," replied his antagonist, "the reason of the thing shows—" "A fig for reason," cried this sufficient member; "I laugh at reason,—give me ocular demonstration." The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed, that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This innuendo enraged the other so much, that he started up, and, in a furious tone, exclaimed—"What, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?" By this time all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together, when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw. In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood some time, until one of them bade me begone; to this I replied, "I will, when I have got my change;" upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying, I should not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteenpence-halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off, when Jackson perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town, as soon as his examination should be over. I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie-wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dustman; his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted, and fixed in the button-hole of a shabby great-coat that wrapped up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles, and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect. I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behaviour was not suitable to his figure, I know not; he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to Bridewell. So that instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance, and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect to me, and some others who knew him, "For God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual John Jackson, who served as surgeon's second mate on board the Elizabeth, or else I

shall go to Bridewell." It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address; we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expense, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half-a-crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and, in a few moments, resumed his former gaiety; swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and as I had a great way to walk, through streets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accompany me to my lodgings, according to his promise. He conducted us to his friend's house, who kept a tavern over the way, where we continued drinking punch, until the liquor mounted up to our heads, and made us all extremely frolicsome: I in particular was so much elevated, that nothing would serve me but a wench, at which demand Jackson expressed much joy, and assured me I should have my desire before we parted. Accordingly, when we had paid the reckoning, we sallied out, roaring and singing; and were conducted by our leader to a place of nocturnal entertainment, where I immediately attached myself to a fair one, with whom I proposed to spend the remaining part of the night; but she not relishing my appearance, refused to grant my request before I should have made her an acknowledgment; which not suiting with my circumstances, we broke off our correspondence, to my no small mortification and resentment, because I thought the mercenary creature had not done justice to my merit. In the meantime, Mr. Jackson's dress had attracted the inclinations and assiduities of two or three nymphs, who loaded him with caresses, in return for the arrack punch with which he had treated them; till at length, notwithstanding the sprightly sallies of those charmers, sleep began to exert his power over us all; and our conductor called, "To pay." When the bill was brought, which amounted to twelve shillings, he put his hand in his pocket, but might have saved himself the trouble, for his purse was gone. This accident disconcerted him a good deal at first; but, after some recollection, he seized the two dulcineas who sat by him, one in each hand, and swore, if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them. The good lady at the bar, seeing what passed, whispered something to the drawer, who went out; and then, with great composure, asked what was the matter? Jackson told her he was robbed, and swore, if she refused him satisfaction, he would have her and her whores committed to Bridewell. "Robbed," cried she, "robbed in my house! Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, this person has scandalized my reputation." At this instant, seeing the constable and watch enter, she proceeded, "What! you must not only endeavour by your false aspersions to ruin my character, but even commit an assault upon my family! Mr. Constable, I charge you with this uncivil person, who has been guilty of a riot here; I shall take care and bring an action against him for defamation." While I was reflecting on this melancholy event, which had made me quite sober, the lady whose favours I had solicited, being piqued at some repartee that passed between us, cried, "They are all concerned;" and desired the constable to take us all into custody; an arrest which was performed instantly, to the utter astonishment and despair of us all, except Jackson, who having been often in such scrapes, was very little concerned, and charged the constable in his turn with the landlady and her whole bevy: upon which we were carried all together prisoners to the Round-house; where Jackson, after a word of comfort to us, informed the constable of his being robbed, to which he said he would swear next morning before the justice. "Ay, ay," says the bawd, "we shall see whose oath will most signify." In a little time, the constable calling Jackson into another room, spoke to him thus: "I perceive that you and your company are strangers, and am very sorry for your being involved in such an ugly business. I have known this woman a great while; she has kept a notorious house in the neighbourhood this many years, and, though often complained of as a nuisance, still escapes, through her interest with the justices, to whom she, and all of her employment, pay contribution quarterly for protection. As she charged me with you first, her complaint will have the preference; and she can procure evidence to swear whatever she shall please to desire of them. So that unless you can make it up before morning, you and your companions may think yourselves happily quit for a month's hard labour in Bridewell. Nay, if she should swear a robbery or assault against you, you will be committed to Newgate, and tried next sessions at the Old Bailey for your life." This last piece of information had such an effect upon Jackson, that he agreed to make it up, provided his money might be restored. The constable told him, that, instead of retrieving what he had lost, he was pretty certain it would cost him some more before they would come to any composition. But, however, he had compassion on him, and would, if he pleased, sound them about a mutual release. The unfortunate beau thanked him for his friendship, and returning to us, acquainted us with the substance of this dialogue; while the constable, desiring to speak in private with our adversary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cause so effectually, that she condescended to make him umpire: he accordingly proposed an arbitration, to which we gave our assent; and he fined each party in three shillings, to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animosities, to the inexpressible joy of my two late acquaintances and me, who had been in the state of the damned ever since Jackson mentioned Bridewell and Newgate. By the time we had finished our bowl, to which, by the bye, I had contributed my last shilling, it was morning; and I proposed to move homeward, when the constable gave me to understand he could discharge no prisoners but by order of the justice, before whom we must appear. This renewed my chagrin; and I cursed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackson's invitation. About nine o'clock we were escorted to the house of a certain justice, not many miles distant from Covent Garden; who no sooner saw the constable enter with a train of prisoners at his heels, than he saluted him as follows: "So, Mr. Constable, you are a diligent man—What den of rogues have you been scouring?" Then looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued, "Ay, ay, thieves, I see—old offenders—O your humble servant, Mrs. Harridan! I suppose these fellows have been taken robbing your house—yes, yes, here's an old acquaintance of mine—you have used expedition," said he to me, "in returning from transportation; but we shall save you the trouble for the future—the surgeons will fetch

you from your next transportation at their expense." I assured his worship he was mistaken in me, for he had never seen me in his life before. To this declaration he replied, "How! you impudent rascal, dare you say so to my face? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by that northern accent which you have assumed? but it shan't avail you—you shall find me too far north for you. Here, clerk, write this fellow's *mittimus*. His name is Patrick Gahagan." Here Mr. Jackson interposed, and told him I was a Scotchman lately come to town, descended of a good family, and that my name was Random. The justice looked upon this assertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himself much; and strutting up to Jackson, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his sides, and said, "Who are you, sir? Do you give me the lie? Take notice, gentlemen, here's a fellow who affronts me upon the bench; but I'll lay you fast, sirrah, I will; for notwithstanding your laced jacket, I believe you are a notorious felon.' My friend was so much abashed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour, and remained speechless. This confusion his worship took for a symptom of guilt, and to complete his discovery, continued his threats—"Now, I am convinced you are a thief—your face discovers it—you tremble all over—your conscience won't lie still—you'll be hanged, sirrah," raising his voice, "you'll be hanged; and happy had it been for the world, as well as your own miserable soul, if you had been detected and cut off in the beginning of your career. Come hither, clerk, and take this man's confession." I was in an agony of consternation, when the constable, going into another room with his worship, acquainted him with the truth of the story; which having learned, he returned with a smiling countenance, and addressing himself to us all, said, it was always his way to terrify young people when they came before him, that his threats might make a strong impression on their minds, and deter them from engaging in scenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge. Thus having cloaked his own want of discernment under the disguise of paternal care, we were dismissed, and I found myself as much lightened as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I carry my Qualification to the Navy Office—The Nature of it—The Behaviour of the Secretary—Strap's Concern for my Absence—A Battle between him and a Blacksmith—The troublesome Consequence of it—His Harangue to me—His Friend the Schoolmaster recommends me to a French Apothecary, who entertains me as a Journeyman.

I WOULD willingly have gone home to sleep, but was told by my companions that we must deliver our letters of qualification at the Navy Office before one o'clock; accordingly we went thither, and gave them to the secretary, who opened and read them; and I was mightily pleased to find myself qualified for second mate of a third rate. When he had stuck them all together on a file, one of our company asked if there were any vacancies? to which interrogation he answered, No. Then I ventured to inquire if any ships were to be put in commission soon? At which question he surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt, and, pushing us out of his office, locked the door, without deigning us another word. We went down stairs, and conferred together on our expectations, when I understood that each of them had been recommended to one or other of the commissioners, and each of them promised the first vacancy that should fall; but that none of them relied solely upon that interest, without a present to the secretary, with whom some of the commissioners went snacks. For which reason each of them had provided a small purse; and I was asked what I proposed to give? This was a vexatious question to me, who, far from being in a capacity to gratify a ravenous secretary, had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner. I therefore answered, I had not yet determined what to give; and sneaked off towards my own lodgings, cursing my fate all the way, and inveighing with much bitterness against the barbarity of my grandfather, and the sordid avarice of my relations, who left me a prey to contempt and indigence. Full of these disagreeable reflections, I arrived at the house where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account; for this honest man believed I had met with some dismal accident, and that he should never see me again. Strap, who had come to visit me in the morning, understanding I had been abroad all night, was almost distracted, and after having obtained leave of his master, had gone in quest of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him I had met with an acquaintance at Surgeons' Hall, with whom I spent the evening and night, but being very much infested by bugs, I had not slept much, and therefore intended to take a little repose; so saying, I went to bed, and desired to be awakened, if Strap should happen to come while I should be asleep. I was accordingly roused by my friend himself, who entered my chamber about three o'clock in the afternoon; and presented a figure to my eyes that I could scarce believe real. In short, this affectionate shaver, setting out towards Surgeons' Hall, had inquired for me there to no purpose; from thence he found his way to the Navy Office, where he could hear no tidings of me, because I was unknown to everybody then present; he afterwards went upon 'Change, in hopes of seeing me upon the Scotch walk, but without success. At last, being almost in despair of finding me, he resolved to ask everybody he met in the street, if perchance any one could give him information about me; and actually put his resolution in practice, in spite of the scoffs, curses, and reproaches with which he was answered; until a blacksmith's 'prentice, seeing him stop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his question, for which he received a hearty curse, called to him, and asked if the person he inquired after was not a Scotchman? Strap replied with great eagerness, "Yes, and had on a brown coat with long skirts." "The same," said the blacksmith; "I saw him pass by an hour ago." "Did you so?" cried Strap, rubbing his hands, "Odd! I am very glad of that—which way went he?" "Towards Tyburn in a cart," said he, "if you make good speed, you may get thither time enough to see him hanged." This piece of wit incensed my friend to such a degree, that he called the blacksmith scoundrel, and protested he would fight him for half a farthing. "No, no," said the other, stripping, "I'll have none of your money—you Scotchmen seldom carry any about you—but I'll fight you for love." There was a ring immediately formed by the mob; and Strap finding he could not get off honourably

without fighting, at the same time burning with resentment against his adversary, quitted his clothes to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the side of Strap, who in a few minutes exhausted his breath and spirits on his patient antagonist, who sustained the assault with great coolness, till, finding the barber quite spent, he returned the blows he had lent him with such interest, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard stones, gave out, and allowed the blacksmith to be the better man. The victory being thus decided, it was proposed to adjourn to a cellar hard by, and drink friends. But when my friend began to gather up his clothes, he perceived that some honest person or other had made free with his shirt, neckcloth, hat, and wig, which were carried off; and probably his coat and waistcoat would have met with the same fate, had they been worth stealing. It was in vain for him to make a noise, which only yielded mirth to the spectators; he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accomplished with much difficulty, and appeared before me all besmeared with blood and dirt. Notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his transport at finding me safe and sound, that he had almost stifled and stunk me to death with his embraces. After he had cleaned himself, and put on one of my shirts, and a woollen nightcap, I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign, which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat with great energy an observation which was often in his mouth, namely, "that surely London is the devil's drawing-room." As neither of us had dined, he desired me to get up; and the milk-woman coming round at that instant, he went down stairs, and brought up a quart, with a penny brick, on which we made a comfortable meal. He then shared his money with me, which amounted to eighteenpence, and left me, with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his friend the schoolmaster.

He was no sooner gone, than I began to consider my situation with great uneasiness, and revolved all the schemes my imagination could suggest, in order to choose and pursue some one that might procure me bread; for it is impossible to express the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miserable dependence in which I lived at the expense of a poor barber's boy. My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of succeeding at the Navy Office, I came to a resolution of enlisting in the foot-guards next day, be the event what it would. This extravagant design, by flattering my disposition, gave great satisfaction; and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return interrupted my reverie. The schoolmaster had made him a present of the tie-wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whose brims would have overshadowed a Colossus. Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the dusk, he did not choose to entertain the mob by day; therefore went to work immediately, and reduced them both to a moderate size. While he was employed in this office, he addressed me thus: "To be sure, Mr. Random, you are born a gentleman, and have a great deal of learning—and indeed look like a gentleman; for, as to person, you may hold up your head with the best of them. On the other hand, I am a poor but honest cobbler's son—my mother was as industrious a woman as ever broke bread, till such time as she took to drinking, which you very well know—but everybody has failings—*humanum est errare*. Now, for myself, I am a poor journeyman barber, tolerably well made, and understand some Latin, and have a smattering of Greek—but what of that? perhaps I might also say that I know a little of the world—but that is to no purpose—though you be gentle and I simple, it does not follow but that I who am simple may do a good office to you who are gentle. Now this is the case—my kinsman the schoolmaster—perhaps you did not know how nearly he is related to me—I'll satisfy you in that presently—his mother and my grandmother's sister's nephew—no, that's not it—my grandfather's brother's daughter—rabbit it! I have forgot the degree, but this I know, he and I are cousins seven times removed." My impatience to know the good office he had done me got the better of my temper, and interrupted him at this place with, "Damn your relation and pedigree! if the schoolmaster or you can be of any advantage to me, why don't you tell me without all this preamble?" When I pronounced these words with some vehemence, Strap looked at me for some time with a grave countenance, and then went on: "Surely our pedigree is not to be damn'd, because it is not so noble as yours. I am very sorry to see such an alteration in your temper of late—you was always fiery, but now you are grown as crabbed as old Periwinkle the drunken tinker, on whom you and I, God forgive us, played so many unlucky tricks, while we were at school. But I will no longer detain you in suspense, because, doubtless, nothing is more uneasy than doubt—*dubio, procul dubio, nil dubius*. My friend, or relation, or which you will, or both, the schoolmaster, being informed of the regard I have for you—for, you may be sure, I did not fail to let him know your good qualities—by the by, he has undertaken to teach you the pronunciation of the English tongue, without which, he says, you will be unfit for business in this country. I say my relation has spoke in your behalf to a French apothecary who wants a journeyman; and, on his recommendation, you may have fifteen pounds per year, bed and board, whenever you please." I was too much interested in this piece of news to entertain it with indifference; but, jumping up, insisted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the house of his friend, that I might not lose this opportunity through the least delay or neglect on my part. We were informed that the schoolmaster was in company at a public-house in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in question. When he was called to the door at our desire, and observed my impatience, he broke out into his usual term of admiration: "O Christ! I suppose, when you heard of this offer, you did not take leisure enough to come down stairs, but leapt out of the window; did you overturn no porter nor oyster-woman in your way? It was a mercy of God you did not knock your brains out against some post in your career. O my conscience! I believe, had I been in the inmost recesses of my habitation,—the very *penetralia*,—even in bed with my wife; your eagerness would have surmounted bolts, bars, decency, and everything. The den of Cacus or *Sanctum Sanctorum* could not have hid me from you. But come along, the gentleman to whom I spoke is in the house, I will present you to him forthwith." When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people smoking, one of whom the schoolmaster accosted thus: "Mr. Lavement, here's the young man of whom I spoke to you." The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a forehead about an inch high, a nose turned up at the end,

large cheek-bones that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of loose skin hanging down on each side in wrinkles like the alforjas of a baboon; and a mouth so accustomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a syllable without discovering the remains of his teeth, which consisted of four yellow fangs, not improperly by anatomists called *canine*. This person, I say, after having eyed me some time, said, "Oho, 'tis ver well, Mons. Concordance;—young man, you are ver welcome, take one coup of bierre—and come to mine house to-marrow morning: Mons. Concordance vil show you de way." Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could hear him say, *Ma foi! c'est un beau garçon, c'est un galliard!* As I had, by my own application, while I served Crab, acquired the French tongue well enough to read authors written in that language, and understand anything that occurred in conversation, I determined to pretend ignorance to my new master, that he and his family, whom I supposed to be of the same country, not being on the reserve before me, might possibly discover something in discourse, which would either yield me amusement or advantage. Next morning Mr. Concordance carried me to the apothecary's house, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately. But, before I entered upon business, the schoolmaster recommended me to his tailor, who gave me credit for a suit of clothes to be paid out of the first moiety of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day; he afterwards accommodated me with a new hat, on the same terms; so that, in a few days, I hoped to make a very fashionable appearance. In the meantime, Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back room up two pair of stairs, furnished with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamberpot without a handle, a bottle by way of candlestick, and a triangular piece of glass instead of a mirror, the rest of its ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the servant of an Irish captain, who lodged in the first floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Characters of Mr. Lavement, his Wife, and Daughter—Some Anecdotes of the Family—The Mother and Daughter rivals—I am guilty of a Mistake that gives me present satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome consequences.

Next day, while I was at work in the shop, a bouncing damsel, well dressed, came in, on pretence of finding a phial for some use or other; and taking an opportunity, when she thought I did not mind her, of observing me narrowly, went away with a silent look of disdain. I easily guessed her sentiments, and my pride took the resolution of entertaining the same indifference and neglect towards her. At dinner, the maids, with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to understand that this was my master's only daughter, who would have a very handsome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made their addresses to her; that she had been twice on the brink of marriage, but disappointed by the stinginess of her father, who refused to part with a shilling to promote the match; for which reason the young lady did not behave to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected. In particular, she harboured the most perfect hatred for his countrymen, in which disposition she resembled her mother, who was an Englishwoman; and, by the hints they dropped, I learned the grey mare was the better horse; that she was a matron of a high spirit, which was often manifested at the expense of her dependants; that she loved diversions, and looked upon Miss as her rival in all parties; which, indeed, was the true cause of all her disappointments; for, had the mother been hearty in her interest, the father would not have ventured to refuse her demands. Over and above this intelligence, I, of myself, soon made more discoveries. Mr. Lavement's significant grins at his wife, while she looked another way, convinced me that he was not at all content with his lot; and his behaviour in presence of the captain made me believe his chief torment was jealousy. As for my own part, I was considered in no other light than that of a menial servant, and had been already six days in the house without being honoured with one word from either mother or daughter, the latter (as I understood from the maids) having, at table, one day expressed some surprise that her papa should entertain such an awkward mean-looking journeyman. I was nettled at this piece of information, and next Sunday (it being my turn to take my diversion) dressed myself in my new clothes, to the greatest advantage, and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure. After having spent most part of the day in company with Strap, and some of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by Miss, who, not knowing me, dropped a low curtsey as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and shut the door. By the time I had turned about, she had perceived her mistake, and changed colour, but did not withdraw. The passage being narrow, I could not get away without jostling her; so I was forced to remain where I was, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and my face glowing with blushes. At length her vanity coming to her assistance, she went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word "Creature!" From this day forward, she came into the shop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice so many ridiculous airs, that I could easily perceive her opinion of me was changed, and that she did not think me altogether an unworthy conquest. But my heart was so steeled against her charms by pride and resentment, which were two chief ingredients in my disposition, that I remained insensible to all her arts? and, notwithstanding some advances she made, could not be prevailed upon to yield her the least attention. This neglect soon banished all the favourable impression she felt for me, and the rage of a slighted woman took place in her heart; this she manifested not only in all the suggestions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but also in procuring for me such servile employments as she hoped would sufficiently humble my spirit. One day, in particular, she ordered me to brush my master's coat, but I refusing, a smart dialogue ensued, which ended in her bursting into tears of rage; when her mother interposing, and examining into the merits of the cause, determined it in my favour; and this good office I owed not to any esteem or consideration she had for me, but solely to the desire of mortifying her daughter, who on this occasion observed, that let people be never so much in the right, there were some folks who would never do them justice; but, to be sure, they had their reasons for it, which some people

were not ignorant of, although they despised their little arts. This insinuation of *some people* and *some folks*, put me upon observing the behaviour of my mistress more narrowly for the future; and it was not long before I had reason to believe that she looked upon her daughter as her rival in the affections of Captain O'Donnell, who lodged in the house. In the meantime, my industry and knowledge gained me the goodwill of my master, who would often say in French, "*Mardie! c'est un bon garçon!*" He had a great deal of business; but as he was mostly employed among his fellow refugees, his profits were small. However, his expense for medicines was not great, for he was the most expert man at a succedaneum of any apothecary in London; so that I have been sometimes amazed to see him, without the least hesitation, make up a physician's prescription, though he had not in his shop one medicine mentioned in it. Oyster shells he could invent into crab's eyes; common oil, into oil of sweet almonds; syrup of sugar, into balsamic syrup; Thames water into aqua cinnamoni; turpentine, into capivi; and a hundred more costly preparations were produced in an instant, from the cheapest and coarsest drugs of the *materia medica:* and when any common thing was ordered for a patient, he always took care to disguise it in colour or taste, or both, in such a manner, as that it could not possibly be known. For which purpose cochineal and oil of cloves were of great service. Among many nostrums which he possessed, there was one for the venereal disease, that brought him a good deal of money; and this he concealed so artfully from me, that I could never learn its composition. But during the eight months I stayed in his service, he was so unfortunate in the use of it, that three parts in four of those who took it, were fain to confirm the cure by a salivation under the direction of another doctor. This bad success, in all appearance, attached him the more to his specific; and before I left him, I may venture to say, he would have sooner renounced the Trinity, notwithstanding his being a good Huguenot, than his confidence in the never-failing power of this remedy. Mr. Lavement had attempted more than once to introduce a vegetable diet into his family, by launching out into the praise of roots and greens, and decrying the use of flesh, both as a physician and philosopher; but all his rhetoric could not make one proselyte to his opinion; and even the wife of his bosom declared against the proposal. Whether it was owing to the little regard she paid to her husband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her constitution, I know not; but this lady's passions became every day more and more violent, till at last she looked upon decency as an unnecessary restraint; and one afternoon, when her husband was abroad, and her daughter gone to visit, ordered me to call a hackney coach, in which she and the captain drove towards Covent Garden. Miss came home in the evening, and, supping at her usual hour, went to bed. About eleven o'clock my master entered, and asked if his wife was gone to sleep; upon which I told him my mistress went out in the afternoon, and was not yet returned. This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who, starting back, cried, "*Mort de ma vie!* vat you tell a me? My wife not at home!" At that instant a patient's servant arrived with a prescription for a draught, which my master taking, went into the shop to make it up with his own hand. While he rubbed the ingredients in a glass mortar, he inquired of me whether or not his wife went out alone; and no sooner heard that she was in company with the captain, than, with one blow, he split the mortar into a thousand pieces, and, grinning like the head of a bass viol, exclaimed, "Ah, traitresse!" It would have been impossible for me to have preserved my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily relieved by a rap at the door, which I opened, and perceived my mistress coming out of the coach. She flounced immediately into the shop, and addressed her husband thus: "I suppose you thought I was lost, my dear—Captain O'Donnell has been so good as to treat me with a play." "Play, play," replied he; "oho, yes, by gar, I believe ver prettie play." "Bless me!" said she, "what's the matter?" "Vat de matter?" cried he, forgetting all his former complaisance, "by gar, you be one damn dog's wife—ventre bleu! me vill show you vat it is to put one horn upon mine head. Pardieu! le Captaine O'Donnell be one."—Here the captain, who had been all the while at the door discharging the coach, entered, and said, with a terrible voice, "Damme! what am I?" Mr. Lavement, changing his tone, immediately saluted him with "*Oh serviteur, Monsieur le Capitaine, vous êtes un gallant homme—ma femme est fort obligée.*" Then, turning about towards me, pronounced with a low voice, "*Et diablement obligeante, sans doute.*" "Harkee, Mr. Lavement," said the captain, "I am a man of honour, and I believe you are too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I show your wife." This declaration had such an effect on the apothecary, that he resumed all the politesse of a Frenchman, and with the utmost prostration of compliment, assured the captain that he was perfectly well satisfied with the honour he had done his wife. Matters being thus composed, everybody went to rest. Next day I perceived, through a glass door that opened from the shop into the parlour, the captain talking earnestly to Miss, who heard him with a look that expressed anger mingled with scorn; which, however, he at last found means to mollify, and sealed his reconciliation with a kiss. This circumstance soon convinced me of the occasion of the quarrel; but notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could never discover any other commerce between them. In the meanwhile, I had reason to believe I had inspired one of the maids with tender sentiments for me; and one night, when I thought every other person in the house asleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conquest, her bed-fellow having the day before gone to Richmond to visit her parents. Accordingly, I got up, and, naked as I was, explored my way in the dark to the garret where she lay. I was ravished to find the door open, and moved softly to her bedside, transported with the hope of completing my wishes. But what horrors of jealousy and disappointment did I feel, when I found her asleep, fast locked in the arms of a man, whom I easily guessed to be no other than the captain's servant! I was upon the point of doing some rash thing, when the noise of a rat scratching behind the wainscot put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in safety. Whether this alarm had disordered my mind, or that I was led astray by the power of destiny, I know not; but, instead of turning to the left hand when I descended to the second storey, I pursued the contrary course, and mistook the young lady's bedchamber for my own. I did not perceive my mistake before I had run against the bedposts, and then it was not in my power to retreat undiscovered; for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and, with a soft voice, bade me make less

noise, lest the Scotch booby in the next room should overhear us. This hint was sufficient to inform me of the nature of the assignation; and as my passions, at any time high, were then in a state of exaltation, I resolved to profit by my good fortune. Without any more ceremony, therefore, I made bold to slip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could desire. Our conversation was very sparing on my part; but she upbraided the person whom I represented with his jealousy of me, whom she handled so roughly, that my resentment had well-nigh occasioned a discovery more than once; but I was consoled for her hatred of me by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from her own mouth that it was now high time to salve her reputation by matrimony; for she had reason to fear she could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourse. While I was meditating an answer to this proposal, I heard a noise in my room, like something heavy falling down upon the floor; upon which I started up, and, creeping to the door of my chamber, observed by moonlight the shadow of a man groping his way out; so I retired to one side to let him pass, and saw him go down stairs as expeditiously as he could. It was an easy matter to divine that this was the captain, who, having overslept himself, had got up at last to keep his assignation; and finding my door open, had entered my apartment instead of that of his mistress, where I supplied his place; but finding his mistake by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noise might alarm the family, and, for that reason, made off, delaying the gratification of his desires till another opportunity. By this time I was satisfied; and, instead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own castle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and, in the congratulation of my own happiness, fell asleep. But the truth of this adventure could not be long concealed from my young mistress, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his last night's disappointment, and begging pardon for the noise he had made. Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happened, may be easily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other; for she was conscious of not only having betrayed to me the secrets of her commerce with him, but also of having incensed me by the freedoms she had taken with my name, beyond a hope of reconciliation. On the other hand, his jealousy suggested that her sorrow was all artifice, and that I had supplied his place with her own privity and consent. That such was the situation of their thoughts will appear in the sequel; for the very day she came into the shop where I was alone, and fixing her eyes, swimming in tears, upon me, sighed most piteously. But I was proof against her distress, by recollecting the epithets with which she had honoured me the night before; and believing that the good reception I enjoyed was destined for another, therefore I took no notice of her affliction; and she had the mortification to find her disdain returned fourfold. However, from thenceforward she thought proper to use me with more complaisance than usual, knowing that it was in my power at any time to publish her shame. By these means my life became much more agreeable, though I never could prevail upon myself to repeat my nocturnal visit; and, as I every day improved in my knowledge of the town, I shook off my awkward air by degrees, and acquired the character of a polite journeyman apothecary.

CHAPTER XX.

I am assaulted and dangerously wounded—Suspect O'Donnell, and am confirmed in my Opinion—Concert a Scheme of Revenge, and put it in execution—O'Donnell robs his own Servant, and disappears—I make my Addresses to a Lady, and am miraculously delivered from her snare.

One night about twelve o'clock, as I returned from visiting a patient at Chelsea, I received a blow on my head from an unseen hand, that stretched me senseless on the ground; and was left for dead, with three stabs of a sword in my body. The groans I uttered, when I recovered the use of my reason, alarmed the people of a solitary ale-house that stood near the spot where I lay, and they were humane enough to take me in, and send for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds, and assured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated through the skin and muscles of one side of my belly in such a manner, that doubtless the assassin imagined he had run me through the entrails. The second slanted along one of my ribs; and the last, which was intended for the finishing stroke, having been directed to my heart, the sword snapped upon my breastbone, and the point remained sticking in the skin. When I reflected upon this event, I could not persuade myself that I had been assaulted by a common footpad; because it is not usual for such people to murder those they rob, especially when they meet with no resistance; and I found my money, and everything else about me (but my carcass) safe. I concluded, therefore, that I must either have been mistaken for another, or obliged to the private resentment of some secret enemy for what had happened; and as I could remember nobody who had the least cause of complaint against me, except Captain O'Donnell and my master's daughter, my suspicion settled upon them, though I took care to conceal it, that I might the sooner arrive at confirmation. With this view, I went home in a chair about ten o'clock in the morning; and as the chairman supported me into the house, met the captain in the passage, who no sooner saw me, than he started back, and gave evident signs of guilty confusion, which he would have accounted for from the surprise occasioned by seeing me in such a condition. My master having heard my story, condoled me with a good deal of sympathy, and when he understood my wounds were not dangerous, ordered me to be carried up stairs to bed; though not without some opposition from his wife, who was of opinion it would be better for me to go to an hospital, where I should be more carefully attended. My meditation was employed in concerting with myself some method of revenge against Squire O'Donnell and his inamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune; when Miss (who was not at home at my arrival) entered my chamber, and, saying she was sorry for the accident that had befallen me, asked if I suspected anybody to be the assassin: upon which I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon her, and answered, "Yes." She discovered no symptom of confusion, but replied hastily, "If that be the case, why don't you take out a warrant to have him apprehended? It will cost but a trifle; if you have no money, I'll lend you." This frankness not only cured me of my suspicion with respect to her, but even staggered my belief with regard to the captain, of whose guilt I resolved to have further proof be-

fore I should enterprise anything in the way of revenge. I thanked her kindly for her generous offer; which, however, I had no occasion to accept, being determined to do nothing rashly: for though I could plainly perceive the person who attacked me to be a soldier, whose face I thought was familiar to me, I could not swear with a safe conscience to any particular man; and, granting I could, my prosecution of him would not much avail. This uncertainty I pretended, lest the captain, hearing from her that I knew the person who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a condition to requite him. In two days I was up, and able to do a little business, so that Mr. Lavement made shift to carry on his practice without hiring another journeyman in my room. The first thing I attempted towards a certain discovery of my secret enemy, was to get into O'Donnell's apartment while he was abroad in an undress, and examine his sword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found sticking in my body, and found it answered the fractured part exactly. There was no room left for doubt; and all that remained was to fix upon a scheme of revenge, which almost solely engrossed my thoughts during the space of eight nights and days. Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the same manner as he had practised upon me, and kill him outright. But this assault my honour opposed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated. At other times I entertained thoughts of demanding satisfaction in an honourable way, but was diverted from this undertaking by considering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to such easy terms. At last I determined to pursue a middle course, and actually put my design in execution after this manner. Having secured the assistance of Strap and two of his acquaintances whom he could depend upon, we provided ourselves with disguises, and I caused the following letter to be delivered to him by one of our associates in livery one Sunday evening:—

"Sir,—If I may be allowed to judge from appearance, it will not be disagreeable to you to hear that my husband is gone to Bagshot to visit a patient, and will not return till to-morrow night; so that if you have anything to propose to me (as your behaviour on many occasions has seemed to insinuate), you will do well to embrace the present opportunity of seeing Yours," etc.

This letter was signed with the name of an apothecary's wife who lived in Chelsea, of whom I had heard O'Donnell was an admirer. Everything succeeded to our wish. The amorous hero hastened towards the place of assignation, and was encountered by us in the very place where he had assaulted me. We rushed upon him all at once, secured his sword, stripped off his clothes even to the skin, which we scourged with nettles till he was blistered from head to foot, notwithstanding all the eloquence of his tears and supplications. When I was satisfied with the stripes I had bestowed, we carried off his clothes, which we hid in a hedge near the place, and left him stark naked to find his way home in the best manner he could, while I took care to be there before him. I afterwards understood that, in his way to the lodgings of a friend who lived in the skirts of the town, he was picked up by the watch, who carried him to the Round-house, from whence he sent for clothes to his lodgings, and next morning arrived at the door in a chair, wrapped up in a blanket he had borrowed; for his body was so sore and swelled that he could not bear to be confined in his wearing apparel. He was treated with the utmost tenderness by my mistress and her daughter, who vied with each other in their care and attendance of him; but Lavement himself could not forbear expressing his joy, by several malicious grins, while he ordered me to prepare an unguent for his sores. As to myself, nobody can doubt my gratification when I had every day an opportunity of seeing my revenge protracted on the body of my adversary, by the ulcers of which I had been the cause; and indeed I not only enjoyed the satisfaction of having flayed him alive, but another also which I had not foreseen. The story of his being attacked and stripped in such a place having been inserted in the news, gave information to those who found his clothes next day whither to bring them; and accordingly he retrieved everything he had lost, except a few letters, among which was that which I had writ to him in the name of the apothecary's wife. This and the others, which, it seems, were all on the subject of love (for this Hibernian hero was one of those people who are called fortune-hunters), fell into the hands of a certain female author, famous for the scandal she has published, who, after having embellished them with some ornaments of her own invention, gave them to the town in print. I was very much shocked on reflecting that I might possibly be the occasion of a whole family's unhappiness on account of the letter I had written, but was eased of that apprehension when I understood that the Chelsea apothecary had commenced a law-suit against the printer for defamation, and looked upon the whole as a piece of forgery committed by the author, who had disappeared. But whatever might be his opinion of the matter, our two ladies seemed to entertain a different idea of it: for, as soon as the pamphlet appeared, I could perceive their care of their patient considerably diminish, until at last it ended in total neglect. It was impossible for him to be ignorant of this change, any more than of the occasion of it; but as he was conscious to himself of having deserved worse than contempt at their hands, he was glad to come off so cheaply, and contented himself with muttering curses and threats against the apothecary, who, as he imagined, having got an inkling of the appointment with his wife, had taken revenge of him in the manner described. By the time he got a new scarf skin his character was become so notorious that he thought it high time for him to decamp; and his retreat he performed in one night without beat of drum, after having robbed his own servant of everything that belonged to him, except the clothes he had on his back. A few days after he disappeared, Mr. Lavement, for his own security, took into custody a large old trunk which he had left; and, as it was very heavy, made no question that the contents were sufficient to indemnify him for what O'Donnell owed in lodging. But a month being elapsed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer, and my master being impatient to know what the trunk contained, he ordered me to break it open in his presence, which task I performed with the pestle of our great mortar, and discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, a heap of stones.

About this time my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman, in quality of valet-de-chambre, and at the same time assured me that whatever advantage he might propose to himself from this prospect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from

me, so much was he attached to my fortune. In spite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honest fellow, ingratitude is so natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance; and now that I had contracted other friendships which appeared more creditable, was even ashamed to see a journeyman barber inquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion. I therefore, on pretence of consulting his welfare, insisted upon his accepting the proposal, which he at last determined to embrace with great reluctance, and in a few days took his leave of me, shedding a flood of tears, which I could not behold without emotion. I now began to look upon myself as a gentleman in reality—learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a fashionable distemper—frequented plays during the holidays—became the oracle of an ale-house, where every dispute was referred to my decision—and at length contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, who found means to make a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation, to give me a promise of marriage. As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes by matrimony, when one morning I went to her lodgings, and her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where, to my utter confusion, I found her in bed with a man. Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately; and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my Master—Is involved in a troublesome Affair, out of which he is extricated by me—He marries my Master's Daughter—They conspire against me—I am found guilty of Theft—Discharged—Deserted by my Friends—I hire a Room in St. Giles's, where, by accident, I find the Lady to whom I made my Addresses in a miserable condition—I relieve her.

WHILE I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr. Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance, Squire Gawky, who, by this time, had got a lieutenancy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and atone for his breach of appointment then, by his punctuality now; but, whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension; though I had occasion, not long after, to be convinced that, howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described. For, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and, as I approached, perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs; and one of them, whom, by his tongue, I knew to be a Scotchman, lamented most piteously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alleging that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence. My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong, that I could not bear to see anybody belonging to it in distress, and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned. He was no sooner disengaged than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think proper; and, indeed, I came off but scurvily; for, before I could avail myself of my sped, I received a blow on the eye from one of the other two, that had well-nigh deprived me of the use of that organ. However, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain Gawky's being robbed and abused by a company of footpads, and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient clyster and paregoric draught, in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits, occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately. When I inquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood, by the servant, that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in my belief upon hearing his voice, to which, before that event, I had been so long a stranger. My eye being considerably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprise without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch for whom I had suffered. Accordingly, next day, after he had told, in the presence of my master, his wife, and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lies concerning the prowess he had shown in making his escape, I ventured to explain the mystery, and, calling in the evidence of my contused eye, upbraided him with cowardice and ingratitude. Gawky was so astonished at this discourse, that he could not answer one word; and the rest of the company stared at one another; till at length my mistress reprimanded me for my insolent behaviour, and threatened to turn me away for my presumption. Upon which Gawky, having recollected himself, observed, as the young man might have mistaken another person for him, he could forgive his insinuations, more especially as he seemed to have suffered for his civility; but advised me to be more certain in my conjectures for the future, before I ventured to publish them to the prejudice of any man. Miss applauded the captain's generosity in pardoning one who had so villanously aspersed him, and I began to imagine her praise was not at all disinterested. But the apothecary, who, perhaps, had more penetration, or less partiality, than his wife and daughter, differed from them in his sentiments of the matter, and expressed himself to me in the shop in this manner: "Ah! mon pauvre Roderique! you ave more of de véracité dan of de prudence—bot mine vife and dater be diablement sage, and Mons. le Capitaine un fanfaron, pardieu!" This eulogium on his wife and daughter, though spoken ironically by him, was nevertheless literally just; by espousing the cause of Gawky, the one obliged a valuable lodger, and the other acquired a husband at a juncture when one was absolutely necessary; for the young lady, finding the effects of her correspondence with O'Donnell becoming plainer and plainer every day, insinuated herself so artfully into the affection of this new lodger, that in less than a fortnight, on pretence of going to a play, they drove

away together to the Fleet, where they were coupled; from thence removed to a bagnio, where the marriage was consummated; and in the morning came home, where they asked her father and mother's blessing. The prudent parents, notwithstanding the precipitation with which the match was carried on, did not think fit to refuse their approbation, for the apothecary was not ill pleased to find his daughter married to a young man of a good prospect, who had not mentioned to him one syllable on the article of her dowry; and his wife was rejoiced at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a spy upon her pleasures. Nor was I without self-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected upon the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, in making him a cuckold by anticipation. But I little dreamed what a storm of mischief was brewing against me, whilst I thus indulged myself. Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my discovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented against him, had stung him to the soul, and cherished the seeds of enmity so strongly in his breast, that he, it seems, imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as desirous as himself to compass the ruin of one that not only slighted her caresses, but was able on any occasion to discover particulars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conspiracy against me, which, had it taken effect as they expected, would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My master having several times missed large quantities of medicines, of which I could give no account, at last lost all patience, and, in plain terms, taxed me with having embezzled them for my own use. As I could only oppose my single asseveration to his suspicion, he told me one day, "By gar, your vord not be give me de satisfaction—me find nécessaire to chercher for my medicine, pardonnez moi—il faut chercher—me demand le clef of your coffre à cette heure." Then raising his voice to conceal the fright he was in, lest I should make any opposition, he went on, "Oui, foutre, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre —moi—si, moi qui vous parle." I was fired with so much resentment and disdain at this accusation, that I burst into tears, which he took for a sign of guilt; and, pulling out my key, told him he might satisfy himself immediately, though he would not find it so easy to satisfy me for the injury my reputation had suffered from his unjust suspicion. He took the key, and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family; saying, "Hé bien, nous verrons—nous verrons." But what was my horror and amazement, when, on opening my chest, he pulled out a handful of the very things that were missing, and pronounced, "Ah, ha! vous êtes bien venus—mardie! Mons. Roderique, you be fort innocent." I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but stood motionless and silent, while everybody present made their respective remarks on what appeared against me. The servants said they were sorry for my misfortune, and went away repeating, "Who would have thought it?" My mistress took occasion, from this detection, to rail against the practice of employing strangers in general; and Mrs. Gawky, after having observed that she never had a good opinion of my fidelity, proposed to have me carried before the justice, and committed to Newgate immediately. Her husband was actually upon the stairs on his way for a constable, when Mr. Lavement, knowing the cost and trouble of a prosecution, to which he must bind himself, and at the same time dreading lest some particulars of my confession might affect his practice, called out, "Restez, mon fils! restez; it be véritablement one grand crime which dis pauvre diable have committed—bot peut-être de good God give him de penitence, and me vill not have upon mine head de blood of one sinner." The captain and his lady used all the Christian arguments their zeal could suggest, to prevail on the apothecary to pursue me to destruction, and represented the injustice he did to the community of which he was a member, in letting a villain escape, who would not fail of doing more mischief in the world, when he should reflect on his coming off so easily now. But their eloquence made no impression on my master, who, turning to me, said, "Go, miserable, go from mine house, quick, quick—and make reparation for your mauvaise actions." By this time my indignation had roused me from the stupefaction in which I had hitherto remained, and I began in this manner: "Sir, appearances, I own, condemn me; but you are imposed upon as much as I am abused. I have fallen a sacrifice to the rancour of that scoundrel," pointing to Gawky, "who has found means to convey your goods hither, that the detection of them might blast my reputation, and accomplish my destruction. His hatred of me is owing to a consciousness of his having wronged me in my own country; for which injury he, in a cowardly manner, refused me the satisfaction of a gentleman. He knows, moreover, that I am no stranger to his dastardly behaviour in this town, which I have recounted before; and he is unwilling that such a testimony of his ingratitude and pusillanimity should live upon the earth. For this reason, he is guilty of the most infernal malice to bring about my ruin. And I am afraid, madam," turning to Mrs. Gawky, "you have too easily entered into the sentiments of your husband. I have often found you my enemy, and am well acquainted with the occasion of your being so, which I don't at present think proper to declare; but I would not advise you, for your own sake, to drive me to extremity." This address enraged her so much, that, with a face as red as scarlet, and the eyes of a fury, she strutted up to me, and, putting her hands on her sides, spit in my face, saying I was a scandalous villain, but she defied my malice; and that, unless her papa would prosecute me like a thief as I was, she would not stay another night under his roof. At the same time, Gawky, assuming a big look, told me he scorned what lies I could invent against him; but that, if I pretended to asperse his wife, he would put me to death, by God. To this threat I answered, "I wish to God I could meet with thee in a desert, that I might have an opportunity of punishing thee for thy perfidy towards me, and rid the world of such a rascal. What hinders me this moment," said I, seizing an old bottle that stood by, "from doing myself that justice?" I had no sooner armed myself in this manner, than Gawky and his father-in-law retired in such a hurry, that the one overturned the other, and they rolled together down stairs; while my mistress swooned away with fear; and her daughter asked if I intended to murder her? I gave her to understand that nothing was farther from my intention; that I would leave her to the stings of her own conscience, but was firmly resolved to slit her husband's nose, whenever fortune should offer a convenient opportunity. Then going down stairs, I met Lavement coming up trembling with the pestle in his hand, and Gawky behind, armed with his sword, pushing him forward. I demanded a parley, and having assured them of my pacific disposition, Gawky exclaimed, "Ah, villain! you have killed my dear wife."

And the apothecary cried, "Ah, coquin! vere is my shild?" "The lady," said I, "is above stairs, unhurt by me, and will a few months hence, I believe, reward your concern." Here she called to them, and desired they would let the wretch go, and trouble themselves no further about him. To which request her father consented, observing, nevertheless, that my conversation was fort mysterieuse. Finding it impossible to vindicate my innocence, I left the house immediately, and went to the schoolmaster, with an intention of clearing myself to him, and asking his advice with regard to my future conduct; but, to my inexpressible vexation, was told he was gone to the country, where he would stay two or three days. I returned with a design of consulting some acquaintances I had acquired in my master's neighbourhood; but my story had taken air, through the officiousness of the servants, and not one of my friends would vouchsafe me a hearing. Thus I found myself, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever: for though I had been formerly as poor, my reputation was without blemish, and my health unimpaired till now; but at present my good name was lost, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body was infected by a distemper contracted in the course of an amour, and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield me pity and assistance, absent I knew not where.

The first resolution I could take in this melancholy conjuncture, was to remove my clothes to the house of the person with whom I had formerly lodged, where I remained two days, in hopes of getting another place by the interest of Mr. Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character; but in this supposition I reckoned without my host, for Lavement took care to be beforehand with me, and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the schoolmaster, I found him so prepossessed against me, that he would scarce hear me to an end; but when I had finished my justification, shook his head, and, beginning with his usual exclamation, "O Christ!" said, "that won't go down with me. I am very sorry I should have the misfortune of being concerned in the affair, but, however, shall be more cautious for the future. I will trust no man from henceforward—no, not my father who begat me—nor the brother who lay with me in my mother's womb. Should Daniel rise from the dead, I would think him an impostor, and were the genius of Truth to appear, would question its veracity." I told him that one day it was possible he might be convinced of the injury I had suffered, and repent of his premature determination. To which remark he answered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy; "but till that shall happen," continued he, "I must beg to have no manner of connexion with you—my reputation is at stake. O my good God! I shall be looked upon as your accomplice and abettor—people will say Jonathan Wild was but a type of me—boys will hoot at me as I pass along, and the cinder-wenches belch forth reproaches wafted in a gale impregnated with gin—I shall be notorious—the very butt of slander and cloak of infamy." I was not in a humour to relish the climax of expressions upon which this gentleman valued himself in all his discourses; but, without any ceremony, took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror which my situation could suggest. I considered, however, in the intervals of my despondence, that I must in some shape suit my expense to my calamitous circumstances; and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St. Giles's, at the rate of ninepence per week. In this place I resolved to perform my own cure, having first pawned three shirts to purchase medicines and support for the occasion.

One day when I sat in this solitary retreat, musing upon the unhappiness of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that issued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman stretched on a miserable truckle-bed, without any visible signs of life. Having applied a smelling-bottle to her nose, the blood began to revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes; but, good heaven! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion, and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately; and, straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help increasing. At length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced, with a feeble voice, "Dear Mr. Random, I do not deserve this concern at your hands. I am a vile creature who had a base design upon your person; suffer me to expiate that and all my other crimes by a miserable death, which will not fail to overtake me in a few hours." I encouraged her as much as I could; told her I forgave all her intentions with regard to me; and that, although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her. In the meantime, begged to know the immediate cause of that fit from which she had just recovered, and said, I would endeavour by my skill to prevent any more such attacks. She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand and pressed it to her lips, saying, "You are too generous!—I wish I could live to express my gratitude; but alas! I perish for want." Then, shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon. Such extremity of distress must have awaked the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion. What effect, then, must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion? I ran down stairs, and sent my landlady to a chemist's shop for some cinnamon water; while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber, used all the means in my power to bring her to herself. This aim, with much difficulty, I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits; then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me that she had not tasted food for eight and forty hours before. As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand, that she was a woman of the town by profession; that, in the course of her adventures, she found herself dangerously infected with a distemper to which all of her class are particularly subject; that her malady gaining ground every day, she became loathsome to herself and offensive to others; when she resolved to retire to some obscure corner, where she might be cured with as little noise and expense as possible; that she had accordingly chosen this place of retreat, and put herself into the hands of an advertising doctor, who, having fleeced her of all the money she had, or could procure, left her three days ago in a worse condition than that in which he found her; that, except the clothes on her back, she had pawned or sold everything

that belonged to her, to satisfy that rapacious quack, and quiet the clamour of her landlady, who still persisted in her threats to turn her out into the street. After having moralized upon these particulars, I proposed that she should lodge in the same room with me, an expedient that would save some money; and assured her I would undertake her cure as well as my own, during which she should partake of all the conveniences that I could afford to myself. She embraced my offer with unfeigned acknowledgment; and I began to put it in practice immediately. I found in her not only an agreeable companion, whose conversation greatly alleviated my chagrin, but also a careful nurse, who served me with the utmost fidelity and affection. One day, while I testified my surprise that a woman of her beauty, good sense, and education (for she had a large portion of each), could be reduced to such an infamous and miserable way of life as that of a prostitute,—she answered, with a sigh, "These very advantages were the cause of my undoing." This remarkable reply inflamed my curiosity to such a degree, that I begged she would favour me with the particulars of her story, and she complied in these words:—

CHAPTER XXII.

The History of Miss Williams.

My father was an eminent merchant in the city, who, having in the course of trade suffered very considerable losses, retired in his old age, with his wife, to a small estate in the country, which he had purchased with the remains of his fortune. At that time I, being but eight years of age, was left in town for the convenience of education, boarded with an aunt, who was a rigid Presbyterian, and who confined me so closely to what she called the duties of religion, that, in time, I grew weary of her doctrines, and by degrees conceived an aversion for the good books she daily recommended to my perusal. As I increased in age, and appeared with a person not disagreeable, I contracted a good deal of acquaintance among my own sex, one of whom, after having lamented the restraint I was under from the narrowness of my aunt's sentiments, told me I must now throw off the prejudices of opinion imbibed under her influence and example, and learn to think for myself; for which purpose she advised me to read Shaftesbury, Tindal, Hobbes, and all the books that are remarkable for their deviation from the old way of thinking, and, by comparing one with another, I should soon be able to form a system of my own. I followed her advice; and, whether it was owing to my prepossession against what I had formerly read, or the clearness of argument in these my new instructors, I know not, but I studied them with pleasure, and in a short time became a professed Freethinker. Proud of my new improvement, I argued in all companies, and that with such success, that I soon acquired the reputation of a philosopher, and few people durst undertake me in a dispute. I grew vain upon my good fortune, and at length pretended to make my aunt a proselyte to my opinion; but she no sooner perceived my drift, than, taking the alarm, she wrote to my father an account of my heresy, and conjured him, as he tendered the good of my soul, to remove me immediately from the dangerous place where I had contracted such sinful principles. Accordingly my father ordered me into the country, where I arrived in the fifteenth year of my age; and, by his command, gave him a detail of all the articles of my faith, which he did not find so unreasonable as they had been represented. Finding myself suddenly deprived of the company and pleasures of the town, I grew melancholy, and it was some time before I could relish my situation. But solitude became every day more and more familiar to me; and I consoled myself in my retreat with the enjoyment of a good library, at such times as I was not employed in the management of the family (for my mother had been dead three years), in visiting, or some other party of rural diversion. Having more imagination than judgment, I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance; and, in short, was looked upon as a very extraordinary person by everybody in the country where I resided. I had one evening strayed, with a book in my hand, into a wood that bordered on the high road, at a little distance from my father's house, when a certain drunken squire riding by perceived me, and crying, "Zounds! there's a charming creature!" alighted in a moment, caught me in his arms, and treated me so rudely, that I shrieked as loud as I could; and, in the meantime, opposed his violence with all the strength that rage and resentment could inspire. During this struggle, another horseman came up, who, seeing a lady so unworthily used, dismounted, and flew to my assistance. My ravisher, mad with disappointment, or provoked with the reproaches of the other gentleman, quitted me, and, running to his horse, drew a pistol from the saddle, and fired at my protector, who happily receiving no damage, went up, and, with the butt end of his whip, laid him prostrate on the ground, before he could use the other, which his antagonist immediately seized, and clapping to the squire's breast, threatened to put him to death for his cowardice and treachery. In this dilemma I interposed and begged his life, which was granted to my request, after he had asked pardon, and swore his intention was only to obtain a kiss. However, my defender thought proper to unload the other pistol, and throw away the flints, before he gave him his liberty. This courteous stranger conducted me home, where my father having learned the signal service he had done me, loaded him with caresses, and insisted on his lodging that night at our house. If the obligation he had conferred upon me justly inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, his appearance and conversation seemed to entitle him to somewhat more. He was about the age of two-and-twenty, among the tallest of the middle size; had chestnut-coloured hair, which he wore tied up in a ribbon; a high polished forehead, a nose inclining to the aquiline, lively blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as white as snow, and a certain openness of countenance—but what need I describe any more particulars of his person? I hope you will do me the justice to believe I do not flatter, when I say he was the exact resemblance of you; and, if I had not been well acquainted with his family and pedigree, I should have made no scruple of concluding that you was his brother. He spoke little, and seemed to have no reserve; for what he said was ingenuous, sensible, and uncommon. In short, said she, bursting into tears, he was formed for the ruin of our sex. His behaviour was modest and respectable; but his looks were so significant, that I could easily observe he secretly blessed the occasion that introduced him to my acquaintance. We learned from his discourse that he was the eldest son of a wealthy gentleman in

tho neighbourhood, to whose name we were no strangers; that he had been to visit an acquaintance in the country, from whose house he was returning home when my shrieks brought him to my rescue. All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations. There was so much of knight-errantry in this gentleman's coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy, and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who, being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates, was bound in gratitude, as well as led by inclination, to yield my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavour to chastise these foolish conceits, by reflections more reasonable and severe. The amusing images took full possession of my mind, and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet in the language of a despairing lover. Next morning after breakfast he took his leave, when my father begged the favour of further acquaintance with him; to which request he replied by a compliment to him, and a look to me so full of eloquence and tenderness, that my whole soul received the soft impression. In a short time he repeated his visit; and, as a recital of the particular steps he pursued to ruin me would be too tedious and impertinent, let it suffice to say, he made it his business to insinuate himself into my esteem, by convincing me of his own good sense, and at the same time flattering my understanding. This task he performed in the most artful manner, by seeming to contradict me often through misapprehension, that I might have an opportunity of clearing myself the more to my own honour. Having thus secured my good opinion, he began to give me some tokens of a particular passion, founded on a veneration for the qualities of my mind, and, as an accidental ornament, admired the beauties of my person; till at length, being fully persuaded of his conquest, he chose a proper season for the theme, and disclosed his love in terms so ardent and sincere, that it was impossible for me to disguise the sentiments of my heart, and he received my approbation with the most lively transport. After this mutual declaration, we contrived to meet more frequently, in private interviews, where we enjoyed the conversation of one another, in all the elevation of fancy and impatience of hope that reciprocal adoration can inspire. He professed his honourable intentions, of which I made no question, lamented the avaricious disposition of his father, who had destined him for the arms of another, and vowed eternal fidelity with such an appearance of candour and devotion, that I became a dupe to his deceit, and, in an evil hour, crowned his eager desire with full possession.—Cursed be the day on which I gave away my innocence and peace for a momentary gratification, which has entailed upon me such misery and horror! cursed be my beauty, that first attracted the attention of my seducer! cursed be my education, that, by refining my sentiments, made my heart the more susceptible! cursed be my good sense, that fixed me to one object, and taught me the preference I enjoyed was but my due! Had I been ugly, nobody would have tempted me; had I been ignorant, the charms of my person would not have atoned for the coarseness of my conversation; had I been giddy, my vanity would have divided my inclinations, and my ideas would have been so diffused, that I should never have listened to the enchantments of one alone.

But, to return to my unfortunate story: we gave a loose to guilty pleasure, which, for some months, banished every other concern. At last, by degrees, his visits became less frequent, and his behaviour less warm. I perceived his coldness—my heart took the alarm—my tears reproached him—and I insisted upon the performance of his promise to espouse me, that, whatever should happen, my reputation might be safe. He seemed to acquiesce in my proposal, and left me on pretence of finding a proper person to unite us in the bands of wedlock. But alas! the inconstant had no intention to return. I waited a whole week with the utmost impatience; sometimes doubting his honour, at other times inventing excuses for him, and condemning myself for harbouring the least suspicion of his faith. At length, I understood from a gentleman who dined at our house that this perfidious wretch was on the point of setting out for London with his bride, to buy clothes for their approaching nuptials. This information distracted me! the more so, as I found myself some months gone with child, and reflected that it would be impossible to conceal my disgrace, which would not only ruin the character I had acquired in the country, but also bring the grey hairs of an indulgent parent with sorrow to the grave. Rage took possession of my soul; I denounced a thousand imprecations, and formed as many schemes of revenge against the traitor who had undone me! Then my resentment would subside into silent sorrow. I recalled the tranquillity I had lost, I wept over my infatuation, and sometimes a ray of hope would intervene, and for a moment cheer my drooping heart; I would revolve all the favourable circumstances of his character, repeat the vows he made, ascribe his absence to the vigilance of a suspicious father, who compelled him to a match his soul abhorred, and comfort myself with the expectation of seeing him before the thing should be brought to any terms of agreement. But how vain was my imagination! The villain left me without remorse; and in a few days the news of his marriage was spread all over the country. My horror was then inconceivable! and had not the desire of revenge diverted the resolution, I should infallibly have put an end to my miserable life. My father observed the symptoms of my despair: and, though I have good reason to believe he guessed the cause, was at a great deal of pains to seem ignorant of my affliction, while he endeavoured, with paternal fondness, to alleviate my distress. I saw his concern, which increased my anguish, and raised my fury against the author of my calamity to an implacable degree. Having furnished myself with a little money, I made an elopement from this unhappy parent in the nighttime, and about break of day arrived at a small town, from whence a stage-coach set out for London, in which I embarked, and next day alighted in town; the spirit of revenge having supported me all the way against every other reflection. My first care was to hire a lodging, in which I kept myself very retired, having assumed a feigned name, that my character and situation might be the better concealed. It was not long before I found out the house of my ravisher, whither I immediately repaired in a transport of rage, determined to act some desperate deed for the satisfaction of my despair, though the hurry of my spirits would not permit me to concert or resolve upon a particular plan. When I demanded admission to Lothario (so let me call him), I was desired to send up my name and business; but this I refused, telling the porter I

had business for his master's private ear. Upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request. There I remained about a quarter of an hour, when a servant entered, and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time. My temper could hold out no longer; I pulled a poignard from my bosom where I had concealed it, and, rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming, "Where is this perfidious villain! could I once plunge this dagger into his false heart, I should then die satisfied." The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who, hearing my threats, came forwards to the staircase to see what was the matter. I was seized, disarmed, and withheld by two footmen; and, in this situation, felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife. I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated; but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paltry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition; and informed me that my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion; that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to bedlam; but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, having first ordered that I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair; but this, she told me, could not be done without her master's consent, which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my own lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage; and I believe it is well for my conscience that Heaven thus disposed of my burden; for, let me own to you, with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my frenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm; when, one day, my landlady informed me that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways; and before I came to any determination he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent. I surveyed him some time, and not being able to recollect his face, demanded, with a faltering accent, what his business was with me? Upon which he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bid the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth; that, from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a detestation for the author of them, which had of late been increased and inflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him; that, hearing of my melancholy situation, he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which, he hoped, I should see no reason to refuse. Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal. The contract was made; he devoted himself to my revenge, undertook to murder Lothario that very night, and to bring me an account of his death before morning. Accordingly, about two of the clock, he was introduced into my chamber, and assured me my perfidious lover was no more; that, although he was not entitled to such an honourable proceeding, he had fairly challenged him to the field, where he upbraided him with his treachery towards me, for whom, he told him, his sword was drawn, and after a few passes left him weltering in his blood. I was so savaged by my wrongs that I delighted in the recital of this adventure, made him repeat the particulars, feasted my eyes with the blood that remained on his clothes and sword, and yielded up my body as a recompense for the service he had done me. My imagination was so engrossed with these ideas, that in my sleep I dreamed Lothario appeared before me, pale, mangled, and bloody, blamed my rashness, protested his innocence, and pleaded his own cause so pathetically, that I was convinced of his fidelity, and waked in a fit of horror and remorse. My bedfellow endeavoured to soothe, console, and persuade me that I had but barely done justice to myself. I dropped asleep again, and the same apparition returned to my fancy. In short, I passed the night in great misery, and looked upon my avenger with such abhorrence, that in the morning, perceiving my aversion, he insinuated there was still a possibility of Lothario's recovery. It was true he left him wounded on the ground, but not quite dead; and perhaps his hurts might not be mortal. At these words I started up, bade him fly for intelligence, and, if he could not bring me tidings of Lothario's safety, at least consult his own, and never return, for I was resolved to surrender myself to justice, and declare all that I knew of the affair, that, if possible, I might expiate my own guilt, by incurring the rigours of a sincere repentance and ignominious death. He very coolly represented the unreasonableness of my prejudice against him, who had done nothing but what his love of me inspired, and honour justified; that now he had, at the risk of his life, been subservient to my revenge, I was about to discard him as an infamous agent occasionally necessary; and that, even if he should be so lucky as to bring news of Lothario's safety, it was probable my former resentment might revive, and I would upbraid him of having failed in his undertaking. I assured him that, on the contrary, he should be dearer to me than ever, as I then should be convinced he acted more on the principles of a man of honour than on those of a mercenary assassin, and scorned to take away the life of an adversary, how inveterate soever, which fortune had put in his power. "Well, then, madam," said he, "whatever may have happened, I shall find it no difficult matter to acquit myself in point of honour." And took his leave, in order to inquire into the consequences of his duel. I was now more sensible than ever of the degrees of

guilt and misery; all the affliction I had suffered hitherto was owing to my own credulity and weakness, and my conscience could only accuse me of venial crimes; but now that I looked upon myself as a murderer, it is impossible to express the terrors of my imagination, which was incessantly haunted by the image of the deceased, and my bosom stung with the most exquisite agonies, of which I saw no end. At length Horatio (for so I shall call my keeper) returned, and, telling me I had nothing to fear, delivered into my hands a billet containing these words:—

"Madam,—As I understand it is of consequence to your peace, I take this liberty to inform you that the wounds received from Horatio are not mortal. This satisfaction my humanity could not deny, even to a person who has endeavoured to disturb the repose, as well as destroy the life of Lothario."

Being well acquainted with this hand I had no reason to suspect an imposition in this letter, which I read over and over in a transport of joy, and caressed Horatio so much that he appeared the happiest man alive. Thus was I won from despair by the menaces of a greater misfortune than that which depressed me. Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest. But my raptures were not lasting; that very letter, which, in a manner, re-established my tranquillity, in a little time banished my peace. His unjust reproaches, while they waked my resentment, recalled my former happiness, and filled my soul with rage and sorrow. Horatio, perceiving the situation of my mind, endeavoured to divert my chagrin, by treating me with all the amusements and entertainments of the town. I was gratified with every indulgence I could desire, introduced into the company of other kept mistresses, by whom uncommon deference was paid to me; and I began to lose all remembrance of my former condition, when an accident brought it back to my view, with all its interesting circumstances. Diverting myself one day with some newspapers which I had not before perused, the following advertisement attracted my attention:—

"Whereas a young gentlewoman disappeared from her father's house, in the county of ——, about the end of September, on account, as is supposed, of some uneasiness of mind, and has not been as yet heard of; whoever will give any information about her to Mr. ——, of Gray's Inn, shall be handsomely rewarded; or if she will return to the arms of her disconsolate parent, she will be received with the utmost tenderness, whatever reason she may have to think otherwise, and may be the means of prolonging the life of a father, already weighed down almost to the grave with age and sorrow."

This pathetic remonstrance had such an effect on me, that I was fully resolved to return, like the prodigal son, and implore the forgiveness of him who gave me life; but, alas! upon inquiry, I found he had paid his debt to nature a month before, lamenting my absence to his last hour, having left his fortune to a stranger, as a mark of his resentment of my unkind and undutiful behaviour. Penetrated with remorse on this occasion, I sunk into the most profound melancholy, and considered myself as the immediate cause of his death. I lost all relish for company, and indeed most of my acquaintance no sooner perceived my change of temper than they abandoned me. Horatio, disgusted at my insensibility, or, which is more probable, cloyed with possession, became colder and colder every day, till at last he left me altogether, without making any apology for his conduct, or securing me against the miseries of want, as a man of honour ought to have done, considering the share he had in my ruin; for I afterwards learned that the quarrel between Lothario and him was a story trumped up to rid the one of my importunities, and give the other the enjoyment of my person, which, it seems, he lusted after, upon seeing me at the house of my seducer. Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my own simplicity; uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio; and, as I became every day more familiarized to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves. Nor was an opportunity long wanting. An old gentlewoman, under pretence of sympathizing, visited me, and, after having condoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me; insinuating withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me. I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution accruing from such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance. The first stroke of my dissimulation was practised upon a certain judge, to whom I was recommended by this matron as an innocent creature just arrived from the country. He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner as to make him perfectly well pleased with his purchase.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She is interrupted by a Bailiff, who arrests and carries her to the Marshalsea—I accompany her—Bring Witnesses to prove she is not the person named in the Writ—The Bailiff is fain to give her a Present, and discharge her—We shift our Lodging—She resumes her Story, and ends it—My reflections thereupon—She makes me acquainted with the Progress of a Common Woman of the Town—Resolves to quit that way of life.

Her story was here interrupted by a rap at the door, which I no sooner opened than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus: "Madam, your servant, you must do me the favour to come along with me—I have got a writ against you." While the bailiff, for so he was, spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly. This treatment incensed me so much that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me, with a composure of countenance for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her, but might be very detrimental to myself. Then, turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and having perused it, said, with a faltering voice, "I am not the person whose name is here mentioned; arrest me at your peril." "Ay, ay, madam," replied the catchpole, "we shall prove your identity.

In the meantime, whether will you be pleased to be carried to my house, or to jail?" "If I must be confined," said she, "I would rather be in your house than in a common jail." "Well, well," answered he, "if you have money enough in your pocket, you shall be entertained like a princess." But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once. While they waited for the convenience, she took me aside, and bade me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and, perhaps, gain something by the occasion. Although her discourse was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison; to which proposal, after much entreaty, she consented. When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary, than he cried, "Ah, hah! my old acquaintance, Bett!—I am glad to see thee with all my heart." So saying, he opened the coach-door, and helped her to dismount; but when he observed her face, he started back, saying, "Zounds! who have we got here?" The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried, with some emotion, "Who the devil should it be, but the prisoner, Elizabeth Cary?" The turnkey replied, "That Elizabeth Cary!—I'll be damn'd if that's Elizabeth Cary, more than my grandmother. Damn my blood, I know Bett Cary as well as if I had made her." Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble. "It may be so," answered he, "but, by God, I'll have further evidence that you are not the person, before you and I part." "Yes, yes," said she, "you shall have further evidence to your cost." Then we adjourned into the lodge, and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately. I found them together at a house in Bridges Street, Drury Lane; and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney coach, without hesitation, after I had related the circumstances of the affair, which flattered them with the hopes of seeing a bailiff trounced; for there is an antipathy as natural between the whores and bailiffs, as that subsisting between mice and cats. Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the prisoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams, and asked how long she had been nabbed, and for what? On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to swear before a justice of peace, that she was not the person mentioned in the writ, whom, it seems, they all knew; but the bailiff, who was by this time convinced of his mistake, told them that he would not put them to that trouble. "Ladies," said he, "there's no harm done; you shall give me leave to treat you with another bottle, and then we'll part friends." This proposal was not at all relished by the sisterhood; and Miss Williams told him, sure he did not imagine her such a fool, as to be satisfied with a paltry glass of sour wine. Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue. "Well," continued she, "that may be, but was it the best of champagne, it is no recompense for the damage I have suffered both in character and health, by being wrongfully dragged to jail. At this rate, no innocent person is safe, since an officer of justice, out of malice, private pique, or mistake, may injure and oppress the subject with impunity. But, thank heaven, I live under the protection of laws that will not suffer such insults to pass unpunished, and I know very well how to procure redress." Mr. Vulture (for that was the bailiff's name), finding he had to deal with one who would not be imposed upon, began to look very sullen and perplexed, and leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himself, which lasted a few minutes, and then broke out in a volley of dreadful curses against the old bitch, our landlady, as he called her, for having misinformed him. After much wrangling and swearing, the matter was referred to the decision of the turnkey, who, calling for the other bottle, mulcted the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank, coach-hire, and a couple of guineas for the use of the plaintiff. The money was immediately deposited; Miss Williams gratified the two evidences with one-half, and putting the other in her pocket, drove home with me, leaving the catchpole grumbling over his loss, yet pleased in the main, for having so cheaply got clear of a business that might have cost him ten times the sum, and his place to boot. This guinea was a very seasonable relief to us, who were reduced to great necessity, six of my shirts, and almost all my clothes, except those on my back, having been either pawned or sold for our maintenance before this happened. As we resented the behaviour of our landlady, our first care was to provide ourselves with another lodging, whither we removed the next day, with an intention to keep ourselves as retired as possible, until our cure should be completed. When we were fixed in our new habitation, I entreated her to finish the story of her life, which she pursued in this manner:—

The success of our experiment on the judge encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and my virginity was five times sold to good purpose. But this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing Cross, at two guineas per week, and began to entertain company in a public manner; but my income being too small to defray my expense, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them. Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger, and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality, and disease. How miserable is the condition of a courtezan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust! As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked downstairs with disgrace. The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support, I was fain to sell my watch,

rings, trinkets, with the best part of my clothes; and I was one evening musing by myself on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and, after drinking a hearty glass of champagne, went to bed. In the morning, when I awoke, I found my gallant had got up, and, drawing aside the curtain, could not perceive him in the room. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness; but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion, I waited a full hour for his return, and then in the greatest perplexity rose up, and rang the bell. When the waiter came to the door he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing, with great surprise, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed. I no sooner inquired for the captain, than the fellow, staring with a distracted look, cried, "How, madam! is he not abed?" And when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open. Through this the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court, and escaped, leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset-bowl, which he had carried off with him. It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice; for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate. I now concluded the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death. This reflection sunk so deep into my soul, that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends: indeed, there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for, of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions. Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish, and impiety; and heard nothing but groans, curses, and blasphemy. In the midst of this hellish crew, I was subjected to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of everything about me, even to my cap, shoes, and stockings: I was not only destitute of necessaries, but even of food; so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance, to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft; and my landlord refused to part with some of my own clothes, which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together: for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought everybody around me asleep; and fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weighed, I stood upon a chair, and making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprised and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while and suspected my design. In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes; the pain of which, co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses, and threw me into an ecstasy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement; so that they were obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing further mischief to myself and others. This fit of frenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen; but, as the desire of making away with myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable. At this critical conjuncture, a lady was brought into the prison, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio: she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme of life, and set up her coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury, where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of damsels, who lived in her house. This serviceable matron having neglected to gratify a certain justice for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the quarter sessions, in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to Bridewell. She had not been long there, before she learned my disaster, and coming up to me, after a compliment of condolence, inquired into the particulars of my fate. While we were engaged in discourse together, the master came and told me, that the fellow on whose account I had suffered, was taken; that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair; for which reason, he, the master, had orders to discharge me; and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs. Coupler (the lady then present), hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she should compromise matters with the justices. The conditions of her offer were, that I should pay three guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides for the use of such clothes and ornaments as she should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces. These were hard terms; but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her. I therefore embraced her proposal; and she being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition; and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company. This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs. Coupler, who could not bear the thought of being eclipsed; she therefore made a merit of

her envy, and whispered among the customers that I was unsound. There needed no more to ruin my reputation and blast my prosperity; everybody shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain; and, in a very short time, I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who, having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house. Though the room was crowded with people when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt. They even laughed at my tears; and one of them bade me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant, a sea-lieutenant came in, and seeing my plight, began to inquire into the circumstances of my misfortune; when this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship. "A fire-ship!" replied the sailor, "more like a poor galley in distress, that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you; if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance. Hark 'ee, my girl, how far have you over-run the constable?" I told him that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expense of the writ—"An' that be all," said he, "you shan't go to the bilboes this bout." And taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down, for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more. I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity, that, for some time, I had not power to thank him. However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and convinced him of the falsehood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me; and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

Having lost my benefacter, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails; when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me a handsome maintenance, or at worst screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract. I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my companion clubbed her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success. She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park Street, whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own. I made my first appearance in a blue riding-habit trimmed with silver; and my maid acted her part so artfully, that, in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country. This report brought a swarm of gay young fellows about me; but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crowded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune. I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible, in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose; and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes; and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials. In the interim, he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me; which request I could not refuse. I had the extreme mortification and surprise to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper, Horatio; who no sooner beheld me, than he changed colour; but had presence of mind to advance, and salute me, bidding me, with a low voice, be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me. In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber, on pretence of a severe headache, to the no small concern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Our retreat, therefore, was concerted and executed in this manner;—having packed up all our clothes and movables in small parcels, she, on pretence of fetching cordials for me, carried them, at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep. I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among tradespeople; but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attractions; till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burden of such debts as I had incurred, or should contract, from myself to another; and at the same time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable one who bore such resemblance to the wretch who ruined me; but Heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber-door unlocked, when she went to buy sugar for breakfast. The person in bed with me was a gentleman whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward, pretty much elevated with liquor; for by this time my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight in the streets, in hopes of prey. When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodging, and dwell two pair of stairs higher than before. My companion, being disappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource than to venture forth like the owls in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable subsistence. I have often sauntered between Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret in a deplorable draggled condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep. When I lighted on some rake or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment, in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, though my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with

grief and affliction. In the course of these nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the disease, that, in a short time, rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat, where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death.

So much candour and good sense appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no scruple of believing every syllable of what she said; and expressed my astonishment at the variety of miseries she had undergone in so little time; for all her misfortunes had happened within the compass of two years. I compared her situation with my own, and found it a thousand times more wretched. I had endured hardships, 'tis true; my whole life had been a series of such; and when I looked forward, the prospect was not much bettered; but then they were become habitual to me, and consequently I could bear them with less difficulty. If one scheme of life should not succeed, I could have recourse to another, and so to a third, veering about to a thousand different shifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character beyond a power of retrieving it, or subjecting myself wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, she had known and relished the sweets of prosperity; she had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her sex and rank entitled her; and, without any extravagance of hope, entertained herself with the view of uninterrupted happiness through the whole scene of life. How fatal then, how tormenting, how intolerable must her reverse of fortune be! a reverse that not only robs her of these external comforts, and plunges her into all the miseries of want, but also murders her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curse of eternal infamy! Of all professions, I pronounce that of a courtezan the most deplorable, and her of all courtezans the most unhappy. She allowed my observation to be just in the main, but at the same time affirmed, that, notwithstanding the disgraces which had fallen to her share, she had not been so unlucky in the condition of a prostitute as many others of the same community. "I have often seen," said she, "while I strolled about the streets at midnight, a number of naked wretches reduced to rags and filth, huddled together like swine, in the corner of a dark alley; some of whom, but eighteen months before, I had known the favourites of the town, rolling in affluence, and glittering in all the pomp of equipage and dress. And indeed the gradation is easily conceived. The most fashionable woman of the town is as liable to contagion as one in a much humbler sphere; she infects her admirers, her situation is public; she is avoided, neglected, unable to support her usual appearance, which however she strives to maintain as long as possible; her credit fails; she is obliged to retrench, and become a night-walker; her malady gains ground; she tampers with her constitution, and ruins it; her complexion fades; she grows nauseous to everybody; finds herself reduced to a starving condition; is tempted to pick pockets; is detected; committed to Newgate, where she remains in a miserable condition till she is discharged, because the plaintiff will not appear to prosecute her. Nobody will afford her lodgings; the symptoms of her distemper are grown outrageous; she sues to be admitted into an hospital, where she is cured at the expense of her nose; she is turned out naked into the streets, depends upon the addresses of the lowest class, is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin; degenerates into a brutal insensibility, rots and dies upon a dunghill. Miserable wretch that I am! perhaps the same horrors are decreed for me! No," cried she, after some pause, "I shall never live to such extremity of distress! my own hand shall open a way for my deliverance, before I arrive at that forlorn period!" Her condition filled me with sympathy and compassion; I revered her qualifications, looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal, and attended her with such care and success, that, in less than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-established. As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thousand different projects were formed, which, upon further canvassing, appeared impracticable. We would have gladly gone to service; but who would take us in without recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which she intended to lay hold; and this was to procure, with the first money she should earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to some village at a good distance from town, and come up in a waggon, as a fresh girl for service; by which means she might be provided for in a manner much more suitable to her inclination than her present way of life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I am reduced to great Misery—Assaulted on Tower-hill by a Press-gang, who put me on board a Tender—My usage there—My arrival on board of the Thunder Man of War, where I am put in Irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr. Thomson, who recommends me as Assistant to the Surgeon—He relates his own Story, and makes me acquainted with the Characters of the Captain, Surgeon, and First Mate.

I APPLAUDED the resolution of Miss Williams, who, a few days after, was hired in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witnessed in her behalf at the Marshalsea, and who since that time had got credit with a wine merchant, whose favourite she was, to set up a convenient house of her own. Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me with a torrent of tears, and a thousand protestations of eternal gratitude; assuring me, she would remain in this situation no longer than she should pick up money sufficient to put her other design in execution.

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for, as I crossed Tower-wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, "Yo, ho! brother, you must come along with me." As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began

to drag me along. Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and, after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bum-boat woman[1] then on board for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damn'd." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the meantime, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon, out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling," said he,—"odds my life! and that I do! and a good seaman he is, as ever stepp'd upon forecastle,—and a brave fellow as ever crack'd bisket;—none of your Guinea pigs,—nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a taut gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or alow—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman, in consequence of which connexion he expressed an inclination to serve me, and, when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined, for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having, by accident, in my pocket, my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor, whose name was Jack Rattlin, for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents, which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had writ to his landlord in Deal, he cried, "Body o' me! that was old Ben Block—he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer.—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain,—we must all come to port sooner or later—at sea, or on shore; we must be fast moored one day; death's like the best bower anchor, as the saying is, it will bring us all up." I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections, and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner: "Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough,—besides he's my commander;—but what's that to me?—I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's end.—Now the report goes, as how he's a lord, or baron knight's brother, whereby, d' ye see me, he carries a strait arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof, mayhap, they may be as good men in the main as he. Now we lying at anchor in Tuberoon bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch, and as he always kept a good look out, he made, d' ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him lousy Scotch son of a whore (for I being then sentinel in the steerage, heard all), and swab, and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a rattan, came athwart Mr. Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain that if he was not his commander he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby, in the morning watch, the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving their boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d' ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapp'd on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enow a-head before we knew anything of the matter; so that we could never after get sight of him, for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief;—for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken, would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behaviour gave me no advantageous idea of his character, and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board of the Thunder, lying

[1] A bum-boat woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies alongside the ship.

at the Nore. When we came alongside, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company, who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me, "Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? Have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another, observing my wounds, which remained exposed to the air, told me that my seams were uncaulked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice, that my bows were manned with the red ropes, instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And, in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck (for our ship carried eighty guns), in my way to the cock-pit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He, seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts, "Whoever did it, I am persuaded did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words than he cried, "Damn you, you saucy son of a bitch, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes with a supple-jack he had in his hand; and, going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me that I was immediately put in irons by the master-at-arms, and a sentinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me and administered all the consolation he could, and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the Navy Office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognise me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name, which, when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow in seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master-at-arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck, where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master-at-arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cock-pit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates; and when he had shown me their berth, as he called it, I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter, that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop, where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand. This, I learned of Mr. Thomson, was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess; then, taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board, by way of table, fastened to the after powder-room; it was also enclosed with canvas, nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters, who lodged within the cable-tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion, he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed by the appearance of everything about me, and could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr. Thomson's fortune since I had seen him in London. He told me that, being disappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious secretary at the Navy Office, he found himself utterly unable to subsist any longer in town, and had actually offered his service in quality of mate to the surgeon of a merchant's ship bound to Guinea, on the slaving trade, when one morning a young fellow, of whom he had some acquaintance, came to his lodgings, and informed him that he had seen a warrant made out in his name at the Navy Office, for surgeon's second mate of a third rate. This unexpected piece of good news he could scarcely believe to be true, more especially as he had been found qualified at Surgeons' Hall for third mate only; but, that he might not be wanting to himself, he went thither to be assured, and actually found it so. Whereupon, demanding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths administered im-

mediately. That very afternoon he went to Gravesend in the tilt-boat, from whence he took a place in the tide-coach for Rochester; next morning, got on board the Thunder, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the same day was mustered by the clerk of the cheque. And well it was for him that such expedition was used; for, in less than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomson came on board, affirming that he was the person for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impostor. My friend was grievously alarmed at this accident —the more so, as his namesake had very much the advantage over him both in assurance and dress. However, to acquit himself of the suspicion of imposture, he produced several letters, written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all present that he had not assumed a name which did not belong to him. His competitor, enraged that they should hesitate in doing him justice (for, to be sure, the warrant had been designed for him), behaved with so much indecent heat, that the commanding officer, who was the same gentleman I had seen, and the surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and, making a point of it with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station. "I have been on board," said he, "ever since, and, as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation. The surgeon is a good-natured indolent man; the first mate, who is now on shore on duty, is, indeed, a little proud and choleric, as all Welshmen are, but, in the main, a friendly honest fellow. The lieutenants I have no concern with; and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate, even by sight."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Behaviour of Mr. Morgan—His Pride, Displeasure, and Generosity—The Economy of our Mess described—Thomson's further Friendship —The Nature of my Duty explained—The Situation of the Sick.

WHILE he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cock-pit ladder pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect, "The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as plue as a pell, look you, or green as a leek, 'tis all one." To this declaration somebody answered, "So it seems my poor messmate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore-top-sail is loose already; and, besides, the doctor ordered you to overhaul him; but I see you don't mind what your master says." Here he was interrupted with, "Splunter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and pleasures? Go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell Dr. Atkins, that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you." At this, the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by God, he would be foul of them in the other world. Here Mr. Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr. Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the berth. He was a short thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles. My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case; then he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approaching the cupboard, which, when he had opened, he exclaimed in a great passion, "Got is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a christian!" Thomson then gave him to understand, that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker; and the rather as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr. Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really thought himself too little regarded by his fellow-mate, I know not, but, after some pause, he went on in this manner, "Mr. Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the good manners, and complaisance, and respect, look you, that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair. I have, in my time, look you, been a man of some weight, and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot, and the king's taxes; ay, and maintained a family to boot. And moreover, also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr. Thomson." "My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better," cried Thomson with some heat. "Got is my Saviour, and witness too," said Morgan, with great vehemence, "that I am more elder, and therefore more petter, by many years, than you." Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I interposed, and told Mr. Morgan I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate; and that rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission into some other company. But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion, as I thought, insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me; and observed, that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr. Morgan on the right key, who protested with great earnestness that he had no objection to my being received in the mess; but only complained that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. "As for a shentleman in distress," said he, shaking me by the hand, "I lofe him as I lofe my own powels; for, Got help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack." And, as I afterwards learned, in so saying, he spoke no more than what was true; for he had been once settled in a very good situation in Glamorganshire, and was ruined by being security for an acquaintance. All differences being composed, he untied his bundle, which consisted of three bunches of onions, and a great lump of Cheshire cheese,

wrapped up in a handkerchief; and, taking some biscuit from the cupboard, fell to with a keen appetite, inviting us to a share of the repast. When he had fed heartily on his homely fare, he filled a large cup, made of a cocoa-nut shell, with brandy, and drinking it off, told us, "Prandy was the pest menstruum for onion and sheese." His hunger being appeased, he began to be in better humour; and being inquisitive about my birth, no sooner understood that I was descended of a good family, than he discovered a particular good-will to me on that account, deducing his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus, king of the Britons, who was first the prisoner and afterwards the friend of Claudius Cæsar. Perceiving how much I was reduced in point of linen, he made me a present of two good ruffled shirts, which, with two more of check which I received from Mr. Thomson, enabled me to appear with decency. Meanwhile the sailor whom Mr. Morgan had sent to the doctor, brought a prescription for his messmate, which, when the Welshman had read, he got up to prepare it, and asked if the man was "Tead or alive." "Dead!" replied Jack, "if he was dead he would have no occasion for doctor's stuff. No, thank God, death han't as yet boarded him, but they have been yard arm and yard arm these three glasses." "Are his eyes open?" continued the mate. "His starboard eye," said the sailor, "is open, but fast jammed in his head; and the haulyards of his under jaw have given way." "Passion of my heart!" cried Morgan, "the man is as pad as one would desire to be! Did you feel his pulses?" To this the other replied with, "Anan!" Upon which this Cambro-Briton, with great earnestness and humanity, ordered the tar to run to his messmate, and keep him alive till he should come with the medicine, "And then," said he, "you shall, peradventure, behold what you shall see." The poor fellow, with great simplicity, ran to the place where the sick man lay, but in less than a minute returned with a woful countenance and told us his comrade had struck. Morgan, hearing this, exclaimed, "Mercy upon my salvation! why did you not stop him till I came?" "Stop him!" said the other; "I hailed him several times, but he was too far on his way, and the enemy had got possession of his close quarters; so that he did not mind me." "Well, well," said he, "we all owe Heaven a teath. Go your ways, you ragamuffin, and take an example, and a warning, look you, and repent of your misteets." So saying, he pushed the seaman out of the berth.

While he entertained us with reflections suitable to this event, we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner; and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled peas, crying "Scaldings," all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which, by the colour, I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr. Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my messmates ate heartily, advising me to follow their example, as it was banyan-day, and we could have no meat till next noon. But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion; and therefore desired to be excused, expressing a curiosity to know the meaning of banyan-day. They told me that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan-days, the reason of which they did not know; but I have since learned they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East Indies, who never taste flesh.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, showed me the different parts, described their uses, and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain an hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bedclothes, procured credit for me with the purser, for a mattress and two blankets. At seven o'clock in the evening, Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions: but when I followed him with the medicines into the sick berth or hospital, and observed the situation of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board, than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day, as well as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A disagreeable Accident happens to me in the discharge of my Office—Morgan's Nose is offended—A Dialogue between him and the Ship's Steward—Upon examination, I find more causes of complaint than one—My Hair is cut off—Morgan's Cookery—The Manner of Sleeping on Board—I am waked in the Night by a dreadful Noise.

I COULD not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as they seemed barricadoed by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation. Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters, that were ordered for some in that situation; when I saw him thrust his wig in his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat in a moment, then creep on all four under the hammocks of the sick, and, forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder, until he had done his duty. Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along, the ship happened to roll. This motion alarming me, I laid hold of the first thing that came within my grasp, with such violence, that I overturned it, and soon found by the smell that issued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the most delicious perfume. It was well for me that my nose was none of the most delicate, else I know not

how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffused itself all over the ship, to the utter discomposure of everybody who tarried on the same deck. Neither was the consequence of this disgrace confined to my sense of smelling only; for I felt my misfortunes more ways than one. That I might not, however, appear altogether disconcerted in this my first essay, I got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening indeed, but, not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck, so that I was in danger of strangulation. While I remained in this defenceless posture, one of the sick men, rendered peevish by his distemper, was so enraged at the smell I had occasioned, and the rude shock he had received from me in my elevation, that, with many bitter reproaches, he seized me by the nose, which he tweaked so unmercifully that I roared with anguish. Thomson, perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my assistance, who with much difficulty disengaged me from this situation, and hindered me from taking vengeance on the sick man, whose indisposition would not have screened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our ministry for that time, we descended to the cock-pit, my friend comforting me for what had happened with a homely proverb, which I do not choose to repeat. When we had descended half way down the ladder, Mr. Morgan, before he saw us, having intelligence by his nose of the approach of something extraordinary, cried, "Got have mercy upon my senses! I believe the enemy has poarded us in a stink-pot!" Then directing his discourse to the steward, from whom he imagined the odour proceeded, he reprimanded him severely for the freedoms he took among gentlemen of birth, and threatened to smoke him like a padger with sulphur, if he ever should presume to offend his neighbours with such smells for the future. The steward, conscious of his own innocence, replied, with some warmth, "I know of no smells but those of your own making." This repartee introduced a smart dialogue, in which the Welshman undertook to prove, that though the stench he complained of did not flow from the steward's own body, he was, nevertheless, the author of it, by serving out damaged provisions to the ship's company; and, in particular, putrified cheese, from the use of which only, he affirmed, such unsavoury steams could arise. Then he launched out into the praise of good cheese, of which he gave the analysis. He explained the different kinds of that commodity, with the methods practised to make and preserve it; and concluded with observing, that, in yielding good cheese, the county of Glamorgan might vie with Cheshire itself, and was much superior to it in the produce of goats and putter. I gathered from this conversation, that, if I entered in my present pickle, I should be no welcome guest, and therefore desired Mr. Thomson to go before, and represent my calamity; at which the first mate expressing some concern, went upon deck immediately, taking his way through the cable tire and by the main hatchway, to avoid encountering me, desiring me to clean myself as soon as possible, for he intended to regale himself with a dish of salmagundy and a pipe. Accordingly I set about this disagreeable business, and soon found that I had more causes of complaint than I at first imagined; for I perceived some guests had honoured me with their company, whose visit I did not at all think seasonable; neither did they seem inclined to leave me in a hurry, for they were in possession of my chief quarters, where they fed without reserve at the expense of my blood.—But considering it would be much easier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their settlement, than after they should be multiplied and naturalized to the soil, I took the advice of my friend, who, to prevent such misfortunes, went always close shaved, and made the boy of our mess cut off my hair, which had been growing since I left the service of Lavement; and the second mate lent me an old bob-wig, to supply the loss of that covering. This affair being ended, and everything adjusted in the best manner my circumstances would permit, the descendant of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of salt beef from the brine, cut off a slice, and mixed it with an equal quantity of onions, which seasoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and salt, he brought it into a consistence with oil and vinegar. Then tasting the dish, assured us it was the best salmagundy that he had ever made, and recommended it to our palate with such heartiness that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no sooner swallowed a mouthful than I thought my entrails were scorched, and endeavoured, with a deluge of small beer, to allay the heat it occasioned. Supper being over, Mr. Morgan having smoked a couple of pipes, and supplied the moisture he had expended with as many cans of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admonish me that it was high time to repair by sleep the injury I had suffered from want of rest the preceding night; which being perceived by my companions, whose time of repose was now arrived, they proposed we should turn in, or, in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one another on the outside of the berth, were immediately unlashed, and I beheld my messmates spring with great agility into their respective nests, where they seemed to lie concealed, very much at their ease. But it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to trust my carcass at such a distance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which I imagined I should be apt, on the least motion in my sleep, to tumble down at the hazard of breaking my bones. I suffered myself, however, to be persuaded, and, taking a leap to get in, threw myself quite over with such violence that, had I not luckily got hold of Thomson's hammock, I should have pitched upon my head on the other side, and in all likelihood fractured my skull. After some fruitless efforts I succeeded at last; but the apprehension of the jeopardy in which I believed myself withstood all the attacks of sleep, till towards the morning watch, when, in spite of my fears, I was overpowered with slumber, though I did not long enjoy this comfortable situation; being aroused with a noise so loud and shrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burst by it. This was followed by a dreadful summons pronounced by a hoarse voice, which I could not understand. While I was debating with myself whether or not I should wake my companion, and inquire into the occasion of this disturbance, I was informed by one of the quarter-masters, who passed by me with a lantern in his land, that the noise that alarmed me was occasioned by the boatswain's mates, who called up the larboard watch, and that I must

lay my account with such interruption every morning at the same hour. Being now more assured of my safety, I addressed myself again to rest, and slept till eight o'clock, when rising, and breakfasting with my comrades on biscuit and brandy, the sick were visited and assisted as before; after which visitation my good friend Thomson explained and performed another piece of duty, to which I was a stranger. At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the mess went round all the decks, ringing a small hand-bell, and, in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended, with applications to dress them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I acquire the friendship of the Surgeon, who procures a Warrant for me, and makes me a present of Clothes—A Battle between a Midshipman and me—The Surgeon leaves the Ship—The Captain comes on board with another Surgeon—A Dialogue between the Captain and Morgan—The Sick are ordered to be brought upon the Quarter-deck and examined—The Consequences of that Order—A Madman accuses Morgan, and is set at Liberty by command of the Captain, whom he instantly attacks and pommels without mercy.

WHILE I was busied with my friend in this practice, the doctor chanced to pass by the place where we were, and, stopping to observe me, appeared very well satisfied with my method of application; and afterwards sent for me to his cabin, where, having examined me touching my skill in surgery, and the particulars of my fortune, he interested himself so far in my behalf, as to promise his assistance in procuring a warrant for me, seeing I had been already found qualified at Surgeons' Hall for the station I filled on board; and in this good office he the more cordially engaged, when he understood I was nephew to Lieutenant Bowling, for whom he expressed a particular regard. In the meantime, I could learn from his discourse, that he did not intend to go to sea again with Captain Oakum, having, as he thought, been indifferently used by him during the last voyage.

While I lived tolerably easy, in expectation of preferment, I was not altogether without mortifications, which I not only suffered from the rude insults of the sailors and petty officers, among whom I was known by the name of *Loblolly Boy*, but also from the disposition of Morgan, who, though friendly in the main, was often very troublesome with his pride, which expected a good deal of submission from me, and delighted in recapitulating the favours which I had received at his hands.

About six weeks after my arrival on board, the surgeon bidding me follow him into his cabin, presented a warrant to me, by which I was appointed surgeon's third mate on board the Thunder. This he had procured by his interest at the Navy Office; as also another for himself, by virtue of which he was removed into a second rate. I acknowledged his kindness in the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest, and professed my sorrow at the prospect of losing so valuable a friend, to whom I hoped to have recommended myself still further by my respectful and diligent behaviour. But his generosity did not stop here; for, before he left the ship, he made me a present of a chest and some clothes, that enabled me to support the rank to which he had raised me. I found my spirit revive with my good fortune; and, now I was an officer, resolved to maintain the dignity of my station, against all opposition or affronts. Nor was it long before I had occasion to exert my resolution. My old enemy the midshipman, whose name was Crampley, entertaining an implacable animosity against me for the disgrace he had suffered on my account, had since that time taken all opportunities of reviling and ridiculing me, when I was not entitled to retort this bad usage. And even after I had been rated on the books and mustered as surgeon's mate, he did not think fit to restrain his insolence. In particular, being one day present while I dressed a wound in a sailor's leg, he began to sing a song which I thought highly injurious to the honour of my country, and therefore signified my resentment by observing that the Scots always laid their account with finding enemies among the ignorant, insignificant, and malicious. This unexpected piece of assurance enraged him to such a degree, that he lent me a blow on the face, which I verily thought had demolished my cheek-bone; I was not slow in returning the obligation, and the affair began to be very serious, when by accident Mr. Morgan and one of the master's mates, coming that way, interposed, and inquiring into the cause, endeavoured to promote a reconciliation; but finding us both exasperated to the uttermost, and bent against accommodation, they advised us either to leave our difference undecided till we should have an opportunity of terminating it on shore, like gentlemen, or else choose a proper place on board, and bring it to an issue by boxing. This last expedient was greedily embraced by us both; and being forthwith conducted to the ground proposed, we stripped in a moment, and began a very furious contest, in which I soon found myself inferior to my antagonist, not so much in strength and agility, as in skill, which he had acquired in the school of Hockley in the Hole and Tottenham Court. Many cross-buttocks did I sustain, and pegs on the stomach without number, till at last my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour wasted, I grew desperate, and collecting all my strength in one effort, threw in at once, head, hands, and feet, with such violence, that I drove my antagonist three paces backward into the main hatchway, down which he fell, and, pitching upon his head and right shoulder, remained without sense and motion. Morgan, looking down and seeing him lie in that condition, cried, "Upon my conscience, as I am a Christian sinner, look you, I believe his pattles are all ofer; but I take you all to witness that there was no treachery in the case, and that he has suffered by the chance of war." So saying, he descended to the deck below, to examine into the situation of my adversary; and left me very little pleased with my victory, as I found myself not only terribly bruised, but likewise in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley. But this fear vanished when my fellow-mate, having, by bleeding him in the jugular, brought him to himself, and inquired into the state of his body, called up to me to be under no concern, for the midshipman had received no other damage than as pretty a luxation of the *os humeri* as one would desire to see on a summer's day. Upon this information, I crawled down to the cock-pit, and acquainted Thomson with the affair, who, providing himself with bandages, etc.,

necessary for the occasion, went up to assist Mr. Morgan in the reduction of the dislocation. When this was successfully performed, they wished me joy of the event of the combat: and the Welshman, after observing that, in all likelihood, the ancient Scots and Britons were the same people, bade me "praise Got for putting mettle in my pelly, and strength in my limbs to support it." I acquired such reputation by this rencontre (which lasted twenty minutes), that everybody became more cautious in behaviour towards me; though Crampley, with his arm in a sling, talked very high, and threatened to seize the first opportunity of retrieving on shore the honour he had lost by an accident, from which I could justly claim no merit.

About this time, Captain Oakum, having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Doctor Atkins; for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick-list, which when this grim commander had perused, he cried, with a stern countenance, "Blood and oons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Harkee, you sir, I'll have no sick in my ship, by God." The Welshman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board; but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list. "You and your list may be damn'd," said the captain, throwing it at him; "I say, there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her." Mr. Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation; and stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in, "Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage, look you, and peradventure I am moreover—" Here his harangue was broke off by the captain's steward, who, being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree; and this would certainly have been the case, for the indignant Welshman could hardly be hindered, by his friend's arguments and entreaties, from re-entering the presence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakum to his teeth. He was, however, appeased at length, and came down to the berth, where, finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bade us leave off our labour and go to play, for the captain, by his sole word, and power, and command, had driven sickness a-pegging to the tevil, and there was no more malady on board. So saying, he drank off a gill of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of "Got bless my heart, liver, and lungs!" and then began to sing a Welsh song with great earnestness of visage, voice, and gesture. I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phenomenon, and saw by the looks of Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader's brains were unsettled. He perceiving our amazement, told us he would explain the mystery; but, at the same time, bade us take notice that he had lived poy, patchelor, married man, and widower, almost forty years, and in all that time there was no man nor mother's son in the whole world who durst use him so ill as Captain Oagum had done. Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related it; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick-list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed. This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but, as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of bitches, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each, as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognisance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much, that he could hardly stand. Mr. Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gang-way immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick; but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropped down on the deck, and had well-nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered laboured under a quartan ague, and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain; but being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the forecastle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch and spitting of blood; for which Doctor Mackshane prescribed exercise at the pump, to promote expectoration; but whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not; for in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs. A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy, that invaded his chest so much, he could scarce fetch his breath; but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration, and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately; it was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity; the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with a cat-o'-nine-tails: the smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttock shrouds; but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat

alongside, saved his life, by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle. It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the sick was reduced to less than a dozen; and the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released; affirming, he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr. Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welshman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately; upon which Morgan protested with great fervency that the person in question was as mad as a March-hare; and begged for the love of Got they would at least keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mischief. This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted upon his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that everybody present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances; for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well-nigh been murdered for his pains. This was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down and almost strangled. To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's, and was suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board that Mr. Morgan's wife kept a gin-shop in Rag-Fair. This anecdote produced a laugh at the expense of the Welshman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows, it is an arrant falsehood." Captain Oakum, without any further hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the same time threatening to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite. But the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen-shrouds, crying to Thomson and me to get out of his reach, for we should see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac, as soon as he was released, fly at the captain like a fury, crying, "I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel," and pommel him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the assistance of his patron, shared the same fate, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Captain, enraged, threatens to put the Madman to death with his own hand—Is diverted from that Resolution by the Arguments and Persuasions of the first Lieutenant and Surgeon—We set sail for St. Helen's, join the Fleet under the command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, and proceed for the West Indies—Are overtaken by a terrible Tempest—My friend Jack Rattlin has his Leg broke by a Fall from the Main-yard—The Behaviour of Dr. Mackshane—Jack opposes the Amputation of his Limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the Cure, and perform it successfully.

THE captain was carried into his cabin, so enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the pleasure of pistoling him with his own hand; and would certainly have satisfied his revenge in this manner, had not the first lieutenant remonstrated against it, by observing, that, in all appearance, the fellow was not mad but desperate; that he had been hired by some enemy of the captain to assassinate him, and therefore ought to be kept in irons till he could be brought to a court-martial, which, no doubt, would sift the affair to the bottom, by which means important discoveries might be made, and then sentence the criminal to a death adequate to his demerits. This suggestion, improbable as it was, had the desired effect upon the captain, being exactly calculated for the meridian of his intellects; more especially as Doctor Mackshane espoused this opinion, in consequence of his previous declaration that the man was not mad. Morgan finding there was no more damage done, could not help discovering, by his countenance, the pleasure he enjoyed on this occasion; and while he bathed the doctor's face with an embrocation, ventured to ask him, whether he thought there were more fools or madmen on board? But he would have been wiser in containing this sally, which his patient carefully laid up in his memory, to be taken notice of at a more fit season. Meanwhile, we weighed anchor, and on our way to the Downs, the madman, who was treated as a prisoner, took an opportunity, while the sentinel attended him at the head, to leap overboard, and frustrate the revenge of the captain. We stayed not long at the Downs, but took the benefit of the first easterly wind to go round to Spithead; where having received on board provisions for six months, we sailed from St. Helen's in the grand fleet bound for the West Indies, on the ever-memorable expedition of Carthagena.

It was not without great mortification I saw myself on the point of being transported to such a distant and unhealthy climate, destitute of every convenience that could render such a voyage supportable; and under the dominion of an arbitrary tyrant, whose command was almost intolerable. However, as these complaints were common to a great many on board, I resolved to submit patiently to my fate, and contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow. We got out of the Channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard. But this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main-top sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a

most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the deck above, the cracking of cabins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain-pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, "Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the damn'd!" while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to Heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welshman, with whom (after having fortified ourselves with brandy) I went above; but if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our top-mast head, and threatened, by dashing together, to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled overboard with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hallooing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails, that were split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters! While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin was thrown down upon the deck, at the expense of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin. As this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared. I entered his apartment without any ceremony, and by the glimmering of a lamp perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembled a crucifix; but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which indeed assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Dr. Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome. Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned, I suppose, by his being disturbed in his devotion, and in a trice snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight.

After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck, where he lay. He bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cock-pit, and in the meantime, said he, I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings. When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck, whither Mr. Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson, with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding, from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately. This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who, recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced, with a woful countenance, "What! is there no remedy, doctor?—must I be dock'd?—can't you splice it?" "Assuredly, Doctor Mackshane," said the first mate, "with submission, and deference, and veneration to your superior abilities, and opportunities, and stations, look you, I do apprehend, and conjecture, and aver, that there is no occasion nor necessity to smite off this poor man's leg." "God Almighty bless you, dear Welshman!" cried Rattlin, "may you have fair wind and weather wheresoever you're bound, and come to an anchor in the Road of Heaven at last." Mackshane, very much incensed at his mate's differing in opinion from him so openly, answered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him; and, in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tourniquet; at the sight of which, Jack, starting up, cried, "Avast, avast, damn my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore! Mr. Random, won't you lend a hand towards saving my precious limb? Odds heart, if Lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk." This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion, and affirm that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, and common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too; but he, being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who, by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner as to screen himself from censure, and at the same time revenge himself on us for our arrogance in contradicting him. With this view he asked if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril—that is, be answerable for the consequence. To this question Morgan replied that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of Got alone; and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance; but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a favourable issue, to which, at present, we saw no obstruction. I signified my concurrence; and Rattlin was so overjoyed, that, shaking us both by the hands, he swore nobody else should touch him, and if he died, his blood should be upon his own head.

Mr. Mackshane, flattering himself with the prospect of our miscarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we should think proper. Accordingly, having sawed off part of the splinter that stuck through the skin, we reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eight-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box, *secundum artem*. Everything succeeded according to our wish, and we had the satisfaction of not only preserving the poor fellow's leg, but likewise of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ship's company, who had all their eyes on us during the course of this cure, which was completed in six weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mackshane's Malice—I am taken up and imprisoned for a Spy—Morgan meets with the same Fate—Thomson is tampered with to turn Evidence against us—Disdains the Proposal, and is maltreated for his Integrity—Morgan is released to assist the Surgeon during an Engagement with some French Ships of War—I remain fettered on the Poop, exposed to the Enemy's Shot, and grow delirious with Fear—Am comforted after the Battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the Captain; is overheard by the Sentinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned—Thomson grows desperate, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes overboard in the night.

In the meantime the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welshman and me. He went among the sick, under pretence of inquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice; but finding himself frustrated in that expectation, by the good-will we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation, by hiding himself behind the canvas that surrounded our berth. Here, too, he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour; and one night, while we were picking a large bone of salt beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing; upon which I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying, "Whoever you are, take that for your curiosity." It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabin. I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mackshane from that time marking me out for destruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner, and carried to the poop by the master-at-arms, where I was loaded with irons, and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain's life. How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shown to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of the charge. I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I sent for Thomson, who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested, and all my papers seized. While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine. Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his feet to be enclosed in the rings provided for that purpose; but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, he grew outrageous, and drawing a large couteau from his side-pocket, threatened to rip up the belly of the first man that should approach him, in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner. They were preparing to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me "put my trust in Got;" and looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company. But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate; him he excepted, to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us. With this view he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harassed him so much out of spite, that, in a short time, this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chase: hereupon everything was cleared for an engagement; and Mackshane, foreseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle. It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chase, which we hailed, and inquired who they were: they gave us to understand they were French men-of-war, upon which Captain Oakum commanded them to send their boat on board of him, but they refused, telling him if he had any business with them to come on board of their ship; he then threatened to pour in a broadside upon them, which they promised to return. Both sides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury. The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea-fight, expecting every moment to be cut asunder, or dashed in pieces by the enemy's shot! I endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me; but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another, I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine; however, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of the marines, who stood near me, being shot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well-nigh blinded with brains.

I could contain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs, when a drummer coming towards me, asked if I was wounded? and before I could answer, received a great shot in his belly, which tore out his entrails, and he fell flat on my breast. This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion; I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle, and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic; I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till, my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet and insensible of the load that oppressed me. The engagement lasted till broad day, when Captain Oakum, finding that he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours, and hailing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards, and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board the French commodore. Our loss amounted to ten killed and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died. My fellow-mates had no sooner despatched their business in the cock-pit than, full of friendly concern, they came to visit me. Morgan ascending first, and seeing my face almost covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world, and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bade him come up and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a petter place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakums to asperse and torment him. "No," said he, taking me by the hand, "you are going to a country where there is more respect shown to unfortunate shentlemen, and where you will have the satisfaction of peholding your adversaries tossing upon pillows of purning primstone." Thomson, alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, inquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time I had recollected myself so far as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery; but our discourse being overheard by the sentinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received. The effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master-at-arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station, and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his tongue, if he did not choose to accompany us in our confinement. Thomson, foreseeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether than be much longer under the power of such barbarians. I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints by representing the subject of my own, with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which, I hoped, was not far off, considering that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welshman joined in my remonstrance, and was at great pains to demonstrate that it was every man's duty, as well as interest, to resign himself to the Divine will, and look upon himself as a sentinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved. Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply. About eleven at night he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and in recompense had been grossly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us in a design of taking away his life, and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand, with an uncommon fervour, cried, "God bless you both," and left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make a deep impression on us.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and, after strict search, supposed to have gone overboard in the night; and this was certainly the case.

CHAPTER XXX.

We lament the Fate of our Companion—The Captain offers Morgan his Liberty, which he refuses to accept—We are brought before him and examined—Morgan is sent back into Custody, whither also I am remanded, after a curious Trial.

THE news of this event affected my fellow-prisoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had justly acquired, by his amiable disposition, the love and esteem of us both; and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occasion of it. This abandoned miscreant did not discover the least symptom of concern for Thomson's death, although he must have been conscious to himself of having driven him by ill usage to that fatal resolution, but desired the captain to set Morgan at liberty again, to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was sent up to unfetter him, but he protested he would not be released until he should know for what he was confined, nor would he be a tennis-ball, nor a shuttlecock, nor a drudge, nor a scullion, to any captain under the sun. Oakum, finding him obstinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exercise his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to show some appearance of justice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he sat in state, with his clerk on one side, and his counsellor, Mackshane, on the other. When we approached, he honoured us with this salutation: "So, gentlemen, damn my blood! many a captain in the navy would have ordered you both to be tucked up to the yard's arm without either judge or jury, for the crimes you have been guilty of; but, damn my blood! I have too much good nature in allowing such dogs as you to make your defence." "Captain Oakum," said my fellow-sufferer, "certainly it is in your power

(Got help the while) to tuck us all up at your will, and desire, and pleasures. And perhaps it would be petter for some of us to be tucked up than undergo the miseries to which we have been exposed. So may the farmer hang his kids for his diversion, and amusement, and mirth; but there is such a thing as justice, if not upon earth, surely in heaven, that will punish with fire and primstone all those who take away the lives of innocent people out of wantonness and parparity, look you. In the meantime, I shall be glad to know the crimes laid to my charge, and see the person who accuses me." "That you shall," said the captain; "here, doctor, what have you to say?" Mackshane stepping forward, hemmed a good while, in order to clear his throat, and, before he began, Morgan accosted him thus: "Doctor Mackshane, look in my face—look in the face of an honest man, who abhors a false witness as he abhors the tevil, and Got be judge between you and me." The doctor, not minding this conjuration, made the following speech, as near as I can remember: "I'll tell you what, Mr. Morgan, to be sure what you say is just, in regard to an honest man, and if so be it appears as how you are an honest man, then it is my opinion that you deserve to be acquitted in relation to that there affair; for I tell you what, Captain Oakum is resolved for to do everybody justice. As for my own part, all that I have to allege is, that I have been informed you have spoken disrespectful words against your captain, who, to be sure, is the most honourable and generous commander in the king's service, without disparagement or exception of man, woman, or child." Having uttered this elegant harangue, on which he seemed to plume himself, Morgan replied, "I do partly guess, and conceive, and understand your meaning, which I wish could be more explicit; but, however, I do suppose I am not to be condemned upon bare hearsay; or if I am convicted of speaking disrespectfully of Captain Oakum, I hope there is no treason in my words." "But there's mutiny, by God, and that's death by the articles of war," cried Oakum. "In the meantime, let the witnesses be called." Hereupon Mackshane's servant appeared, and the boy of our mess, whom they had seduced and tutored for the purpose. The first declared that Morgan, as he descended the cock-pit ladder one day, cursed the captain, and called him a savage beast, saying he ought to to be hunted down as an enemy to mankind. "This," said the clerk, "is a strong presumption of a design formed against the captain's life. For why? It presupposes malice aforethought, and a criminal intention *à priori*." "Right," said the captain to this miserable grub, who had been an attorney's boy, "you shall have law enough; here's Cook and Littlejohn for it." This evidence was confirmed by the boy, who affirmed he heard the first mate say that the captain had no more bowels than a bear, and the surgeon had no more brains than an ass. Then the sentinel, who heard our discourse on the poop, was examined, and informed the court that the Welshman assured me Captain Oakum and Doctor Mackshane would toss upon billows of burning brimstone in hell for their barbarity. The clerk observed that there was an evident prejudication, which confirmed the former suspicion of a conspiracy against the life of Captain Oakum; for, because, how could Morgan so positively pronounce that the captain and surgeon would be damn'd, unless he had an intention to make away with them before they could have time to repent? This sage explanation had great weight with our noble commander, who exclaimed, "What have you to say to this, Taffy? you seem to be taken all aback, brother, ha!" Morgan was too much of a gentleman to disown the text, although he absolutely denied the truth of the comment. Upon which the captain, strutting up to him with a ferocious countenance, said, "So, Mr. son of a bitch, you confess you honoured me with the names of bear and beast, and pronounced my damnation? Damn my heart! I have a good mind to have you brought to a court-martial, and hanged, you dog." Here Mackshane, having occasion for an assistant, interposed, and begged the captain to pardon Mr. Morgan, with his wonted goodness, upon condition that he, the delinquent, should make such submission as the nature of the misdemeanour demanded. Upon which the Cambro-Briton, who on this occasion would have made no submission to the Great Mogul, surrounded with his guards, thanked the doctor for his mediation, and acknowledged himself in the wrong for calling the image of Got a peast; "but," said he, "I spoke by metaphor, and parable, and comparison, and types; as we signify meekness by a lamb, lechery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox, so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tiger; therefore I made use of these similes to express my sentiments, look you, and what I said before Got I will not unsay before man or peast neither." Oakum was so provoked at this insolence, as he termed it, that he ordered him forthwith to be carried to the place of his confinement, and his clerk to proceed on the examination of me. The first question put to me was touching the place of my nativity, which I declared to be the north of Scotland. "The north of Ireland, more like," cried the captain; "but we shall bring you up presently." He then asked what religion I professed; and when I answered, "The Protestant," swore I was as arrant a Roman as ever went to mass. "Come, come, clerk," continued he, "catechise him a little on this subject." But before I relate the particulars of the clerk's inquiries, it will not be amiss to inform the reader that our commander himself was an Hibernian, and, if not shrewdly belied, a Roman Catholic to boot. "You say you are a Protestant," said the clerk; "make the sign of the cross with your fingers—so; and swear upon it to that affirmation." When I was about to perform this ceremony, the captain cried, with some emotion, "No, no, damn me! I'll have no profanation, neither. But go on with your interrogations." "Well, then," proceeded my examiner, "how many sacraments are there?" To which I replied, "Two." "What are they?" said he. I answered, "Baptism and the Lord's Supper." "And so you would explode confirmation and marriage altogether?" said Oakum; "I thought this fellow was a rank Roman." The clerk, though he was bred under an attorney, could not refrain from blushing at this blunder, which he endeavoured to conceal, by observing that these decoys would not do with me, who seemed to be an old offender. He went on with asking if I believed in transubstantiation; but I treated the notion of a real presence with such disrespect, that his patron was scandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot. Whereupon this miserable pettifogger told me, there was great reason to suspect me of being a spy on board; and that I had entered into a conspiracy with Thomson, and others not yet detected, against the life of Captain Oakum: which accusation they pretended to support by the evidence of our boy, who declared he had often heard the deceased Thomson and me whispering together, and could distinguish the words

"Oakum, rascal, poison, pistol." By which expressions it appeared we did intend to use sinister means to accomplish his destruction; that the death of Thomson seemed to confirm this conjecture; who, either feeling the stings of remorse, for being engaged in such a horrid confederacy, or fearing a discovery, by which he must have infallibly suffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own existence. But what established the truth of the whole was a book in cipher, found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his chest after his disappearance. This, he observed, was a presumption very near proof positive, and would determine any jury in Christendom to find me guilty. In my own defence, I alleged that I had been dragged on board at first very much against my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of some people now in the ship, consequently could have no design of becoming spy at that time; and ever since had been entirely out of the reach of any correspondence that could justly entail that suspicion upon me. As for conspiring against my captain's life, it could not be supposed that any man in his right wits would harbour the least thought of such an undertaking, which he could not possibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himself, even if he had all the inclination in the world. That, allowing the boy's evidence to be true (which I affirmed was false and malicious), nothing conclusive could be gathered from a few incoherent words. Neither was the fate of Mr. Thomson a circumstance more favourable for the charge; for I had in my pocket a letter which too well explained that mystery, in a very different manner from that which was supposed. With these words I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomson disappeared, and told me it was committed to his care by the deceased, who made him promise not to deliver it sooner. The clerk, taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents, which were these:—

"Dear Friend.—I am so much oppressed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous usage of Doctor Mackshane, who is bent on your destruction as well as mine, that I am resolved to free myself from this miserable life, and before you receive this, shall be no more. I could have wished to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I shall forfeit by the last act of my life; but if you cannot acquit me, I know you will at least preserve some regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you. I recommend it to you to beware of Mackshane, whose revenge is implacable. I wish all prosperity to you and Mr. Morgan, to whom pray offer my last respects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman, William Thomson."

This letter was no sooner read, than Mackshane, in a transport of rage, snatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces, saying it was a villanous forgery, contrived and executed by myself. The captain and clerk declared themselves of the same opinion, although I insisted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomson which they had in their possession; and I was ordered to answer the last article of my accusation, namely, the book of ciphers found among my papers. "That is easily done," said I; "what you are pleased to call ciphers are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of everything remarkable that has occurred to my observation, since the beginning of the voyage till the day on which I was put in irons; and the same method was practised by Mr. Thomson, who copied mine." "A very likely story!" cried Mackshane; "what occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote? But what d'ye talk of Greek characters? D'ye think I am so ignorant of the Greek language as not to distinguish its letters from these, which are no more Greek than Chinese? No, no, I will not give up my knowledge of the Greek for you, nor none that ever came from your country." So saying, with an unparalleled effrontery, he repeated some gibberish, which by the sound seemed to be Irish, and made it pass for Greek with the captain, who, looking at me with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed, "Ah! ah! have you caught a Tartar?" I could not help smiling at the consummate assurance of this Hibernian, and offered to refer the dispute to anybody on board who understood the Greek alphabet. Upon which Morgan was brought back, and being made acquainted with the affair, took the book and read a whole page in English without hesitation, deciding the controversy in my favour. The doctor was so far from being out of countenance at this detection, that he affirmed Morgan was in the secret, and repeated from his own invention. Oakum said, "Ay, ay, I see they are both in a story;" and dismissed my fellow-mate to his cock-loft, although I proposed that he and I should read and translate separately any chapter or verse in the Greek Testament in his possession, by which it would appear whether we or the surgeon spoke truth. Not being endued with eloquence enough to convince the captain that there could be no juggle nor confederacy in this expedient, I begged to be examined by some unconcerned person on board who understood Greek. Accordingly, the whole ship's company, officers and all, were called upon deck, among whom it was proclaimed, that if any of them could speak Greek, he or they so qualified should ascend the quarter-deck immediately. After some pause, two fore-mast men came up, and professed their skill in that language, which, they said, they acquired during several voyages to the Levant, among the Greeks of the Morea. The captain exulted much in this declaration, and put my journal-book into the hands of one of them, who candidly owned he could neither read nor write: the other acknowledged the same degree of ignorance, but pretended to speak the Greek lingo with any man on board; and addressing himself to me, pronounced some sentences of a barbarous corrupted language, which I did not understand. I asserted that the modern Greek was as different from that spoke and written by the ancients, as the English used now from the old Saxon spoke in the time of Hengist; and as I had only learned the true original tongue, in which Homer, Pindar, the Evangelists, and other great men of antiquity wrote, it could not be supposed that I should know anything of an imperfect Gothic dialect that rose on the ruins of the former, and scarce retained any traces of the old expression. But if Doctor Mackshane, who pretended to be master of the Greek language, could maintain a conversation with these seamen, I would retract what I had said, and be content to suffer any punishment he should think proper to inflict. I had no sooner uttered these words, than the surgeon, knowing one of these fellows to be his countryman, accosted him in Irish, and was answered in the same brogue. Then a dialogue ensued between them, which they affirmed to be in Greek, after having secured the secrecy of the other tar, who had his cue in the language of the Morea from his companion, before they could venture to assert such an intrepid falsehood.

"I thought," said Oakum, "we should discover the imposture at last. Let the rascal be carried back to his confinement. I find he must dangle." Having nothing further to urge in my own behalf, before a court so prejudiced with spite, and fortified with ignorance against truth, I suffered myself to be reconducted peaceably to my fellow-prisoner, who, hearing the particulars of my trial, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and uttered a dreadful groan; and not daring to disburden his thoughts to me by speech, lest he might be overheard by the sentinel, burst forth into a Welsh song, which he accompanied with a thousand contortions of face and violent gestures of body.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I discover a Subornation against me, by means of a Quarrel between two of the Evidences; in consequence of which I am set at Liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his Freedom on the same Terms—Mackshane's Malice—We arrive at Jamaica, from whence, in a short Time, we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West India Squadron—We take in Water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena—Reflections on our Conduct there.

MEANWHILE, a quarrel happening between the two modern Greeks, the one, to be revenged of the other, came and discovered to us the mystery of Mackshane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This detection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was sensible that, now we were in sight of Jamaica, we should have an opportunity of clearing ourselves before a court-martial, and, at the same time, of making his malice and ignorance conspicuous, he interceded for us with the captain so effectually, that, in a few hours, we were set at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty. This was a happy event for me, my whole body being blistered by the sun, and my limbs benumbed by want of motion. But I could scarce persuade the Welshman to accept of this indulgence, he persisting in his obstinacy to remain in irons until he should be discharged by a court-martial, which he believed would also do him justice on his enemies. At length I represented to him the precarious issue of a trial, the power and interest of his adversaries, and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his resentment with his own hands upon Mackshane after our return to England. This last argument had more weight with him than all the rest, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cock-pit, which I no sooner entered than the idea of my departed friend presented itself to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears. We discharged from our mess the boy who acted so perfidiously, notwithstanding his tears, entreaties, and professions of penitence for what he had done; but not before he had confessed that the surgeon had bribed him to give evidence against us, with a pair of stockings and a couple of old check shirts, of which his servant had since plundered him.

The keys of our chests and lockers being sent to us by the doctor, we detained the messenger until we had examined the contents; and my fellow-mate finding all his Cheshire cheese consumed to a crust, his brandy exhausted, and his onions gone, was seized with a fit of choler, which he discharged on Mackshane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to prosecute him as a thief. The fellow swore in his turn that he never had the keys in his possession till that time, when he received them from his master with orders to deliver them to us. "As Got is my judge," cried Morgan, "and my salfation, and my witness, whosoever has pilfered my provisions, is a lousy, peggarly, rascally knave! and by the soul of my grandsire! I will impeach, and accuse, and indict him of a roppery, if I did but know who he is." —Had this misfortune happened at sea, where we could not repair the loss, in all probability this descendant of Caractacus would have lost his wits entirely; but, when I observed how easy it would be to remedy this paltry mischance, he became more calm, and reconciled himself to the occasion. A little while after this transport, the surgeon came into the berth, under pretence of taking something out of the medicine chest, and with a smiling aspect wished us joy of our deliverance, which, he said, he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very justly incensed at our behaviour; but he (the doctor) had passed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we should give him no cause to repent of his kindness. He expected, no doubt, an acknowledgment from us for this pretended piece of service, as well as a general amnesty of what was past; but he had to do with people who were not quite so apt to forgive injuries as he imagined, or to forget that, if our deliverance was owing to his mediation, our calamity was occasioned by his malice. I therefore sat silent, while my companion answered, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows the heart—there is a time for all things, as the wise man saith, there is a time for throwing away stones, and a time to gather them up again." He seemed to be disconcerted at this reply, and went away in a pet, muttering something about "ingratitude" and "fellows," of which we did not think fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined another that waited for us, lay at anchor about a month in the harbour at Port Royal in Jamaica, during which time something of consequence was certainly transacted; notwithstanding the insinuations of some who affirmed we had no business at all in that place; that, in order to take the advantage of the season proper for our enterprise, the West India squadron, which had previous notice of our coming, ought to have joined us at the west end of Hispaniola, with necessary stores and refreshments, from whence we could have sailed directly for Carthagena, before the enemy could put themselves in a good posture of defence, or, indeed, have any inkling of our design. Be this as it will, we sailed from Jamaica, and, in ten days or a fortnight, beat up against the wind as far as the Isle of Vache, with an intention, as was said, to attack the French fleet, then supposed to be lying near that place; but, before we arrived, they had sailed for Europe, having first despatched an advice-boat to Carthagena, with an account of our being in those seas, as also of our strength and destination. We loitered here some days longer, taking in wood, and brackish water, in the use whereof, however, our admiral seemed to consult the health of the men, by restricting each to a quart a day. At length we set sail, and arrived in a bay to the windward of Carthagena, where we came to an anchor, and lay at our ease ten days longer. Here again certain malicious people take occasion to blame the conduct of their superiors, by saying, that in so doing, they not only unprofitably wasted time, which was very precious, considering the approach of the rainy season, but also allowed the Spaniards to recollect themselves from a terror occasioned by

the approach of an English fleet, at least three times as numerous as ever appeared in that part of the world before. But, if I might be allowed to give my opinion of the matter, I would ascribe this delay to the generosity of our chiefs, who scorned to take any advantage that fortune might give them, even over an enemy. At last, however, we weighed, and anchored again somewhat nearer the harbour's mouth, where we made shift to land our marines, who encamped on the beach in despite of the enemy's shot, which knocked a good many of them on the head. This piece of conduct, in choosing a camp under the walls of an enemy's fortification, which, I believe, never happened before, was practised, I presume, with a view of accustoming the soldiers to stand fire, who were not as yet much used to discipline, most of them having been taken from the plough-tail a few months before. This expedient again has furnished matters for censure against the ministry, for sending a few raw recruits on such an important enterprise, while so many veteran regiments lay inactive at home. But surely our governors had their reasons for so doing, which possibly may be disclosed with other secrets of the deep. Perhaps they were loth to risk their best troops on such desperate service; or the colonels and field-officers of the old corps, who, generally speaking, enjoyed their commissions as sinecures or pensions, for some domestic services rendered to the court, refused to embark in such a dangerous and precarious undertaking; for which refusal, no doubt, they are much to be commended.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Our Land Forces being disembarked, erect a Fascine Battery—Our Ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the Fort of Boca Chica—Mackshane's Cowardice—The Chaplain's frenzy—Honest Rattlin loses one Hand—His Heroism, and reflections on the Battle—Crampley's behaviour to me during the heat of the Fight.

Our forces, being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about erecting a fascine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in something more than three weeks it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined, in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four cohorns, should ply it on the other.

Accordingly the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before to make everything clear for that purpose; and in so doing, a difference happened between Captain Oakum and his well-beloved cousin and counsellor Mackshane, which had well-nigh terminated in an open rupture. The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cock-pit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of the ship, by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers; and therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded in the after-hold, where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above. The captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion; or, if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cock-pit for that purpose. Fear rendering Mackshane obstinate, he persisted in his demand, and showed his instructions, by which it was authorized. The captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea; nevertheless, he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it; but, before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to trust his carcass in the cock-pit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and, in less than half an hour, came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica, with a spring upon our cable; and the cannonading (which indeed was terrible!) began. The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us in quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welshman and I sat upon a chest looking at one another with great discomposure, scarce able to refrain from the like prostration. And, that the reader may know it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astounded us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, beside a mortar and small arms, in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St. Joseph, twenty in two fascine batteries, and four men-of-war, mounting sixty-four guns each. This was answered by our land battery, mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty-four cohorns, and five great ships of eighty or seventy guns, that fired without intermission. We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cock-pit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth, without speaking a word. Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried out, "As I shall answer now, the man is as tead as my great-grandfather."—"Dead!" said his comrade, "he may be dead now, for aught I know, but I'll be damn'd if he was not alive when I took him up."—So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it overboard.—"Damn the body!" said he; "I think 'tis fair enough if I take care of my own." My fellow-mate, snatching up the amputation-knife, pursued him half-way up the cock-pit ladder, crying, "You lousy rascal, is this the churchyard, or the charnel-house, or the sepulchre, or the Golgotha of the ship?" but was stopped in his career by one calling, "Yo ho, avast there—scaldings." "Scaldings!" answered Morgan; "Got knows, 'tis hot enough, indeed: who are you?" "Here's one," replied the voice. And I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who, coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was come to be docked at last, and discovered the remains of one hand, which had been shattered to pieces with a grape shot. I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing, that every shot had its commission. It was well it did not take him in the head; or, if it had, what then? he should have died bravely fighting for his king and country: death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay; and that now was as well as another time. I was much pleased and edified

with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking; the operation being performed, at his request, by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb. While I was employed in dressing the stump, I asked Jack's opinion of the battle, who, shaking his head, frankly told me, he believed we should do no good; "For why? because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy from their shipping and Fort St. Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade; that, besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place; for there was scarce anybody on board who understood the pointing of a gun. Ah! God help us!" continued he, "if your kinsman Lieutenant Bowling had been here, we should have had other guess work."

By this time our patients had increased to such a number, that we did not know which to begin with; and the first mate plainly told the surgeon, that, if he did not get up immediately and perform his duty, he would complain of his behaviour to the admiral, and make application for his warrant. This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned; he therefore rose up, and in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such extraordinary inspiration as himself: being thus supported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy. The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson's brain, conspired, with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious; he stripped himself to the skin, and besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason; but, finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolics, he knocked him down with his right hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that state of humiliation. But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester, to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet. While we diverted ourselves at the expense of this poor devil, a shot happened to take us between wind and water, and, its course being through the purser's store-room, made a terrible havoc and noise among the jars and bottles in its way, and disconcerted Mackshane so much, that he dropped his scalpel, and, falling down on his knees, pronounced his *Paternoster* aloud; the purser fell backward, and lay without sense or motion; and the chaplain grew so outrageous, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; so that we were obliged to confine him in the surgeon's cabin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thousand extravagances. Much about this time, my old antagonist Crampley came down, with express orders, as he said, to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dress a slight wound the captain had received by a splinter; his reason for honouring me in particular with this piece of service, being that, in case I should be killed or disabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of less consequence to the ship's company than that of the doctor or his first mate. At another time, perhaps, I might have disputed this order, to which I was not bound to pay the least regard; but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was resolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of exposing myself to danger. With this view I provided myself with dressings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a most infernal scene of slaughter, fire, smoke, and uproar! Captain Oakum, who leaned against the mizen-mast, no sooner saw me approach in my shirt, with the sleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands died with blood, than he signified his displeasure by a frown, and asked why the doctor himself did not come. I told him Crampley had singled me out, as if by express command; at which reply he seemed surprised, and threatened to punish the midshipman for his presumption after the engagement: in the meantime I was sent back to my station, and ordered to tell Mackshane that the captain expected him immediately. I got safe back, and delivered my commission to the doctor, who flatly refused to quit the post assigned to him by his instructions: whereupon Morgan, who, I believe, was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and ascended with great intrepidity. The captain, finding the surgeon obstinate, suffered himself to be dressed, and swore he would confine Mackshane as soon as the service should be over.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Breach being made in the Walls, our Soldiers give the Assault, and take the Place without opposition—Our Sailors at the same time become Masters of all the other Strengths near Boca Chica, and take possession of the Harbour—The good consequence of the Success—We move nearer the Town—Find two Forts deserted, and the Channel blocked up with sunk Vessels; which, however, we find means to clear—Land our Soldiers at La Quinta—Repulse a body of Militia—Attack the Castle of St. Lazar, and are forced to retreat with great loss—The remains of our Army are re-embarked—An effort of the Admiral to take the Town—The economy of our Expedition described.

HAVING cannonaded the fort during the space of four hours, we were all ordered to slip our cables, and sheer off; but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica slackened, and towards evening was quite silenced. A breach being made on the other side by our land battery, large enough to admit a middle-sized baboon, provided he could find means to climb up to it,—our general proposed to give the assault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty. Providence stood our friend upon this occasion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by resolute men till the day of judgment, against all the force we could exert in the attack: and while our soldiers took possession of the enemy's ramparts without resistance, the same good luck attended a body of sailors, who made themselves masters of Fort St. Joseph, the fascine batteries, and one Spanish man-of-war; the other three being burnt or sunk by the foe, that they might

not fall into our hands. The taking of these forts, in the strength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us masters of the outward harbour, and occasioned great joy among us; as we laid our accounts with finding little or no opposition from the town: and, indeed, if a few great ships had sailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confusion and despair that our unexpected success had produced among them, it is not impossible that we might have finished the affair to our satisfaction, without any more bloodshed; but this step our heroes disdained, as a barbarous insult over the enemy's distress, and gave them all the respite they could desire, in order to recollect themselves. In the meantime, Mackshane, taking the advantage of this general exultation, waited on our captain, and pleaded his cause so effectually, that he was re-established in his good graces; and as for Crampley, there was no more notice taken of his behaviour towards me during the action. But of all the consequences of the victory, none was more grateful than plenty of fresh water, after we had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser's quart *per diem* for each man, in the torrid zone, where the sun was vertical, and the expense of bodily fluid so great, that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours; especially as our provision consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse; salt pork of New England, which, though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of both; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock-work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it; and butter served out by the gill, that tasted like train-oil thickened with salt. Instead of small beer, each man was allowed three half-quarterns of brandy or rum, which were distributed every morning, diluted with a certain quantity of his water, without either sugar or fruit to render it palatable; for which reason, this composition was, by the sailors, not unaptly styled *Necessity*. Nor was this limitation of simple element owing to a scarcity of it on board, for there was at this time water enough in the ship for a voyage of six months, at the rate of half a gallon per day to each man: but this fast must, I suppose, have been enjoined by way of penance on the ship's company for their sins; or rather with a view to mortify them into a contempt of life, that they might thereby become more resolute and regardless of danger. How simple, then, do those people argue, who ascribe the great mortality among us to our bad provision and want of water; and affirm, that a great many valuable lives might have been saved, if the useless transports had been employed in fetching fresh stock, turtle, fruit, and other refreshments from Jamaica, and other adjacent islands, for the use of the army and fleet! seeing, it is to be hoped, that those who died went to a better place, and those who survived were the more easily maintained. After all, a sufficient number remained to fall before the walls of St. Lazar, where they behaved like their own country mastiffs, which shut their eyes, run into the jaws of a bear, and have their heads crushed for their valour.

But to return to my narration. After having put garrisons into the forts we had taken, and re-embarked our soldiers and artillery, a piece of service that detained us more than a week, we ventured up to the mouth of the inner harbour, guarded by a large fortification on one side, and a small redoubt on the other, both of which were deserted before our approach, and the entrance of the harbour blocked up by several old galleons, and two men-of-war that the enemy had sunk in the channel. We made shift, however, to open a passage for some ships, that favoured a second landing of our troops, at a place called La Quinta, not far from the town, where, after a faint resistance from a body of Spaniards who opposed their disembarkation, they encamped with a design of besieging the castle of St. Lazar, which overlooked and commanded the city. Whether our renowned general had nobody in his army who knew how to approach it in form, or that he trusted entirely to the fame of his arms, I shall not determine; but, certain it is, a resolution was taken in a council of war, to attack the place with musketry only. This was put in execution, and succeeded accordingly; the enemy giving them such a hearty reception, that the greatest part of the detachment took up their everlasting residence on the spot. Our chief, not relishing this kind of complaisance in the Spaniards, was wise enough to retreat on board with the remains of his army, which, from eight thousand able men landed on the beach, near Boca Chica, was now reduced to fifteen hundred fit for service. The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships, though methinks they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook; and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of their sores. This inhuman disregard was imputed to the scarcity of surgeons; though it is well known that every great ship in the fleet could have spared one at least for this duty; an expedient which would have been more than sufficient to remove this shocking inconvenience. But, perhaps, the general was too much of a gentleman to ask a favour of this kind from his fellow chief, who, on the other hand, would not derogate so much from his own dignity as to offer such assistance unasked; for I may venture to affirm, that, by this time, the demon of Discord, with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels; and it might be said of these great men (I hope they will pardon the comparison), as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal; so that, between the pride of one, and insolence of another, the enterprise miscarried, according to the proverb, "Between two stools, the backside falls to the ground." Not that I would be thought to liken any public concern to that opprobrious part of the human body, though I might with truth assert, if I durst use such a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an arse at its disappointment on this occasion; neither would I presume to compare the capacity of our heroic leaders to any such wooden convenience as a joint-stool, or a close-stool, but only to signify by this simile the mistake the people committed in trusting to the union of two instruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St. Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spanish men-of-war we had taken to be mounted with sixteen guns, and manned with detachments from our great ships, in order to batter the town. Accordingly she was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, against which she began to fire at daybreak; and continued about six hours exposed

to the opposition of at least thirty pieces of cannon, which at length obliged our men to set her on fire, and get off as well as they could in their boats. This piece of conduct afforded matter of speculation to all the wits either in the army or navy, who were at last fain to acknowledge it was a stroke of policy above their comprehension. Some entertained such an irreverent opinion of the admiral's understanding, as to think he expected the town would surrender to his floating battery of sixteen guns. Others imagined his sole intention was to try the enemy's strength, by which he should be able to compute the number of great ships that would be necessary to force the town to a capitulation. But this last conjecture soon appeared groundless, inasmuch as no ships of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that service. A third sort swore, that no other cause could be assigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill. A fourth class, and that the most numerous, though, without doubt, composed of the sanguine and malicious, plainly taxed this commander for want of honesty, as well as sense; and alleged, that he ought to have sacrificed private pique to the interest of his country; that, where the lives of so many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being solicited, or even desired, towards their preservation and advantage; that, if his arguments could not dissuade him from a desperate enterprise, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as possible, without running extreme hazard; that this could have been done, with a good prospect of success, by ordering five or six large ships to batter the town, while the land forces stormed the castle; by these means a considerable diversion would have been made in favour of those troops, who, in their march to the assault, and in their retreat, suffered much more from the town than from the castle; that the inhabitants, seeing themselves vigorously attacked on all hands, would have been divided, distracted, and confused, and, in all probability, unable to resist the assailants. But all these suggestions surely proceeded from ignorance and malevolence, or else the admiral would not have found it such an easy matter, at his return to England, to justify his conduct to a ministry at once so upright and discerning. True it is, that those who undertook to vindicate him on the spot, asserted that there was not water enough for our great ships near the town; though this was a little unfortunately urged, because there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly well acquainted with the soundings of the harbour, who affirmed there was water enough for five eighty-gun ships to lie abreast, almost up at the very walls. The disappointments we suffered occasioned a universal dejection, which was not at all alleviated by the objects that daily and hourly entertained our eyes, nor by the prospect of what must have inevitably happened, had we remained much longer in this place. Such was the economy in some ships, that, rather than be at the trouble of interring the dead, the commanders ordered their men to throw their bodies overboard, many without either ballast or winding-sheet; so that numbers of human carcasses floated in the harbour, until they were devoured by sharks and carrion crows, which afforded no agreeable spectacle to those who survived. At the same time the wet season began, during which a deluge of rain falls from the rising to the setting of the sun, without intermission; and that no sooner ceases, than it begins to thunder and lighten with such continual flashing, that one can see to read a very small print by the illumination.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An Epidemic Fever rages among us—We abandon our Conquests—I am seized with the Distemper—Write a Petition to the Captain, which is rejected—I am in danger of Suffocation through the malice of Crampley; and relieved by a Serjeant—My Fever increases—The Chaplain wants to Confess me—I obtain a favourable Crisis—Morgan's affection for me proved—The behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—Captain Oakum is removed into another ship, with his beloved Doctor—Our new Captain described—An Adventure of Morgan.

THE change of the atmosphere occasioned by this phenomenon conspired, with the stench that surrounded us, the heat of the climate, our own constitutions, impoverished by bad provisions, and our despair, to introduce the bilious fever among us, which raged with such violence that three-fourths of those whom it invaded died in a deplorable manner, the colour of their skin being, by the extreme putrefaction of the juices, changed into that of soot.

Our conductors, finding things in this situation, perceived it was high time to relinquish our conquests; and this we did, after having rendered their artillery useless, and blown up their walls with gunpowder. Just as we sailed from Boca Chica on our return to Jamaica, I found myself threatened with the symptoms of this terrible distemper; and knowing very well that I stood no chance for my life if I should be obliged to lie in the cock-pit, which by this time was grown intolerable, even to people in health, by reason of the heat and unwholesome smell of decayed provision, I wrote a petition to the captain, representing my case, and humbly imploring his permission to lie among the soldiers in the middle deck, for the benefit of the air; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for this humane commander refused my request, and ordered me to continue in the place allotted for the surgeon's mates, or else be contented to lie in the hospital, which, by the by, was three degrees more offensive and more suffocating than our own berth below. Another in my condition, perhaps, would have submitted to his fate, and died in a pet; but I could not brook the thought of perishing so pitifully, after I had weathered so many gales of hard fortune. I therefore, without minding Oakum's injunction, prevailed upon the soldiers, whose good-will I had acquired, to admit my hammock among them, and actually congratulated myself upon my comfortable situation, which Crampley no sooner understood than he signified to the captain my contempt of his orders, and was invested with the power to turn me down again into my proper habitation. This barbarous piece of revenge incensed me so much against the author, that I vowed, with bitter imprecations, to call him to a severe account if ever it should be in my power; and the agitation of my spirits increased my fever to a violent degree. While I lay gasping for breath in this infernal abode, I was visited by a serjeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement. He being informed of my

condition, offered me the use of his berth in the middle deck, which was enclosed with canvas, and well aired by a port-hole that remained open within it. I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place, where I was treated, while my illness lasted, with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier, who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop during the whole passage. Here I lay and enjoyed the breeze; notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see, from my cabin window, six or seven thrown overboard every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence, I am persuaded, conduced a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely, to refuse all medicine, which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and, instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid. When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses, I put them in my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them, and when he went away spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel: I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus by a refusal which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity, for he acted as my physician, Doctor Mackshane never once inquiring about me, or even knowing where I was. When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate; and, after having applied a blister to the nape of my neck, squeezed my hand, bidding me, with a woful countenance, recommend myself to Got and my Reteemer, then, taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me; but before he arrived I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welshman had bestowed on my back. The parson having felt my pulse, inquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began thus: "Mr. Random, God out of his infinite mercy hath been pleased to visit you with a dreadful distemper, the issue of which no man knows. You may be permitted to recover, and live many days on the face of the earth, and, which is more probable, you may be taken away and cut off in the flower of your youth. It is incumbent on you, therefore, to prepare for the great change, by repenting sincerely of your sins; of this there cannot be a greater sign than an ingenuous confession, which I conjure you to make, without hesitation or mental reservation; and when I am convinced of your sincerity, I will then give you such comfort as the situation of your soul will admit of. Without doubt, you have been guilty of numberless transgressions to which youth is subject, as swearing, drunkenness, whoredom, and adultery; tell me, therefore, without reserve, the particulars of each, especially of the last, that I may be acquainted with the true state of your conscience; for no physician will prescribe for his patient until he knows the circumstances of his disease." As I was not under any apprehensions of death, I could not help smiling at the chaplain's inquisitive remonstrance, which I told him savoured more of the Roman than of the Protestant church, in recommending auricular confession, a thing, in my opinion, not at all necessary to salvation, and which, for that reason, I declined. This reply disconcerted him a little; however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned distinctions between what was absolutely necessary and what was only convenient; then proceeded to ask what religion I professed. I answered that I had not as yet considered the difference of religions, consequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a presbyterian. At this word the chaplain expressed great astonishment, and said he could not comprehend how a presbyterian was entitled to any post under the English government. Then he asked if I had ever received the sacrament, or taken the oaths, to which questions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands, assured me he could do me no service, wished I might not be in a state of reprobation, and returned to his messmates, who were making merry in the ward-room, round a table well stored with bumbo[1] and wine. This insinuation, terrible as it was, had not such an effect upon me as the fever, which, soon after he had left me, grew outrageous; I began to see strange chimeras, and concluded myself on the point of becoming delirious. In the meantime, being in great danger of suffocation, I started up in a kind of frantic fit, with an intention to plunge myself into the sea; and as my friend the serjeant was not present, would certainly have cooled myself to some purpose, had I not perceived a moisture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock. The appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and resolution enough to take advantage of this favourable symptom by tearing the shirt from my body, and the sheets from my bed, and wrapping myself in a thick blanket, in which enclosure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell; but it was not long before I was recompensed for my suffering by a profuse sweat, that, bursting from the whole surface of my skin, in less than two hours relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakness, and left me as hungry as a kite.

I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myself with the agreeable reverie of my future happiness, when I heard Morgan, on the outside of the curtain, ask the serjeant if I was alive still? "Alive!" cried the other, "God forbid he should be otherwise! he has lain quiet these five hours, and I do not choose to disturb him, for sleep will do him great service." "Ay," said my fellow-mate, "he sleeps so sound, look you, that he will never waken till the great trump blows. Got be merciful to his soul! He has paid his debt like an honest man. Ay, and moreover he is at rest from all persecutions, and troubles, and afflictions, of which, Got knows, and I know, he had his own share. Ochree! Ochree! he was a promising youth indeed." So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner as persuaded me he had a real friendship for me. The serjeant, alarmed at his words, came into the berth, and while he looked upon me, I smiled, and tipped him the wink; he immediately guessed my meaning, and, remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead, whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with the sight of the object. And I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under jaw, that he said, "There he lies, no petter than a lump of clay, Got help me;" and observed, by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle. I should not have been able to contain myself much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and my mouth; upon

[1] Bumbo is a liquor composed of rum, sugar, water, and nutmeg.

which I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like the picture of Horror. Although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England. It was some time before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and inquire into the particulars of my disease. But when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune, not failing to ascribe it, under God, to the blister he had applied to my back at his last visit, "which, by the by," said he, "must now be removed and dressed." He was actually going to fetch dressings, when I, feigning astonishment, said, "Bless me! sure you never applied a blister to me; there is nothing on my back, I assure you." But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprise in finding the skin untouched, and the plaster missing. In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards in a fit of delirium. This apology satisfied my friend, who on this occasion abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio; and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provisions and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and in a short time my health and vigour were perfectly re-established. When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck with a staff in my hand, I met Doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word. After him came Crampley, who, strutting up to me with a fierce countenance, pronounced, "Here's fine discipline on board, when such lazy skulking sons of bitches as you are allowed, on pretence of sickness, to lollop at your ease, while your betters are kept to hard duty!" The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel enraged me so much, that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate; but when I considered my present feebleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him I had not forgot his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore. At this declaration he grinned, shook his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity.

Meanwhile our ship was ordered to be heaved down, victualled, and watered, for her return to England; and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman who, on the other hand, wished for nothing so much as to be safe without the tropic, all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite, Mackshane, along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oared barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in everything the reverse of Oakum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner: a white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a brooch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin. The knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarcely descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from shoes of blue Meroquin, studded with diamond buckles, that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a mask on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand. In this garb, Captain Whiffle, for that was his name, took possession of the ship, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, seemed to be of their patron's disposition; and the air was so impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm the clime of Arabia Felix was not half so sweet-scented. My fellow-mate, observing no surgeon among his train, thought he had found an occasion too favourable for himself to be neglected; and remembering the old proverb, "Spare to speak, and spare to speed," resolved to solicit the new captain's interest immediately, before any other surgeon could be appointed for the ship. With this view he repaired to the cabin in his ordinary dress, consisting of a check shirt and trousers, a brown linen waistcoat, and a nightcap of the same (neither of them very clean), which, for his future misfortune, happened to smell strong of tobacco. Entering without any ceremony into this sacred place, he found Captain Whiffle reposing on a couch, with a wrapper of fine chintz about his body, and a muslin cap bordered with lace about his head; and after several low congés, began in this manner: "Sir, I hope you will forgive, and excuse, and pardon the presumption of one who has not the honour of being known unto you, but who is, nevertheless, a shentleman, porn and pred, and moreover has had misfortunes, Got help me, in the world." Here he was interrupted by the captain, who, on seeing him, had started up with great amazement at the novelty of the apparition; and having recollected himself, pronounced, with a look and tone signifying disdain, curiosity, and surprise, "Zauns! who art thou?" "I am surgeon's first mate on board of this ship," replied Morgan, "and I most vehemently desire and beseech you, with all submission, to be pleased to condescend, and vouchsafe to inquire into my character, and my pehaviour, and my deserts, which, under Got, I hope will entitle me to the vacancy of surgeon." As he proceeded in his speech, he continued advancing toward the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried, with great emotion, "Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated! Fellow, fellow, away with thee. Curse thee, fellow! get thee gone. I shall be stunk to death!" At the noise of his outcries, his servants ran into his apartment, and he accosted them thus: "Villains! cut-throats! traitors! I am betrayed! I am sacrificed!—Will you not carry that monster away? or must I be stifled with the stench of him! oh! oh!" With these interjections he sunk down upon his settee in a fit; his valet-de-chambre plied him with a

smelling-bottle, one footman chafed his temples with Hungary water, another sprinkled the floor with spirits of lavender, a third pushed Morgan out of the cabin; who, coming to the place where I was, sat down with a demure countenance, and, according to his custom, when he received any indignity which he durst not revenge, began to sing a Welsh ditty. I guessed he was under some agitation of spirits, and desired to know the cause; but, instead of answering me directly, he asked, with great emotion, if I thought him a monster and a stinkard? "A monster and a stinkard," said I, with some surprise; "did anybody call you so?" "Got is my judge," replied he, "Captain Fifle did call me both; ay, and all the water in the Tawy will not wash it out of my remembrance. I do affirm, and vouch, and maintain, with my soul, and my pody, and my plood, look you, that I have no smells about me but such as a Christian ought to have, except the effluvia of tobacco, which is a cephalic, odoriferous, aromatic herb, and he is a son of a mountain goat who says otherwise. As for my being a monster, let that be as it is: I am as Got was pleased to create me, which, peradventure, is more than I shall aver of him who gave me that title; for I will proclaim it before the world, that he is disguised, and transfigured, and transmogrified with affectation and whimsies, and that he is more like a papoon than one of the human race."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Captain Whiffle sends for me—His situation described—His Surgeon arrives, prescribes for him, and puts him to Bed—A Bed is put up for Mr. Simper contiguous to the State Room, which, with other parts of the Captain's behaviour, gives the Ship's Company a very unfavourable idea of their Commander—I am detained in the West Indies by the Admiral, and go on board of the Lizard Sloop of War in quality of Surgeon's Mate, where I make myself known to the Surgeon, who treats me very kindly—I go on Shore, sell my Ticket, purchase Necessaries, and, at my return on Board, am surprised at the sight of Crampley, who is appointed Lieutenant of the Sloop—We sail on a Cruise—Take a Prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the Command of my Messmate, with whom I live in great Harmony.

He was going on with an eulogium upon the captain, when I received a message to clean myself, and go up to the great cabin; and with this command I instantly complied, sweetening myself with rose-water from the medicine chest. When I entered the room I was ordered to stand by the door, until Captain Whiffle had reconnoitered me at a distance with a spy-glass. He having consulted one sense in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his nose might have intelligence, before it could be much offended. I therefore approached with great caution and success, and he was pleased to say, "Ay, this creature is tolerable." I found him lolling on his couch with a languishing air, his head supported by his valet-de-chambre, who, from time to time, applied a smelling bottle to his nose. "Vergette," said he in a squeaking tone, "dost thou think this wretch (meaning me) will do me no injury? May I venture to submit my arm to him?" "'Pon my vord," replied the valet, "I do tink dat dere be great occasion for your honour losing one small quantité of blodt; and the young man ave quelque chose of de bonne mien." "Well, then," said his master, "I think I must venture." Then, addressing himself to me, "Hast thou ever blooded anybody but brutes? But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most damnable lie." "Brutes, sir," answered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulse, "I never meddle with brutes." "What the devil art thou about?" cried he; "dost thou intend to twist off my hand? Gad's curse! my arm is benumbed up to the very shoulder! Heaven have mercy upon me! Must I perish under the hands of savages? What an unfortunate dog was I, to come on board without my own surgeon, Mr. Simper!" I craved pardon for having handled him so roughly, and, with the utmost care and tenderness, tied up his arm with a fillet of silk. While I was feeling for the vein, he desired to know how much blood I intended to take from him, and when I answered, "Not above twelve ounces," started up with a look full of horror, and bade me begone, swearing I had a design upon his life. Vergette appeased him with difficulty, and opening a bureau, took out a pair of scales, in one of which was placed a small cup; and putting them into my hands, told me the captain never lost above an ounce and three drachms at one time. While I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabin a young man gaily dressed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid smile on his face, which seemed to have been rendered habitual by a long course of affectation. The captain no sooner perceived him, than, rising hastily, he flew into his arms, crying, "Oh, my dear Simper! I am excessively disordered! I have been betrayed, frighted, murdered by the negligence of my servants, who suffered a beast, a mule, a bear, to surprise me, and stink me into convulsions with the fumes of tobacco." Simper, who by this time I found was obliged to art for the clearness of his complexion, assumed an air of softness and sympathy, and lamented, with many tender expressions of sorrow, the sad accident that had thrown him into that condition; then feeling his patient's pulse on the outside of his glove, gave it as his opinion that his disorder was entirely nervous, and that some drops of tincture of castor and liquid laudanum, would be of more service to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate sallies of his spirits, and composing the fermentation of his bile. I was therefore sent to prepare this prescription, which was administered in a glass of sack posset; after the captain had been put to bed, and orders sent to the officers on the quarter-deck to let nobody walk on that side under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repose, the doctor watched over him, and indeed became so necessary that a cabin was made for him contiguous to the state room, where Whiffle slept, that he might be at hand in case of accidents in the night. Next day, our commander being happily recovered, gave orders that none of the lieutenants should appear upon deck without a wig, sword, and ruffles; nor any midshipman, or other petty officer, be seen with a check shirt, or dirty linen. He also prohibited any person whatever, except Simper and his own servants, from coming into the great cabin, without first sending in to obtain leave. These singular regulations did not prepossess the ship's company in his favour; but on the contrary, gave scandal an opportunity to be very busy with his character, and accuse him of maintaining a correspondence with the surgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks, our ship being under sailing orders, I was in hope of revisiting my native country in a very short time, when the admiral's surgeon came on board, and sending for Morgan and me to the quarter-deck, gave us to understand there was a great scarcity of surgeons in the West Indies; that he was commanded to detain one mate out of every great ship that was bound for England: and desired us to agree between ourselves, before the next day at that hour, which of us should stay behind. We were thunderstruck at this proposal, and stared at one another some time without speaking. At length the Welshman broke silence, and offered to remain in the West Indies, provided the admiral would give him a surgeon's warrant immediately: but he was told there was no want of chief surgeons, and that he must be contented with the station of mate, till he should be further provided for in due course. Whereupon Morgan flatly refused to quit the ship for which the Commissioners of the Navy had appointed him; and the other told him as plainly, that if we could not determine the affair by ourselves before to-morrow morning, he must cast lots, and abide by his chance. When I recalled to my remembrance the miseries I had undergone in England, where I had not one friend to promote my interest, or favour my advancement in the navy, and, at the same time, reflected on the present dearth of surgeons in the West Indies, and the unhealthiness of the climate, which every day almost reduced the number, I could not help thinking my success would be much more certain and expeditious by my staying where I was, than by returning to Europe. I therefore resolved to comply with a good grace, and next day, when we were ordered to throw dice, told Morgan he need not trouble himself, for I would voluntarily submit to the admiral's pleasure. This frank declaration was commended by the gentleman, who assured me it should not fare the worse with me for my resignation. Indeed, he was as good as his word, and that very afternoon procured a warrant, appointing me surgeon's mate of the Lizard sloop of war, which put me on a footing with every first mate in the service.

My ticket being made out, I put my chest and bedding on board a canoe that lay alongside, and having shook hands with my trusty friend the serjeant, and honest Jack Rattlin, who was bound for Greenwich Hospital, I took my leave of Morgan with many tears, after we had exchanged our sleeve-buttons as remembrances of each other. Having presented my new warrant to the captain of the Lizard, I inquired for the doctor, whom I no sooner saw, than I recollected him to be one of those young fellows with whom I had been committed to the round-house, during our frolic with Jackson, as I have related before. He received me with a good deal of courtesy, and when I put him in mind of our former acquaintance, expressed great joy at seeing me again, and recommended me to an exceeding good mess, composed of the gunner and master's mate. As there was not one sick person in the ship, I got leave to go ashore next day with the gunner, who recommended me to a Jew that bought my ticket at the rate of forty per cent. discount; and having furnished myself with what necessaries I wanted, returned on board in the evening, and to my surprise, found my old antagonist Crampley walking upon deck. Though I did not fear his enmity, I was shocked at his appearance, and communicated my sentiments on that subject to Mr. Tomlins the surgeon, who told me that Crampley, by dint of some friends about the admiral, had procured a commission, constituting him lieutenant on board the Lizard; and advised me, now he was my superior officer, to behave with some respect towards him, or else he would find a thousand opportunities of using me ill. This advice was a bitter potion to me, whom pride and resentment had rendered utterly incapable of the least submission to, or even of a reconciliation with, the wretch who had on many occasions treated me so inhumanly. However, I resolved to have as little connexion as possible with him, and to ingratiate myself as much as I could with the rest of the officers, whose friendship might be a bulwark to defend me from the attempts of his malice.

In less than a week we sailed on a cruise, and, having weathered the east end of the island, had the good fortune to take a Spanish barcolongo, with her prize, which was an English ship bound for Bristol, that sailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. All the prisoners who were well we put on shore on the north side of the island; the prizes were manned with Englishmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the master's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant, and there to remain until the Lizard's cruise should be ended, at which time she would touch at the same place in her way to Port Royal. With him I was sent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Englishmen, who amounted to sixteen, and to take care of them on shore, in a house that was to be hired as an hospital. This destination gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I should for some time be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whose inveteracy against me had already broke out on two or three occasions since he was become a lieutenant. My messmate, who very much resembled my uncle, both in figure and disposition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmost civility and confidence; and, among other favours, made me a present of a silver-hilted hanger, and a pair of pistols mounted with the same metal, which fell to his share in plundering the enemy. We arrived safely at Morant, and going on shore, pitched upon an empty storehouse, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with beds and other necessaries; and four of the ship's company appointed to attend them and obey me.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A strange Adventure, in consequence of which I am extremely happy—Crampley does me ill offices with the Captain: but his Malice is defeated by the Good Nature and Friendship of the Surgeon—We return to Port Royal—Our Captain gets the Command of a larger Ship, and is succeeded by an old man—Brayl is provided for—We receive Orders to sail for England.

WHEN my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whose name was Brayl, carried me up the country to the house of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted; where we were sumptuously entertained, and, in the evening, set out on our return to the ship. When we had walked about a mile by moonlight, we perceived a horseman behind us, who, coming up, wished us *good even*, and asked which way we went? His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no sooner struck my ear, than, in spite of all my resolution and reflection, my hair bristled up,

and I was seized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl misinterpreting, bade me be under no concern. I told him he was mistaken in the cause of my disorder; and addressing myself to the person on horseback, said, "I could have sworn by your voice that you was a dear friend of mine, if I had not been certain of his death." To this address, after some pause, he replied, "There are many voices as well as faces that resemble one another; but pray, what was your friend's name?" I satisfied him in that particular, and gave a short detail of the melancholy fate of Thomson, not without many sighs and some tears. A silence ensued, which lasted some minutes, and then the conversation turned on different subjects, till we arrived at a house on the road, where the horseman alighted, and begged with so much earnestness, that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not resist. But if I was alarmed at his voice, what must my amazement be, when I discovered by the light the very person of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confusion, which was extreme, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears. It was some time ere I recovered the use of my reason, overpowered with this event, and longer still before I could speak; so that all I was capable of was to return his embraces, and to mingle the overflowings of my joy with his; whilst honest Brayl, affected with the scene, wept as fast as either of us, and signified his participation of our happiness, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman. At length I retrieved the use of my tongue, and cried, "Is it possible? can you be my friend Thomson? No certainly, alas! he was drowned; and I am now under the deception of a dream!" He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual person whom I regretted, and, bidding me sit down and compose myself, promised to explain his sudden disappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at present in the land of the living. This task he acquitted himself of, after I had drank a glass of punch, and re-collected my spirits, by informing us, that with a determination to rid himself of a miserable existence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ship was on her way, from whence he slipped down as softly as he could by the bows into the sea, where, after he was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation, and, as he could swim very well, kept himself above water, in hopes of being taken up by some of the ships astern; that, in this situation, he hailed a large vessel, and begged to be taken in, but was answered that she was a heavy sailer, and therefore they did not choose to lose time by bringing to; however, they threw an old chest overboard for his convenience, and told him that some of the ships astern would certainly save him; that no other vessel came within sight or cry of him for the space of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himself in the middle of the ocean alone, without other support or resting-place but what a few crazy boards afforded; till at last he discerned a small sloop steering towards him, upon which he set up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and rescued from the dreary waste by their boat, which was hoisted out on purpose. "I was no sooner brought on board," continued he, "than I fainted, and when I recovered my senses, found myself in bed, regaled with a most noisome smell of onions and cheese, which made me think at first that I was in my own hammock, alongside of honest Morgan, and that all which had passed was no more than a dream. Upon inquiry I understood that I was on board of a schooner belonging to Rhode Island, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of geese, pigs, onions, and cheese; and that the master's name was Robertson, by birth a North Briton, whom I knew at first sight to be an old schoolfellow of mine. When I discovered myself to him he was transported with surprise and joy, and begged to know the occasion of my misfortune, which I did not think fit to disclose, because I knew his notions with regard to religion were very severe and confined; therefore contented myself with telling him I fell overboard by accident; but made no scruple of explaining the nature of my disagreeable station, and of acquainting him with my determined purpose never to return to the Thunder man-of-war. Although he was not of my opinion in that particular, knowing that I must lose my clothes, and what pay was due to me, unless I went back to my duty; yet, when I described the circumstances of the hellish life I led, under the tyrannic sway of Oakum and Mackshane; and, among other grievances, hinted a dissatisfaction at the irreligious deportment of my shipmates, and the want of the true Presbyterian gospel doctrine; he changed his sentiments, and conjured me with great vehemence and zeal to lay aside all thought of rising in the navy; and, that he might show how much he had my interest at heart, undertook to provide for me in some shape or other, before he should leave Jamaica. This promise he performed to my heart's desire, by recommending me to a gentleman of fortune, with whom I have lived ever since in quality of surgeon and overseer to his plantations. He and his lady are now at Kingston, so that I am, for the present, master of this house, to which, from my soul, I bid you welcome, and hope you will favour me with your company during the remaining part of the night." —I needed not a second invitation; but Mr. Brayl, who was a diligent and excellent officer, could not be persuaded to sleep out of the ship: however, he supped with us, and, after having drank a cheerful glass, set out for the vessel, which was not above three miles from the place, escorted by a couple of stout negroes, whom Mr. Thomson ordered to conduct him. Never were two friends more happy in the conversation of each other than we, for the time it lasted. I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthagena, of which he had heard but an imperfect account; and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of his life since we parted. He assured me, it was with the utmost difficulty he could resist his inclination of coming down to Port Royal to see Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings since the day of our separation; but that he was restrained by the fear of being detained as a deserter. He told me, that, when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almost as much surprised as I was at seeing him afterwards; and, in the confidence of friendship, disclosed a passion he entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who, by his description, was a very amiable young lady, and did not disdain his addresses; that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not despair obtaining their consent to the match; which would at once render him independent of the world. I congratulated him on his good fortune, which he protested should never make him forget his friends; and towards morning we betook ourselves to rest.

Next day he accompanied me to the ship, where Mr. Brayl entertained him at dinner, and

we having spent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten pistoles, as a small token of his affection. In short, while we stayed here, we saw one another every day, and generally ate at the same table, which was plentifully supplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butcher's meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine-apples, Madeira wine, and excellent rum; so that this small interval of ten days was by far the most agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizard arrived: and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her, where I understood from Mr. Tomlins, that there was a dryness between the lieutenant and him on my account; that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my absence to fill the captain's ears with a thousand scandalous stories to my prejudice; among other things, affirming that I had once been transported for theft, and that, when I was in the Thunder man-of-war, I had been whipped for the same crime. The surgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole story from my own mouth, defended me strenuously, and, in the course of that good-natured office, recounted all the instances of Crampley's malice against me while I remained on board of that ship; which declaration, while it satisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley with regard to me, added such fuel to my former resentment, that, at certain times, I was quite beside myself with the desire of revenge, and was even tempted to pistol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death must inevitably have been my reward. But the surgeon, who was my confidant, argued against such a desperate action so effectually, that I stifled the flame which consumed me for the present, and resolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity. In the meantime, that Mr. Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I suffered by this fellow's slander, I begged he would go and visit Mr. Thomson, whose wonderful escape I had made him acquainted with, and inquire of him into the particulars of my conduct, while he was my fellow mate. This request the surgeon complied with, more through curiosity to see a person whose fate had been so extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which, he assured me, was already firmly established. He therefore set out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with a letter of introduction from me; and, being received with all the civility and kindness I expected, returned to the ship, not only satisfied with my character beyond the power of doubt or insinuation, but also charmed with the affability and conversation of Thomson, who loaded him and me with presents, fresh stock of liquors, and fruit. As he would not venture to come and see us on board, lest Crampley should know and detain him, when the time of our departure approached, I obtained leave to go and bid him farewell. After we had vowed an everlasting friendship, he pressed upon me a purse with four doubloons, which I refused as long as I could, without giving umbrage; and, having cordially embraced each other, I returned on board, where I found a small box, with a letter directed for me, to the care of Mr. Tomlins. Knowing the superscription to be of Thomson's handwriting, I opened it with some surprise, and learned that this generous friend, not contented with loading me with the presents already mentioned, had sent, for my use and acceptance, half-a-dozen fine shirts, and as many linen waistcoats and caps, with twelve pair of new thread stockings. Being thus provided with money, and all necessaries for the comfort of life, I began to look upon myself as a gentleman of some consequence, and felt my pride dilate apace.

Next day we sailed for Port Royal, where we arrived safely with our prizes; and, as there was nothing to do on board, I went ashore, and, having purchased a laced waistcoat, with some other clothes, at a sale, made a swaggering figure for some days among the taverns, where I ventured to play a little at hazard, and came off with fifty pistoles in my pocket. Meanwhile, our captain was promoted to a ship of twenty guns, and the command of the Lizard given to a man turned of fourscore, who had been lieutenant since the reign of King William, and, notwithstanding his long service, would have probably died in that station, had he not applied some prize-money he had lately received to make interest with his superiors. My friend Brayl was also made an officer about the same time, after he had served in quality of a midshipman and mate five-and-twenty years. Soon after these alterations, the admiral pitched upon our ship to carry home despatches for the ministry; and we set sail for England, having first scrubbed her bottom, and taken in provision and water for the occasion.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

We depart for Europe—A Misunderstanding arises between the Captain and Surgeon, through the scandalous Aspersions of Crampley—The Captain dies—Crampley tyrannizes over the Surgeon, who falls a Victim to his Cruelty—I am also ill-used—The Ship strikes—The Behaviour of Crampley and the Seamen on that Occasion—I get on Shore; challenge the Captain to single Combat—Am treacherously knocked down, wounded, and robbed.

Now that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt excessive pleasure in finding myself out of sight of that fatal island, which has been the grave of so many Europeans; and as I was accommodated with everything to render the passage agreeable, I resolved to enjoy myself as much as the insolence of Crampley would permit. This insidious slanderer had found means already to cause a misunderstanding between the surgeon and captain, who, by his age and infirmities, was rendered intolerably peevish, his disposition having also been soured by a long course of disappointments. He had a particular aversion to all young men, especially to surgeons, whom he considered as unnecessary animals on board of a ship; and, in consequence of these sentiments, never consulted the doctor, notwithstanding his being seized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel; but applied to a cask of Holland gin, which was his sovereign prescription against all distempers. Whether he was at this time too sparing, or took an overdose of his cordial, certain it is, he departed in the night without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always despised, and was found stiff next morning, to the no small satisfaction of Crampley, who succeeded to the command of the vessel. For that very reason, Mr. Tomlins and I had no cause to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as his power. The first day of his command justified our apprehension. For, on

pretence that the decks were too much crowded, he ordered the surgeon's hen-coops, with all his fowls, to be thrown overboard, and at the same time prohibited him and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr. Tomlins could not help complaining of these injuries, and, in the course of his expostulation, dropped some hasty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabin, where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which soon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his estate, personal and real, to his sister, and left to me his watch and instruments, as memorials of his friendship. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholy occasion; the more because there was nobody on board to whom I could communicate my sorrows, or of whom I could receive the least consolation or advice. Crampley was so far from discovering the least remorse for his barbarity, at the news of the surgeon's death, that he insulted his memory in the most abusive manner, and affirmed he had poisoned himself out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court-martial for mutiny; for which reason he would not suffer the service of the dead to be read over his body before it was thrown overboard.

Nothing but a speedy deliverance could have supported me under the brutal sway of this bashaw, who, to render my life the more irksome, signified to my messmates a desire that I should be expelled from their society. This was no sooner hinted, than they granted his request; and I was fain to eat in a solitary manner by myself during the rest of the passage, which, however, soon drew to a period.

We had been seven weeks at sea, when the gunner told the captain that, by his reckoning, we must be in soundings, and desired he would order the lead to be heaved. Crampley swore he did not know how to keep the ship's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of soundings, and therefore he would not give himself the trouble to cast the lead. Accordingly we continued our course all that afternoon and night, without shortening sail, although the gunner pretended to discover Scilly light, and next morning protested in form against the captain's conduct, for which he was put in confinement. We discovered no land all that day, and Crampley was still so infatuated as to neglect sounding; but at three o'clock in the morning the ship struck, and remained fast on a sandbank. This accident alarmed the whole crew; the boat was immediately hoisted out; but, as we could not discern which way the shore lay, we were obliged to wait for daylight. In the meantime the wind increased, and the waves beat against the sloop with such violence, that we expected she would have gone to pieces. The gunner was released, and consulted. He advised the captain to cut away the mast, in order to lighten her; this expedient was performed without success. The sailors, seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom broke up the chests belonging to the officers, dressed themselves in their clothes, drank their liquors without ceremony; and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued. In the midst of this uproar I went below to secure my own effects; and found the carpenter's mate hewing down the purser's cabin with his hatchet, whistling all the while with great composure. When I asked his intention in so doing, he replied very calmly, "I only want to taste the purser's rum, that 's all, master." At that instant the purser coming down, and seeing his effects going to wreck, complained bitterly of the injustice done to him, and asked the fellow what occasion he had for liquor, when, in all likelihood, he should be in eternity in a few minutes. "All's one for that," said the plunderer, "let us live while we can." "Miserable wretch that thou art," cried the purser, "what must be thy lot in the other world, if thou diest in the commission of robbery?" "Why, hell, I suppose," replied the other, with great deliberation, while the purser fell upon his knees, and begged of Heaven that we might not all perish for the sake of one Jonas. During this dialogue, I clothed myself in my best apparel, girded on my hanger, stuck my pistols, loaded, in my belt, disposed of all my valuable moveables about my person, and came upon deck with a resolution of taking the first opportunity to get on shore, which, when the day broke, appeared at the distance of three miles ahead. Crampley, finding his efforts to get the ship off ineffectual, determined to consult his own safety, by going into the boat, which he had no sooner done, than the ship's company followed so fast, that she would have sunk alongside, had not some one wiser than the rest cut the rope, and put off. But before this happened, I had made several attempts to get in, and was always balked by the captain, who was so eager in excluding me, that he did not mind the endeavours of any other body. Enraged at this inhuman partiality, and seeing the rope cut, I pulled one of my pistols from my belt, and, cocking it, swore I would shoot any man who would presume to obstruct my entrance. So saying, I leaped with my full exertion, and got on board of the boat with the loss of the skin of my shins. I chanced in my descent to overturn Crampley, who no sooner got up than he struck at me several times with a cutlass, and ordered the men to throw me overboard; but they were too anxious about their own safety to mind what he said. Though the boat was very deeply loaded, and the sea terribly high, we made shift to get upon dry land in less than an hour after we parted from the sloop. As soon as I set foot on *terra firma*, my indignation, which had boiled so long within me, broke out against Crampley, whom I immediately challenged to single combat, presenting my pistols, that he might take his choice: he took one without hesitation, and before I could cock the other, fired in my face, throwing the pistol after the shot. I felt myself stunned, and imagining the bullet had entered my brain, discharged mine as quick as possible, that I might not die unrevenged; then flying upon my antagonist, knocked out several of his fore teeth with the butt-end of the piece, and would certainly have made an end of him with that instrument, had he not disengaged himself, and seized his cutlass, which he had given to his servant when he received the pistol. Seeing him armed in this manner, I drew my hanger, and having flung my pistol at his head, closed with him in a transport of fury, and thrust my weapon into his mouth, which it enlarged on one side to his ear. Whether the smart of this wound disconcerted him, or the unevenness of the ground made him reel, I know not, but he staggered some paces back: I followed close, and with one stroke cut the tendons of the back of his hand, upon which his cutlass dropped, and he remained defenceless. I know not with what cruelty my rage might have inspired me, if I had not at that instant been felled to the ground by a blow on the back part of my head, which deprived me of all sensation. In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time; and whether any disputes

arose among them during the state of my annihilation, I cannot pretend to determine; but in one particular they seem to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and despatch; for, when I recovered the use of understanding, I found myself alone in a desolate place, stripped of my clothes, money, watch, buckles, and everything but my shoes, stockings, breeches, and shirt. What a discovery must this have been to me, who but an hour before was worth sixty guineas in cash! I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poignard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villany of those who had left me in that miserable condition; and, in the ecstasy of despair, resolved to lie still where I was, and perish.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I get up and crawl into a Barn, where I am in danger of perishing through the fear of the Country People—Their Inhumanity—I am succoured by a reputed Witch—Her Story—Her Advice—She recommends me as a Valet to a single Lady, whose character she explains.

But, as I lay ruminating, my passion insensibly abated; I considered my situation in quite another light from that in which it appeared to me at first, and the result of my deliberation was to rise, if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for assistance. With some difficulty I got upon my legs, and having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contused wounds, one on the fore, and another on the hinder part of my head, which seemed to be occasioned by the same weapon, namely, the butt-end of a pistol. I looked towards the sea, but could discern no remains of the ship, so that I concluded she was gone to pieces, and that those who remained in her had perished. But, as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more sagacity than Crampley, observing that it was flood when he left her, and that she would probably float at high water, made no noise about getting on shore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her safe into some harbour, after the commander should have deserted her; for which piece of service he expected, no doubt, to be handsomely rewarded. This scheme he accordingly executed, and was promised great things by the Admiralty for saving his Majesty's ship; but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation. As for my own part, I directed my course towards a small cottage I perceived, and, in the road, picked up a seaman's old jacket, which I suppose the thief who dressed himself in my clothes had thrown away; this was a very comfortable acquisition to me, who was almost stiff with cold. I therefore put it on, and as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burst out afresh; so that, finding myself excessively exhausted, I was about to lie down in the fields, when I discovered a barn on my left hand, within a few yards of me. Thither I made shift to stagger, and finding the door open, went in, but saw nobody; however, I threw myself upon a truss of straw, hoping to be soon relieved by some person or other. I had not lain here many minutes, when I saw a countryman come in with a pitchfork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thrusting into the straw that concealed me, and, in all probability, would have done my business, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having essayed in vain to speak. This melancholy note alarmed the clown, who started back, and discovering a body all besmeared with blood, stood trembling, with the pitchfork extended before him, his hair bristling up, his eyes staring, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth wide open. At another time I should have been much diverted by this figure, which preserved the same attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unsuccessful efforts to implore his compassion and assistance, but my tongue failed me, and my language was only a repetition of groans. At length an old man arrived, who, seeing the other in such a posture, cried, "Mercy upon en! the leaad's bewitched!—why, Dick, beest thou besayd thyself?" Dick, without moving his eyes from the object that terrified him, replied, "O vather! vather! here be either the devil or a dead mon! I doan't know which o' en, but a groans woundily." The father, whose eyesight was none of the best, pulled out his spectacles, and having applied them to his nose, reconnoitred me over his son's shoulder; but no sooner did he behold me than he was seized with a fit of shaking, even more violent than Dick's, and, with a broken accent, addressed me thus: "In the name of the Vather, Zun, and Holy Ghost, I charge you, an you been Satan, to be gone to the Red Zea; but an you be a moordered mon, speak, that you may have a Christom burial." As I was not in a condition to satisfy him in this particular, he repeated his conjuration to no purpose, and they continued a good while in the agonies of fear. At length the father proposed that the son should draw nearer, and take a more distinct view of the apparition, but Dick was of opinion that his father should advance first, as being an old man past his labour, and if he received any mischief the loss would be the smaller, whereas he himself might escape, and be useful in his generation. This prudential reason had no effect upon the senior, who still kept Dick between me and him. In the meantime I endeavoured to raise one hand as a signal of distress, but had only strength sufficient to produce a rustling among the straw, which discomposed the young peasant so much that he sprung out at the door, and overthrew his father in his flight. The old gentleman would not spend time in getting up, but crawled backwards like a crab, with great speed, till he had got over the threshold, mumbling exorcisms all the way. I was exceedingly mortified to find myself in danger of perishing through the ignorance and cowardice of these clowns, and felt my spirits decay apace, when an old woman entered the barn, followed by the two fugitives, and with great intrepidity advanced to the place where I lay, saying, "If it be the devil I fear en not, and for a dead mon, a can do us no harm." When she saw my condition, she cried, "Here be no devil, but in youren fool's head. Here be a poor miserable wretch, bleeding to death, and if a dies we must be at the charge of burying him; therefore, Dick, go vetch the old wheelbarrow and put en in, and carry en to goodman Hodge's back-door; he is more able than we to lay out money upon poor vagrants." Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution. I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a heap of dung, and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation. But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan, and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well

as to preach charity, observing that it was sufficient for him to pay his *quota* towards the maintenance of the poor belonging to his own parish. When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate him who sent, as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place. About this time, I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was bandied from door to door through the whole village, nobody having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing. I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron, who, after I had recovered some strength, desired to know the particulars of my last disaster. This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life, therefore related all my adventures, without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprised at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings, then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story. She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and smiling, told me there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune; but, however, she would communicate it to me, in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her. "It is of little consequence," said she, "to tell the names of my parents, who are dead many years ago; let it suffice to assure you they were wealthy, and had no other child than me; so that I was looked upon as heiress to a considerable estate, and teased with addresses on that account. Among the number of my admirers there was a young gentleman of no fortune, whose sole dependence was on his promotion in the army, in which at that time he bore a lieutenant's commission. I conceived an affection for this amiable officer, which in a short time increased to a violent passion, and, without entering into minute circumstances, married him privately. We had not enjoyed one another long, in stolen interviews, when he was ordered with his regiment to Flanders; but, before he set out, it was agreed between us that he should declare our marriage to my father by letter, and implore his pardon for the step we had taken without his approbation. This discovery was made while I was abroad visiting; and just as I was about to return home, I received a letter from my father, importing, that since I had acted so undutifully and meanly as to marry a beggar, without his privity or consent, to the disgrace of his family, as well as the disappointment of his hopes, he renounced me to the miserable fate I had entailed on myself, and charged me never to set foot within his doors again. This rigid sentence was confirmed by my mother, who, in a postscript, gave me to understand that her sentiments were exactly conformable to those of my father, and that I might save myself the trouble of making any applications, for her resolutions were unalterable. Thunderstruck with my evil fortune, I called a coach, and drove to my husband's lodgings, where I found him waiting the event of his letter. Though he could easily divine, by my looks, the issue of his declaration, he read with great steadiness the epistle I had received, and, with a smile full of tenderness, which I shall never forget, embraced me, saying, '*I believe the good lady, your mother, might have spared herself the trouble of the last part of her postscript. Well, my dear Betty, you must lay aside all thoughts of a coach, till I can procure the command of a regiment.*' This unconcerned behaviour, while it enabled me to support my reverse of fortune, at the same time endeared him to me the more, by convincing me of his disinterested views in espousing me. I was next day boarded in company with the wife of another officer, who had long been the friend and confidant of my husband, at a village not far from London, where they parted with us in the most melting manner, went to Flanders, and were killed in sight of one another at the battle of the Wood. Why should I tire you with a description of our unutterable sorrow at the fatal news of this event, the remembrance of which now fills my aged eyes with tears! When our grief subsided a little, and reflection came to our aid, we found ourselves deserted by the whole world, and in danger of perishing by want, whereupon we made application for the pension, and were put upon the list; then, vowing eternal friendship, sold our jewels and superfluous clothes, retired to this place, which is in the county of Sussex, bought this little house, where we lived many years in a solitary manner, indulging our mutual sorrow, till it pleased Heaven to call away my companion two years ago, since which time I have lingered out an unhappy being, in hopes of a speedy dissolution, when I promise myself the eternal reward of all my cares. In the meantime," continued she, "I must inform you of the character I bear among the neighbours. My conversation being different from that of the inhabitants of the village, my recluse way of life, my skill in curing distempers, which I acquired from books since I settled here, and lastly, my age, have made the common people look upon me as something preternatural, and I am actually at this hour believed to be a witch. The parson of the parish, whose acquaintance I have not been at much pains to cultivate, taking umbrage at my supposed disrespect, has contributed not a little towards the confirmation of this opinion by dropping certain hints to my prejudice among the vulgar, who are also very much scandalized at my entertaining this poor tabby cat, with the collar about her neck, which was a favourite of my deceased companion."

The whole behaviour of this venerable person was so primitive, innocent, sensible, and humane, that I contracted a filial respect for her, and begged her advice with regard to my future conduct, as soon as I was in a condition to act for myself. She dissuaded me from a design I had formed of travelling to London, in hopes of retrieving my clothes and pay, by returning to my ship, which by this time, I read in the newspaper, was safely arrived in the river Thames: "Because," said she, "you run the hazard of being treated not only as a deserter, in quitting the sloop, but also as a mutineer, in assaulting your commanding officer, to the malice of whose revenge you will moreover be exposed." She then promised to recommend me as a servant to a single lady of her acquaintance who lived in the neighbourhood with her nephew, who was a young fox-hunter of great fortune, where I might be very happy, provided I could bear the disposition and manners of my mistress, which were somewhat whimsical and particular. But above all things, she counselled me to conceal my story, the knowledge of which would effectually poison

my entertainment, for it was a maxim among most people of condition, that no gentleman in distress ought to be admitted into a family as a domestic, lest he become proud, lazy, and insolent. I was fain to embrace this humble proposal, because my affairs were desperate, and in a few days was hired by this lady, to serve in quality of her footman, having been represented by my hostess as a young man who was bred up to the sea by his relations against his will, and had suffered shipwreck, which had increased his disgust to that way of life so much that he rather chose to go into service on shore than enter himself on board of any other ship. Before I took possession of my new place, she gave me a sketch of my mistress's character, that I might know better how to regulate my conduct. "Your lady," said she, "is a maiden of forty years, not so remarkable for her beauty as her learning and taste, which is famous all over the country. Indeed, she is a perfect female virtuoso, and so eager after the pursuit of knowledge that she neglects her person even to a degree of sluttishness; this negligence, together with her contempt of the male part of the creation, gives her nephew no great concern, as by these means he will probably keep her fortune, which is considerable, in the family. He therefore permits her to live in her own way, which is something extraordinary, and gratifies her in all her whimsical desires. Her apartment is at some distance from the other inhabited parts of the house, and consists of a dining-room, bed-chamber, and study. She keeps a cook-maid, waiting-woman, and footman of her own, and seldom eats or converses with any of the family but her niece, who is a very lovely creature, and humours her aunt often to the prejudice of her own health, by sitting up with her whole nights together; for your mistress is too much of a philosopher to be swayed by the customs of the world, and never sleeps or eats like other people. Among other odd notions, she professes the principles of Rosicrucius, and believes the earth, air, and sea are inhabited by invisible beings, with whom it is possible for the human species to entertain correspondence and intimacy, on the easy condition of living chaste. As she hopes one day to be admitted into an acquaintance of this kind, she no sooner heard of me and my cat than she paid me a visit, with a view, as she has since owned, to be introduced to my familiar, and was greatly mortified to find herself disappointed in her expectation. Being, by this visionary turn of mind, abstracted as it were from the world, she cannot advert to the common occurrences of life, and therefore is frequently so absent as to commit very strange mistakes and extravagances, which you will do well to rectify and repair as your prudence shall suggest."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

My Reception by that Lady—I become enamoured of Narcissa—Recount the Particulars of my last Misfortune—Acquire the good Opinion of my Mistress—An Account of the young Squire—I am made acquainted with more Particulars of Narcissa's situation—Conceive a mortal Hatred against Sir Timothy—Examine my Lady's Library and Performances—Her extravagant Behaviour.

FRAUGHT with these useful instructions, I repaired to the place of her habitation, and was introduced by the waiting-woman to the presence of my lady, who had not before seen me. She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat; her sandy locks hung down in a disorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its coif, for the benefit of scratching with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other. Her forehead was high and wrinkled; her eyes were large, grey, and prominent; her nose was long, sharp, and aquiline; her mouth of vast capacity; her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peaked like a shoemaker's paring-knife; her upper lip contained a large quantity of plain Spanish, which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck, that was not naturally very white; and the breast of her gown, that flowed loose about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance never *washed but in Castalian streams.* Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, telescopes, and other learned apparatus. Her snuff-box stood at her right hand; at her left hand lay her handkerchief, sufficiently used; and a convenience to spit in appeared on one side of her chair. She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to disturb her; so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time she bit the quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and at length, with an air of triumph, repeated aloud,

"Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose."

Having committed her success to paper, she turned towards the door, and, perceiving us, cried, "What's the matter?"—"Here's the young man," replied my conductress, "whom Mrs. Sagely recommended as a footman to your ladyship." On this information she stared in my face a considerable time, and then asked my name, which I thought proper to conceal under that of John Brown. After having surveyed me with a curious eye, she broke out into, "O! ay, thou wast shipwrecked, I remember. Whether didst thou come on shore on the back of a whale or a dolphin?" To this I answered, I had swam ashore without any assistance.—Then she demanded to know if I had ever been at the Hellespont, and swam from Cestos to Abydos. I replied in the negative. Upon which she bade the maid order a suit of new livery for me, and instruct me in the articles of my duty. So saying, she spit in her snuff-box, and wiped her nose with her cap, which lay on the table instead of a handkerchief. We returned to the kitchen, where I was regaled by the maids, who seemed to vie with each other in expressing their regard for me; and from them I understood that my business consisted in cleaning knives and forks, laying the cloth, waiting at table, carrying messages, and attending my lady when she went abroad. There was a very good suit of livery in the house, which had belonged to my predecessor deceased, and it fitted me exactly; so that there was no occasion for employing a tailor on my account. I had not been long equipped in this manner, when my lady's bell rung; upon which I ran up stairs, and found her stalking about the room in her shift and under petticoat only: I would have immediately retired as became me, but she bade me come in, and air a clean shift for her; which operation I having performed with some backwardness, she put it on before me without any ceremony, and I verily believe was ignorant of my sex all that time, as being quite absorbed in contemplation. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was ordered to lay the cloth, and place

two covers, which I understood were for my mistress and her niece, whom I had not as yet seen. Though I was not very dexterous at this work, I performed it pretty well for a beginner; and, when dinner was upon the table, saw my mistress approach, accompanied by the young lady, whose name, for the present, shall be Narcissa. So much sweetness appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition, that my heart was captivated at first sight, and, while dinner lasted, I gazed upon her without intermission. Her age seemed to be seventeen, her stature tall, her shape unexceptionable; her hair, that fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, black as jet; her arched eye-brows of the same colour; her eyes piercing, yet tender; her lips of the consistence and hue of cherries; her complexion clear, delicate, and healthy; her aspect noble, ingenuous, and humane; and the whole person so ravishingly delightful, that it was impossible for any creature endued with sensibility, to see without admiring, and admire without loving her to excess! I began to curse the servile station that placed me so far beneath the regard of this idol of my adoration! and yet I blessed my fate, that enabled me to enjoy daily the sight of so much perfection! When she spoke, I listened with pleasure; but when she spoke to me, my soul was thrilled with an ecstasy of tumultuous joy! I was even so happy as to be the subject of their conversation. For Narcissa having observed me, said to her aunt, "I see your new footman is come." Then addressing herself to me, asked with ineffable complacency, if I was the person who had been so cruelly used by robbers? When I satisfied her in this, she expressed a desire of knowing the other particulars of my fortune, both before and since my being shipwrecked. Hereupon (as Mrs. Sagely had counselled me) I told her that I had been bound apprentice to the master of a ship, contrary to my inclination, which ship had foundered at sea; that I and four more, who chanced to be on deck when she went down, made shift to swim to the shore, when my companions, after having overpowered me, stripped me to the shirt, and left me, as they imagined, dead of the wounds I received in my own defence. Then I related the circumstances of my being found in a barn, with the inhuman treatment I met with from the country people and parson; the description of which, I perceived, drew tears from the charming creature's eyes! When I had finished my recital, my mistress said, "*Ma foi! le garçon est bien fait!*" To which opinion Narcissa assented, with a compliment to my understanding in the same language, that flattered my vanity extremely.

The conversation, among other subjects, turned upon the young squire, whom my lady inquired after under the title of the Savage; and was informed by her niece that he was still in bed, repairing the fatigue of last night's debauch, and recruiting strength and spirits to undergo a fox-chase to-morrow morning, in company with Sir Timothy Thicket, Squire Bumper, and a great many other gentlemen of the same stamp, whom he had invited on that occasion; so that, by daybreak, the whole house would be in an uproar. This was a very disagreeable piece of news to the virtuoso, who protested she would stuff her ears with cotton when she went to bed, and take a dose of opium to make her sleep the more sound, that she might not be disturbed and distracted by the clamour of the brutes.

When their dinner was over, I and my fellow-servants sat down to ours in the kitchen, where I understood that Sir Timothy Thicket was a wealthy knight in the neighbourhood, between whom and Narcissa a match had been projected by her brother, who promised at the same time to espouse Sir Timothy's sister; by which means, as their fortunes were pretty equal, the young ladies would be provided for, and their brothers be never the poorer; but that the ladies did not concur in the scheme, each of them entertaining a hearty contempt for the person allotted to her for a husband by this agreement. This information begat in me a mortal aversion to Sir Timothy, whom I looked upon as my rival, and cursed in my heart for his presumption. Next morning, by daybreak, being awakened by the noise of the hunters and hounds, I arose to view the cavalcade, and had a sight of my competitor, whose accomplishments, the estate excluded, did not seem brilliant enough to give me much uneasiness with respect to Narcissa, who, I flattered myself, was not to be won by such qualifications as he was master of, either as to person or mind. My mistress, notwithstanding her precaution, was so much disturbed by her nephew's company, that she did not rise till five o'clock in the afternoon; so that I had an opportunity of examining her study at leisure, to which examination I was strongly prompted by my curiosity. Here I found a thousand scraps of her own poetry, consisting of three, four, ten, twelve, and twenty lines, on an infinity of subjects, which, as whim inspired, she had begun, without constancy or capacity to bring to any degree of composition. But, what was very extraordinary in a female poet, there was not the least mention made of love in any of her performances. I counted fragments of five tragedies, the titles of which were, "The Stern Philosopher"—"The Double Murder"—The Sacrilegious Traitor"—"The Fall of Lucifer"—and "The Last Day." From whence I gathered that her disposition was gloomy, and her imagination delighted with objects of horror. Her library was composed of the best English historians, poets, and philosophers, of all the French critics and poets, and of a few books in Italian, chiefly poetry, at the head of which were Tasso and Ariosto, pretty much used. Besides these, translations of the classics into French, but not one book in Greek or Latin; a circumstance that discovered her ignorance in these languages. After having taken a full view of this collection, I retired, and, at the usual time, was preparing to lay the cloth, when I was told by the maid that her mistress was still in bed, and had been so affected with the notes of the hounds in the morning, that she actually believed herself a hare beset by the hunters; and begged a few greens to munch for breakfast. When I expressed my surprise at this unaccountable imagination, she gave me to understand that her lady was very much subject to whims of this nature; sometimes fancying herself an animal, sometimes a piece of furniture, during which conceited transformations it was very dangerous to come near her, especially when she represented a beast; for that, lately, in the character of a cat, she had flown at her, and scratched her face in a terrible manner; that, some months ago, she prophesied the general conflagration was at hand, and nothing would be able to quench it but her water, which, therefore, she kept so long that her life was in danger; and she must needs have died of the retention, had they not found an expedient to make her evacuate, by kindling a bonfire under her chamber window, and persuading her that the house was in flames; upon which, with great deliberation,

she bade them bring all the tubs and vessels they could find, to be filled, for the preservation of the house, into one of which she immediately discharged the cause of her distemper. I was also informed that nothing contributed so much to the recovery of her reason as music, which was always administered on those occasions by Narcissa, who played perfectly well on the harpsichord, and to whom she, the maid, was just then going to intimate her aunt's disorder. She was no sooner gone than I was summoned by the bell to my lady's chamber, where I found her sitting squat on her hams on the floor, in the manner of puss when she listens to the outcries of her pursuers. When I appeared, she started up with an alarmed look, and sprung to the other side of the room to avoid me, whom, without doubt, she mistook for a beagle thirsting after her life. Perceiving her extreme confusion, I retired, and on the staircase met the adorable Narcissa coming up, to whom I imparted the situation of my mistress. She said not a word, but, smiling with unspeakable grace, went into her aunt's apartment, and in a little time my ears were ravished with the effects of her skill. She accompanied the instrument with a voice so sweet and melodious, that I did not wonder at the surprising change it produced on the spirits of my mistress, which were soon composed to peace and sober reflection.

About seven o'clock the hunters arrived, with the skins of two foxes and one badger, carried before them as trophies of their success. And, when they were about to sit down to dinner or supper, Sir Timothy Thicket desired that Narcissa would honour the table with her presence. But this request, notwithstanding her brother's threats and entreaties, she refused, on pretence of attending her aunt, who was indisposed; so I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing my rival mortified. But this disappointment made no great impression on him, who consoled himself with the bottle, of which the whole company became so enamoured, that, after a most horrid uproar of laughing, singing, swearing, dancing, and fighting, they were all carried to bed in a state of utter oblivion. My duty being altogether detached from the squire and his family, I led a pretty easy and comfortable life, drinking daily intoxicating draughts of love from the charms of Narcissa, which brightened on my contemplation every day more and more. Inglorious as my station was, I became blind to my own unworthiness, and even conceived hopes of one day enjoying this amiable creature, whose affability greatly encouraged these presumptuous thoughts.

CHAPTER XL.

My Mistress is surprised at my Learning—Communicates her Performances to me—I impart some of mine to her—Am mortified at her Faint Praise—Narcissa approves of my Conduct—I gain an involuntary Conquest over the Cook-maid and Dairy-maid—Their mutual Resentment and Insinuations—The Jealousy of their Lovers.

DURING this season of love and tranquillity, my Muse, which had lain dormant so long, awoke, and produced several small performances on the subject of my flame; but, as it concerned me nearly to remain undiscovered in my real character and sentiments, I was under a necessity of mortifying my desire of praise, by confining my works to my own perusal and applause. In the meantime I strove to insinuate myself into the good opinion of both ladies; and succeeded so well, by my diligence and dutiful behaviour, that, in a little time, I was at least a favourite servant; and frequently enjoyed the pleasure of hearing myself mentioned in French and Italian, with some degree of warmth and surprise, by the dear object of all my wishes, as a person who had so much of the gentleman in my appearance and discourse, that she could not for her soul treat me like a common lacquey. My prudence and modesty were not long proof against these bewitching compliments. One day, while I waited at dinner, the conversation turned upon a knotty passage of Tasso's Jerusalem, which, it seems, had puzzled them both. After a great many unsatisfactory conjectures, my mistress, taking the book out of her pocket, turned up the place in question, and read the sentence over and over without success. At length, despairing of finding the author's meaning, she turned to me, saying, "Come hither, Bruno, let us see what fortune will do for us; I will interpret to thee what goes before and what follows this obscure paragraph, the particular words of which I will also explain, that thou mayest, by comparing one with another, guess the sense of that which perplexes us." I was too vain to let slip this opportunity of displaying my talents; therefore, without hesitation, read and explained the whole of that which had disconcerted them, to the utter astonishment of both. Narcissa's face and lovely neck were overspread with blushes, from which I drew a favourable omen; while her aunt, after having stared at me a good while with a look of amazement, exclaimed, "In the name of Heaven! who art thou?" I told her I had picked up a smattering of Italian during a voyage up the Straits. At this explanation she shook her head, and observed that no smatterer could read as I had done. She then desired to know if I understood French? To which question I answered in the affirmative. She asked if I was acquainted with Latin and Greek? I replied, "A little."—"Oho!" continued she; "and with philosophy and mathematics, I suppose?" I owned I knew something of each. Then she repeated her stare and interrogation. I began to repent my vanity, and, in order to repair the fault I had committed, said, it was not to be wondered at if I had a tolerable education, for learning was so cheap in my country that every peasant was a scholar; but I hoped her ladyship would think my understanding no exception to my character. She was pleased to answer, "No, no, God forbid." But during the rest of the time they sat at table they behaved with remarkable reserve.

This alteration gave me great uneasiness, and I passed the night without sleep, in melancholy reflections on the vanity of young men, which prompts them to commit so many foolish actions, contrary to their own sober judgment. Next day, however, instead of profiting by this self-condemnation, I yielded still more to the dictates of the principle I had endeavoured to chastise, and, if fortune had not befriended me more than prudence could expect, I should have been treated with the contempt it deserved. After breakfast, my lady, who was a true author, bade me follow her into the study, where she expressed herself thus: "Since you are so learned, you cannot be void of taste; therefore I am to desire your opinion of a small performance in poetry, which I lately composed. You must know I have planned a tragedy, the subject of which shall be the murder of a prince before the altar, where he

is busy at his devotions. After the deed is perpetrated, the regicide will harangue the people with the bloody dagger in his hand; and I have already composed a speech, which I think will suit the character extremely. Here it is." Then taking up a scrap of paper, she read with violent emphasis and gesture, as follows:—

Thus have I sent the simple king to hell,
Without or coffin, shroud, or passing bell;
To me what are divine and human laws?
I court no sanction but my own applause!
Rapes, robb'ries, treasons, yield my soul delight;
And human carnage gratifies my sight:
I drag the parent by the hoary hair,
And toss the sprawling infant on my spear,
While the fond mother's cries regale mine ear.
I fight, I vanquish, murder friends and foes;
Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose.

Though I did great violence to my understanding in praising this unnatural rhapsody, I nevertheless extolled it as a production that of itself deserved immortal fame; and besought her ladyship to bless the world with the fruits of those uncommon talents Heaven had bestowed upon her. She smiled with a look of self-complacency, and, encouraged by the incense I had offered, communicated all her poetical works, which I applauded one by one, with as little candour as I had shown at first. Satiated with my flattery, which, I hope, my situation justified, she could not in conscience refuse me an opportunity of shining in my turn; and, therefore, after a compliment to my nice discernment and taste, observed, that, doubtless, I must have produced something in that way myself, which she desired to see. This was a temptation I could by no means resist. I owned that, while I was at college, I wrote some small detached pieces, at the desire of a friend who was in love, and at her request repeated the following verses, which indeed my love for Narcissa had inspired:—

ON CELIA,

PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

When Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire;
And, when she raised the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had the nymph possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster power to please:
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid;
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

My mistress paid me a cold compliment on my versification, which, she said, was elegant enough, but the subject beneath the pen of a true poet. I was extremely nettled at her indifference, and looked at Narcissa, who by this time had joined us, for her approbation; but she declined giving her opinion, protesting she was no judge of these matters; so that I was forced to retire, very much balked in my expectation, which was generally a little too sanguine. In the afternoon, however, the waiting-maid assured me that Narcissa had expressed her approbation of my performance with great warmth, and desired her to procure a copy of it, as for herself, that she (Narcissa) might have an opportunity to peruse it at pleasure. I was elated to an extravagant pitch at this intelligence, and immediately transcribed a fair copy of my ode, which was carried to the dear charmer, together with another on the same subject, as follows:—

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties;
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

Whether or not Narcissa discovered my passion I could not learn from her behaviour, which, though always benevolent to me, was henceforth more reserved and less cheerful. While my thoughts aspired to a sphere so far above me, I had unwittingly made a conquest of the cook-wench and dairy-maid, who became so jealous of each other, that, if their sentiments had been refined by education, it is probable one or other of them would have had recourse to poison or steel to be avenged of her rival; but, as their minds were happily adapted to their humble station, their mutual enmity was confined to scolding and fisty-cuffs, in which exercises they were both well-skilled. My good fortune did not long remain a secret, for it was disclosed by the frequent broils of these heroines, who kept no decorum in their encounters. The coachman and gardener, who paid their devoirs to my admirers, each to his respective choice, alarmed at my success, laid their heads together, in order to concert a plan of revenge; and the former having been educated at the academy at Tottenham Court, undertook to challenge me to single combat. He accordingly, with many opprobrious invectives, bade me defiance, and offered to box me for twenty guineas. I told him that although I believed myself a match for him, even at that work, I would not descend so far below the dignity of a gentleman as to fight like a porter; but if he had anything to say to me, I was his man at blunderbuss, musket, pistol, sword, hatchet, spit, cleaver, fork, or needle; nay, I swore, that, should he give his tongue any more saucy liberties at my expense, I would crop his ears without any ceremony. This rhodomontade, delivered with a stern countenance and resolute tone, had the desired effect upon my antagonist, who, with some confusion, sneaked off, and gave his friend an account of his reception. The story taking air among the servants, procured for me the title of Gentleman John, with which I was sometimes honoured, even by my mistress and Narcissa, who had been informed of the whole affair by the chambermaid. In the meantime, the rival queans expressed their passion by all the ways in their power: the cook entertained me with choice bits, the dairy-maid with strokings; the first would often encourage me to declare myself by complimenting me upon my courage and learning, and observing, that if she had a husband like me, to maintain order and keep accounts, she could make a great deal of money by setting up an eating-house in London, for gentlemen's servants on board wages. The other courted my affection by showing her own importance, and telling me that many a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood would be glad to marry her; but she was resolved to please her eye, if she should plague her heart. Then she would launch out into the praise of my proper

person, and say she was sure I would make a good husband, for I was very good-natured. I began to be uneasy at the importunities of these inamoratas, whom, at another time, perhaps, I might have pleased without the disagreeable sauce of matrimony; but at present my whole soul was engrossed by Narcissa, and I could not bear the thoughts of doing anything derogatory of the passion I entertained for her.

CHAPTER XLI.

Narcissa, being in Danger from the Brutality of Sir Timothy, is rescued by me, who revenge myself on my Rival—I declare my Passion, and retreat to the Sea-side—Am surrounded by Smugglers, and carried to Boulogne—Find my Uncle, Lieutenant Bowling, in great Distress, and relieve him—Our Conversation.

At certain intervals my ambition would revive; I would despise myself for my tame resignation to my sordid fate, and revolve an hundred schemes for assuming the character of a gentleman, to which I thought myself entitled by birth and education. In these fruitless suggestions time stole away unperceived, and I had already remained eight months in the station of a footman, when an accident happened that put an end to my servitude, and for the present banished all hopes of succeeding in my love.

Narcissa went one day to visit Miss Thicket, who lived with her brother, within less than a mile of our house, and was persuaded to walk home in the cool of the evening, accompanied by Sir Timothy, who, having a good deal of the brute in him, was instigated to use some unbecoming familiarities with her, encouraged by the solitariness of a field through which they passed. The lovely creature was incensed at his rude behaviour, for which she reproached him in such a manner that he lost all regard to decency, and actually offered violence to this pattern of innocence and beauty. But Heaven would not suffer so much goodness to be violated, and sent me, who, passing by accident near the place, was alarmed with her cries, to her succour. What were the emotions of my soul when I beheld Narcissa almost sinking beneath the brutal force of this satyr! I flew like lightning to her rescue, and he, perceiving me, quitted his prey, and drew his hanger to chastise my presumption. My indignation was too high to admit one thought of fear; so that, rushing upon him, I struck his weapon out of his hand, and used my cudgel so successfully that he fell to the ground, and lay, to all appearance, without sense. Then I turned to Narcissa, who had swooned, and, sitting down by her, gently raised her head, and supported it on my bosom, while, with my hand around her waist, I kept her in that position. My soul was thrilled with tumultuous joy at feeling the object of my dearest wishes within my arms; and while she lay insensible, I could not refrain from applying my cheek to hers, and ravishing a kiss. In a little time the blood began to revisit her face; she opened her enchanting eyes, and, having recollected her late situation, said, with a look full of tender acknowledgment, "Dear John, I am eternally obliged to you!" So saying, she made an effort to rise, in which I assisted her, and she proceeded to the house, leaning upon me all the way. I was a thousand times tempted by this opportunity to declare my passion, but the dread of disobliging her restrained my tongue. We had not moved an hundred paces from the scene of her distress, when I perceived Sir Timothy rise and walk homeward; a circumstance which, though it gave me some satisfaction, inasmuch as I thereby knew I had not killed him, filled me with just apprehension of his resentment, which I found myself in no condition to withstand; especially when I considered his intimacy with our squire, to whom I knew he could justify himself for what he had done, by imputing it to his love, and desiring his brother Bruin to take the same liberty with his sister, without any fear of offence. When we arrived at the house, Narcissa assured me she would exert all her influence in protecting me from the revenge of Thicket, and likewise engage her aunt in my favour. At the same time, pulling out her purse, offered it as a small consideration for the service I had done her. But I stood too much upon the punctilios of love to incur the least suspicion of being mercenary, and refused the present, by saying I had merited nothing by barely doing my duty. She seemed astonished at my disinterestedness, and blushed: I felt the same suffusion, and, with a downcast eye and broken accent, told her I had one request to make, which, if her generosity would grant, I should think myself fully recompensed for an age of misery. She changed colour at this preamble, and, with great confusion, replied, she hoped my good sense would hinder me from asking anything she was bound in honour to refuse, and therefore bade me signify my desire. Upon which I kneeled, and begged to kiss her hand. She immediately, with an averted look, stretched it out; I imprinted on it an ardent kiss, and, bathing it with my tears, cried, "Dear Madam, I am an unfortunate gentleman, and love you to distraction, but would have died a thousand deaths rather than make this declaration under such a servile appearance, were I not determined to yield to the rigour of my fate, to fly from your bewitching presence, and bury my presumptuous passion in eternal silence." With these words I rose and went away, before she could recover her spirits so far as to make any reply. My first care was to go and consult Mrs. Sagely, with whom I had maintained a friendly correspondence ever since I left her house. When she understood my situation, the good woman, with real concern, condoled me on my unhappy fate, and approved of my resolution to leave the country, as being perfectly well acquainted with the barbarous disposition of my rival, "who by this time," said she, "has no doubt meditated a scheme of revenge. Indeed I cannot see how you will be able to elude his vengeance; being himself in the commission, he will immediately grant warrants for apprehending you; and as almost all the people in this county are dependent on him or his friend, it will be impossible for you to find shelter among them. If you should be apprehended, he will commit you to jail, where you may possibly languish in great misery till the next assizes, and then be transported for assaulting a magistrate." While she thus warned me of my danger, we heard a knocking at the door, which threw us both into consternation, as, in all probability, it was occasioned by my pursuers: whereupon this generous old lady, putting two guineas into my hand, with tears in her eyes, bade me for God's sake to get out at the back door, and consult my safety as Providence should direct me. There was no time for deliberation. I followed her advice, and escaped by the benefit of a dark night to the sea-side, where, while I ruminated on my next excursion, I was all of a sudden surrounded by armed men, who, having bound my hands and feet, bade me make no noise,

on pain of being shot, and carried me on board of a vessel, which I soon perceived to be a smuggling cutter. This discovery gave me some satisfaction at first, because I concluded myself safe from the resentment of Sir Timothy. But when I found myself in the hands of ruffians, who threatened to execute me for a spy, I would have thought myself happily quit for a year's imprisonment, or even transportation. It was in vain for me to protest my innocence. I could not persuade them that I had taken a solitary walk to their haunt, at such an hour, merely for my own amusement; and I did not think it my interest to disclose the true cause of my retreat, because I was afraid they would have made their peace with justice, by surrendering me to the penalty of the law. What confirmed their suspicion was the appearance of a custom-house yacht, which gave them chase, and had well-nigh made a prize of the vessel; when they were delivered from their fears by a thick fog, which effectually screened them, and favoured their arrival at Boulogne. But before they got out of sight of their pursuer, they held a council of war about me; and some of the most ferocious among them would have thrown me overboard, as a traitor who had betrayed them to their enemies; but others, more considerate, alleged that if they put me to death, and should afterwards be taken, they could expect no mercy from the legislature, which would never pardon outlawry aggravated by murder. It was therefore determined by a plurality of votes, that I should be set on shore in France, and left to find my passage back to England as I should think proper, this being punishment sufficient for the bare suspicion of a crime in itself not capital. Although this favourable determination gave me great pleasure, the apprehension of being robbed would not suffer me to be perfectly at ease. To prevent this calamity, as soon as I was untied, in consequence of the foresaid decision, I tore a small hole in one of my stockings, into which I dropped six guineas, reserving half a piece and some silver in my pocket, that, finding something, they might not be tempted to make any further inquiry. This was a very necessary precaution; for when we came within sight of the French shore, one of the smugglers told me I must pay for my passage. To this declaration I replied that my passage was none of my own seeking; therefore they could not expect a reward from me for transporting me into a strange country by force. "Damme!" said the outlaw, "none of your palaver; but let me see what money you have got." So saying, he thrust his hand into my pocket without any ceremony, and emptied it of the contents. Then casting an eye at my hat and wig, which captivated his fancy, he took them off, and clapping his own on my head, declared that a fair exchange was no robbery. I was fain to put up with the bargain, which was by no means favourable to me; and a little while after we went all on shore together.

I resolved to take my leave of these desperadoes without much ceremony, when one of them cautioned me against appearing to their prejudice, if ever I returned to England, unless I had a mind to be murdered; for which service, he assured me, the gang never wanted agents. I promised to observe his advice, and departed for the Upper Town, where I inquired for a cabaret, or public-house, into which I went, with an intention of taking some refreshment. In the kitchen, five Dutch sailors sat at breakfast, with a large loaf, a firkin of butter, and a cag of brandy, the bung of which they often applied to their mouths with great perseverance and satisfaction. At some distance from them I perceived another person in the same garb, sitting in a pensive solitary manner, entertaining himself with a whiff of tobacco, from the stump of a pipe as black as jet. The appearance of distress never failed to attract my regard and compassion. I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my assistance; and, notwithstanding the alteration of dress, and disguise of a long beard, I discovered in him my long-lost and lamented uncle and benefactor, Lieutenant Bowling! Good Heaven! what were the agitations of my soul, between the joy of finding again such a valuable friend, and the sorrow of seeing him in such a low condition! The tears gushed down my cheeks: I stood motionless and silent for some time; at length, recovering the use of speech, exclaimed, "Gracious God! Mr. Bowling!" My uncle no sooner heard his name mentioned, than he started up, crying with some surprise, "Holloa!" and after having looked at me steadfastly, without being able to recollect me, said, "Did you call me, brother?" I told him I had something extraordinary to communicate, and desired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room; but he would by no means consent to this proposal, saying, "Avast there, friend; none of your tricks upon travellers; if you have anything to say to me, do it above board; you need not be afraid of being overheard; here are none who understand our lingo."

Though I was loth to discover myself before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him I was his own nephew, Roderick Random. On this information, he considered me with great earnestness and astonishment, and recalling my features, which, though enlarged, were not entirely altered since he had seen me, came up and shook me by the hand very cordially, protesting he was glad to see me well. After some pause, he went on thus: "And yet, my lad, I am sorry to see you under such colours; the more so, as it is not in my power at present to change them for the better, times being very hard with me." With these words, I could perceive a tear trickle down his furrowed cheeks, which affected me so much, that I wept bitterly. Imagining my sorrow was the effect of my own misfortunes, he comforted me with observing that life was a voyage in which we must expect to meet with all weathers; sometimes it was calm, sometimes rough; that a fair gale often succeeded a storm; that the wind did not always sit one way, and that despair signified nothing; but that resolution and skill were better than a stout vessel—for why? because they require no carpenter, and grow stronger the more labour they undergo. I dried up my tears, which I assured him were not shed for my own distress, but for his, and begged leave to accompany him into another room, where we could converse more at our ease. There I recounted to him the ungenerous usage I had met with from Potion; at which relation he started up, stalked across the room three or four times in a great hurry, and, grasping his cudgel, cried, "I would I were alongside of him—that's all; I would I were alongside of him!" I then gave him a detail of all my adventures and sufferings, which affected him more than I could have imagined; and concluded with telling him that Captain Oakum was still alive, and that he might return to England when he would to solicit his affairs, without danger or molestation. He was wonderfully pleased with this piece of information, of which, however, he said he could not at present avail himself, for want of money to pay his passage to London. This objection I soon

removed, by putting five guineas into his hand, and telling him I thought myself extremely happy in having an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude to him in his necessity. But it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail upon him to accept of two, which he affirmed were more than sufficient to defray the necessary expense. After this friendly contest was over, he proposed we should have a mess of something: "For," said he, "it has been banyan-day with me a great while. You must know I was shipwrecked five days ago, near a place called Lisieux, in company with those Dutchmen who are now drinking below; and having but little money when I came ashore, it was soon spent, because I let them have share and share while it lasted. Howsomever, I should have remembered the old saying, *Every hog his own apple:* for when they found my hold unstowed, they went all hands to shooling and begging, and, because I would not take a spell at the same duty, refused to give me the least assistance; so that I have not broke bread these two days." I was shocked at the extremity of his distress, and ordered some bread, cheese, and wine to be brought immediately, to allay his hunger, until a fricassee of chickens could be prepared. When he had recruited his spirits with this homely fare, I desired to know the particulars of his peregrination since the accident at Cape Tiberoon, which were briefly these:—the money he had about him being all spent at Port Louis, the civility and hospitality of the French cooled to such a degree, that he was obliged to list on board of one of their king's ships as a common foremast man, to prevent himself from starving on shore. In this situation he continued two years, during which time he had acquired some knowledge of their language, and the reputation of a good seaman: the ship he belonged to was ordered home to France, where she was laid up as unfit for service, and he was received on board of one of Monsieur D'Antin's squadron, in quality of quarter-master, which office he performed in a voyage to the West Indies, where they engaged with our ship, as before related; but his conscience upbraiding him for serving the enemies of his country, he quitted the ship at the same place where he first listed, and got to Curaçoa in a Dutch vessel; there he bargained with a skipper bound to Europe, to work for his passage to Holland, from whence he was in hopes of hearing from his friends in England, but was cast away, as he mentioned before, on the French coast, and must have been reduced to the necessity of travelling on foot to Holland, and begging for his subsistence on the road, or of entering on board of another French man-of-war, at the hazard of being treated as a deserter, if Providence had not sent me to his succour. "And now, my lad," continued he, "I think I shall steer my course directly to London, where I do not doubt of being replaced, and of having the R taken off me by the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom I intend to write a petition, setting forth my case. If I succeed, I shall have wherewithal to give you some assistance, because when I left the ship I had two years' pay due to me; therefore I desire to know whither you are bound; and besides, perhaps, I may have interest enough to procure a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong. For the beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under secretary, who upon his recommendation, I hope, will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf; so that you see I do not want friends to assist me on occasion. As for the fellow Crampley, thof I know him not, I am sure he is neither seaman nor officer, by what you have told me, or else he could never be so much mistaken in his reckoning as to run the ship on shore on the coast of Sussex before he believed himself in soundings; neither, when that accident happened, would he have left the ship until she had been stove to pieces, especially when the tide was making; wherefore, by this time, I do suppose he has been tried by a court-martial, and executed for his cowardice and misconduct." I could not help smiling at the description of my uncle's ladder, by which he proposed to climb to the attention of the Board of Admiralty; and though I knew the world too well to confide in such dependence myself, I would not discourage him with doubts, but asked if he had no friend in London who would advance a small sum of money to enable him to appear as he ought, and make a small present to the under secretary, who might possibly despatch his business the sooner on that account. He scratched his head, and, after some recollection, replied, "Why, yes, I believe Daniel Whipcord, the ship-chandler in Wapping, would not refuse me such a small matter. I know I can have what credit I want for lodging, liquor, and clothes, but as to money I won't be positive; had honest Block been living, I should not have been at a loss." I was heartily sorry to find a worthy man so destitute of friends when he had such need of them, and looked upon my own situation as less miserable than his, because I was better acquainted with the selfishness and roguery of mankind, consequently less liable to disappointment and imposition.

CHAPTER XLII.

He takes his passage in a Cutter for Deal—We are accosted by a Priest, who proves to be a Scotchman—His Profession of Friendship—He is affronted by the Lieutenant, who afterwards appeases him by Submission—My Uncle embarks—I am introduced by a Priest to a Capuchin, in whose Company I set out for Paris—The Character of my Fellow-Traveller—An Adventure on the Road—I am shocked at his Behaviour.

When our repast was ended we walked down to the harbour, where we found a cutter that was to sail for Deal in the evening, and Mr. Bowling agreed for his passage. In the meantime, we sauntered about the town to satisfy our curiosity, our conversation turning on the subject of my designs, which were not as yet fixed; neither can it be supposed that my mind was at ease, when I found myself reduced almost to extreme poverty, in the midst of foreigners, among whom I had not one acquaintance to advise or befriend me. My uncle was sensible of my forlorn condition, and pressed me to accompany him to England, where he did not doubt of finding some sort of provision for me; but, besides the other reasons I had for avoiding that kingdom, I looked upon it, at this time, as the worst country in the universe for a poor honest man to live in, and therefore determined to remain in France, at all events. I was confirmed in this resolution by a reverend priest, who, passing by at this time, and overhearing us speak English, accosted us in the same language, telling us he was our countryman, and wishing it

might be in his power to do us any service. We thanked this grave person for his courteous offer, and invited him to drink a glass with us, which he did not think proper to refuse, and we went all together into a tavern of his recommending. After having drank to our healths in a bumper of good Burgundy, he began to inquire into our situation, particularly the place of our nativity, which we no sooner named than he started up, and wringing our hands with great fervour, shed a flood of tears, crying, "I come from the same part of the country! perhaps you are my own relations." I was on my guard against his caresses, which I suspected very much when I remembered the adventure of the money-dropper; but, without any appearance of diffidence, observed, that as he was born in that part of the country, he must certainly know our families, which, howsoever mean our present appearance might be, were none of the most obscure or inconsiderable. Then I discovered our names, to which I found he was no stranger; he had known my grandfather personally, and, notwithstanding an absence of fifty years from Scotland, recounted so many particulars of the families in the neighbourhood, that my scruples were entirely removed, and I thought myself happy in his acquaintance. In the course of our conversation I disclosed my condition without reserve, and displayed my talents to such advantage that the old father looked upon me with admiration, and assured me that if I stayed in France, and listened to reason, I could not fail of making my fortune, to which he would contribute all in his power.

My uncle began to be jealous of the priest's insiuuation, and very abruptly declared that if ever I should renounce my religion he would break off all connexion and correspondence with me; for it was his opinion that no honest man would swerve from the principles in which he was bred, whether Turkish, Protestant, or Roman. The father, affronted at this declaration, with great vehemence began a long discourse, setting forth the danger of obstinacy, and shutting one's eyes against the light; he said that ignorance would be no plea towards justification, when we had opportunities of being better informed; and that if the minds of people had not been open to conviction, the Christian religion could not have been propagated in the world, and we should now be in a state of Pagan darkness and barbarity. He endeavoured to prove, by some texts of Scripture, and many quotations from the Fathers, that the Pope was the successor of St. Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ; that the church of Rome was the true holy catholic church, and that the Protestant faith was an impious heresy and damnable schism, by which many millions of souls would suffer everlasting perdition. When he had finished this sermon, which I thought he pronounced with more zeal than discretion, he addressed himself to my uncle, and desired to know his objections to what had been said. The lieutenant, whose attention had been wholly engrossed by his own affairs, took the pipe out of his mouth, and replied, "As for me, friend, d'ye see, I have no objection to what you say; it may be either true or false, for what I know; I meddle with nobody's affairs but my own; the gunner to his linstock, and the steersman to the helm, as the saying is. I trust to no creed but the compass, and do unto every man as I would be done by, so that I defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, and hope to be saved as well as another." This association of persons gave great offence to the friar, who protested, in a mighty passion, that if Mr. Bowling had not been his countryman he would have caused him to be imprisoned for his insolence. I ventured to disapprove of my uncle's rashness, and appeased the old gentleman by assuring him there was no offence intended by my kinsman, who, by this time, sensible of his error, shook the injured party by the hand, and asked pardon for the freedom he had taken. Matters being amicably compromised, he invited us to come and see him in the afternoon at the convent to which he belonged, and took his leave for the present, when my uncle recommended it strongly to me to persevere in the religion of my forefathers, whatever advantages I might propose to myself by a change, which could not fail of disgracing myself and dishonouring my family. I assured him no consideration should induce me to forfeit his friendship and good opinion on that score, at which assurance he discovered great satisfaction, and put me in mind of dinner, which we immediately bespoke, and, when it was ready, ate together.

I imagined my acquaintance with the Scottish priest, if properly managed, might turn out to my advantage, and therefore resolved to cultivate it as much as I could. With this view we visited him at his convent, according to his invitation, where he treated us with wine and sweetmeats, and showed us everything that was remarkable in the monastery. Having been thus entertained, we took our leave, though not before I had promised to see him next day; and the time fixed for my uncle's embarking being come, I accompanied him to the harbour, and saw him on board. We parted not without tears, after we had embraced, and wished one another all manner of prosperity; and he entreated me to write to him often, directing to Lieutenant Bowling, at the sign of the Union Flag, near the Hermitage, London.

I returned to the house in which we had met, where I passed the night in a very solitary manner, reflecting on the severity of my fate, and endeavouring to project some likely scheme of life for the future; but my invention failed me: I saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties in my way, and was ready to despair at the miserable prospect! That I might not, however, neglect any probable means, I got up in the morning, and went directly to the father, whose advice and assistance I implored. He received me very kindly, and gave me to understand that there was one way of life in which a person of my talents could not fail of making a great figure. I guessed his meaning, and told him once for all I was fully determined against any alteration in point of religion, therefore, if his proposal regarded the church, he might save himself the trouble of explaining it. He shook his head, and sighed, saying, "Ah! son, son, what a glorious prospect is here spoiled by your stubborn prejudice! Suffer yourself to be persuaded by reason, and consult your temporal welfare, as well as the concerns of your eternal soul. I can, by my interest, procure your admission as a noviciate into this convent, where I will superintend and direct you with a truly paternal affection." Then he launched out into the praises of a monastic life, which no noise disturbs, no cares molest, and no danger invades; where the heart is weaned from carnal attachments, the grosser appetites subdued and chastised, and the soul wafted to divine regions of philosophy and truth, on the wings of studious contemplation. But his eloquence was lost upon me, whom two considerations enabled to withstand his temptations; namely, my promise to my uncle, and my aversion to an ecclesiastical life; for, as to the difference

of religion, I looked upon it as a thing of too small moment to come in competition with a man's fortune. Finding me immoveable on this head, he told me he was more sorry than offended at my non-compliance, and still ready to employ his good offices in my behalf. "The same erroneous maxims," said he, "that obstruct your promotion in the church will infallibly prevent your advancement in the army; but if you can brook the condition of a servant, I am acquainted with some people of rank at Versailles, to whom I can give you letters of recommendation, that you may be entertained by some one of them in quality of *maître d'hôtel;* and I do not doubt that your qualifications will soon entitle you to a better provision." I embraced his offer with great eagerness, and he appointed me to come back in the afternoon, when he would not only give me letters, but likewise introduce me to a capuchin of his acquaintance, who intended to set out for Paris next morning, in whose company I might travel, without being at the expense of one livre during the whole journey. This piece of good news gave me infinite pleasure; I acknowledged my obligation to the benevolent father in the most grateful expressions; and he performed his promise to a tittle, in delivering the letters, and making me acquainted with the capuchin, with whom I departed next morning by break of day.

It was not long before I discovered my fellow-traveller to be a merry facetious fellow, who, notwithstanding his profession and appearance of mortification, loved good eating and drinking better than his rosary, and paid more adoration to a pretty girl than to the Virgin Mary or St. Geneviève. He was a thick, brawny young man, with red eyebrows, a hook nose, a face covered with freckles; and his name was Frère Balthazar. His order did not permit him to wear linen, so that, having little occasion to undress himself, he was none of the cleanliest animals in the world; and his constitution was naturally so strongly scented, that I always thought it convenient to keep to the windward of him in our march. As he was perfectly well known on the road, we fared sumptuously without any cost, and the fatigue of our journey was much alleviated by the good humour of my companion, who sung an infinite number of catches on the subjects of love and wine. We took up our lodging the first night at a peasant's house not far from Abbeville, where we were entertained with an excellent ragout, cooked by our landlord's daughters, one of whom was very handsome. After having eaten heartily, and drank a sufficient quantity of small wine, we were conducted to a barn, where we found a couple of carpets spread upon clean straw for our reception. We had not lain in this situation above half-an-hour, when we heard somebody knock softly at the door, upon which Balthazar got up, and let in our host's two daughters, who wanted to have some private conversation with him in the dark. When they had whispered together some time, the capuchin came to me, and asked if I was insensible to love, and so hard-hearted as to refuse a share of my bed to a pretty maid, who had a *tendre* for me? I must own, to my shame, that I suffered myself to be overcome by my passion, and with great eagerness seized the occasion, when I understood that the amiable Nanette was to be my bedfellow. In vain did my reason suggest the respect that I owed to my dear mistress Narcissa; the idea of that lovely charmer rather increased than allayed the ferment of my spirits; and the young *paysanne* had no reason to complain of my remembrance. Early in the morning, the kind creatures left us to our repose, which lasted till eight o'clock, when we got up, and were treated at breakfast with chocolate and *l'eau de vie* by our paramours, of whom we took a tender leave, after my companion had confessed and given them absolution. While we proceeded on our journey, the conversation turned upon the night's adventure, being introduced by the capuchin, who asked me how I liked my lodging: I declared my satisfaction, and talked in rapture of the agreeable Nanette; at which he shook his head, and smiling, said, she was a *morceau pour la bonne bouche.* "I never valued myself," continued he, "upon anything so much as the conquest of Nanette; and, vanity apart, I have been pretty fortunate in my amours." This information shocked me not a little, as I was well convinced of his intimacy with her sister; and though I did not care to tax him with downright incest, I professed my astonishment at his last night's choice, when, I supposed, the other was at his devotion. To this hint, he answered, that, besides his natural complaisance to the sex, he had another reason to distribute his favours equally between them, namely, to preserve peace in the family, which could not otherwise be maintained; that, moreover, Nanette had conceived an affection for me, and he loved her too well to balk her inclination; more especially when he had an opportunity of obliging his friend at the same time. I thanked him for this instance of his friendship, though I was extremely disgusted at his want of delicacy, and cursed the occasion that threw me in his way. Libertine as I was, I could not bear to see a man behave so wide of the character he assumed: I looked upon him as a person of very little worth or honesty, and should even have kept a wary eye upon my pocket, if I had thought he could have any temptation to steal. But I could not conceive the use of money to a capuchin, who is obliged, by the rules of his order, to appear like a beggar, and enjoys all other necessaries of life gratis; besides, my fellow-traveller seemed to be of a complexion too careless and sanguine to give me any apprehension on that score; so that I proceeded with great confidence, in expectation of being soon at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

We lodge at a House near Amiens, where I am robbed by the Capuchin, who escapes while I am asleep—I go to Noyons in search of him, but without success—Make my Condition known to several People, but find no Relief—Grow desperate—Join a Company of Soldiers—Enlist in the Regiment of Picardy—We are ordered into Germany—I find the Fatigues of the March almost intolerable—Quarrel with my Comrade in a Dispute about Politics—He challenges me to the Field, wounds and disarms me.

THE third night of our pilgrimage we passed at a house near Amiens, where Balthazar being unknown, we supped upon indifferent fare, and sour wine, and were fain to lie in a garret, upon an old mattress, which, I believe, had been in the possession of ten thousand myriads of fleas time out of mind. We did not invade their territory with impunity: in less than a minute we were attacked by stings innumerable; in spite of which, however, I fell fast asleep, being excessively fatigued with our day's march, and did not

wake till nine next morning, when seeing myself alone, I started up in a terrible fright, and examining my pockets, found my presaging fear too true! My companion had made free with my cash, and left me to seek my way to Paris by myself! I ran down stairs immediately; and with a look full of grief and amazement inquired for the mendicant, who, they gave me to understand, had set out four hours before, after having told them I was a little indisposed, and desired I might not be disturbed, but be informed when I should awake that he had taken the road to Noyons, where he would wait for my coming at the Coq d'Or. I spoke not a word, but with a heavy heart directed my course to that place, at which I arrived in the afternoon, fainting with weariness and hunger; but learned, to my utter confusion, that no such person had been there! It was happy for me that I had a good deal of resentment in my constitution, which animated me on such occasions against the villany of mankind, and enabled me to bear misfortunes otherwise intolerable. Boiling with indignation, I discovered to the host my deplorable condition, and inveighed with great bitterness against the treachery of Balthazar; at which he shrugged up his shoulders, and, with a peculiar grimace in his countenance, said he was sorry for my misfortune; but there was no remedy like patience. At that instant some guests arrived, to whom he hastened to offer his service, leaving me mortified at his indifference, and fully persuaded that an innkeeper is the same sordid animal all the world over. While I stood in the porch, forlorn and undetermined, venting ejaculations of curses against the thief who had robbed me, and the old priest who recommended him to my friendship, a young gentleman, richly dressed, attended by a valet-de-chambre and two servants in livery, arrived at the inn. I thought I perceived a great deal of sweetness and good nature in his countenance; therefore he had no sooner alighted than I accosted him, and, in a few words, explained my situation: he listened with great politeness, and, when I had made an end of my story, said, "Well, Monsieur, what would you have me to do?" I was effectually abashed at this interrogation, which I believe no man of common sense or generosity could make, and made no other reply than a low bow: he returned the compliment still lower, and tript into an apartment, while the landlord let me know that my standing there to interrupt company gave offence, and might do him infinite prejudice. He had no occasion to repeat his insinuation; I moved from the place immediately, and was so much transported with grief, anger, and disdain, that a torrent of blood gushed from my nostrils. In this ecstasy I quitted Noyons, and betook myself to the fields, where I wandered about like one distracted, till my spirits were quite exhausted, and I was obliged to throw myself down at the root of a tree, to rest my wearied limbs. Here my rage forsook me; I began to feel the importunate cravings of nature, and relapsed into silent sorrow and melancholy reflection. I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that Providence, which, after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign country, where I had not one friend or acquaintance to close my eyes, and do the last offices of humanity to my miserable carcass. A thousand times I wished myself a bear, that I might retreat to woods and deserts, far from the inhospitable haunts of man, where I could live by my own talents, independent of treacherous friends and supercilious scorn.

As I lay in this manner groaning over my hapless fate, I heard the sound of a violin, and raising my head, perceived a company of men and women dancing on the grass at some distance from me. I looked upon this to be a favourable season for distress to attract compassion, when every selfish thought is banished, and the heart dilated with mirth and social joy; wherefore I got up and approached this happy people, whom I soon discovered to be a party of soldiers, with their wives and children, unbending and diverting themselves at this rate, after the fatigue of a march. I had never before seen such a parcel of scarecrows together, neither could I reconcile their meagre gaunt looks, their squalid and ragged attire, and every other external symptom of extreme woe, with this appearance of festivity. I saluted them, however, and was received with great politeness; after which they formed a ring, and danced around me. This jollity had a wonderful effect upon my spirits! I was infected with their gaiety, and, in spite of my dismal situation, forgot my cares, and joined in their extravagance. When we had recreated ourselves a good while at this diversion, the ladies spread their manteaus on the ground, upon which they emptied their knapsacks of some onions, coarse bread, and a few flasks of poor wine. Being invited to a share of the banquet, I sat down with the rest, and in the whole course of my life never made a more comfortable meal. When our repast was ended, we got up again to dance; and now that I found myself refreshed, I behaved to the admiration of everybody. I was loaded with a thousand compliments, and professions of friendship; the men commended my person and agility, and the women were loud in praise of my *bonne grace;* the serjeant in particular expressed so much regard for me, and described the pleasures of a soldier's life with so much art, that I began to listen to his proposal of enlisting me in the service; and the more I considered my own condition, the more I was convinced of the necessity I was under to come to a speedy determination. Having, therefore, maturely weighed the circumstances *pro* and *con*, I signified my consent, and was admitted into the regiment of Picardy, said to be the oldest corps in Europe. The company to which this party belonged was quartered at a village not far off, whither we marched next day, and I was presented to my captain, who seemed very well pleased with my appearance, gave me a crown to drink, and ordered me to be accommodated with clothes, arms, and accoutrements. Then I sold my livery suit, purchased linen, and, as I was at great pains to learn the exercise, in a very short time became a complete soldier.

It was not long before we received orders to join several more regiments, and march with all expedition into Germany, in order to reinforce Mareschal Duc de Noailles, who was then encamped with his army on the side of the river Mayne, to watch the motions of the English, Hanoverians, Austrians, and Hessians, under the command of the Earl of Stair. We began our march accordingly, and then I became acquainted with that part of a soldier's life to which I had been hitherto a stranger. It is impossible to describe the hunger and thirst I sustained, and the fatigue I underwent in a march of so many hundred miles; during which I was so much chafed with the heat and motion of my limbs, that in a very short time the inside of my

thighs and legs was deprived of skin, and I proceeded in the utmost torture. This misfortune I owed to the plumpness of my constitution, which I cursed, and envied the withered condition of my comrades, whose bodies could not spare juice enough to supply a common issue, and were indeed proof against all manner of friction. The continual pain I felt made me fretful, and my peevishness was increased by the mortification of my pride in seeing those miserable wretches, whom a hard gale of wind would have scattered through the air like chaff, bear those toils with alacrity, under which I was ready to sink.

One day, while we enjoyed a halt, and the soldiers with their wives had gone out to dance, according to custom, my comrade stayed at home with me on pretence of friendship, and insulted me with his pity and consolation! He told me, though I was young and tender at present, I should soon be seasoned to the service; and he did not doubt but I should have the honour to contribute in some measure to the glory of the king. "Have courage, therefore, my child," said he, "and pray to the good God, that you may be as happy as I am, who have had the honour of serving Lewis the Great, and of receiving many wounds in helping to establish his glory." When I looked upon the contemptible object that pronounced these words, I was amazed at the infatuation that possessed him; and could not help expressing my astonishment at the absurdity of a rational being, who thinks himself highly honoured in being permitted to encounter abject poverty, oppression, famine, disease, mutilation, and evident death, merely to gratify the vicious ambition of a prince, by whom his sufferings were disregarded, and his name utterly unknown. I observed that, if his situation was the consequence of compulsion, I would praise his patience and fortitude in bearing his lot; if he had taken up arms in defence of his injured country, he was to be applauded for his patriotism; or, if he had fled to this way of life as a refuge from a greater evil, he was justifiable in his own conscience, though I could have no notion of misery more extreme than that he suffered; but to put his condition on the footing of conducing to the glory of his prince, was no more than professing himself a desperate slave, who voluntarily underwent the utmost wretchedness and peril, and committed the most flagrant crimes, to soothe the barbarous pride of a fellow-creature, his superior in nothing but the power he derived from the submission of such wretches as him. The soldier was very much affronted at the liberty I took with his king, which he said nothing but my ignorance could excuse. He affirmed that the characters of princes were sacred, and ought not to be profaned by the censure of their subjects, who were bound by their allegiance to obey their commands, of what nature soever, without scruple or repining; and advised me to correct the rebellious principles I had imbibed among the English, who, for their insolence to their kings, were notorious all over the world, even to a proverb.

In vindication of my countrymen, I repeated all the arguments commonly used to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty; that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; that, when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and subject to the penalty of the law; and that those insurrections of the English, which are branded with the name of rebellion by the slaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to rescue that independence which was their birthright, from the ravenous claws of usurping ambition. The Frenchman, provoked at the little deference I paid to the kingly name, lost all patience, and reproached me in such a manner that my temper forsook me, and I clenched my fist, with an intention to give him a hearty box on the ear. Perceiving my design, he started back, and demanded a parley; upon which I checked my indignation, and he gave me to understand that a Frenchman never forgave a blow; therefore, if I was not weary of my life, I would do well to spare him that mortification, and do him the honour of measuring his sword with mine, like a gentleman. I took his advice, and followed him to a field hard by, where indeed I was ashamed at the pitiful figure of my antagonist, who was a poor little shivering creature, decrepit with age, and blind of one eye. But I soon found the folly of judging from appearances, being at the second pass wounded in the sword hand, and immediately disarmed with such a jerk, that I thought the joint was dislocated. I was no less confounded than enraged at this event, especially as my adversary did not bear his success with all the moderation that might have been expected; for he insisted upon my asking pardon for affronting his king and him. This proposal I would by no means comply with, but told him it was a mean condescension, which no gentleman in his circumstances ought to propose, nor any in my situation ought to perform; and that, if he persisted in his ungenerous demand, I would in my turn claim satisfaction with my musket, when we should be more upon a par than with the sword, of which he seemed so much master.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In order to be revenged, I learn the Science of Defence—We join the Mareschal Duc de Noailles—Are engaged with the Allies at Dettingen, and put to Flight—The Behaviour of the French Soldiers on that occasion—I industriously seek another Combat with the old Gascon, and vanquish him in my turn—Our Regiment is put into Winter-quarters at Rheims, where I find my friend Strap—Our Recognition—He supplies me with Money, and procures my Discharge—We take a Trip to Paris, from whence, by the way of Flanders, we set out for London, where we safely arrive.

HE was disconcerted at this declaration, to which he made no reply, but repaired to the dancers, among whom he recounted his victory, with many exaggerations and gasconades; while I, taking up my sword, went to my quarters and examined my wound, which I found was of no consequence. The same day, an Irish drummer, having heard of my misfortune, visited me, and, after having condoled me on the chance of war, gave me to understand that he was master of the sword, and would, in a very short time, instruct me so thoroughly in that noble science, that I should be able to chastise the old Gascon for his insolent boasting at my expense. This friendly office he proffered on pretence of the regard he had for his countrymen; but I afterwards learned the true motive was no other than a jealousy he entertained of a correspondence between the Frenchman and his wife, which he did not think proper to resent in person. Be this as it will, I accepted his offer, and practised his lessons with such ap-

lication that I soon believed myself a match for my conqueror. In the meantime we continued our march, and arrived at the camp of Mareschal Noailles, the night before the battle of Dettingen. Notwithstanding the fatigue we had undergone, our regiment was one of those that were ordered next day to cross the river, under the command of the Duc de Gramont, to take possession of a narrow defile, through which the Allies must of necessity have passed at a great disadvantage, or remain where they were, and perish for want of provision, if they would not condescend to surrender at discretion. How they suffered themselves to be pent up in this manner it is not my province to relate; I shall only observe, that, when we had taken possession of our ground, I heard an old officer, in conversation with another, express surprise at the conduct of Lord Stair, who had the reputation of a good general. But it seems, at this time, that nobleman was overruled, and only acted in an inferior character; so that no part of the blame could be imputed to him, who declared his disapprobation of the step, in consequence of which the whole army was in the utmost danger; but Providence or Destiny acted miracles in their behalf, by disposing the Duc de Gramont to quit his advantageous post, pass the defile, and attack the English, who were drawn up in order of battle on the plain, and who handled us so roughly, that, after having lost a great number of men, we turned our backs without ceremony, and fled with such precipitation, that many hundreds perished in the river, through pure fear and confusion; for the enemy was so generous that they did not pursue us one inch of ground; and if our consternation would have permitted, we might have retreated with great order and deliberation. But notwithstanding the royal clemency of the king of Great Britain, who headed the Allies in person, and, no doubt, put a stop to the carnage, our loss amounted to 5000 men, among whom were many officers of distinction. Our miscarriage opened a passage for the foe to Hanau, whither they immediately marched, leaving their sick and wounded to the care of the French, who next day took possession of the field of battle, buried the dead, and treated the living with humanity. This circumstance was a great consolation to us, who thence took occasion to claim the victory; and the genius of the French nation never appeared more conspicuous than now, in the rhodomontades they uttered on the subject of their generosity and courage. Every man, by his own account, performed feats that eclipsed all the heroes of antiquity. One compared himself to a lion retiring at leisure from his cowardly pursuers, who keep at a wary distance and gall him with their darts. Another likened himself to a bear that retreats with his face to the enemy, who dare not assail him; and the third assumed the character of a desperate stag, that turns upon the hounds and keeps them at bay. There was not a private soldier engaged, who had not, by the prowess of his single arm, demolished a whole platoon, or put a squadron of horse to flight; and, among others, the meagre Gascon extolled his exploits above those of Hercules or Charlemagne. As I still retained my resentment for the disgrace I suffered in my last rencontre with him, and, now that I thought myself qualified, longed for an opportunity to retrieve my honour, I magnified the valour of the English with all the hyperboles I could imagine, and decried the pusillanimity of the French in the same style, comparing them to hares flying before greyhounds, or mice pursued by cats; and passed an ironical compliment on the speed he exerted in his flight, which, considering his age and infirmities, I said was surprising. He was stung to the quick by this sarcasm, and, with an air of threatening disdain, bade me know myself better, and remember the correction I had lately received from him for my insolence; for he might not always be in the humour of sparing a wretch who abused his goodness. To this innuendo I made no reply, but a kick in the breech, which overturned him in an instant. He started up with wonderful agility, and, drawing his sword, attacked me with great fury. Several people interposed, but when he informed them of its being an affair of honour, they retired, and left us to decide the battle by ourselves. I sustained his onset with little damage, having only received a small scratch on my right shoulder, and seeing his breath and vigour almost exhausted, assaulted him in my turn, closed with him, and wrested his sword out of his hand in the struggle. Having thus acquired the victory, I desired him to beg his life; to which demand he made no answer, but shrugged up his shoulders to his ears, expanded his hands, elevated the skin on his forehead and eyebrows, and depressed the corners of his mouth, in such a manner that I could scarce refrain from laughing aloud at his grotesque appearance. That I might, however, mortify his vanity, which triumphed without bounds over my misfortune, I thrust his sword up to the hilt in something (it was not a tansy) that lay smoking on the plain, and joined the rest of the soldiers with an air of tranquillity and indifference.

There was nothing more of moment attempted by either of the armies during the remaining part of the campaign, which, being ended, the English marched back to the Netherlands. Part of our army was detached to French Flanders, and our regiment ordered into winter-quarters in Champagne. It was the fate of the grenadier company, to which I now belonged to lie at Rheims, where I found myself in the utmost want of everything; my pay, which amounted to five sols a day, far from supplying me with necessaries, being scarce sufficient to procure a wretched subsistence, to keep soul and body together; so that I was, by hunger and hard duty, brought down to the meagre condition of my fellow-soldiers, and my linen reduced from three tolerable shirts to two pair of sleeves and necks, the bodies having been long ago converted into spatterdashes; and after all, I was better provided than any private man in the regiment. In this urgency of my affairs, I wrote to my uncle in England, though my hopes from that quarter were not at all sanguine, for the reasons I have already explained; and, in the meantime, had recourse to my old remedy, patience, consoling myself with the flattering suggestions of a lively imagination, that never abandoned me in my distress.

One day, while I stood sentinel at the gate of a general officer, a certain nobleman came to the door, followed by a gentleman in mourning, to whom, at parting, I heard him saying, "You may depend upon my good offices." This assurance was answered by a low bow of the person in black, who, turning to go away, discovered to me the individual countenance of my old friend and adherent Strap. I was so much astonished at the sight that I lost the power of utterance, and before I could recollect myself, he was gone without taking any notice of me. Indeed, had he stayed, I scarcely should have ventured to accost him; because, though I was perfectly well acquainted with the features of his face, I could not be positively certain as to the rest of his per-

son, which was very much altered for the better since he left me at London; neither could I perceive by what means he was enabled to appear in the sphere of a gentleman, to which, while I knew him, he had not even the ambition to aspire. But I was too much concerned in the affair to neglect further information, and therefore took the first opportunity of asking the porter if he knew the gentleman to whom the marquis spoke. The Swiss told me his name was Monsieur d'Estrapes; that he had been valet-de-chambre to an English gentleman lately deceased; and that he was very much regarded by the marquis for his fidelity to his master, between whom and that nobleman a very intimate friendship had subsisted. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than this piece of intelligence, which banished all doubt of it being my friend, who had found means to Frenchify his name as well as his behaviour since we parted. As soon, therefore, as I was relieved, I went to his lodging, according to a direction given me by the Swiss, and had the good fortune to find him at home. That I might surprise him the more, I concealed my name and business, and only desired the servant of the house to tell Monsieur d'Estrapes that I begged the honour of half an hour's conversation with him. He was confounded and dismayed at this message, when he understood it was sent by a soldier. Though he was conscious to himself of no crime, all that he had heard of the Bastile appeared to his imagination with aggravated horror, and it was not before I had waited a considerable time that he had resolution enough to bid the servant show me upstairs.

When I entered his chamber, he returned my bow with great civility, and endeavoured, with forced complaisance, to disguise his fear, which appeared in the paleness of his face, the wildness of his looks, and the shaking of his limbs. I was diverted at his consternation, which redoubled when I told him in French I had business for his private ear, and demanded a particular audience. The valet being withdrawn, I asked in the same language if his name was d'Estrapes, to which he answered, with a faltering tongue, "The same, at your service." "Are you a Frenchman?" said I. "I have not the honour of being a Frenchman born," replied he, "but I have an infinite veneration for the country." I then desired he would do me the honour to look at me, which he no sooner did than, struck with my appearance, he started back, and cried in English, "O Jesus! sure it can't! No, 'tis impossible!" I smiled at his interjections, saying, "I suppose you are too much of a gentleman to own your friend in adversity." When he heard me pronounce these words in our own language, he leaped upon me in a transport of joy, hung about my neck, kissed me from ear to ear, and blubbered like a great school-boy who had been whipt. Then observing my dress, he set up his throat crying, "O Lord! O Lord! that ever I should live to see my dearest friend reduced to the condition of a foot soldier in the French service! Why did you consent to my leaving you?—But I know the reason—you thought you had got more creditable friends, and grew ashamed of my acquaintance.—Ah! Lord help us! though I was a little short-sighted, I was not altogether blind. And though I did not complain, I was not the less sensible of your unkindness, which was indeed the only thing that induced me to ramble abroad, the Lord knows whither; but I must own it has been a lucky ramble for me, and so I forgive you, and may God forgive you!—O Lord! O Lord! is it come to this?" I was nettled at the charge, which, though just, I could not help thinking unseasonable, and told him with some tartness that, whether his suspicions were well or ill grounded, he might have chosen a more convenient opportunity of introducing them, and that the question now was, whether or no he found himself disposed to lend me any assistance. "Disposed!" replied he with great emotion, "I thought you had known me so well as to assure yourself without asking, that I and all that belongs to me are at your command. In the meantime, you shall dine with me, and I will tell you something that perhaps will not be displeasing unto you." Then wringing my hand, he said, "It makes my heart bleed to see you in that garb!" I thanked him for his invitation, which, I observed, could not be unwelcome to a person who had not eaten a comfortable meal these seven months. But I had another request to make, which I begged he would grant before dinner, and that was the loan of a shirt; for although my back had been many weeks a stranger to any comfort of that kind, my skin was not yet familiarized to the want of it. He stared in my face with a woful countenance at this declaration, which he could scarce believe until I explained it, by unbuttoning my coat and disclosing my naked body, a circumstance that shocked the tender-hearted Strap, who, with tears in his eyes, ran to a chest of drawers, and, taking out some linen, presented to me a very fine ruffled holland shirt and cambric neckcloth, assuring me he had three dozen of the same kind at my service. I was ravished at this piece of good news, and having accommodated myself in a moment, hugged my benefactor for his generous offer, saying I was overjoyed to find him undebauched by prosperity, which seldom fails to corrupt the heart. He bespoke for dinner some soup and bouillé, a couple of pullets roasted, and a dish of asparagus, and in the interim entertained me with biscuit and Burgundy, after which repast he entreated me to gratify his longing desire of knowing every circumstance of my fortune since his departure from London. This request I complied with, beginning at the adventure of Gawky, and relating every particular event in which I had been concerned from that day to the present hour. During the recital, my friend was strongly affected, according to the various situations described. He started with surprise, glowed with indignation, gaped with curiosity, smiled with pleasure, trembled with fear, and wept with sorrow, as the vicissitudes of my life inspired these different passions; and when my story was ended, signified his amazement on the whole, by lifting up his eyes and hands, and protesting that though I was a young man, I had suffered more than all the blessed martyrs.

After dinner, I desired in my turn to know the particulars of his peregrination, and he satisfied me in a few words, by giving me to understand that he had lived a year at Paris with his master, who in that time having acquired the language, as well as the fashionable exercises, to perfection, made a tour of France and Holland, during which excursion he was so unfortunate as to meet with three of his own countrymen on their travels, in whose company he committed such excesses that his constitution failed, and he fell into a consumption; that, by the advice of physicians, he went to Montpellier for the benefit of good air, and recovered so well in six weeks that he returned to Rheims, seemingly in good health, where he had not continued above a month when he was seized with a looseness that carried him off in ten days, to the unspeakable sorrow of all who knew him,

and especially of Strap, who had been very happy in his service, and given such satisfaction that his master, on his death-bed, recommended him to several persons of distinction for his diligence, sobriety, and affection, and left him by will his wearing apparel, gold watch, sword, rings, ready money, and all the moveables he had in France, to the value of three hundred pounds, "which I now," said he, "in the sight of God and man, surrender to your absolute disposal. Here are my keys; take them, I beseech you, and God give you joy of the possession." My brain was almost turned by the sudden change of fortune, which I could scarce believe real; however, I positively refused this extravagant proffer of my friend, and put him in mind of my being a soldier, at which hint he started, crying, "Odso! that's true; we must procure your discharge. I have some interest with a nobleman who is able to do me that favour." We consulted about this affair, and it was determined that Monsieur d'Estrapes should wait upon the marquis in the morning, and tell him he had by accident found his brother, whom he had not seen for many years before, a private soldier in the regiment of Picardy, and implore that nobleman's interest for his discharge. In the meantime we enjoyed ourselves over a bottle of good Burgundy, and spent the evening in concerting schemes for our future conduct, in case I should be so lucky as to get rid of the army. The business was to make ourselves easy for life by means of his legacy, a task very difficult, and, in the usual methods of laying out money, altogether impracticable; so that after much canvassing we could come to no resolution that night, but when we parted, recommended the matter to the serious attention of each other. As for my own part, I puzzled my imagination to no purpose. When I thought of turning merchant, the smallness of our stock, and the risk of seas, enemies, and markets, deterred me from that scheme. If I should settle as a surgeon in my own country, I would find the business already overstocked; or if I pretended to set up in England, must labour under want of friends, and powerful opposition, obstacles insurmountable by the most shining merit. Neither should I succeed in my endeavours to rise in the state, inasmuch as I could neither flatter nor pimp for courtiers, nor prostitute my pen in defence of a wicked and contemptible administration. Before I could form any feasible project I fell asleep, and my fancy was blessed with the image of the dear Narcissa, who seemed to smile upon my passion, and offer her hand as a reward for all my toils.

Early in the morning I went to the lodgings of my friend, whom I found exulting over his happy invention; for I no sooner entered his apartment than he addressed himself to me in these words, with a smile of self-applause: "Well, Mr. Random, a lucky thought may come into a fool's head sometimes. I have hit it: I'll hold you a button my plan is better than yours, for all your learning. But you shall have the preference in this, as in all other things; therefore proceed, and let us know the effects of your meditation, and then I will impart my own simple excogitations." I told him that not one thought had occurred to me that deserved the least notice, and signified my impatience to be acquainted with the fruits of his reflection. "As we have not," said he, "money sufficient to maintain us during a tedious expectation, it is my opinion that a bold push must be made; and I see none so likely to succeed as your appearing in the character of a gentleman (which is your due), and making your addresses to some lady of fortune who can render you independent at once. Nay, don't stare; I affirm that this scheme is both prudent and honourable; for I would not have you throw yourself away upon an old toothless wheezing dame, whose breath would stink you into a consumption in less than three months. Neither would I advise you to assume the character of a wealthy squire, as your common fortune-hunters do, by which means many a poor lady is cheated into matrimony, and, instead of enjoying the pomp and grandeur that was promised, sees her dowry seized by her husband's rapacious creditors, and herself reduced to misery and despair. No! I know you have a soul that disdains such imposition, and are master of qualifications both of mind and body, which alone entitle you to a match that will set you above the world. I have clothes in my possession that a duke need not be ashamed to wear. I believe they will fit you as they are; if not, there are plenty of tailors in France. Let us take a short trip to Paris, and provide ourselves with all other necessaries, then set out for England, where I intend to do myself the honour of attending you in quality of a valet. This expedient will save you the expense of a servant, shaving, and dressing; and I doubt not but, by the blessing of God, we shall bring matters to a speedy and fortunate issue." Extravagant as this proposal was, I listened to it with pleasure, because it flattered my vanity, and indulged a ridiculous hope I began to entertain of inspiring Narcissa with a mutual flame.

After breakfast, Monsieur d'Estrapes went to pay his devoirs to the marquis, and was so successful in his application that I obtained a discharge in a few days, upon which we set out for Paris. Here I had time to reflect and congratulate myself upon this sudden transition of fate, which, to bear with moderation, required some degree of philosophy and self-denial. This truth will be more obvious if I give a detail of the particulars to the quiet possession of which I was raised in an instant, from the most abject misery and contempt. My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats, full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with silver lace; two frocks, one of white drab, with large plate buttons, the other of blue, with gold binding; one waistcoat of gold brocade; one of blue satin, embroidered with silver; one of green silk, trimmed with broad figured gold lace; one of black silk, with fringes; one of white satin, one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pair of cloth breeches, one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet; twelve pair of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat, laced with gold, *point d'Espagne*, another with silver lace scolloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled shirts, as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. The other moveables which I possessed, by the generosity and friendship of Strap, were a gold watch, with a chased case; two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords, one with a silver handle, and a fourth, cut steel, inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle, and a set of stone buckles for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver-mounted pistols, with rich housings; a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady in the top. The gentleman left many other things of value, which my friend had converted into cash before I met with him; so that, over and

above these particulars, our stock in ready money amounted to something more than two hundred pounds.

Thus equipped, I put on the gentleman of figure, and, attended by my honest friend, who was contented with the station of my valet, visited the Louvre, examined the gallery of Luxembourg, and appeared at Versailles, where I had the honour of seeing his Most Christian Majesty eat a considerable quantity of olives. During the month I spent at Paris, I went several times to court, the Italian comedy, opera, and playhouse, danced at a masquerade—and, in short, saw everything remarkable in and about that capital. Then we set out for England by the way of Flanders, passed through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and took shipping at Ostend, from whence, in fourteen hours, we arrived at Deal, hired a post-chaise, and, in twelve hours more, got safe to London, having disposed of our heavy baggage in the waggon.

CHAPTER XLV.

I inquire for my Uncle, and understand he is gone to Sea—Take Lodgings at Charing-cross—Go to the Play, where I meet with an Adventure—Dine at an Ordinary; the Guests described—Become acquainted with Medlar and Doctor Wagtail.

As soon as we alighted at the inn, I despatched Strap to inquire for my uncle, at the Union Flag, in Wapping; and he returned in a little time with an account of Mr. Bowling's having gone to sea, mate of a merchant-ship, after a long and unsuccessful application and attendance at the Admiralty; where, it seems, the interest he depended upon was not sufficient to reinstate him, or recover the pay that was due to him when he quitted the Thunder.

Next day I hired very handsome lodgings, not far from Charing-cross, and in the evening dressed myself in a plain suit of the true Paris cut, and appeared in a front box at the play, where I saw a good deal of company, and was vain enough to believe that I was observed with an uncommon degree of attention and applause. This silly conceit intoxicated me so much, that I was guilty of a thousand ridiculous coquetries; and I dare say, how favourable soever the thoughts of the company might be at my first appearance, they were soon changed, by my absurd behaviour, into pity or contempt. I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts; pulled out my watch, clapped it to my ear, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again; displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff, that I might have an opportunity of showing my brilliant, and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief; then dangled my cane, and adjusted my sword-knot, and acted many more fooleries of the same kind, in hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow, in the acquiring of which I found two considerable obstructions in my disposition, namely, a natural reserve, and jealous sensibility. Fain would I have entered into conversation with the people around me, but I was restrained by the fear of being censured for my assurance, as well as by reflecting that I was more entitled to a compliment of this kind from them, than they to such condescension from a stranger like me. How often did I redden at the frequent whispers and loud laughter of my fellow beaus, which I imagined were excited by me! and how often did I envy the happy indifference of those choice spirits, who beheld the distress of the scene without discovering the least symptom of approbation or concern! My attention was engaged in spite of myself, and I could not help weeping with the heroine of the stage; though I practised a great many shifts to conceal this piece of unpolite weakness. When the play was ended, I sat waiting for an opportunity of handing some lady to her coach; but every one was attended by such a number of officious gallants, that for a long time I was balked in my expectation. At length, however, I perceived a very handsome creature, genteelly dressed, sitting by herself in a box, at some distance from me; upon which I went up to her, and offered my service. She seemed to be in some confusion, thanked me for my complaisance, and with a tender look declined giving me the trouble; looking at her watch, and testifying her surprise at the negligence of her footman, whom she had ordered to have a chair ready for her at that hour. I repeated my entreaty with all the eloquence and compliment I was master of; and, in the event, she was prevailed upon to accept of a proposal I made to send my servant for a chair or coach: accordingly, Strap was detached for that purpose, and returned without success. By this time the playhouse was quite empty, and we were obliged to retire. As I led her through the passage, I observed five or six young fellows of fashion standing in a corner, one of whom, as I thought, tipt my charmer the wink, and when we were past, I heard them set up a loud laugh. This note aroused my attention, and I was resolved to be fully satisfied of this lady's character, before I should have any nearer connexion with her. As no convenience appeared, I proposed to conduct her to a tavern, where we might stay a few minutes, till my servant could fetch a coach from the Strand. She seemed particularly shy of trusting herself in a tavern with a stranger; but at last yielded to my pathetic remonstrances, rather than endanger her health by remaining in a cold, damp thoroughfare. Having thus far succeeded, I begged to know what wine she would be pleased to drink a glass of; but she professed the greatest aversion to all sorts of strong liquors; and it was with much difficulty that I could persuade her to eat a jelly. In the meantime, I endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness she discovered, by saying all the agreeable things I could think of; at which she would often sigh, and regard me with a languishing look, that seemed, however, too near akin to the lewd leer of a courtezan. This discovery, added to my former suspicion, while it put me upon my guard against her arts, divested me of reserve, and enabled me to entertain her with gaiety and freedom. In the course of our conversation, I pressed her to allow me the honour of waiting upon her next day at her lodgings; a request which she, with many apologies, refused, lest it should give umbrage to Sir John, who was of a disposition apt to be fretted with trifles. This information, by which I was to understand that her husband was a knight, did not check my addresses, which became more and more importunate, and I was even hardy enough to ravish a kiss. But, oh Heavens! instead of banqueting on the ambrosial flavour that her delicacy of complexion promised, I was almost suffocated with the steams of Geneva! An exhalation of this kind, from a mouth which had just before declared an utter abhorrence of all spirituous liquors, not only changed my doubts into certainty, but my raptures into loathing; and it would have been impossible for me to have preserved common

complaisance five minutes longer, when my servant returned with the coach. I took the advantage of this occasion, and presented my hand to the lady, who put in practice against me the whole artillery of her charms, ogling, languishing, sighing, and squeezing, with so little reserve, that Strap perceived her tenderness, and rubbed his hands with joy as he followed us to the door; but I was proof against all her endearments, and handed her into the coach with an intention to take my leave immediately. She guessed my design, and invited me to her house, whispering, that now Sir John was gone to bed, she could have the pleasure of my conversation for half an hour without interruption. I told her there was no mortification I would not undergo, rather than endanger the repose of her ladyship; and bidding the coachman drive on, wished her a good-night. She lost all temper at my indifference, and stopping the coach at the distance of about twenty yards from me, popped out her head, and bawled with the lungs of a fish-woman, "Damn you, you dog, won't you pay for the coach-hire?" As I made no answer, she held forth against me with an eloquence peculiar to herself; calling me a pitiful fellow, scoundrel, and an hundred such appellations; concluding with an oath, that, for all my appearance, she believed I had got no money in my pocket.

Having thus vented her indignation, she ordered the coachman to proceed, and I returned to the tavern, where I bespoke something for supper, very well pleased at the issue of this adventure. I dispensed with the attendance of the waiter at table, on pretence that my own servant was present, and when we were alone, said to Strap, "Well, Monsieur d'Estrapes, what do you think of this lady?" My friend, who had not opened his mouth since her departure, could make no other reply than the monosyllable, "Think!" which he pronounced with a note of fear and astonishment. Surprised at this emphasis, I surveyed my valet, and, perceiving a wildness in his looks, asked if he had seen his grandfather's ghost! "Ghost!" said he, "I am sure I have seen a devil incarnate! Who would have thought that so much devilish malice and Billingsgate could lurk under such sweetness of countenance and modesty of behaviour? Ah! God help us! *Fronti nulla fides—nimium ne crede colori*—but we ought to down on our knees, and bless God for delivering us from the jaws of that painted sepulchre!" I was pretty much of Strap's opinion, and though I did not believe myself in any danger from the allurements of that sisterhood, I determined to act with great circumspection for the future, and shun all commerce of that kind, as equally prejudicial to my purse and constitution.

My next care was to introduce myself into a set of good acquaintance; for which purpose I frequented a certain coffee-house, noted for the resort of good company, English as well as foreigners, where my appearance procured all the civilities and advances I could desire. As there was an ordinary in the same house, I went upstairs to dinner with the other guests, and found myself at a table with thirteen people, the greatest part of whom were better dressed than myself. The conversation, which was mostly carried on in French, turned chiefly on politics; and I soon found the whole company was in the French interest, myself excepted, and a testy old gentleman, who contradicted everything that was advanced in favour of his Most Christian Majesty with a surliness truly English. But this trusty patriot, who had never been out of his own country, and drew all his maxims and notions from prejudice and hearsay, was very unequal to his antagonists, who were superior to him in learning and experience, and often took the liberty of travellers, in asserting things which were not strictly true, because they thought themselves in no danger of being detected by him. The claim of the Queen of Spain to the Austrian dominions in Italy was fully explained and vindicated by a person who sat opposite to me, and, by the solemnity of his manner, and the richness of his apparel, seemed to be a foreign ambassador. This dissertation produced another on the Pragmatic Sanction, handled with great warmth by a young gentleman at my right, dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, who justified the French king for his breach of that contract, and affirmed that he could not have observed it, without injuring his own glory. Although I was not at all conviuced by this gentleman's arguments, I could not help admiring his vivacity, which I imagined must be the effect of his illustrious birth and noble education, and accordingly rated him in my conjecture as a young prince on his travels. The discourse was afterwards shifted by an old gentleman of a very martial appearance, to the last campaign, when the battle of Dettingen was fought over again, with so many circumstances to the honour of the French, and disadvantage of the Allies, that I began to entertain some doubts of my having been there in person, and took the liberty to mention some objections to what he advanced. This freedom introduced a dispute, which lasted a good while, to the mortification of all present; and was at last referred to the determination of a grave person, whom they styled doctor, and who, under a show of great moderation, decided it against me, with so little regard to truth, that I taxed him with partiality in pretty severe terms, to the no small entertainment of the true English politician, who rejoiced at my defence of a cause he had so often espoused without success.

My opponent, pleased with the victory he had gained, affected a great deal of candour, and told me he should not have been so positive if he had not been at great pains to inform himself of each particular. "Indeed," said he, "I am convinced that, the previous steps considered, things could not happen otherwise; for we generals who have seen service, though we may not be on the spot ourselves, know, by the least sketch of the disposition, what must be the event." He then censured with great freedom every circumstance of the conduct of those who commanded the Allies; from thence made a transition to the ministry, which he honoured with many invectives for employing people who had neither experience nor capacity, to the prejudice of old officers who had been distinguished for both, dropped many hints of his own importance, and concluded with observing that the French and Spaniards knew better how to value generals of merit, the good effects of which are seen in the conquests they gain, and the admirable discipline of their troops, which are, at the same time, better clothed and paid than any soldiers in the universe. These remarks furnished the green knight with an opportunity of launching out in the praise of the French government in general, civil as well as military; on which occasion he made many odious comparisons to the disadvantage of the English. Everybody, almost, assented to the observations he made; and the doctor gave his sanction, by saying the people in France were undoubtedly the happiest subjects in the world. I was so much astonished and confounded at their infatuation and effrontery, that I had not power to utter one word in opposition to their

assertions; but my morose associate could not put up with the indignity that was offered to Old England, and therefore, with a satirical grin, addressed himself to the general in these words: "Sir, sir, I have often heard it said, '*She's a villanous bird that befouls her own nest.*' As for what those people who are foreigners say, I don't mind it; they know no better; but you, who were bred and born, and have got your bread under the English government, should have more regard to gratitude, as well as truth, in censuring your native country. If the ministry have thought fit to lay you aside, I suppose they have their own reason for so doing; and you ought to remember, that you still live on the bounty of this nation. As for these gentlemen (meaning the prince and ambassador), who make so free with our constitution, laws, and genius of our people, I think they might show a little more respect for their benefactors, who, I must own, are to blame in harbouring, protecting, and encouraging such ungrateful vagrants as they are." At these words the chevalier in green started up in a great passion, and, laying his hand on the hilt of his hanger, exclaimed, "Ha! *foutre!*" The Englishman, on the other hand, grasping his cane, cried, "Don't *foutre* me, sirrah, or, by God, I'll knock you down." The company interposed, the Frenchman sat down again, and his antagonist proceeded: "Lookee, Monsieur; you know very well that, had you dared to speak so freely of the administration of your own country in Paris as you have done of ours in London, you would have been sent to the Bastile without ceremony, where you might have rotted in a dungeon, and never seen the light of the sun again. Now, sir, take my word for it, although our constitution screens us from such oppression, we want not laws to chastise the authors of seditious discourse; and if I hear another syllable out of your mouth in contempt or prejudice of this kingdom, I will give you a convincing proof of what I advance, and have you laid by the heels for your presumption." This declaration had an effect on the company as sudden as surprising. The young prince became supple as a spaniel; the ambassador trembled; the general sat silent and abashed; and the doctor, who, it seems, had felt the rod of power, grew pale as death, and assured us all that he had no intention to affront any person or people. "Your principles, doctor," resumed the old gentleman, "are no secret—I have nothing to say upon that head; but am very much surprised that a man who despises us so much, should, notwithstanding, live among us, when he has no visible motive for so doing. Why don't you take up your habitation in your beloved France, where you may rail at England without censure?" To this remonstrance the doctor thought proper to make no reply; and an unsocial silence ensued; which I perceiving, took notice, that it was pity such idle disputes, maintained very often through whim or diversion, should create any misunderstanding among gentlemen of good sense; and proposed to drink down all animosity in another bottle. This motion was applauded by the whole company; the wine was brought, and the English champion, declaring he had no spleen against any man for differing in opinion from him, any more than for difference of complexion, drank to the good health of all present; the compliment was returned, and the conversation once more became unreserved, though more general than before. Among other topics, the subject of war was introduced, on which the general declaimed with great eloquence, recounting many of his own exploits by way of illustration. In the course of his harangue, he happened to mention the word *épaulement*, upon which the testy gentlemen asked the meaning of that term. "I'll tell you what an *épaulement* is," replied he; "I never saw an *épaulement* but once, and that was at the siege at Namur; in a council of war, Monsieur Cohorn, the famous engineer, affirmed that the place could not be taken." "Yes," said the prince of Vaudemont, "it may be taken by an *épaulement*. This was immediately put in execution, and, in twenty-four hours, Mareschal Boufflers was fain to capitulate." Here he made a full stop; and the old gentleman repeated the question, "But pray what is an *épaulement?*" To this interrogation the officer made no reply, but rung the bell, and called for a bill, which being brought, he threw down his proportion of the reckoning, and, telling the company he would show them an *épaulement* when his majesty should think fit to intrust him with the command of our army abroad, strutted away with great dignity. I could not imagine why he was so shy of explaining one of the most simple terms of fortification, which I forthwith described as a side-work, composed of earth, gabions, or fascines; but I was very much surprised when I afterwards understood that his reserve proceeded from his ignorance. Having paid our bill, we adjourned to the coffee-room, where my fellow-labourer insisted on treating me with a dish, giving me to understand at the same time, that I had acquired his good opinion, both with respect to my principles and understanding. I thanked him for his compliment, and, professing myself an utter stranger in this part of the world, begged he would have the goodness to inform me of the quality and characters of the people who dined above. This request was a real favour to one of his disposition, which was no less communicative than curious; he therefore complied with great satisfaction, and told me, to my extreme astonishment, that the supposed young prince was a dancer at one of the theatres, and the ambassador no other than a fiddler belonging to the opera. "The doctor," said he, "is a Roman Catholic priest, who sometimes appears in the character of an officer, and assumes the name of Captain; but more generally takes the garb, title, and behaviour of a physician, in which capacity he wheedles himself into the confidence of weak-minded people, and, by arguments no less specious than false, converts them from their religion and allegiance. He has been in the hands of justice more than once for such practices; but he is a sly dog, and manages matters with so much craft, that hitherto he has escaped for a short imprisonment. As for the general, you may see he has owed his promotion more to his interest than his capacity; and, now that the eyes of the ministry are opened, his friends dead, or become inconsiderable, he is struck off the list, and obliged to put up with a yearly pension. In consequence of this reduction he is become malcontent, and inveighs against the government, in all companies, with so little discretion, that I am surprised at the lenity of the administration in overlooking his insolence; but the truth of the matter is, he owes his safety to his weakness and want of importance. He has seen a little, and but a little, service; and yet, if you would take his word for it, there has not been a great action performed in the field since the Revolution, in which he was not principally concerned. When a story is told of any great

general, he immediately matches it with one of himself, though he is often unhappy in his invention, and commits such gross blunders in the detail, that everybody is in pain for him. Cæsar, Pompey, and Alexander the Great are continually in his mouth; and as he reads a good deal, without any judgment to digest it, his ideas are confused, and his harangues as unintelligible as infinite; for, once he begins, there is no chance of his leaving off speaking while one person remains to yield attention; therefore the only expedient I know for putting a stop to his loquacity, is to lay hold of some incongruity he has uttered, and demand an explanation; or ask the meaning of some difficult term that he knows by name only. This method will effectually put him to silence, if not to flight, as it happened when I inquired about an *épaulement*. Had he been acquainted with the signification of that word his triumph would have been intolerable, and we must have quitted the field first, or been worried with impertinence." Having thus gratified my curiosity, the old gentleman began to discover his own, in questions relating to myself, to which I thought proper to return ambiguous answers. "I presume, sir," said he, "you have travelled?" I answered, "Yes." "I daresay you would find it very expensive," said he. I replied, "To be sure, one cannot travel without money." "That I know by experience," said he, "for I myself take a trip to Bath or Tunbridge every season; and one must pay sauce for what he has on the road, as well in other countries as in this. That's a very pretty stone in your ring; give me leave, sir,—the French have attained a wonderful skill in making compositions of this kind. Why, now, this looks almost as well as a diamond." "Almost as well, sir," said I, "why not altogether? I am sure, if you understand anything of jewels, you must perceive at first sight, that this stone is a real diamond, and that of a very fine water. Take it in your hand and examine it." He did so, with some confusion, and returned it saying, "I ask your pardon, I see it is a true brilliant of immense value." I imagined his respect for me increased after this inquiry; therefore, to captivate his esteem the more, I told him I would show him a seal of composition, engraved after a very valuable antique; upon which I pulled out my watch, with a rich gold chain, adorned with three seals set in gold, and an opal ring. He viewed each of them with great eagerness, handled the chain, admired the chased case, and observed, that the whole must have cost me a vast sum of money. I affected indifference, and replied in a careless manner, "Some trifle of sixty or seventy guineas." He stared in my face for some time, and then asked if I was an Englishman? I answered in the negative. "You are from Ireland then, sir, I presume," said he. I made the same reply. "Oh! perhaps," said he, "you were born in one of our settlements abroad." I still answered, "No." He seemed very much surprised, and said, he was sure I was not a foreigner. I made no reply, but left him upon the tenter-hooks of impatient uncertainty. He could not contain his anxiety, but asked pardon for the liberties he had taken, and, to encourage me the more to disclose my situation, displayed his own without reserve. "I am," said he, "a single man, have a considerable annuity, on which I live according to my own inclination, and make the ends of the year meet very comfortably. As I have no estate to leave behind me, I am not troubled with the importunate officiousness of relations or legacy-hunters, and I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world: it is my maxim therefore to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself." While he thus indulged his own talkative vein, and at the same time, no doubt, expected a retaliation from me, a young man entered, dressed in black velvet, and an enormous tie-wig, with an air in which natural levity and affected solemnity were so jumbled together, that, on the whole, he appeared a burlesque on all decorum. This ridiculous oddity danced up to the table at which we sat, and, after a thousand grimaces, asked my friend, by the name of Mr. Medlar, if we were not engaged upon business. My companion put on a surly countenance, and replied, "No great business, doctor,—but however—" "Oh! then," cried the physician, "I must beg your indulgence a little,—pray pardon me, gentlemen.—Sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "your most humble servant, I hope you will forgive me, sir—I must beg the favour to sit, sir—Sir, I have something of consequence to impart to my friend, Mr. Medlar—Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom in whispering, sir." Before I had time to give this complaisant person my permission, Mr. Medlar cried, "I'll have no whispering; if you have anything to say to me, speak with an audible voice." The doctor seemed a little disconcerted at this exclamation, and, turning again to me, made a thousand apologies for pretending to make mystery of anything, a piece of caution which he said was owing to his ignorance of my connexion with Mr. Medlar; but, now he understood I was a friend, he would communicate what he had to say in my hearing. He then began, after two or three hems, in this manner: "You must know, sir, I am just come from dinner at my Lady Flareit's (then addressing himself to me), a lady of quality, sir, at whose table I have the honour of dining sometimes. There was Lady Stately, and my Lady Larum, and Mrs. Dainty, and Miss Biddy Gigler, upon my word, a very good-natured young lady, with a very pretty fortune, sir. There were also my Lord Straddle, Sir John Shrug, and Mr. Billy Chatter, who is actually a very facetious young gentleman. So, sir, her ladyship seeing me excessively fatigued, for she was the last of fifteen patients, people of distinction, sir, whom I had visited this forenoon—insisted upon staying dinner, though, upon my word, I protest I had no appetite; however, in compliance with her ladyship's request, sir, I sat down, and the conversation turning upon different subjects, among other things, Mr. Chatter asked very earnestly when I saw Mr. Medlar. I told him I had not had the pleasure of seeing you these nineteen hours and a half; for you may remember, sir, it was nearly about that time; I won't be positive to a minute.—'No!' says he, 'then I desire you will go to his lodgings immediately after dinner, and see what's the matter with him, for he must certainly be very bad from having eat last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters.'" The crusty gentleman, who, from the solemnity of his delivery, expected something extraordinary, no sooner heard his conclusion, than he started up in a testy humour, crying, "Pshaw! pshaw! damn your oysters;" and walked away after a short compliment of "Your servant, sir," to me. The doctor got up also, saying, "I vow and protest, upon my word, I am actually amazed," and followed Mr. Medlar to the bar, which was hard by, where he was paying for his coffee. There he whispered so loud that I could overhear, "Pray, who is this gentleman?" His friend

replied hastily, "I might have known that before now, if it had not been for your impertinent intrusion," and walked off very much disappointed. The ceremonious physician returned immediately, and sat down by me, asking a thousand pardons for leaving me alone; and giving me to understand that what he had communicated to Mr. Medlar at the bar was an affair of the last importance, that would admit of no delay. He then called for some coffee, and launched out into the virtues of that berry, which, he said, in cold, phlegmatic constitutions, like his, dried up the superfluous moisture, and braced the relaxed nerves. He told me it was utterly unknown to the ancients, and derived its name from an Arabian word, which I might easily perceive by the sound and termination. From this topic he transferred his disquisitions to the verb *drink*, which he affirmed was improperly applied to the taking of coffee, inasmuch as people did not drink, but sip or sipple that liquor; that the genuine meaning of drinking is to quench one's thirst, or commit a debauch by swallowing wine; that the Latin word which conveyed the same idea was *bibere* or *potare*, and that of the Greeks *pinein* or *poteein*, though he was apt to believe they were differently used on different occasions. For example: to drink a vast quantity, or, as the vulgar express it, to drink an ocean of liquor, was in Latin *potare*, and in Greek *poteein;* and, on the other hand, to use it moderately, was *bibere*, and *pinein;* that this was only a conjecture of his own, which, however, seemed to be supported by the word *bibulous*, which is particularly applied to the pores of the skin, that can only drink a very small quantity of the circumabient moisture, by reason of the smallness of their diameters; whereas, from the verb *poteein* is derived the substantive *potamos*, which signifies a river, or vast quantity of liquor. I could not help smiling at this learned and important investigation; and, to recommend myself the more to my new acquaintance, whose disposition I was by this time well informed of, I observed, that what he alleged did not, to the best of my remembrance, appear in the writings of the ancients; for Horace uses the words *poto* and *bibo* indifferently for the same purpose, as in the twentieth ode of his first book:—

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum cantharis, ——
—— et prælo domitam Caleno tu bibes uvam.

That I had never heard of the verb *poteein*, but that *potamos, potema*, and *potos*, were derived from *pino, poso, pepoka;* in consequence of which the Greek poets never use any other word for festal drinking. Homer describes Nestor at his cups in these words:—

Nestora d'ouk elathen jache *pinonta* per empes.

And Anacreon mentions it on the same occasion almost in every page:—

Pinonti de oinon hedun.
Otan *pino* ton oinon.
Opliz' ego de *pino*.

And in a thousand other places. The doctor, who doubtless intended by his criticism to give me a high idea of his erudition, was infinitely surprised to find himself schooled by one of my appearance; and, after a considerable pause, cried, "Upon my word! you are in the right, sir; I find I have not considered this affair with my usual accuracy." Then accosting me in Latin, which he spoke very well, the conversation was maintained full two hours, on a variety of subjects, in that language; and indeed he spoke so judiciously, that I was convinced, notwithstanding his whimsical appearance and attention to trifles, that he was a man of extensive knowledge, especially in books. He looked upon me, as I afterwards understood from Mr. Medlar, as a prodigy in learning, and proposed that very night, if I was not engaged, to introduce me to several young gentlemen of fortune and fashion, with whom he had an appointment at the Bedford Coffee-house.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Wagtail introduces me to a set of fine Gentlemen, with whom I spend the Evening at a Tavern—Our Conversation—The Characters of my new Companions—The Doctor is roasted—The Issue of our Debauch.

I ACCEPTED his offer with pleasure, and we went thither in a hackney-coach, where I saw a great number of gay figures fluttering about, most of whom spoke to the doctor with great familiarity. Among the rest stood a group of them round the fire, whom I immediately knew to be the very persons who had the night before, by their laughing, alarmed my suspicion of the lady who had put herself under my protection. They no sooner perceived me enter with Dr. Wagtail, for that was my companion's name, than they tittered and whispered one to another; and I was not a little surprised to find that these were the gentlemen to whose acquaintance he designed to recommend me; for when he observed them together, he told me who they were, and desired to know by what name he should introduce me. I satisfied him in that particular, and he advanced with great gravity, saying, "Gentlemen, your most obedient—give me leave to introduce my friend Mr. Random to your society." Then turning to me, "Mr. Random, this is Mr. Bragwell—Mr. Banter, sir—Mr. Chatter—my friend Mr. Slyboot, and Mr. Ranter, sir." I saluted each of them in order, and when I came to take Mr. Slyboot by the hand, I perceived him to thrust his tongue in his cheek, to the no small entertainment of the company; but I did not think proper to take any notice of it on this occasion. Mr. Ranter, too, who I afterwards learned was a player, displayed his talents, by mimicking my air, features, and voice, while he returned my compliment. This feat I should not have been so sensible of, had not I seen him behave in the same manner to my friend Wagtail, when he made up to them at first. But for once I let him enjoy the fruits of his dexterity without question or control, resolved, however, to chastise his insolence at a more convenient opportunity. Mr. Slyboot, guessing I was a stranger, asked if I had been lately in France; and when I answered in the affirmative, inquired if I had seen the Luxembourg gallery. I told him I had considered it more than once with great attention. Upon this a conversation ensued, in which I discovered him to be a painter. While we were discoursing upon the particulars of this famous collection, I overheard Banter ask Dr. Wagtail where he had picked up this Mr. Random. To which question the physician answered, "Upon my word, a mighty pretty sort of a gentleman—a man of fortune, sir—he has made the grand tour, and seen the best company in Europe, sir." "What, he told you so, I suppose?" said the other. "I take him to be neither more nor less than a French valet-de-chambre." Oh! barbarous, barbarous!" cried the doctor; "this is

actually, upon my word, altogether unaccountable. I know all his family perfectly well, sir; he is of the Randoms of the north—a very ancient house, sir, and a distant relation of mine." I was extremely nettled at the conjecture of Mr. Banter, and began to entertain a very indifferent opinion of my company in general; but as I might possibly, by their means, acquire a more extensive and agreeable acquaintance, I determined to bear these little mortifications as long as I could, without injuring the dignity of my character. After having talked for some time on the weather, plays, politics, and other coffeehouse subjects, it was proposed that we should spend the evening at a noted tavern in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired in a body. Having taken possession of a room, called for French wine, and bespoke supper, the glass went about pretty freely, and the characters of my associates opened upon me more and more. It soon appeared that the doctor was entertained as a butt for the painter and player to exercise their wit upon, for the diversion of the company. Mr. Ranter began the game, by asking him what was good for a hoarseness, lowness of spirits, and indigestion, for he was troubled with all these complaints to a very great degree? Wagtail immediately undertook to explain the nature of his case, and in a very prolix manner harangued upon prognostics, diagnostics, symptomatics, therapeutics, inanition, and repletion; then calculated the force of the stomach and lungs in their respective operations; ascribed the player's malady to a disorder in these organs, proceeding from hard drinking and vociferation, and prescribed a course of stomachics, with abstinence from venery, wine, loud speaking, laughing, singing, coughing, sneezing, or hallooing. "Pah, pah," cried Ranter, interrupting him, "the remedy is worse than the disease. I wish I knew where to find some tinder-water." "Tinder-water!" said the doctor; "upon my word I don't apprehend you, Mr. Ranter." "Water extracted from tinder," replied the other, "an universal specific for all distempers incident to man. It was invented by a learned German monk, who, for a valuable consideration, imparted the secret to Paracelsus." "Pardon me," cried the painter, "it was first used by Solomon, as appears by a Greek manuscript in his own handwriting, lately found at the foot of Mount Lebanon, by a peasant who was digging for potatoes." "Well," said Wagtail, "in all my vast reading I never met with such a preparation! Neither did I know, till this minute, that Solomon understood Greek, or that potatoes grew in Palestine." Here Banter interposed, saying he was surprised that Doctor Wagtail should make the least doubt of Solomon's understanding Greek, when he is represented to us as the wisest and best educated prince in the world; and as for potatoes, they were transplanted thither from Ireland, in the time of the Crusades, by some knights of that country." "I profess," said the doctor, "there is nothing more likely—I would actually give a vast sum for a sight of that manuscript, which must be inestimable—and if I understood the process, would set about it immediately." The player assured him the process was very simple—that he must cram a hundredweight of dry tinder into a glass retort, and distilling it by the force of animal heat, it would yield half a scruple of insipid water, one drop of which is a full dose. "Upon my integrity!" exclaimed the credulous doctor, "this is very amazing! and extraordinary! that a *caput mortuum* shall yield any water at all—I must own I have always been an enemy to specifics, which I thought inconsistent with the nature of the animal economy; but certainly the authority of Solomon is not to be questioned. I wonder where I shall find a glass retort large enough to contain such a vast quantity of tinder, the consumption of which must undoubtedly raise the price of paper—or where I shall find animal heat sufficient even to warm such a mass." Slyboot informed him that he might have a retort blown for him as big as a church; and that the easiest method of raising the vapour by animal heat, would be to place it in the middle of an infirmary for feverish patients, who might lie upon mattresses around, and in contact with it. He had no sooner pronounced these words, than Wagtail exclaimed, in a rapture, "An admirable expedient, as I hope to be saved! I will positively put it in practice." This simplicity of the physician furnished excellent diversion for the company, who, in their turns, sneered at him in ironical compliments, which his vanity swallowed as the genuine sentiments of their hearts. Mr. Chatter, impatient of so long a silence, now broke out, and entertained us with a catalogue of all the people who danced at the last Hampstead assembly, with a most circumstantial account of the dress and ornaments of each, from the lappets of the ladies to the shoe-buckles of the men; concluding with telling Bragwell that his mistress Melinda was there, and seemed to miss him; and soliciting his company at the next occasion of that kind. "No, no, damme," said Bragwell, "I have something else to mind than dangling after a parcel of giddy-headed girls; besides, you know my temper is so unruly, that I am apt to involve myself in scrapes when a woman is concerned. The last time I was there I had an affair with Tom Trippet." "Oh! I remember that," cried Banter; "you lugged out before the ladies; and I commend you for so doing, because you had an opportunity of showing your manhood without running any risk." "Risk!" said the other, with a fierce countenance; "damn my blood! I fear no risks. I an't afraid of lugging out against any man that wears a head, damme! 'tis well known I have drawn blood more than once, and lost some too; but what does that signify?" The player begged this champion to employ him as his second the next time he intended to kill, for he wanted to see a man die of a stab, that he might know how to act such a part the more naturally on the stage. "Die!" replied the hero; "no, by God! I know better things than to incur the verdict of a Middlesex jury—I should look upon my fencing-master to be an ignorant son of a bitch, if he had not taught me to prick any part of my antagonist's body that I please to disable." "Oho!" cried Slyboot, "if that be the case, I have a favour to ask. You must know I am employed to paint a Jesus on the cross; and my purpose is to represent him at that point of time when the spear is thrust into his side. Now, I should be glad if you would, in my presence, pink some impertinent fellow into convulsions, without endangering his life, that I may have an opportunity of taking a good clever agony from nature. The doctor will direct you where to enter, and how far to go; but pray let it be as near the left side as possible." Wagtail, who took this proposal seriously, observed, that it would be a very difficult matter to penetrate into the left side of the thorax without hurting the heart, and of consequence killing the patient; but he believed it was possible for a man of a very nice hand and exact knowledge of

anatomy to wound the diaphragma somewhere about the skirts, which might induce a singultus, without being attended with death; that he was ready to demonstrate the insertion of that muscle to Mr. Bragwell, but desired to have no concern with the experiment, which might essentially prejudice his reputation in case of miscarriage. Bragwell was as much imposed upon by the painter's waggery as the doctor, and declined engaging in the affair, saying he had a very great regard for Mr. Slyboot, but had laid it down as a maxim never to fight except when his honour was engaged. A thousand jokes of this kind were uttered, the wine circulated, supper was served in, we ate heartily, returned to the bottle, Bragwell became noisy and troublesome, Banter grew more and more severe, Ranter rehearsed, Slyboot made faces at the whole company, I sung French catches, and Chatter kissed me with great affection, while the doctor, with a woful countenance, sat silent, like a disciple of Pythagoras. At length it was proposed by Bragwell that we should scour the hundreds, sweat the constable, maul the watch, and then reel soberly to bed.

While we deliberated on this expedition, the waiter came into the room and asked for Doctor Wagtail. When he understood he was present, he told him there was a lady below to inquire for him, at which message the physician started from his melancholy contemplation, and, with a look of extreme confusion, assured the company he could not possibly be the person wanted, for he had no connexion with any lady whatever, and bade the drawer tell her so. "For shame!" cried Banter, "would you be so impolite as to refuse a lady the hearing? perhaps she comes for a consultation. It must be some extraordinary affair that brings a lady to a tavern at this time o' night. Mr. Ranter, pray do the doctor's baise-mains to the lady, and squire her hither." The player immediately staggered out, and returned leading in, with much ceremony, a tall strapping wench, whose appearance proclaimed her occupation. We received her with the utmost solemnity, and with a good deal of entreaty she was persuaded to sit, when a profound silence ensued, during which she fixed her eyes, with a disconsolate look, on the doctor, who was utterly confounded at her behaviour, and returned her melancholy fourfold. At length, after a good many piteous sighs, she wiped her eyes, and accosted him thus: "What! not one word of comfort? Will nothing soften that stony heart of thine? Not all my tears! not all my affliction! not the inevitable ruin thou hast brought upon me! Where are thy vows, thou faithless, perjured man? Hast thou no honour—no conscience—no remorse for thy perfidious conduct towards me?—Answer me, wilt thou at last do me justice, or must I have recourse to heaven or hell for my revenge?" If poor Wagtail was amazed before she spoke, what must his confusion be on hearing this address? His natural paleness changed into a ghastly clay colour, his eyes rolled, his lips trembled, and he answered, in an accent not to be described, "Upon my word, honour, and salvation, madam, you are actually mistaken in my person. I have a most particular veneration for your sex, and am actually incapable of injuring any lady in the smallest degree, madam; besides, madam, to the best of my recollection, I never had the honour of seeing you before, as I hope to be saved, madam!" "How, traitor!" cried she, "dost thou disown me then?—Mistaken? no, too well I know that fair bewitching face! too well I know that false enchanting tongue!—Alas! gentlemen, since the villain compels me, by his unkindness, to expose myself and him, know that this betrayer, under the specious pretence of honourable addresses, won my heart, and, taking advantage of his conquest, robbed me of my virgin treasure, and afterwards abandoned me to my fate! I am now four months gone with child by him, turned out of doors by my relations, and left a prey to misery and want! Yes, thou barbarian!" said she, turning to Wagtail, "thou tiger! thou succubus! too well thou knowest my situation—but I will tear out thy faithless heart, and deliver the world from such a monster." So saying, she sprung forward at the doctor, who with incredible agility jumped over the table, and ran behind Bragwell, while the rest of us endeavoured to appease the furious heroine. Although everybody in the company affected the utmost surprise, I could easily perceive it was a scheme concerted among them to produce diversion at the doctor's expense; and being under no concern about the consequence, I entered into the confederacy, and enjoyed the distress of Wagtail, who, with tears in his eyes, begged the protection of the company, declaring himself as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as the fœtus in utero, and hinting, at the same time, that nature had not put it into his power to be guilty of such a trespass. "Nature!" cried the lady; "there was no nature in the case; he abused me by the help of charms and spells; or else how is it possible that any woman could have listened to the addresses of such a scarecrow? Were these owlish eyes made for ogling, that carrion complexion to be admired, or that mouth like a horse-shoe to be kissed? No, no, you owe your success to your philtres, to your drugs and incantations, and not to your natural talents, which are in every respect mean and contemptible." The doctor now thought he had got an opportunity of vindicating himself effectually, and desired the complainant to compose herself but for half an hour, in which he undertook to prove the absurdity of believing in the power of incantations, which were only idle dreams of ignorance and superstition. He accordingly pronounced a very learned discourse upon the nature of ideas, the power and independence of the mind, the properties of stimulating medicines, the difference between a proneness to venery, which many simples would create, and a passion limited to one object, which can only be the result of sense and reflection, and concluded with a pathetic remonstrance, setting forth his unhappiness in being persecuted with the resentment of a lady whom he had never injured, nor even seen before that occasion, and whose faculties were in all likelihood so much impaired by her misfortunes that an innocent person was in danger of being ruined by her disorder. He had no sooner finished his harangue than the forlorn princess renewed her lamentations, and cautioned the company against his eloquence, which, she said, was able to bias the most impartial bench in Christendom. Banter advised him to espouse her immediately, as the only means to salve his reputation, and offered to accompany him to the Fleet for that purpose; but Slyboot proposed that a father should be purchased for the child, and a comfortable alimony settled on the mother. Ranter promised to adopt the infant *gratis*. Wagtail was ready to worship him for his generosity, and, though he persisted in protesting his innocence, condescended to everything, rather than his unblemished character should be called in question. The lady rejected the proposal, and insisted on matrimony. Bragwell took up the cudgels for

the doctor, and undertook to rid him of her importunity for half a guinea; upon which Wagtail, with great eagerness, pulled out his purse, and put it into the hand of his friend, who, taking half a piece out of it, gave it to the plaintiff, and bade her thank God for her good fortune. When she had received this bounty, she affected to weep, and begged, since the physician had renounced her, he would at least vouchsafe her a parting kiss. This he was prevailed upon to grant, with great reluctance, and went up with his usual solemnity to salute her, when she laid hold of his cheek with her teeth, and held fast, while he roared with anguish, to the unspeakable diversion of all present. When she thought proper to release him, she dropped a low curtsey to the company and quitted the room, leaving the doctor in the utmost horror, not so much on account of the pain as the apprehension of the consequence of the bite; for by this time he was convinced of her being mad. Banter prescribed the actual cautery, and put the poker in the fire to be heated, in order to sear the place. The player was of opinion that Bragwell should scoop out the part affected with the point of his sword, but the painter prevented both these dreadful operations by recommending a balsam he had in his pocket, which never failed to cure the bite of a mad dog. So saying, he pulled out a small bladder of black paint, with which he instantly anointed not only the sore, but the greatest part of the patient's face, and left it in a frightful condition. In short, the poor creature was so harassed with fear and vexation that I pitied him extremely, and sent him home in a chair, contrary to the inclination of everybody present.

This freedom of mine gave umbrage to Bragwell, who testified his displeasure by swearing a few threats, without making any application, which being perceived by Slyboot, who sat by me, he, with a view of promoting a quarrel, whispered to me that he thought Bragwell used me very ill, but every man was the best judge of his own affairs. I answered aloud that I would neither suffer Mr. Bragwell nor him to use me ill with impunity, and that I stood in no need of his counsel in regard to the regulation of my conduct. He thought proper to ask a thousand pardons, and assured me he meant no offence; while Bragwell feigned himself asleep, that he might not be obliged to take notice of what passed. But the player, who had more animal spirits and less discretion than Slyboot, unwilling to let the affair rest where he had dropped it, jogged Mr. Bragwell, and told him softly that I called him names and threatened to cudgel him. This particular I understood by his starting, and crying, "Blood and wounds! you lie! No man durst treat me so ignominiously. Mr. Random, did you call me names, and threaten to drub me?" I denied the imputation, and proposed to punish the scoundrel who endeavoured to foment disturbance in the company. Bragwell signified his approbation, and drew his sword; I did the same, and accosted the actor in these words: "Lookee, Mr. Ranter, I know you possess all the mimicry and mischievous qualities of an ape, because I have observed you put them all in practice more than once to-night, on me and others; now I want to see if you resemble one in nimbleness also; therefore I desire you to leap over this sword without hesitation." So saying, I held it parallel to the horizon, at the distance of about three feet from the floor, and called, "Once—twice—thrice, and away;" but instead of complying with my command, he snatched his hat and hanger, and assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol, burst out into the following exclamation: "Ha! must I then perform inglorious prank of sylvan ape in mountain forest caught! Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days, and lay my head in Fury's lap. Have we not Hiren here?" This buffoonery did not answer his expectation, for by this time the company was bent on seeing him in a new character. Mr. Banter desired me to hold my sword a foot or two higher, that he might have the better opportunity of exerting himself. The painter told him if he performed well he would recommend him as a vaulter to the proprietors of Sadler's Wells; and Bragwell, crying, "Leap for the king," applied the point of his sword to the player's posteriors with such success that he sprung over in a trice, and, finding the door unguarded, vanished in a twinkling, glad, no doubt, of having paid his share of the reckoning so easily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we discharged the bill, and sallied out into the street. The painter slunk away without taking his leave. Billy Chatter, being unable to speak or stand, was sent to a bagnio; and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house, where, after he had kicked half a dozen hungry whores, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing-cross, near which place both he and I lodged.

The natural dryness of my companion being overcome by liquor, he honoured me by the way with many compliments and professions of friendship, for which I made suitable acknowledgments, and told him I thought myself happy in having, by my behaviour, removed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of me at first sight. He was surprised at this declaration, and begged me to explain myself, upon which I mentioned what I had overheard him say of me to Wagtail in the coffee-house. He laughed, and made an apology for his freedom, assuring me that my appearance had very much prepossessed him in my favour, and what he said was only intended as a joke on the doctor's solemnity. I was highly pleased at being undeceived in this particular, and not a little proud of the good opinion of this wit, who shook me by the hand at parting, and promised to meet me next day at the ordinary.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Strap communicates to me a Conquest he had made of a Chandler's Widow—Finds himself miserably mistaken—I go to the Opera—Admire Melinda—Am cautioned by Banter—Go to the Assembly at Hampstead—Dance with that young Lady—Receive an insolent Message from Bragwell, whose metal is soon cooled—Am in favour with my Mistress, whom I visit next day, and am bubbled out of eighteen Guineas at Cards—Strap triumphs at my Success, but is astonished at my Expense—Banter comes to my Lodging, is very sarcastic at my expense, and borrows five Guineas from me as a proof of his Friendship.

In the morning before I got up, Strap came into my chamber, and, finding me awake, hemmed several times, scratched his head, cast his eyes upon the ground, and, with a very foolish kind of simper upon his face, gave me to understand he had something to communicate. "By your countenance," said I, "I expect to hear good

tidings." "Indifferent," replied he, tittering; "that is, hereafter as it shall be. You must know I have some thoughts of altering my condition." "What!" cried I, astonished, "a matrimonial scheme? O rare Strap? thou hast got the heels of me at last." "N'—no less, I assure you," said he, bursting into a laugh of self-approbation; "a tallow-chandler's widow, that lives hard by, has taken a liking to me—a fine jolly dame, as plump as a partridge. She has a well-furnished house, a brisk trade, and a good deal of the ready. I may have her for the asking. She told a friend of mine, a brother footman, that she would take me out of a stinking clout. But I refused to give my final answer, till I knew your opinion of the matter." I congratulated Monsieur d'Estrapes upon his conquest, and approved of the scheme, provided he could be assured of those circumstances of her fortune; but advised him to do nothing rashly, and give me an opportunity of seeing the lady before matters should be brought to a conclusion. He assured me he would do nothing without my consent and approbation, and that very morning, while I was at breakfast, introduced his inamorata to my acquaintance. She was a short thick woman, about the age of thirty-six, and had a particular prominence of belly, which I perceived at first sight, not without some suspicion of foul play. I desired her, however, to sit, and treated her with a dish of tea; the discourse turning upon the good qualities of Strap, whom I represented as a prodigy of sobriety, industry, and virtue.—When she took her leave, he followed her to the door, and returned licking his lips, and asked if I did not think she was a luscious creature. I made no mystery of my apprehension, but declared my sentiments of her without reserve; at which he was not surprised, telling me he had observed the same symptom, but had been informed by his friend that she was only liver-grown, and would in a few months be as small in the waist as ever. "Yes," said I, "a few weeks I believe will do the business. In short, Strap, it is my opinion that you are egregiously imposed upon; and that this friend is no other than a rascal who wants to palm his trull upon you for a wife, that he may at once deliver himself from the importunities of the mother, and the expense of her bantling; for which reason I would not have you trust implicitly to the report he makes of her wealth, which is inconsistent with his behaviour; nor run your head precipitately into a noose, that you may afterwards wish exchanged for the hangman's. He seemed very much startled at my insinuation, and promised to look twice before he leaped; saying, with some heat, "Odds, if I find his intention is to betray me, we shall see which of us is the better man." My prediction was verified in less than a fortnight; her great belly producing an infant, to the unspeakable amazement of Strap, who was, before this happened, inclinable to believe I had refined a little too much in my penetration. His false friend disappeared; and in a few days after, an execution was issued against her goods and household furniture, which were seized by the creditors.

Meanwhile I met my friend Banter at the ordinary, and in the evening went to the opera with him and Mr. Chatter, who pointed out Melinda in one of the boxes, and offered to introduce me to her, observing at the same time, that she was a reigning toast worth ten thousand pounds. This piece of information made my heart bound with joy, and I discovered great eagerness to accept the proposal; upon which he assured me I should dance with her at the next assembly, if he had any influence in that quarter. So saying, he went round, spoke to her some minutes, and, as I imagined, pointed at me; then returning, told me, to my inexpressible pleasure, that I might depend upon what he had promised, for she was now engaged as my partner. Banter, in a whisper, gave me to understand that she was an incorrigible coquette, who would grant the same favour to any young fellow in England of a tolerable appearance, merely to engage him among the herd of her admirers, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them daily increase; that she was of a cold insensible disposition, dead to every passion but vanity, and so blind to merit, that he would lay any wager the wealthiest fool should carry her at last. I attributed a good deal of this intelligence to the satirical turn of my friend, or resentment for having himself suffered a rebuff from the lady in question; and, at any rate, trusted so much to my own accomplishments as to believe no woman could resist the ardour of my addresses.

Full of this confidence, I repaired to Hampstead, in company with Billy Chatter, my Lord Hobble, and Doctor Wagtail. There I saw a very brilliant assembly, before whom I had the honour to walk a minuet with Melinda, who charmed me with her frank manner and easiness of behaviour. Before the country dances began, I received a message, by a person I did not know, from Bragwell, who was present, importing that nobody who knew him presumed to dance with Melinda, while he was there in person; and that I would do well to relinquish her without noise, because he had a mind to lead up a country dance with her. This extraordinary intimation, which was delivered in the lady's hearing, did not at all discompose me, who by this time was pretty well acquainted with the character of my rival. I therefore, without the least symptom of concern, bade the gentleman tell Mr. Bragwell that, since I was so happy as to obtain the lady's consent, I should not be solicitous about his; and desired the bearer himself to bring me no such impertinent messages for the future. Melinda affected a sort of confusion, and pretended to wonder that Mr. Bragwell should give himself such liberties with regard to her, who had no manner of connexion with the fellow. I laid hold of this opportunity to display my valour, and offered to call him to account for his insolence, a proposal which she absolutely refused, under pretence of consulting my safety; though I could perceive by the sparkling of her eyes, that she would not have thought herself affronted in being the subject of a duel. I was by no means pleased with this discovery of her thoughts, which not only argued the most unjustifiable vanity, but likewise the most barbarous indifference; however, I was allured by her fortune, and resolved to gratify her pride, in making her the occasion of a public quarrel between me and Bragwell, who, I was pretty certain, would never drive matters to a dangerous extremity.

While we danced together, I observed this formidable rival at one end of the room, encircled with a cluster of beaux, to whom he talked with great vehemence, casting many big looks at me, from time to time: I guessed the subject of his discourse, and as soon as I had handed my partner to her seat, strutted up to the place where he stood, and cocking my hat in his face, demanded aloud if he had anything to say to me. He answered with a sullen tone, "Nothing at present, sir;" and turned about upon his heel. "Well," said I, "you know where I am to be found at any

time." His companions stared at one another, and I returned to the lady, whose features brightened at my approach, and immediately a whisper ran through the whole room; after which so many eyes were turned upon me, that I was ready to sink with confusion. When the ball broke up, I led her to her coach, and, like a true French gallant, would have got up behind it, in order to protect her from violence on the road; but she absolutely refused my offer, and expressed her concern that there was not an empty seat for me within the vehicle.

Next day, in the afternoon, I waited on her at her lodgings, by permission, in company with Chatter, and was very civilly received by her mother, with whom she lived; there were a good many fashionable people present, chiefly young fellows, and immediately after tea, a couple of card-tables were set, at one of which I had the honour to play with Melinda, who, in less than three hours, made shift to plunder me of eight guineas. I was well enough content to lose a little money with a good grace, that I might have an opportunity in the meantime to say soft things, which are still most welcome when attended with good luck; but I was by no means satisfied of her fair play, a circumstance that shocked me not a little, and greatly impaired my opinion of her disinterestedness and delicacy. However, I was resolved to profit by this behaviour, and treat her in my turn with less ceremony; accordingly, I laid close siege to her, and finding her not at all disgusted with the gross incense I offered, that very night made a declaration of love in plain terms. She received my addresses with great gaiety, and pretended to laugh them off; but, at the same time treated me with such particular complacency, that I was persuaded I had made a conquest of her heart, and concluded myself the happiest man alive. Elevated with these flattering ideas, I sat down again to cards after supper, and with great cheerfulness suffered myself to be cheated of ten guineas more.

It was late before I took my leave, after being favoured with a general invitation; and when I got into bed the adventures of the day hindered me from sleeping. Sometimes I pleased myself with the hopes of possessing a fine woman with ten thousand pounds; then I would ruminate on the character I had heard of her from Banter, and compare it with the circumstances of her conduct towards me, which seemed to bear too great a resemblance to the picture he had drawn. This introduced a melancholy reflection on the expense I had undergone, and the smallness of my funds to support it, which, by the by, were none of my own. In short, I found myself involved in doubts and perplexities, that kept me awake the greatest part of the night.

In the morning, Strap, with whom I had not conversed for two days, presented himself with the utensils for shaving me; upon which, I asked his opinion of the lady whom he had seen me conduct to her coach at Hampstead. "Odd! she's a delicious creature," cried he, "and, as I am informed, a great fortune. I am sorry you did not insist on going home with her. I dare-say she would not have refused your company, for she seems to be a good-humoured soul." "There's a time for all things," said I. "You must know, Strap, I was in company with her till one o'clock this morning." I had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to caper about the room, and snap his fingers, crying, in a transport, "The day's our own!—the day's our own!" I gave him to understand that his triumph was a little premature, and that I had more difficulties to surmount than he was aware of. Then I recounted to him the intelligence I had received from Banter, at which he changed colour, shook his head, and observed there was no faith in woman. I told him I was resolved to make a bold push notwithstanding, although I foresaw it would lead me into a great expense; and bade him guess the sum I had lost last night at cards. He scratched his chin, and protested his abhorrence of cards, the very name of which being mentioned, made him sweat with vexation, as it recalled the money-dropper to his remembrance: "But, however," said he, "you have to do with other guess-people now. Why, I suppose, if you had a bad run last night, you would scarce come off for less than ten or twelve shillings." I was mortified at this piece of simplicity, which I imagined, at that time, was all affected, by way of reprimand for my folly; and asked with some heat, if he thought I spent the evening in a cellar with chairmen and bunters; giving him to know at the same time that my expense had amounted to eighteen guineas. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news. The bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immoveable in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open, and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station; but remembering my disposition, which was touchy and impatient of control, he smothered his chagrin, and attempted to recollect himself. With this view, he endeavoured to laugh, but, in spite of his teeth, broke out into a whimper, took up his wash-ball and pewter-pot, scrubbed my beard with the one, and discharged the other upon my face. I took no notice of his confusion, but after he had fully recovered himself, put him in mind of his right, and assured him of my readiness to surrender his effects whenever he should think proper to demand them. He was nettled at my insinuation, which he thought proceeded from my distrust of his friendship: and begged I would never talk to him in that strain again, unless I had a mind to break his heart.

This good creature's unalterable friendship for me affected me with the most grateful sentiments, and acted as a spur to my resolution of acquiring a fortune, that I might have it in my power to manifest my generosity in my turn. For this purpose I determined to bring matters to a speedy conclusion with Melinda; well knowing that a few such nights as the last would effectually incapacitate me from prosecuting that or any other advantageous amour.

While my meditation was busied in planning out my future conduct, Mr. Banter favoured me with a visit; and, after breakfast, asked how I had passed the preceding evening. I answered, I was very agreeably entertained at a private house. "Yes," said he, with a sarcastic smile, "you deserved something extraordinary for the price you paid." I was surprised at this remark, and pretended ignorance of his meaning. "Come, come, Random," continued he, "you need not make a mystery of it to me, the whole town has it. I wish that foolish affair between you and Bragwell at Hampstead had been less public. It has set all the busy-bodies at work to find out your real character and situation; and you cannot imagine what conjectures have already circulated at your expense. One suspects you to be a Jesuit in disguise; another thinks you are an agent from the Pretender; a third believes you to be an upstart gamester, because nobody

knows anything of your family or fortune; a fourth is of opinion that you are an Irish fortune-hunter." This last hypothesis touched me so nearly, that, to conceal my confusion, I was fain to interrupt his detail, and damn the world for an envious meddling community, that would not suffer a gentleman to live without molestation. He took no notice of this apostrophe, but went on, "For my own part, I neither know, nor desire to know, who or what you are; this I am certain of, that few people make a mystery of their origin or situation, who can boast of anything advantageous in either; and my own opinion of the matter is, that you have raised yourself by your industry, from nothing to the appearance you now maintain, and which you endeavour to support by some matrimonial scheme." Here he fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and perceiving my face covered with blushes, told me, now he was confirmed in his opinion:—"Look ye, Random," said he, "I have divined your plan, and am confident it will never succeed. You are too honest, and too ignorant of the town, to practise the necessary cheats of your profession, and detect the conspiracies that will be formed against you. Besides, you are downright bashful—what the devil! set up for a fortune-hunter before you have conquered the sense of shame! Perhaps you are entitled by your merit, and I believe you are, to a richer and better wife than Melinda; but, take my word for it, she is not to be won at that rate; or, if you are so lucky as to carry her, between you and me, you may say as Teague did, *By my soul, I have gained a loss!* She would take care to spend her fortune in a twinkling, and soon make you sick of her extravagance." I was alarmed by his discourse, while I resented the freedom of it, and expressed my disgust, by telling him he was mistaken in my intentions, and desiring he would give me leave to regulate my conduct according to the dictates of my own reason. He made an apology for the liberty he had taken, and ascribed it to the warmth of his friendship for me; as an uncommon instance of which, he borrowed five guineas, assuring me, there were very few people in the world whom he would so far favour with his confidence. I gave him the money, and professed myself so well convinced of his sincerity, that he had no occasion to put it to such extraordinary proofs for the future. "I thought," said he, "to have asked five pieces more, but hearing you was bubbled of eighteen last night, I presumed you might be out of cash, and resolved to model my demand accordingly." I could not help admiring the cavalier behaviour of this spark, of whom I desired to know his reason for saying I was bubbled. He then gave me to understand, that, before he came to my lodgings, he had beat up Tom Tossle, who, having been present, informed him of the particulars, rehearsed all the fine things I said to Melinda, with which he proposes to entertain the town; and, among other circumstances, assured him my mistress cheated with so little art, that nobody but a mere novice could have been imposed upon.

The thoughts of becoming a subject of raillery for coxcombs, and losing my money to boot, stung me to the quick; but I made a virtue of my indignation, and swore that no man should, with impunity, either asperse the character of Melinda, or turn my behaviour into ridicule. He replied, in a dry manner, that I would find it an Herculean task to chastise everybody who would laugh at my expense; and as for the character of Melinda, he did not see how it could suffer by what was laid to her charge; for that cheating at cards, far from being reckoned a blemish among people of fashion, was looked upon as an honourable indication of superior genius and address. "But let us waive this subject," said he, "and go to the coffee-house, in order to make a party for dinner."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We repair to the Coffee-house, where we overhear a curious Dispute between Wagtail and Medlar, which is referred to our Decision—The Doctor gives an account of his Experiment—Medlar is roasted by Banter at the Ordinary—The old Gentleman's Advice to me.

BEING as willing to drop the theme, as he to propose it, I accompanied him thither, where we found Mr. Medlar and Dr. Wagtail disputing upon the word *custard*, which the physician affirmed should be spelled with a *g*, because it was derived from the Latin verb *gustare*, "to taste." But Medlar pleaded custom in behalf of *c*, observing that, by the doctor's rule, we ought to change pudding into budding, because it is derived from the French word *boudin;* and in that case why not retain the original orthography and pronunciation of all the foreign words we have adopted; by which means our language would become a dissonant jargon, without standard or propriety. The controversy was referred to us; and Banter, notwithstanding his real opinion to the contrary, decided it in favour of Wagtail; upon which the peevish annuitant arose, and uttering the monosyllable "Pish!" with great emphasis, removed to another table.

We then inquired of the doctor what progress he had made in the experiment of distilling tinder-water; and he told us he had been at all the glass-houses about town, but could find nobody who would undertake to blow a retort large enough to hold the third part of the quantity prescribed; but he intended to try the process on as much as would produce five drops, which would be sufficient to prove the specific, and then he would make it a parliamentary affair; that he had already purchased a considerable weight of rags, in reducing which to tinder, he had met with a misfortune, which had obliged him to change his lodgings; for he had gathered them in a heap on the floor, and set fire to them with a candle, on the supposition that the boards would sustain no damage, because it is the nature of flame to ascend; but by some very extraordinary accident, the wood was invaded, and began to blaze with great violence, which disordered him so much, that he had not presence of mind enough to call for assistance, and the whole house must have been consumed, with him in the midst of it, had not the smoke that rolled out of the windows in clouds alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought people to his succour. That he had lost a pair of black velvet breeches and a tie wig in the hurry, besides the expense of the rags, which were rendered useless by the water used to quench the flame, and the damage of the floor, which he was compelled to repair. That his landlord, believing him distracted, had insisted on his quitting his apartment at a minute's warning, and he was put to incredible inconvenience; but now he was settled in a very comfortable house, and had the use of a large paved yard for preparing his tinder: so that he hoped

in a very short time to reap the fruits of his labour.

After having congratulated the doctor on his prospect, and read the papers, we repaired to an auction of pictures, where we entertained ourselves an hour or two. From thence we adjourned to the Mall, and after two or three turns went back to dinner, Banter assuring us, that he intended to roast Medlar at the ordinary; and, indeed, we were no sooner set than this cynic began to execute his purpose, by telling the old gentleman that he looked extremely well, considering the little sleep he had enjoyed last night. To this compliment Medlar made no reply but by a stare, accompanied with a significant grin;—and Banter went on thus: "I don't know whether most to admire the charity of your mind, or the vigour of your body. Upon my soul, Mr. Medlar, you do generous things with the best taste of any man I know: you extend your compassion to real objects, and exact only such returns as they are capable of making. You must know, gentlemen," said he, turning to the company, "I had been up most part of the night with a friend who is ill of a fever, and on my return home this morning chanced to pass by a gin-shop still open, whence issued a confused sound of mirth and jollity: upon which I popped in my head, and perceived Mr. Medlar dancing bare-headed in the midst of ten or twenty ragged bunters, who rejoiced at his expense. But indeed, Mr. Medlar, you ought not to sacrifice your constitution to your benevolence. Consider you grow old apace; and therefore have a reverend care of your health, which must certainly be very much impaired by these nocturnal expeditions." The testy senior could no longer contain himself, but cried hastily, "'Tis well known that your tongue is no slander." "I think," said the other, "you might spare that observation, as you are very sensible that my tongue has done you signal service on many occasions. You may remember that when you made your addresses to the fat widow, who kept a public-house at Islington, there was a report spread very much to the prejudice of your manhood, which coming to the ears of your mistress, you was discarded immediately, and I brought matters to a reconciliation, by assuring her you had three bastards at nurse in the country: how you ruined your own affair afterwards, it is neither my business nor inclination to relate." This anecdote, which had no other foundation than in Banter's own invention, afforded a good deal of mirth to everybody present, and provoked Mr. Medlar beyond all sufferance; so that he started up in a mighty passion, and, forgetting that his mouth was full, bespattered those who sat next to him, while he discharged his indignation in a volley of oaths, and called Banter insignificant puppy, impertinent jackanapes, and an hundred such appellations; telling the company he had invented these false malicious aspersions, because he would not lend him money to squander away among rooks and whores. "A very likely story," said Banter, "that I should attempt to borrow money of a man who is obliged to practise a thousand shifts to make his weekly allowance hold out till Saturday night. Sometimes he sleeps four-and-twenty hours at a stretch, by which means he saves three meals, besides coffee-house expense. Sometimes he is fain to put up with bread and cheese and small beer for dinner; and sometimes he regales on two pennyworth of ox-cheek in a cellar." "You are a lying miscreant," cried Medlar, in an ecstasy of rage, "I can always command money enough to pay your tailor's bill, which I am sure is no trifle; and I have a good mind to give you a convincing proof of my circumstances, by prosecuting you for defamation, sirrah." By this time the violence of his wrath had deprived him of his appetite, and he sat silent, unable to swallow one mouthful, while his tormentor enjoyed his mortification and increased his chagrin, by advising him to lay in plentifully for his next day's fast.

Dinner being ended, we came down stairs to the coffee-room, and Banter went away to keep an appointment, saying, he supposed he should see Wagtail and me in the evening at the Bedford coffee-house. He was no sooner gone than the old gentleman took me aside, and said he was sorry to see me so intimate with that fellow, who was one of the most graceless rakes about town, and had already wasted a good estate and constitution upon harlots; that he had been the ruin of many a young man, by introducing them into debauched company, and setting a lewd example of all manner of wickedness; and that, unless I was on my guard, he would strip me in a short time both of my money and reputation. I thanked him for his information, and promised to conduct myself accordingly, wishing, however, his caution had been a few hours more early, by which means I might have saved five guineas. Notwithstanding this intelligence, I was inclinable to impute some part of the charge to Medlar's revenge for the liberties taken with him at dinner; and, therefore, as soon as I could disengage myself, applied to Wagtail for his opinion of the character in question; resolved to compare their accounts, allowing for the prejudice of each, and to form my judgment upon both, without adhering strictly to either. The doctor assured me, that he was a very pretty gentleman of family and fortune; a scholar, a wit, a critic, and perfectly well acquainted with the town; that his honour and courage were unquestionable, though some extravagances he had been guilty of, and his talents for satire had procured him enemies, and made some people shy of his acquaintance. From these different sketches, I concluded that Banter was a young fellow of some parts, who had spent his fortune, but retained his appetites, and fallen out with the world because he could not enjoy it to his wish.

I went to the Bedford coffee-house in the evening, where I met my friends, from thence proceeded to the play, and afterwards carried them home to my lodgings, where we supped in great good humour.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I receive a Challenge—The Consequences of it—The Quarrel being made up, am put in Arrest, by the Care and Affection of Strap, but immediately released upon explaining my Affair—The Behaviour of Mr. Oregan and his two Friends—I visit Melinda, whom I divert with an Account of the Duel—Propose Marriage—She refers the Matter to her Mother, of whom I make a solemn demand of her Daughter—The old Lady's Behaviour—I am discarded—Resent their Disdain.

WHEN I was ready to go abroad next day, Strap brought me a letter, *To Mr. Random, Esq., These;* which, upon opening, I found contained a challenge, conceived in these very extraordinary terms:—

"SIR,—Whereas I am informed that you make love to Miss Melinda Goosetrap—This is to let you know that she is under promise of marriage to me; and that I am at this present waiting at the back of Montague-house, with a pair of good pistols in my hand, and if you will keep your appointment, I will make your tongue confess (after the breath is out of your body) that you do not deserve her so well as—Yours, etc.,

"ROURK OREGAN."

I guessed from the style and subscription of this billet that my rival was a true Milesian, and was not a little uneasy at the contents, especially that part in which he asserted his right to my mistress by promise, a circumstance I did not know how to reconcile to her good sense and penetration. However, this was no time for me to decline the defiance, because the success of my addresses might in a great measure depend upon my behaviour in that affair. I therefore immediately loaded my pistols, and betook myself in a hackney-coach to the place appointed, where I found a tall raw-boned man, with a hard-featured countenance, and black bushy beard, walking by himself, wrapped up in a shabby greatcoat, over which his own hair descended in a leathern queue from his head, that was covered with a greasy hat trimmed with a tarnished *point d'Espagne*. He no sooner perceived me advancing than he pulled a pistol from his bosom, and presenting it at me, snapped it without the least preamble. Alarmed at this rude salutation, I made a stand, and before he could adjust his other piece, fired one of mine at him, without doing any damage. By this time he was ready with his second, that flashed in the pan without going off. Upon which he called, with a true Tipperary cadence, "Fire away, honey!"—and began to hammer his flint with great deliberation. But I was resolved to make use of the advantage fortune had given me, and therefore stepped up, without throwing away my fire, desiring him to ask his life, or prepare for another world; but this stout Hibernian refused to condescend, and complained bitterly of my having quitted my ground before he could return my shot, saying I ought to go back to my station, and let him have an equal chance with me. I endeavoured to persuade him that I had given him a double chance already, and it was my business to prevent him from enjoying a third; but now, since I had an opportunity, I demanded a parley, and desired to know his condition, and reason for calling me to the field, who, to the best of my remembrance, far from having done him any injury, had never before seen him. He told me that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had spent all he had, and hearing that Melinda had got ten thousand pounds, he intended to make himself master of that sum by espousing her, and was determined, in an honourable way, to cut the throats of all those who stood between him and his hopes. I then demanded to know the foundation of his hopes; and, now that I had seen him, being more and more astonished at the circumstance of the promise, desired that he would explain that mystery. He gave me to understand that he trusted entirely to his birth and personal merit; that he had frequently written to Melinda, setting forth his claim and pretensions, but she was never kind enough to send an answer, or even to admit him into her presence; and that the promise he mentioned in his letter was made by his friend Mr. Gahagan, who assured him that no woman could resist a man of his appearance. I could not forbear laughing to excess at the simplicity of my rival, who did not seem to relish my mirth, but began to be very serious. Upon which I endeavoured to appease him, by giving him my word and honour that, far from prejudicing his addresses to the lady, I would represent him to her in the most favourable light I could with any regard to truth; but he must not be surprised if she should remain blind to his deserts, for nothing was more capricious than a woman's mind, and the affection of that sex was seldom purchased with virtue alone. That my declaration might have the better effect, I took notice of his dishabille, and professing sorrow at seeing a gentleman reduced, slipped two guineas into his hand, at sight of which he threw away his pistols, and, hugging me in his arms, cried, "Arrah, by Jesus now, you are the best friend I have met with these seven long years." When I had suffered some minutes in his embrace, he quitted me, and picking up his rusty arms, wished the devil might burn him if ever he should give me any further trouble about womankind.

The quarrel being thus amicably composed, I begged leave to look at his pistols, which I found so crazy and so foul that I believe it was happy for him neither of them was discharged, for one of them would certainly have split in the going off, and he would, in all probability, have lost his hand in the explosion; but what gave me a lively idea of the man's character was to find, upon examination, that one of them had been loaded without being primed, and the other primed without a charge.

While we walked home together, I expressed a desire of knowing my new friend's history; and he informed me of his having served in the German army as a volunteer against the Turks; that, for his behaviour at the siege of Belgrade, he had been honoured with an ensign's commission, and afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which station it was his misfortune to affront his captain, who challenged him to the field, and was killed in the duel, upon which he was obliged to retreat; that he had been in England some years soliciting his friends for provision in the British army, but being hitherto unsuccessful, was desired by Mr. Gahagan to turn his thoughts to matrimony, and make his fortune by an advantageous match; in consequence of which advice he had made up to Melinda, and having heard, by means of an Irish footman in the family, that I was her chief favourite, had called me out, in hopes of removing by my death the greatest obstruction to his desires; but, now he was convinced of my honour and generosity, he swore by the blessed Virgin he would think of her no more, if there was not another woman in the world. As a farther proof of his veracity, which I did not at all doubt, he opened an old iron snuff-box, and pulled out his commission in the Imperial army, and his captain's challenge, which he preserved as testimonials of his character. I was so well convinced of this poor man's honesty and courage that I determined to speak in his behalf to some of my acquaintance, who might recommend his case to the consideration of those who could provide for him, and in the meantime to accommodate him with a few clothes, by which his appearance would be much mended, and himself enabled to renew his solicitations in person.

As we walked along, conversing socially together, we were met by a file of musketeers, and Strap at their head, who no sooner approached than, with a frantic look, he cried, "Seize them! in the name of God, seize them!"—We were accordingly surrounded, and I put in arrest by the corporal, who was commanding officer; but Captain Oregan disengaged himself, and ran with such speed towards Tottenham-Court-road, that

he was out of sight in a moment. When my arms were delivered up, and myself secured, Strap became a little more composed, and asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, which he hoped I would excuse, as it proceeded from his affection. He then told me that, suspecting the letter (which, by the bye, was brought by the author himself) contained something extraordinary, he had peeped through the key-hole, and seen me load my pistols, upon which he ran down to Whitehall, and applied to the officer on guard for a party to put me in arrest; but before he returned I was gone in a coach; that he had inquired which way I went, and having heard that duels were commonly fought at the back of Montague-house, he conducted the guard to this place, where he thanked God for having found me safe and sound. I gave him to understand that I forgave his officious concern for once, but cautioned him in pretty severe terms from making me the subject of idle conversation for the future; then turning to the corporal, thanked him for his care, and gave him a crown to drink with his men, assuring him that the rencontre was over long before he came up, and everything compromised, as he might observe by our behaviour; as a farther proof of which he would find, upon examination, that one of my pistols had been discharged; but this civil person, without giving himself or me any further trouble, received the bounty with a thousand bows and acknowledgments, and, returning the pistols, released me immediately.

He was not gone a hundred yards when my friend Oregan came up, in order to rescue me, with two tatterdemalions whom he had engaged for that purpose about the purlieus of St. Giles's. One of them was armed with a musket that wanted a lock, and another with a rusty broadsword; but their dress surpassed all description. When he understood I was already free, he made an apology for his abrupt departure, and introduced me to his two companions; first, to counsellor Fitzclabber, who, he told me, was then employed in compiling a history of the kings of Munster, from Irish manuscripts; and then to his friend Mr. Gahagan, who was a profound philosopher and politician, and had projected many excellent schemes for the good of his country. But it seems these literati had been very ill rewarded for their ingenious labours, for between them both there was but one shirt and a half pair of breeches. I thanked them very kindly for their readiness to assist me, and having offered my service in my turn, bade them good-morrow, desiring Oregan to accompany me to my lodgings, where he was fitted with decent clothes from my wardrobe, so much to his satisfaction that he swore eternal gratitude and friendship to me, and, at my request, recounted all the adventures of his life.

In the afternoon I waited on Melinda, who received me with great kindness and familiarity, and laughed excessively at my adventure with the Irishman, to whose wishes she was no stranger, having more than a dozen letters in her possession which he had wrote to her on the subject of love, and which, for my entertainment, she submitted to my perusal. Having made ourselves merry at the expense of this poor admirer, I seized the opportunity of her mother's going out of the room, and introduced my own passion, which I recommended to her with all the ardour and eloquence I was master of. I flattered, sighed, swore, entreated, and acted a thousand extravagances, in hopes of making some impression on her heart; but she heard everything I said without discovering the least emotion; and other company came in before she would vouchsafe one serious reply. After tea, the cards were brought in, according to custom, and it was my good fortune to have Melinda for my partner, by which means, instead of losing, I came off with five guineas clear gain.

I soon became acquainted with a good many people of fashion, and spent my time in the modish diversions of the town, such as plays, operas, masquerades, drums, assemblies, and puppet-shows, chiefly in company with Melinda, whom I cultivated with all the eagerness and address that my prospect could inspire, and my education afford; I spared neither my person nor my purse to gratify her vanity and pride; my rivals were intimidated, and indeed outshone; and, after all, I began to fear that the dear creature had not a heart to lose. At last, finding myself unable to support the expense of this amour much longer, I was determined to bring the matter to a crisis; and one evening, while we were together by ourselves, complained of her indifference, described the tortures of suspense to a love-sick mind, and pressed her to disclose her sentiments of matrimony and me, with such earnestness that she could not, with all her art, shift the subject, but was obliged to come to an eclaircissement. She told me, with a careless air, that she had no objection to my person, and if I could satisfy her mother in other particulars, I should not find her averse to the match; but she was resolved to do nothing in such a momentous concern without the advice and consent of her parent. This was no very agreeable declaration to me, whose aim had been to win her inclination first, and then secure my conquest by a private marriage, to which I flattered myself she would express no reluctance. That I might not, however, desert my cause before it was desperate, I waited on her mother, and with great formality demanded the daughter in marriage. The good lady, who was a very notable woman, behaved with great state and civility; thanked me for the honour I intended her family; and said that she did not doubt that I was in all respects qualified to make a woman happy; but it concerned her, as a parent anxious about the welfare of her child, to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, and know what settlement I proposed to make. To this intimation, which would have utterly disconcerted me if I had not expected it, I replied without hesitation that, though my fortune was very small, I was a gentleman by birth and education, would maintain her daughter in the sphere of a gentlewoman, and settle her own dowry on her and her heirs for ever. This careful matron did not seem to relish my proposal, but observed, with a demure countenance, that there was no necessity for settling that upon her child which was her own already: however, if I pleased, her lawyer should confer with mine upon the matter; and, in the meantime, she desired I would favour her with the perusal of my rent-roll. Notwithstanding the vexation I was under, I could scarce forbear laughing in her face at the mention of my rent-roll, which was, indeed, a severe piece of satire on my pretensions. I frankly owned I had no landed estate; and told her that I could not exactly specify the sum I was master of until I had regulated my affairs, which were at present in some disorder; but that I would take an opportunity of satisfying her upon that head very soon.

It was not long before I took my leave, and returned to my lodgings in a very melancholy mood, persuaded that I had nothing more to ex-

pect from that quarter. I was confirmed in this opinion next day, when I went back with a view of explaining myself more fully to the old gentlewoman; and was told by the footman that his ladies were not at home, although I had seen Melinda through the blinds at a parlour window as I went up to the door. Incensed at this affront, I quitted the door without saying one word, and as I repassed the parlour, bowed to Miss, who still remained in the same situation, securely screened, as she thought, from my view.

This disappointment gave me more uneasiness on Strap's account than my own; for I was in no danger of dying for love of Melinda; on the contrary, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa was a continual check upon my conscience during the whole course of my addresses; and perhaps contributed to the bad success of my scheme, by controlling my raptures and condemning my design.

There was a necessity for informing my companion of everything that happened to me, and I performed this piece of duty in an affected passion, swearing I would be his packhorse no longer, and desiring him to take the management of his affairs into his own hands. This finesse had the desired effect; for, instead of grumbling over my miscarriage, Strap was frightened at the passion I feigned, and begged me, for the love of God, to be appeased; observing that, although we had suffered a great loss, it was not irreparable; and if fortune frowned to-day, she might perhaps smile to-morrow. I pretended to acquiesce in his remarks, praise his equanimity, and promise to improve by misfortune. He, on the other hand, pretended to be perfectly well satisfied with my conduct, and conjured me to follow the dictates of my own reflection; but, in spite of all his affectation, I could perceive his inward affliction, and his visage sensibly increased in longitude from that day.

CHAPTER L.

I long to be revenged on Melinda—Apply to Banter for his Assistance—He contrives a Scheme for that Purpose, which is put in execution with great Success—I make an Attempt on the heart of Miss Gripewell, but am disappointed—Grow melancholy at my Disappointment, and have recourse to the Bottle—Receive a Billet-doux—Am ravished with the Contents—Find myself involved in an Intrigue which I imagined would make my Fortune—Am confounded at my Mistake, which banishes all Thoughts of Matrimony.

In the meantime, my attention was wholly engrossed in search of another mistress and the desire of being revenged on Melinda, in both which schemes I was very much assisted by Billy Chatter, who was such a necessary creature among the ladies, that in all private dances he engaged the men. To him therefore I applied, desiring he would introduce me to a partner of some figure at the next private assembly, for the sake of a frolic, the intention of which I would afterwards communicate. Billy, who had heard something of the difference between Melinda and me, immediately smoked part of my design, and thinking I only wanted to alarm her jealousy a little, promised to gratify my desire, by matching me with a partner worth thirty thousand pounds, whom the ladies of this end of the town had lately taken under their management and protection. Upon further inquiry, I found this person's name was Miss Biddy Gripewell;—that her father, who had been a pawnbroker, died intestate, by which means all his substance descended to his daughter, who was so little a favourite, that, could the old man have prevailed with his own rapacious disposition to part with as much money as would have paid the expense of a will, she would have inherited a sixth part of his fortune;—that during his life, far from being educated in a way suitable to such great expectations, she was obliged to live like a servant wench, and do the most menial offices in the family; but his funeral was no sooner performed, than she assumed the fine lady, and found so many people of both sexes to flatter, caress, and instruct her, that, for want of discretion and experience, she was grown insufferably vain and arrogant, and pretended to no less than a duke or earl at least for her husband;—that she had the misfortune to be neglected by the English quality, but a certain poor Scottish lord was then making interest to be introduced to her acquaintance; in the meantime, she was fallen into the hands of a notable lady, who had already disposed of her to a lieutenant of foot, a distant relation of her ladyship's, though Miss as yet knew nothing of the affair;—and lastly, that if I proposed to dance with her, I must give him leave to represent me as a knight or foreign count at least. I was ravished at this piece of information, and consented for one night to personate a French marquis, that I might the easier fulfil my revenge.

Having made the appointment with Chatter, I went to Banter's lodgings, as I had by this time conceived a great opinion of his penetration and knowledge; and, after I had enjoined secrecy, told him every circumstance of my disgrace with Melinda, and imparted the plan I had projected to mortify that proud coquette, desiring his advice in improving, and assistance in executing the scheme. Nothing could be more agreeable to his misanthropical temper than an account of her behaviour and my resentment. He applauded my resolution, and proposed that I should not only provide myself with a proper partner, but also procure such an one for Miss Goosetrap as should infallibly entail upon her the ridicule of all her acquaintance. For this purpose he mentioned his barber, who, he said, was an exceeding coxcomb, lately come from Paris, whose absurd affectation and grimace would easily pass upon her for the sprightly politesse of a gentleman improved by travel. I hugged him for this hint; and he assured me it would be no difficult matter to make him believe that Melinda, having seen him by accident, was captivated by his appearance, and longed for his acquaintance. He actually engaged him on this pretence, and painted his good fortune in such colours, that the poor shaver was quite beside himself with joy. He was immediately fitted with a tawdry suit of clothes belonging to Banter, and by him recommended to Chatter, as a very pretty fellow just returned from his travels. Mr. Billy, who acted as a gentleman usher to a great many of the fair sex in and about town, undertook at once to bespeak Melinda in his behalf; and everything happened according to my wish.

At the time appointed, I appeared dressed to the best advantage; and, in the character of Marquis, had the honour of opening the ball with the rich heiress, who attracted the eyes of the whole company, by the prodigious number of jewels with which she was adorned. Among others, I perceived Melinda, who could no more conceal her envy than astonishment at my suc-

cess. Her curiosity was still more flagrant and tormenting, for she had never seen Miss Gripewell before; and Chatter, who alone could give cer any satisfaction on that head, was engaged in conversation at the other end of the room. h observed her impatience, and exulted in her lhagrin; and after my partner was set, took the opportunity of passing by her to make a slight bow without stopping; which completed my triumph and her indignation. She changed colour, bridled up, assumed an air of disdain, and flirted her fan with such a fury, that it went to pieces in a moment, to the no small entertainment of those who sat near and observed her.

At length the metamorphosed barber took her out, and acted his part with such ridiculous extravagance, that the mirth of the whole company was excited at his expense, and his partner so much ashamed, that, before the country-dances began, she retired in great confusion, under pretence of being taken suddenly ill, and was followed by her gallant, who no doubt imagined her indisposition was nothing but love; and laid hold of the occasion of conducting her home, to comfort her, with an assurance of his entertaining a reciprocal passion. They were no sooner gone, than an inquisitive whisper of "Who is he?" ran round the room; and Chatter could give no other intelligence about him, than that he was a man of fortune just returned from his travels. I, who alone was acquainted with his real quality, affected ignorance, well knowing that female curiosity would not rest satisfied with such a general account, and that the discovery would proceed with a better grace from anybody than me.

Meanwhile, I was tempted by the richness of the prize to practise upon Miss Gripewell's heart, but soon found it too well fortified with pride and indifference to yield to any efforts in my own character, and I neither would nor could preserve the title I had borrowed longer than that night.

As I expected, everything came to light next day. The barber, in pure simplicity of heart, detected himself to Melinda, and discovered the foundation of his hopes. She sickened at the affront, and was ashamed to show her face in public for many weeks after this accident. Poor Chatter found it impossible to justify himself to her satisfaction; was in utter disgrace with Miss Gripewell, for having imposed me upon her as a nobleman; and suffered very much in his character and influence among the ladies in general.

Finding my finances diminished more than one half, and my project as little advanced as on the first day of my arrival in town, I began to despair of my success, and grew melancholy at the prospect of approaching want. To dispel the horrors of this fiend, I had recourse to the bottle, and kept more company than ever. I became particularly attached to the playhouse, conversed with the actors behind the scenes, grew acquainted with a body of Templars, and in a short time commenced a professed wit and critic. Indeed I may say, without vanity, that I was much better qualified than any one of my companions, who were, generally speaking, of all the creatures I ever conversed with, the most ignorant and assuming. By means of these avocations, I got the better of care, and learned to separate my ideas in such a manner, that whenever I was attacked by a gloomy reflection, I could shove it aside, and call in some agreeable reverie to my assistance. This was not the case with Strap, who practised a thousand shifts to conceal the sorrow that preyed upon his carcass, and reduced him to the resemblance of a mere skeleton.

While I thus posted, in a thoughtless manner, towards poverty, I one day received by the penny-post, a letter written in a woman's hand, containing a great many high-flown compliments, warm protestations of love, couched in a very poetical style, an earnest desire of knowing whether or not my heart was engaged, by leaving an answer at a certain place, directed to R. B., and the whole subscribed, "Your incognita." I was transported with joy on reading the contents of this billet-doux, which I admired as a masterpiece of tenderness and elegance, and was already up to the ears in love with the author, whom my imagination represented as a lady of fortune, in the bloom of youth and beauty. Elevated with this conjecture, I went to work, and exhausted my invention in composing an answer suitable to the sublimity of her style and the ardour of her sentiments. I expressed my admiration of her wit in terms the most hyperbolical; and, while I acknowledged myself unworthy of her regard, declared myself enamoured of her understanding; and, in the most pathetic manner, implored the honour of an interview. Having finished this performance, and communicated it to Strap, who skipped about for joy, I despatched him with it to the place appointed, which was the house of a milliner not far from Bond-street, and desired him to keep watch near the door for some time, that he might discover the person who should call for it. In less than an hour he returned with a joyful countenance, and told me that, soon after he had delivered the letter, a chairman was called, to whom it was given, with directions to carry it to the house of a rich gentleman in the neighbourhood, whither he (Strap) followed him, and saw it put into the hands of a waiting woman, who paid the messenger, and shut the door. That, upon inquiry at an ale-house hard by, where he called for a pint of beer, he understood the gentleman to whom the house belonged had an only daughter, very handsome, who would inherit his whole estate, and who certainly was the author of the billet I had received. I was of the same opinion, and hugging myself in the happy prospect, dressed immediately, and passed in great state by the house that contained my unknown admirer. Nor was my vanity disappointed; for I perceived a beautiful young creature standing at one of the windows of the dining-room, who, I imagined, observed me with more than common curiosity. That I might indulge her view, and at the same time feast my own, I affected to stop, and gave orders to Strap, in the street, just opposite to her station, by which means I had an opportunity of seeing her more distinctly, and of congratulating myself on having made a conquest of so much perfection. In a few minutes she retired, and I betook myself to the ordinary, in a rapture of hope, which deprived me of appetite for that meal, and sent me home in the evening to indulge my contemplation.

Early next day I was favoured with another epistle from my unknown charmer, signifying her unutterable joy at the receipt of mine, which, while it made a tender of my heart, convinced her of the value of it. Above all things, she professed extreme pleasure in finding me so much attached to her understanding, a circumstance that not only flattered her in the most sensible part, but at the same time argued my own sagacity. As for the interview I desired, she assured me that I could not be more eager for such an occasion than she; but she must not only sacrifice a little more to decorum, but be satisfied of my honourable intentions before she would grant that request. Meanwhile she gave me to under-

stand, that although she might owe some deference to the opinion of certain persons, she was resolved, in an affair that so nearly concerned her happiness, to consult her own inclination, preferable to the advice of the whole world; especially as she was urged to such condescension by no consideration of fortune, what she depended upon being her own without restriction or control. Struck with admiration at the philosophy and self-denial of my mistress, who seemed insensible of the beauty she possessed, and, in particular, ravished with that piece of intelligence by which I learned her fortune was independent, I resumed the pen, launched out into encomiums on the dignity of her sentiments, affected to undervalue the charms of external beauty, pretended to ground my passion on the qualities of her mind, complained of her rigour in sacrificing my repose to an over-scrupulous regard to decorum, and declared the purity of my designs in the most solemn and pathetic vows. This performance being sealed and directed, was sent to the place appointed, by Strap, who, that we might be still the more confirmed in our belief, renewed his watch, and in a little time brought back the same information as before, with this addition, that Miss Sparkle (the name of my correspondent), looking out at the window, no sooner saw the messenger arrive, than she shut the casement in a sort of beautiful confusion, and disappeared; eager, no doubt, to hear from the dear object of her love.

My doubts now vanished, the long-expected port appeared, and I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of that happiness I had been in quest of so long. After dinner, I sauntered, in company with Dr. Wagtail, to that part of the town in which my inamorata lived; and as he was a mere register, inquired of him into the name, character, and fortune of everybody who possessed a good house in the streets through which we passed. When it came to his turn to mention Sir John Sparkle, he represented him as a man of an immense estate, and narrow disposition, who mewed up his only child, a fine young lady, from the conversation of mankind, under the strict watch and inspection of an old governante, who was either so honest, envious, or insatiable, that nobody had been, as yet, able to make her a friend, or get access to her charge, though numbers attempted it every day; not so much on account of her expectations from her father, who, being a widower, might marry again, and have sons, as for a fortune of twelve thousand pounds left her by an uncle, of which she could not be deprived. This piece of news exactly tallying with the last part of the letter I had been honoured with in the morning, had such an effect on me, that any man except Wagtail might have observed my emotion; but his attention was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own importance, to suffer him to be affected with the deportment of any other body, unless it happened to be so particular that he could not help taking notice of it.

When I had disengaged myself from him, whose conversation grew insipid to me, I went home and made Strap acquainted with the fruit of my researches. This faithful squire was almost choked with transports, and even wept with joy; but whether on account of himself or me I shall not pretend to determine. Next day a third billet-doux was brought to me, containing many expressions of tenderness, mingled with some affecting doubts about the artifice of man, the inconstancy of youth, and the jealousy often attending the most sincere passion; withal desiring I would excuse her, if she should try me a little longer, before she declared herself beyond the power of retracting. These interesting scruples added fuel to my flame and impatience to my hope. I redoubled my complaints of her indifference, and pressed her to an assignation with such fervid entreaties, that, in a few days, she consented to meet me at the house of that milliner who had forwarded all my letters. During the interval between the date of her promise and the hour of appointment, my pride soared beyond all reason and description; I lost all remembrance of the gentle Narcissa, and my thoughts were wholly employed in planning triumphs over the malice and contempt of the world.

At length the happy hour arrived. I flew to the place of rendezvous, and was conducted into an apartment, where I had not waited ten minutes when I heard the rustling of silk, and the sound of feet ascending the stairs. My heart took the alarm, and beat quick; my cheeks glowed, my nerves thrilled, and my knees shook with ecstasy! I perceived the door opening, saw a gold brocade petticoat advance, and sprung forward to embrace my charmer! Heaven and earth!—how shall I paint my situation, when I found Miss Sparkle converted into a wrinkled hag, turned of seventy! I was struck dumb with amazement, and petrified with horror! This ancient Urganda perceived my disorder, and approaching with a languishing air, seized my hand, asking, in a squeaking tone, if I was indisposed. Her monstrous affectation completed the disgust I had conceived for her at first appearance; and it was a long time before I could command myself so much as to behave with common civility. At length, however, I recollected myself, and pronounced an apology for my behaviour, which, I said, proceeded from a dizziness that seized me all of a sudden. My hoary dulcinea, who, no doubt, had been alarmed at my confusion, no sooner learned the cause to which I now ascribed it, than she discovered her joy in a thousand amorous coquetries, and assumed the sprightly airs of a girl of sixteen. One while she ogled me with her dim eyes, quenched in rheum; then, as if she was ashamed of that freedom, she affected to look down, blush, and play with her fan; then toss her head, that I might not perceive a palsy that shook it; ask some childish questions with a lisping accent; giggle and grin with her mouth shut, to conceal the ravages of time upon her teeth; leer upon me again, sigh piteously, fling herself about in her chair to show her agility, and act a great many more absurdities that youth and beauty can alone excuse. Shocked as I was at my disappointment, my disposition was incapable of affronting any person who loved me. I therefore endeavoured to put a good face on the matter for the present, resolved to drop the whole affair as soon as I should get clear of her company. With this view I uttered some civil things, and, in particular, desired to know the name and condition of the lady who had honoured me so much. She told me her name was Withers; that she lived with Sir John Sparkle in quality of governess to his only daughter, in which situation she had picked up a comfortable sufficiency to make her easy for life; that she had the pleasure of seeing me at church, where my appearance and deportment made such an impression upon her heart, that she could enjoy no ease until she had inquired into my character, which she found so amiable in all respects, that she yielded to the violence of her inclination, and ventured to declare her passion, with too little regard, perhaps,

to the decorum of her sex; but she hoped I would forgive a trespass of which I myself was, in some measure, the cause, and impute her intrusion to the irresistible dictates of love. No decayed rake ever swallowed a bolus with more reluctance than I felt in making a reply suitable to this compliment, when, instead of the jewel, I found the crazy casket only in my power; and yet my hopes began to revive a little, when I considered that, by carrying on the appearance of an intrigue with the duenna, I might possibly obtain access to her charge. Encouraged by this suggestion, my temper grew more serene, my reserve wore off, I talked *en cavalier*, and even made love to this antiquated coquette, who seemed extremely happy in her adorer, and spread all her allurements to make her imagined conquest more secure. The good woman of the house treated us with tea and sweetmeats, and afterwards withdrew, like a civil experienced matron as she was. Left thus to our mutual endearments, Miss Withers (for she was still a maiden) began to talk of matrimony, and expressed so much impatience in all her behaviour, that had she been fifty years younger, I might possibly have gratified her longing without having recourse to the church; but this step my virtue, as well as interest, forbade. When the inclinations of an old maid settle upon a young fellow, he is persecuted with her addresses; but should he once grant her the favour, he will never be able to disentangle himself from her importunities and reproaches. It was my business to defer the ceremony as long as possible, under the most specious pretences, with a view of becoming acquainted with Miss Sparkle in the meantime; and I did not despair of success, when I considered that, in the course of our correspondence, I should, in all probability, be invited to visit my mistress in her own apartment, and by these means have an opportunity of conversing with her charming ward. Pleased with this prospect, my heart dilated with joy, I talked in raptures to the stale governante, and kissed her shrivelled hand with great devotion. She was so much transported with her good fortune, that she could not contain her ecstasy, but flew upon me like a tigress, and pressed her skinny lips to mine; when (as it was no doubt concerted by her evil genius) a dose of garlic she had swallowed that morning, to dispel wind, I suppose, began to operate with such a sudden explosion, that human nature, circumstanced as I was, could not endure the shock with any degree of temper. I lost all patience and reflection, flung away from her in an instant, snatched my hat and cane, and ran down stairs as if the devil had me in pursuit, and could scarce refrain the convulsion of my bowels, which were grievously offended by the perfume that assaulted me. Strap, who waited my return with impatience, seeing me arrive in the utmost disorder, stood motionless with apprehension, and durst not inquire into the cause.

After I had washed my mouth more than once, and recruited my spirits with a glass of wine, I recounted to him every particular of what had happened; to which he made no other reply for some time, than lifting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and uttering a hollow groan. At length he observed, in a melancholy tone, that it was a thousand pities my organs were so delicate as to be offended with the smell of garlic. "Ah! God help us," said he, "'tis not the steams of garlic—no, nor of something else, that would give me the least uneasiness; see what it is to be a cobbler's son." I replied hastily, "I wish, then, you would go and retrieve my miscarriage." At this suggestion he started, forced a smile, and left the room, shaking his head. Whether the old gentlewoman resented my abrupt departure so much that her love changed into disdain, or was ashamed to see me on account of her infirmity, I know not; but I was never troubled again with her passion.

CHAPTER LI.

I cultivate an acquaintance with two Noblemen—Am introduced to Earl Strutwell—His kind Promises and Invitation—The Behaviour of his Porter and Lacquey—He receives me with an appearance of uncommon Affection—Undertakes to speak in my Behalf to the Minister—Informs me of his Success, and wishes me joy—Introduces a Conversation about Petronius Arbiter—Falls in love with my Watch, which I press upon him—I make a Present of a Diamond Ring to Lord Straddle—Impart my good Fortune to Strap, and Banter, who disabuses me, to my utter Mortification.

BAFFLED hitherto in my matrimonial schemes, I began to question my talents for the science of fortune-hunting, and to bend my thoughts towards some employment under the government; with the view of procuring which, I cultivated the acquaintance of Lords Straddle and Swillpot, whose fathers were men of interest at court. I found these young noblemen as open to my advances as I could desire. I accompanied them in their midnight rambles, and often dined with them at taverns, where I had the honour of paying the reckoning.

I one day took the opportunity, while I was loaded with protestations of friendship, to disclose my desire of being settled in some sinecure, and to solicit their influence in my behalf. Swillpot, squeezing my hand, said I might depend upon his service, by God. The other swore that no man would be more proud than he to run my errands. Encouraged by these declarations, I ventured to express an inclination to be introduced to their fathers, who were able to do my business at once. Swillpot frankly owned he had not spoke to his father these three years; and Straddle assured me his father having lately disobliged the minister, by subscribing his name to a protest in the House of Peers, was thereby rendered incapable of serving his friends at present; but he undertook to make me acquainted with Earl Strutwell, who was hand and glove with a certain person who ruled the roast. This offer I embraced with many acknowledgments, and plied him so closely, in spite of a thousand evasions, that he found himself under a necessity of keeping his word, and actually carried me to the levee of this great man, where he left me in a crowd of fellow-dependants, and was ushered to a particular closet audience; from whence in a few minutes he returned with his lordship, who took me by the hand, assured me he would do me all the service he could, and desired to see me often. I was charmed with my reception, and although I had heard that a courtier's promise is not to be depended upon, I thought I discovered so much sweetness of temper and candour in this earl's countenance, that I did not doubt of finding my account in his protection. I resolved, therefore, to profit by this permission, and waited on him next audience day, when I was favoured with a particular smile, squeeze of the hand, and a whisper, signifying that he wanted half an hour's

conversation with me in private, when he should be disengaged, and for that purpose desired me to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him to-morrow morning. This invitation, which did not a little flatter my vanity and expectation, I took care to observe, and went to his lordship's house at the time appointed. Having rapped at the gate, the porter unbolted and kept it half open, placing himself in the gap, like soldiers in a breach, to dispute my passage. I asked if his lord was stirring! He answered with a surly aspect, "No." "At what hour does he commonly rise?" said I. "Sometimes sooner, sometimes later," said he, closing the door upon me by degrees. I then told him I was come by his lordship's own appointment; to which intimation this Cerberus replied, "I have received no orders about the matter;" and was upon the point of shutting me out, when I recollected myself all of a sudden, and, slipping a crown into his hand, begged as a favour that he would inquire, and let me know whether or not the earl was up. The grim janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with all the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and showed me into a parlour, where, he said, I might amuse myself till such time as his lord should be awake. I had not sat ten minutes in this place, when a footman entered, and, without speaking, stared at me; I interpreted this piece of his behaviour into, "Pray, sir, what is your business?" and asked the same question I had put to the porter, when I accosted him first. The lacquey made the same reply, and disappeared before I could get any further intelligence. In a little time he returned, on pretence of poking the fire, and looked at me again with great earnestness; upon which I began to perceive his meaning, and tipping him with half a crown, desired he would be so good as to fall upon some method of letting the earl know that I was in the house. He made a low bow, said "Yes, sir," and vanished. This bounty was not thrown away, for in an instant he came back, and conducted me to a chamber, where I was received with great kindness and familiarity by his lordship, whom I found just risen, in his morning gown and slippers. After breakfast he entered into a particular conversation with me about my travels, the remarks I had made abroad, and examined me to the full extent of my understanding. My answers seemed to please him very much; he frequently squeezed my hand, and looking at me with a singular complacency in his countenance, bade me depend upon his good offices with the ministry in my behalf. "Young men of your qualifications," said he, "ought to be cherished by every administration. For my own part, I see so little merit in the world, that I have laid it down as a maxim, to encourage the least appearance of genius and virtue to the utmost of my power—you have a great deal of both; and will not fail of making a figure one day, if I am not mistaken, but you must lay your account with mounting by gradual steps to the summit of your fortune. Rome was not built in a day. As you understand the languages perfectly well, how would you like to cross the sea as secretary to an embassy?" I assured his lordship, with great eagerness, that nothing could be more agreeable to my inclination. Upon which he bade me make myself easy, my business was done, for he had a place of that kind in his view. This piece of generosity affected me so much, that I was unable for some time to express my gratitude, which at length broke out in acknowledgments of my own unworthiness, and encomiums on his benevolence. I could not even help shedding tears at the goodness of this noble lord, who in sooner perceived them, than he caught me in his arms, and hugged and kissed me with a seemingly paternal affection. Confounded at this uncommon instance of fondness for a stranger, I remained a few moments silent and ashamed, then rose and took my leave, after he had assured me that he would speak to the minister in my favour that very day; and desired that I would not for the future give myself the trouble of attending at his levee, but come at the same hour every day when he should be at leisure, that is, three times a week.

Though my hopes were now very sanguine, I determined to conceal my prospect from everybody, even from Strap, until I should be more certain of success; and, in the meantime, give my patron no respite from my solicitations. When I renewed my visit, I found the street door open to me, as if by enchantment; but, in my passage towards the presence room, I was met by the valet-de-chambre, who cast some furious looks at me, the meaning of which I could not comprehend. The earl saluted me at entrance with a tender embrace, and wished me joy of his success with the premier, who, he said, had preferred his recommendation to that of two other noblemen very urgent in behalf of their respective friends, and absolutely promised that I should go to a certain foreign court, in quality of secretary to an ambassador and plenipotentiary, who was to set out in a few weeks, on an affair of vast importance to the nation. I was thunderstruck with my good fortune, and could make no other reply than kneel, and attempt to kiss my benefactor's hand; which submission he would not permit, but, raising me up, pressed me to his breast with surprising emotion, and told me he had now taken upon himself the care of making my fortune. What enhanced the value of the benefit still more, was his making light of the favour, and shifting the conversation to another subject. Among other topics of discourse, that of the *Belles Lettres* was introduced, upon which his lordship held forth with great taste and erudition, and discovered an intimate knowledge of the authors of antiquity. "Here's a book," said he, taking one from his bosom, "written with great elegance and spirit, and though the subject may give offence to some narrow-minded people, the author will always be held in esteem by every person of wit and learning." So saying, he put into my hand Petronius Arbiter, and asked my opinion of his wit and manner. I told him that, in my opinion, he wrote with great ease and vivacity, but was withal so lewd and indecent that he ought to find no quarter or protection among people of morals and taste. "I own," replied the earl, "that his taste in love is generally decried, and indeed condemned by our laws; but perhaps that may be more owing to prejudice and misapprehension than to true reason and deliberation. The best man among the ancients is said to have entertained that passion; one of the wisest of their legislators has permitted the indulgence of it in his commonwealth; the most celebrated poets have not scrupled to avow it. At this day it prevails not only over all the east, but in most parts of Europe; in our own country it gains ground apace, and in all probability will become in a short time a more fashionable vice than simple fornication. Indeed, there is something to be said in vindication of it; for, notwithstanding the severity of the law against offenders in this way, it must be confessed that

the practise of this passion is unattended with that curse and burden upon society, which proceeds from a race of miserable and deserted bastards, who are either murdered by their parents, deserted to the utmost want and wretchedness, or bred up to prey upon the commonwealth. And it likewise prevents the debauchery of many a young maiden, and the prostitution of honest men's wives; not to mention the consideration of health, which is much less liable to be impaired in the gratification of this appetite, than in the exercise of common venery, which, by ruining the constitutions of our young men, has produced a puny progeny, that degenerates from generation to generation. Nay, I have been told that there is another motive, perhaps more powerful than all these, that induces people to cultivate this inclination, namely, the exquisite pleasure attending its success."

From this discourse I began to be apprehensive that his lordship, finding I had travelled, was afraid I might have been infected with this spurious and sordid desire abroad, and took this method of sounding my sentiments on the subject. Fired at this supposed suspicion, I argued against it with great warmth, as an appetite unnatural, absurd, and of pernicious consequence; and declared my utter detestation and abhorrence of it in these lines of the satirist:—

"Eternal infamy the wretch confound
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice, that, spite of sense and nature, reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains."

The earl smiled at my indignation, told me he was glad to find my opinion of the matter so conformable to his own, and that what he had advanced was only to provoke me to an answer, with which he professed himself perfectly well pleased.

After I had enjoyed a long audience, I happened to look at my watch, in order to regulate my motions by it; and his lordship observing the chased case, desired to see the device, and examine the execution, which he approved, with some expressions of admiration. Considering the obligations I lay under to his lordship, I thought there could not be a fitter opportunity than the present to manifest in some shape my gratitude; I therefore begged he would do me the honour to accept of the watch as a small testimony of the sense I had of his lordship's generosity; but he refused it in a peremptory manner, and said he was sorry I should entertain such a mercenary opinion of him, observing at the same time, that it was the most beautiful piece of workmanship he had ever seen, and desiring to know where he could have such another. I begged a thousand pardons for the freedom I had taken, which I hoped he would impute to nothing else but the highest veneration for his person; told him that, as it came to my hand by accident in France, I could give him no information about the maker, for there was no name on the inside; and once more humbly entreated that he would indulge me so far as to use it for my sake. He was still positive in refusing it, but was pleased to thank me for my generous offer, saying it was a present that no nobleman need be ashamed of receiving; though he was resolved to show his disinterestedness with regard to me, for whom he had conceived a particular friendship; and insisted, if I was willing to part with the watch, upon knowing what it had cost, that he might at least indemnify me, by refunding the money. On the other hand, I assured his lordship, that I should look upon it as an uncommon mark of distinction, if he would take it without further question; and, rather than disoblige me, he was at last persuaded to put it in his pocket, to my no small satisfaction, who took my leave immediately, after having received a kind squeeze, and an injunction to depend upon his promise.

Buoyed up with this reception, my heart opened; I gave away a guinea among the lacqueys who escorted me to the door, flew to the lodgings of Lord Straddle, upon whom I forced my diamond ring as an acknowledgment for the great service he had done me, and from thence hied me home, with an intent of sharing my happiness with honest Strap. I determined, however, to heighten his pleasure by depressing his spirits at first, and then bringing in the good news with double relish. For this purpose, I affected the appearance of disappointment and chagrin, and told him in an abrupt manner that I had lost the watch and diamond. Poor Hugh, who had been already harassed into a consumption by intelligence of this sort, no sooner heard these words than, unable to contain himself, he cried, with distraction in his looks, "God in heaven forbid!" I could carry on the farce no longer, but, laughing in his face, told him everything that had passed, as above recited. His features were immediately unbended, and the transition was so affecting that he wept with joy, called my Lord Strutwell by the appellations of Jewel, Phœnix, *Rara avis*, and praising God that there was still some virtue left among our nobility. Our mutual congratulations being over, we gave way to our imaginations, and anticipated our happiness by prosecuting our success through the different steps of promotion till I arrived at the rank of prime minister, and he to that of my first secretary.

Intoxicated with these ideas, I went to the ordinary, where, meeting with Banter, I communicated the whole affair in confidence to him, concluding with an assurance that I would do him all the service in my power. He heard me to an end with great patience, then regarding me a good while with a look of disdain, pronounced, "So your business is done, you think?" "As good as done, I believe," said I. "I'll tell you," replied he, "what will do it still more effectually—a halter! 'Sdeath! if I had been such a gull to two such scoundrels as Strutwell and Straddle, I would without any more ado tuck myself up." Shocked at this exclamation, I desired him, with some confusion, to explain himself, upon which he gave me to understand that Straddle was a poor contemptible wretch, who lived by borrowing and pimping for his fellow peers; that, in consequence of this last capacity, he had doubtless introduced me to Strutwell, who was so notorious for a passion for his own sex that he was amazed his character had never reached my ears; and that, far from being able to obtain for me the post he had promised, his interest at court was so low that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year in the customs or excise. That it was a common thing for him to amuse strangers whom his jackals ran down, with such assurances and caresses as he had bestowed on me, until he had stripped them of their cash and everything valuable about them—very often of their chastity, and then leave them a prey to want and infamy. That he allowed his servants no other wages than that part of the spoil which they could glean by their industry; and the whole of his conduct towards me was so glaring that nobody who knew anything of mankind could have been imposed upon by his insinuations.

I leave the reader to judge how I relished this piece of information, which precipitated me from the most exalted pinnacle of hope to the lowest abyss of despondence, and well-nigh determined me to take Banter's advice, and finish my chagrin with a halter. I had no room to suspect the veracity of my friend, because, upon recollection, I found every circumstance of Strutwell's behaviour exactly tallying with the character he had described. His hugs, embraces, squeezes, and eager looks, were now no longer a mystery, no more than his defence of Petronius, and the jealous frown of his valet-de-chambre, who, it seems, had been the favourite pathic of his lord.

CHAPTER LII.

I attempt to recover my Watch and Jewel, but to no purpose—Resolve to revenge myself on Strutwell by my Importunity—Am reduced to my last Guinea—Obliged to inform Strap of my Necessity, who is almost distracted with the News—But, nevertheless, obliged to pawn my best Sword for present Subsistence—That small Supply being exhausted, I am almost stupefied with my Misfortunes—Go to the Gaming Table, by the Advice of Banter, and come off with unexpected Success—Strap's Ecstasy—Mrs. Gawky waits upon me, professes Remorse for her Perfidy, and implores my Assistance—I do myself a piece of justice by her Means, and afterwards reconcile her to her Father.

I WAS so confounded that I could make no reply to Banter, who reproached me with great indignation for having thrown away upon rascals that which, had it been converted into ready money, would have supported the rank of a gentleman for some months, and enable me, at the same time, to oblige my friends. Stupefied as I was, I could easily divine the source of his concern, but sneaked away in a solitary manner, without yielding the least answer to his expostulations, and began to deliberate with myself in what manner I should attempt to retrieve the moveables I had so foolishly lost. I should have thought it no robbery to take them again by force, could I have done it without any danger of being detected; but as I could have no such opportunity, I resolved to work by finesse, and go immediately to the lodgings of Straddle, where I was so fortunate as to find him. "My lord," said I, "I have just now recollected that the diamond I had the honour of presenting to you is loosened a little in the socket, and there is a young fellow just arrived from Paris who is reckoned the best jeweller in Europe; I knew him in France, and if your lordship will give me leave, will carry the ring to him to be set to rights." His lordship was not to be caught in this snare; he thanked me for my offer, and told me that having himself observed the defect, he had already sent it to his own jeweller to be mended. And indeed by this time I believe it was in the jeweller's hands, though not in order to be mended, for it stood in need of no alteration.

Balked in this piece of politics, I cursed my simplicity, but resolved to play a surer game with the earl, which I thus devised. I did not doubt of being admitted into familiar conversation with him as before, and hoped by some means to get the watch into my hand; then, on pretence of winding or playing with it, drop it on the floor, when in all probability the fall would disorder the work so as to stop its motion. This event would furnish me with an opportunity of insisting upon carrying it away, in order to be repaired; and then I should have been in no hurry to bring it back. What pity it was I could not find an occasion of putting this fine scheme in execution! When I went to renew my visit to his lordship, my access to the parlour was as free as ever; but after I had waited some time, the valet-de-chambre came in with his lordship's compliments, and a desire to see me to-morrow at his levee, he being at present so much indisposed that he could not see company. I interpreted this message into a bad omen, and came away muttering curses against his lordship's politeness, and ready to go to loggerheads with myself for being so egregiously duped. But that I might have some satisfaction for the loss I had sustained, I besieged him closely at his levee, and persecuted him with my solicitations; not without faint hopes, indeed, of reaping something more from my industry than the bare pleasure of making him uneasy, though I could never obtain another private hearing during the whole course of my attendance, neither had I resolution enough to undeceive Strap, whose looks in a little time were so whetted with impatience that, whenever I came home, his eyes devoured me, as it were, with eagerness of attention. At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavoured to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances than, uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed, "In the name of God, what shall we do?" In order to comfort him, I said that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worse condition than we, supported, notwithstanding, the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank, for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection that the prospect of want seldom affected me very much, let it be ever so near. And now, indeed, it was nearer than I imagined. My landlord, having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas in lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would excuse his importunity, and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner, after he had written a discharge, telling him with an air of scorn and resentment I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books; while Strap, who stood by, and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether lip, and turned yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner, a party was accordingly made in

the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern, where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good humour as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper: the wine had lost its effect upon me, and, far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and, when we broke up, reproached me with pusillanimity for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune, and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration he cried, "Psha! is that all?" and assured me there were a thousand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of being acquainted with some of these methods, and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him. He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the staircase, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming-tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters;* characterized the first as old rooks, and the last as bubbles, and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture anything, I considered the company more particularly; and there appeared such a group of villanous faces that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight! I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices who, having embezzled their masters' cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill-used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to everybody, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another, but finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile, my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire for more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw, and fortune still favouring me, I became a sitter, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day, when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if anybody would take my place, and made a motion to rise, upon which an old Gascon, who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying, "*Restez, foutre, restez, il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!*" At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other, insinuated that I was more beholden to art than fortune for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamour against me, especially among the losers, who threatened with many oaths and imprecations to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster; but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue, and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea, and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize, I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eyebrows, a pigtail wig of the same colour, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel, than he roared out in a tremendous voice, "Blood and wounds! you son of a whore, what's that for?" I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him. But the more I humbled myself, the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his Billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats which I neither dreaded nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the door-keeper, whom I gratified with a guinea, according to the custom of that place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

My faithful valet, who had sat up all night in the utmost uneasiness on my account, let me in with his face beslubbered with tears, and followed me to my chamber, where he stood silent like a condemned criminal, in expectation of hearing that every shilling was spent. I guessed the situation of his thoughts, and, assuming a sullen look, bade him fetch me some water to wash. He replied, without lifting his eyes from the ground, "In my simple conjecture you have more occasion for rest, not having, I suppose, slept these four-and-twenty hours." "Bring me some water," said I, in a peremptory tone; upon which he sneaked away, shrugging his shoulders. Before he returned, I had spread my whole stock on the table in the most ostentatious manner; so that, when it first saluted his view, he stood like one entranced, and having rubbed his eyes more than once, to assure himself of his being awake, broke out into, "Lord have mercy upon us! what a vast treasure is here!" "'Tis all our own, Strap," said I; "take what is necessary, and redeem the sword immediately." He advanced towards the table, stopped short by the way, looked at the money and me by turns, and, with a wildness in

his countenance, produced from joy checked by distrust, cried, "I daresay it is honestly come by." To remove his scruples, I made him acquainted with the whole story of my success, which when he heard, he danced about the room in an ecstasy, crying, "God be praised! a white stone!—God be praised! a white stone!" so that I was afraid the sudden change of fortune had disordered his intellects, and that he was run mad with joy. Extremely concerned at this event, I attempted to reason him out of his frenzy, but to no purpose; for, without regarding what I said, he continued to frisk up and down, and repeat his rhapsody of "God be praised! a white stone!" At last I rose in the utmost consternation, and, laying violent hands upon him, put a stop to his extravagance by fixing him down to a settee that was in the room. This constraint banished his delirium; he started, as if just awoke, and, terrified at my behaviour, cried, "What is the matter?" When he learned the cause of my apprehension, he was ashamed of his transports, and told me that, in mentioning the white stone, he alluded to the *dies fasti* of the Romans, *albo lapide notati*.

Having no inclination to sleep, I secured my cash, dressed, and was just going abroad, when the servant of the house told me there was a gentlewoman at the door, who wanted to speak with me. Surprised at this information, I bade Strap show her up, and in less than a minute saw a young woman of a shabby decayed appearance enter my room. After half-a-dozen curtseys, she began to sob, and told me her name was Gawky; upon which information I immediately recollected the features of Miss Lavement, who had been the first occasion of my misfortunes. Though I had all the reason in the world to resent her treacherous behaviour to me, I was moved at her distress, and professing my sorrow at seeing her so reduced, desired her to sit, and inquired into the particulars of her situation. She fell upon her knees, and implored my forgiveness for the injuries she had done me, protesting before God that she was forced, against her inclination, into that hellish conspiracy which had almost deprived me of my life, by the entreaties of her husband, who having been afterwards renounced by his father, on account of his marriage with her, and unable to support a family on his pay, left his wife at her father's house, and went with the regiment to Germany, where he was broke for misbehaviour at the battle of Dettingen, since which time she had heard no tidings of him. She then gave me to understand, with many symptoms of penitence, that it was her misfortune to bear a child four months after marriage, by which event her parents were so incensed, that she was turned out of doors with the infant, that died soon after; and had hitherto subsisted in a miserable indigent manner, on the extorted charity of a few friends, who were now quite tired of giving; that not knowing where or how to support herself one day longer, she had fled for succour even to me, who, of all mankind, had the least cause to assist her, relying upon the generosity of my disposition, which she hoped would be pleased with this opportunity of avenging itself in the noblest manner on the wretch who had wronged me. I was very much affected with her discourse, and having no cause to suspect the sincerity of her repentance, raised her up, freely pardoned all she had done against me, and promised to befriend her as much as lay in my power.

Since my last arrival in London, I had made no advances to the apothecary, imagining it would be impossible for me to make my innocence appear, so unhappily was my accusation circumstanced. Strap indeed had laboured to justify me to the schoolmaster; but, far from succeeding in his attempt, Mr. Concordance dropped all correspondence with him, because he refused to quit his connexion with me. Things being in this situation, I thought a fairer opportunity of vindicating my character could not offer than that which now presented itself. I therefore stipulated with Mrs. Gawky, that, before I would yield her the least assistance, she should do me the justice to clear my reputation, by explaining upon oath, before a magistrate, the whole of the conspiracy, as it had been executed against me. When she had given me this satisfaction, I presented her with five guineas, a sum so much above her expectation, that she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses, and was ready to worship me for my benevolence. The declaration, signed with her own hand, I sent to her father, who, upon recollecting and comparing the circumstances of my charge, was convinced of my integrity, and waited on me next day, in company with his friend the schoolmaster, to whom he had communicated my vindication. After mutual salutation, Monsieur Lavement began a long apology for the unjust treatment I had received; but I saved him a good deal of breath, by interrupting his harangue, and assuring him that, far from entertaining a resentment against him, I thought myself obliged to his lenity, which allowed me to escape, after such strong presumptions of guilt appeared against me. Mr. Concordance, thinking it now his turn to speak, observed, that Mr. Random had too much candour and sagacity to be disobliged at their conduct, which, all things considered, could not have been otherwise with any honesty of intention. "Indeed," said he, "if the plot had been unravelled to us by any supernatural intelligence, if it had been whispered by a genie, communicated by a dream, or revealed by an angel from on high, we should have been to blame in crediting ocular demonstration; but as we are left in the mist of mortality, it cannot be expected we should be incapable of imposition. I do assure you, Mr. Random, no man on earth is more pleased than I am at this triumph of your character; and as the news of your misfortune panged me to the very entrails, this manifestation of your innocence makes my midriff quiver with joy." I thanked him for his concern, desired them to undeceive those of their acquaintance who judged harshly of me, and, having treated them with a glass of wine, represented to Lavement the deplorable condition of his daughter, and pleaded her cause so effectually, that he consented to settle a small annuity on her for life; but could not be persuaded to take her home, because her mother was so much incensed that she would never see her.

CHAPTER LIII.

I purchase new Clothes—Reprimand Strutwell and Straddle—Banter proposes another Matrimonial Scheme—I accept of his Terms—Set out for Bath in a Stage-coach with the young Lady and her Mother—The Behaviour of an Officer and Lawyer—Our Fellow-Travellers described—A smart Dialogue between my Mistress and the Captain.

HAVING finished this affair to my satisfaction, I found myself perfectly at ease, and looking upon the gaming-table as a certain resource for a gen-

tleman in want, became more gay than ever. Although my clothes were almost as good as new, I grew ashamed of wearing them, because I thought everybody by this time had got an inventory of my wardrobe; for which reason I disposed of a good part of my apparel to a salesman in Monmouth-street for half the value, and bought two new suits with the money. I likewise purchased a plain gold watch, despairing of recovering that which I had so foolishly given to Strutwell, whom, notwithstanding, I still continued to visit at his levee, until the ambassador he had mentioned set out with a secretary of his own choosing. I thought myself then at liberty to expostulate with his lordship, whom I treated with great freedom in a letter, for amusing me with vain hopes, when he neither had the power nor inclination to provide for me. Nor was I less reserved with Straddle, whom I in person reproached for misrepresenting to me the character of Strutwell, which I did not scruple to aver was infamous in every respect. He seemed very much enraged at my freedom, talked a great deal about his quality and honour, and began to make some comparisons which I thought so injurious to mine, that I demanded an explanation with great warmth; and he was mean enough to equivocate, and condescend in such a manner, that I left him with a hearty contempt of his behaviour.

About this time Banter, who had observed a surprising and sudden alteration in my appearance and disposition, began to inquire very minutely into the cause; and as I did not think fit to let him know the true state of the affair, lest he might make free with my purse, on the strength of having proposed the scheme that filled it, I told him that I had received a small supply from a relation in the country, who at the same time had promised to use all his interest, which was not small, in soliciting some post for me that should make me easy for life. "If that be the case," said Banter, "perhaps you won't care to mortify yourself a little, in making your fortune another way. I have a relation who is to set out for Bath next week, with an only daughter, who, being sickly and decrepit, intends to drink the waters for the recovery of her health. Her father, who was a rich Turkey merchant, died about a year ago, and left her with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, under the sole management of her mother, who is my kinswoman. I would have put in for the plate myself, but there is a breach at present between the old woman and me. You must know that some time ago I borrowed a small sum of her, and promised, it seems, to pay it before a certain time; but being disappointed in my expectation of money from the country, the day elapsed without my being able to take up my note; upon which she wrote a peremptory letter, threatening to arrest me if I did not pay the debt immediately. Nettled at this precise behaviour, I sent a damn'd severe answer, which enraged her so much that she actually took out a writ against me. Whereupon, finding the thing grow serious, I got a friend to advance the money for me, discharged the debt, went to her house, and abused her for her unfriendly dealing. She was provoked by my reproaches, and scolded in her turn. The little deformed urchin joined her mother with such virulence and volubility of tongue, that I was fain to make my retreat, after having been honoured with a great many scandalous epithets, which gave me plainly to understand that I had nothing to hope from the esteem of the one, or the affection of the other. As they are both utter strangers to life, it is a thousand to one that the girl will be picked up by some scoundrel or other at Bath, if I don't provide for her otherwise. You are a well-looking fellow, Random, and can behave as demurely as a Quaker. Now, if you will give me an obligation for five hundred pounds, to be paid six months after your marriage, I will put you in a method of carrying her in spite of all opposition."

This proposal was too advantageous for me to be refused. The writing was immediately drawn up and executed; and Banter giving me notice of the time when, and the stage-coach in which they were to set out, I bespoke a place in the same convenience, and having hired a horse for Strap, who was charmed with the prospect, set forward accordingly.

As we embarked before day, I had not the pleasure for some time of seeing Miss Snapper (that was the name of my mistress), nor even of perceiving the number and sex of my fellow-travellers, although I guessed that the coach was full, by the difficulty I found in seating myself. The first five minutes passed in a general silence, when, all of a sudden, the coach heeling to one side, a boisterous voice pronounced, "To the right and left, cover your flanks, damme! whiz!" I easily discovered, by the tone and matter of this exclamation, that it was uttered by a son of Mars. Neither was it hard to conceive the profession of another person who sat opposite to me, and observed that we ought to have been well satisfied of the security before we entered upon the premises. These two sallies had not the desired effect. We continued a good while as mute as before, till at length the gentleman of the sword, impatient of longer silence, made a second effort, by swearing he had got into a meeting of Quakers. "I believe so, too," said a shrill female voice at my left hand, "for the spirit of folly begins to move." "Out with it, then, madam," replied the soldier. "You seem to have no occasion for a midwife," cried the lady. "Damn my blood!" exclaimed the other, "a man can't talk to a woman but she immediately thinks of a midwife." "True, sir," said she, "I long to be delivered." "What! of a mouse, madam?" said he. "No, sir," said she, "of a fool." "Are you far gone with a fool?" said he. "Little more than two miles," said she. "By Gad, you are a wit, madam," cried the officer. "I wish I could with any justice return the compliment," said the lady. "Zounds, I have done," said he. "Your bolt is soon shot, according to the old proverb," said she. The warrior's powder was quite spent; the lawyer advised him to drop the prosecution; and a grave matron, who sat on the left hand of the victorious wit, told her she must not let her tongue run so fast among strangers. This reprimand, softened with the appellation of *child*, convinced me that the satirical lady was no other than Miss Snapper, and I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly. The champion, finding himself so smartly handled, changed his battery, and began to expatiate on his own exploits. "You talk of shot, madam," said he; "damme! I have both given and received some shot in my time. I was wounded in the shoulder by a pistol-ball at Dettingen, where—I say nothing—but by Gad! if it had not been for me—all's one for that—I despise boasting, damme! whiz!" So saying, he whistled one part and hummed another of the Black Joke; then addressing himself to the lawyer, went on thus: "Wouldn't you think it damn'd hard, after having, at the risk of your life, recovered the standard of a regiment that had been lost, to receive no preferment for your

pains? I don't choose to name no names, sink me! but howsomever, this I will refer, by Gad; and that is this: a musketeer of the French guards, having taken a standard from a certain cornet of a certain regiment, damme! was retreating with his prize as fast as his horse's heels could carry him, sink me! Upon which I snatched up a firelock that belonged to a dead man, damme! whiz! and shot his horse under him, damn my blood! The fellow got upon his feet, and began to oppose me; upon which I charged my bayonet breast high, and ran him through the body, by Gad! One of his comrades, coming to his assistance, shot me in the shoulder, as I told you before; another gave me a contusion on the head with the butt-end of his carbine; but damme! that did not signify. I killed one, put the other to flight, and, taking up the standard, carried it off very deliberately. But the best joke of all was, the son of a bitch of a cornet who had surrendered it in a cowardly manner, seeing it in my possession, demanded it from me, in the front of the line. 'Damn my blood!' says he, 'where did you find my standard?' says he. 'Damn my blood,' said I, 'where,' said I, 'did you lose it?' said I. 'That's nothing to you,' says he; ''tis my standard,' says he, 'and by God I'll have it,' says he. 'Damnation seize me,' says I, 'if you shall,' says I, 'till I have first delivered it to the general,' says I; and accordingly I went to the head-quarters, after the battle, and delivered it to my Lord Stair, who promised to do for me; but I am no more than a poor lieutenant still, damn my blood."

Having vented this repetition of expletives, the lawyer owned he had not been requited according to his deserts; observed, that the labourer is always worthy of his hire, and asked if the promise was made before witnesses, because in that case the law would compel the general to perform it;—but understanding that the promise was made over a bottle, without being restricted to time or terms, he pronounced it not valid in law, proceeded to inquire into the particulars of the battle, and affirmed, that although the English had drawn themselves into a premunire at first, the French managed their cause so lamely in the course of the dispute, that they would have been utterly nonsuited, had they not obtained a *noli prosequi*. In spite of these enlivening touches, the conversation was like to suffer another long interruption, when the lieutenant, unwilling to conceal any of his accomplishments that could be displayed in his present situation, offered to regale the company with a song; and interpreting our silence into a desire of hearing, began to warble a fashionable air, the first stanza of which he pronounced thus:—

"Would you task the moon-ty'd hair,
To yon flagrant beau repair;
Where waving with the popling vow,
The bantling fine will shelter you," etc.

The sense of the rest he perverted as he went on, with such surprising facility that I could not help thinking he had been at some pains to burlesque the performance. Miss Snapper ascribed it to the true cause, namely, ignorance; and when he asked her how she relished his music, answered, that, in her opinion, the music and the words were much of a piece. "Oh, damn my blood!" said he, "I take that as a high compliment; for everybody allows the words are damnable fine." "They may be so," replied the lady, "for aught I know, but they are above my comprehension." "I an't obliged to find you comprehension, madam, curse me!" cried he. "No, nor to speak sense neither," said she. "Damn my heart," said he, "I'll speak what I please." Here the lawyer interposed by telling him there were some things he must not speak. And upon being defied to give an instance, mentioned treason and defamation. "As for the king," cried the soldier, "God bless him; I eat his bread, and have lost blood in his cause, therefore I have nothing to say to him; but by Gad, I dare say anything to any other man." "No," said the lawyer, "you dare not call me a rogue." "Damme, for what?" said the other. "Because," replied the counsellor, "I should have a good action against you, and recover." "Well, well," cried the officer, "if I dare not call you a rogue, I dare think you one, damme." This stroke of wit he accompanied with a loud laugh of self-approbation, which unluckily did not affect the audience, but effectually silenced his antagonist, who did not open his mouth for the space of an hour, except to clear his pipe with three *hems*, which, however, produced nothing.

CHAPTER LIV.

Day breaking, I have the Pleasure of viewing the Person of Miss Snapper, whom I had not seen before—The Soldier is witty upon me—Is offended—Talks much of his Valour—Is reprimanded by a grave Gentlewoman—We are alarmed with the Cry of Highwaymen—I get out of the Coach, and stand in my own Defence—They ride off without having attacked us—I pursue them—One of them is thrown from his Horse and taken—I return to the Coach—Am complimented by Miss Snapper—The Captain's Behaviour on this Occasion—The Prude reproaches me in a soliloquy—I upbraid her in the same manner—The Behaviour of Mrs. Snapper at Breakfast disobliges me—The Lawyer is witty upon the Officer, who threatens him.

In the meantime, day breaking in upon us, discovered to one another the faces of their fellow-travellers, and I had the good fortune to find my mistress not quite so deformed nor disagreeable as she had been represented to me. Her head, indeed, bore some resemblance to a hatchet, the edge being represented by her face; but she had a certain delicacy in her complexion, and a great deal of vivacity in her eyes, which were very large and black; and though the protuberance of her breast, when considered alone, seemed to drag her forwards, it was easy to perceive an equivalent on her back which balanced the other, and kept her body in equilibrio. On the whole, I thought I should have great reason to congratulate myself, if it should be my fate to possess twenty thousand pounds encumbered with such a wife. I began therefore to deliberate about the most probable means of acquiring the conquest, and was so much engrossed by this idea, that I scarce took any notice of the rest of the people in the coach, but revolved my project in silence; while the conversation was maintained as before by the object of my hopes, the son of Mars, and the barrister, who by this time had recollected himself, and talked in terms as much as ever. At length a dispute happened, which ended in a wager, to be determined by me, who was so much absorbed in contemplation that I neither heard the reference nor the question, which was put to me by each in his turn. Affronted at

my supposed contempt, the soldier, with great vociferation, swore I was either dumb or deaf, if not both, and that I looked as if I could not say Boh to a goose. Aroused at this observation, I fixed my eyes upon him, and pronounced with emphasis the interjection *Boh!* Upon which he cocked his hat in a fierce manner, and cried, "Damme, sir, what d'ye mean by that?" Had I intended to answer him, which, by the bye, was not my design, I should have been anticipated by Miss, who told him my meaning was to show that I could cry Boh to a goose; and laughed very heartily at my laconic reproof. Her explanation and mirth did not help to appease his wrath, which broke out in several martial insinuations, such as, "I do not understand such freedoms, damme! Damn my blood! I'm a gentleman, and bear the king's commission. 'Sblood! some people deserve to have their noses pulled for their impertinence." I thought to have checked these ejaculations by a frown; because he had talked so much of his valour that I had long ago rated him as an ass in a lion's skin; but this expedient did not answer my expectation. He took umbrage at the contraction of my brows, swore he did not value my sulky looks a fig's end, and protested he feared no man breathing. Miss Snapper said she was very glad to find herself in company with a man of so much courage, who, she did not doubt, would protect us all from attempts of highwaymen during our journey. "Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, madam," replied the officer. "I have got a pair of pistols (here they are) which I took from a horse-officer at the battle of Dettingen; they are double loaded, and if any highwayman in England robs you of the value of a pin, while I have the honour of being in your company, damn my heart." When he had expressed himself in this manner, a prim gentlewoman, who had sat silent hitherto, opened her mouth, and said she wondered how any man could be so rude as to pull out such weapons before ladies. "Damme, madam," cried the champion, "if you are so much afraid at sight of a pistol, how d'ye propose to stand fire if there should be occasion?" She then told him, that if she thought he could be so unmannerly as to use fire-arms in her presence, whatever might be the occasion, she would get out of the coach immediately, and walk to the next village, where she might procure a convenience to herself. Before he could make any answer, my dulcinea interposed, and observed that, far from being offended at a gentleman's using his arms in his own defence, she thought herself very lucky in being along with one by whose valour she stood a good chance of saving herself from being rifled. The prude cast a disdainful look at Miss, and said that people who have but little to lose, are sometimes the most solicitous about preserving it. The old lady was affronted at this inuendo, and took notice, that people ought to be very well informed before they spoke slightingly of other people's fortunes, lest they discover their own envy, and make themselves ridiculous. The daughter declared that she did not pretend to vie with anybody in point of riches; and if the lady who insisted upon non-resistance, would promise to indemnify us all for the loss we should sustain, she would be one of the first to persuade the captain to submission, in case we should be attacked. To this proposal, reasonable as it was, the reserved lady made no other reply than a scornful glance and a toss of her head. I was very well pleased with the spirit of my mistress; and even wished for an opportunity of distinguishing my courage under her eye, which I believed could not fail of prepossessing her in my favour; when, all of a sudden, Strap rode up to the coach door, and told us, in a great fright, that two men on horseback were crossing the heath (for by this time we had passed Hounslow), and made directly towards us. This piece of information was no sooner delivered than Mrs. Snapper began to scream, her daughter grew pale, the other lady pulled out her purse to be in readiness, the lawyer's teeth chattered, while he pronounced, "'Tis no matter; we'll sue the county, and recover." The captain gave evident signs of confusion; and I, after having commanded the coachman to stop, opened the door, jumped out, and invited the warrior to follow me. But finding him backward and astonished, I took his pistols, and giving them to Strap, who had by this time alighted, and trembled very much, I mounted on horseback, and taking my own, which I could better depend upon, from the holsters, cocked them both, and faced the robbers, who were now very near us. Seeing me ready to oppose them on horseback, and another man armed a-foot, they made a halt at some distance to reconnoitre us, and, after having rode round us twice, myself still facing about as they rode, went off the same way as they came, at a hand-gallop. A gentleman's servant coming up with a horse at the same time, I offered him a crown to assist me in pursuing them: which he no sooner accepted, than I armed him with the officer's pistols, and we galloped after the thieves, who, trusting to the swiftness of their horses, stopped till we came within shot of them, and then firing at us, put their nags to the full speed. We followed them as fast as our beasts could carry us; but not being so well mounted as they, our efforts would have been to little purpose, had not the horse of one of them stumbled, and thrown his rider with such violence over his head, that he lay senseless when we came up, and was taken without the least opposition; while his comrade consulted his own safety in flight, without regarding the distress of his friend. We scarce had time to make ourselves masters of his arms, and tie his hands together, before he recovered his senses, when, learning his situation, he affected surprise, demanded to know by what authority we used a gentleman in that manner, and had the impudence to threaten us with a prosecution for robbery. In the meantime we perceived Strap coming up with a crowd of people, armed with different kinds of weapons; and among the rest a farmer, who no sooner perceived the thief, whom we had secured, than he cried with great emotion, "There's the fellow who robbed me an hour ago of twenty pounds in a canvas bag." He was immediately searched, and the money found exactly as it had been described; upon which we committed him to the charge of the countryman, who carried him to the town of Hounslow, which it seems the farmer had alarmed; and I, having satisfied the footman for his trouble, according to promise, returned with Strap to the coach, where I found the captain and lawyer busy in administering smelling-bottles and cordials to the grave lady, who had gone into a fit at the noise of the firing.

When I had taken my seat, Miss Snapper, who from the coach had seen everything that happened, made me a compliment on my behaviour, and said she was glad to see me returned without having received any injury: her mother too owned herself obliged to my resolution; and the lawyer told me that I was entitled by Act of Parliament to a reward of forty pounds, for hav-

ing apprehended a highwayman. The soldier observed, with a countenance in which impudence and shame struggling produced some disorder, that if I had not been in such a damn'd hurry to get out of the coach, he would have secured the rogues effectually, without all this bustle and loss of time, by a scheme which my heat and precipitation ruined. "For my own part," continued he, "I am always extremely cool on these occasions." "So it appeared, by your trembling," said the young lady. "Death and damnation," cried he, "your sex protects you, madam; if any man on earth durst tell me so much, I'd send him to hell, damn my heart! in an instant." So saying, he fixed his eyes upon me, and asked if I had seen him tremble? I answered without hesitation, "Yes." "Damme, sir," said he, "d'ye doubt my courage?" I replied, "Very much." This declaration quite disconcerted him. He looked blank, and pronounced with a faltering voice, "Oh! 'tis very well—damn my blood! I shall find a time." I signified my contempt of him by thrusting my tongue in my cheek, which humbled him so much, that he scarce swore another oath aloud during the whole journey.

The precise lady having recruited her spirits by the help of some strong waters, began a soliloquy, in which she wondered that any man, who pretended to maintain the character of a gentleman, could, for the sake of a little paltry coin, throw persons of honour into such quandaries as might endanger their lives; and professed her surprise that women were not ashamed to commend such brutality; at the same time vowing that for the future she would never set foot in a stage-coach, if a private convenience could be had for love or money.

Nettled at her remarks, I took the same method of conveying my sentiments, and wondered in my turn, that any woman of common sense should be so unreasonable as to expect that people, who had neither acquaintance or connexion with her, would tamely allow themselves to be robbed and maltreated merely to indulge her capricious humour. I likewise confessed my astonishment at her insolence and ingratitude in taxing a person with brutality, who deserved her approbation and acknowledgment; and vowed that if ever we should be assaulted again, I would leave her to the mercy of the spoiler, that she might know the value of my protection.

This person of honour did not think fit to carry on the altercation any farther, but seemed to chew the cud of her resentment with the crest-fallen captain, while I entered into discourse with my charmer, who was the more pleased with my conversation, as she had conceived a very indifferent opinion of my intellects from my former silence. I should have had cause to be equally satisfied with the sprightliness of her genius, could she have curbed her imagination with judgment; but she laboured under such a profusion of talk, that I dreaded her unruly tongue, and felt by anticipation the horrors of an eternal clack! However, when I considered, on the other hand, the joys attending the possession of twenty thousand pounds, I forgot her imperfections, seized occasion by the forelock, and endeavoured to insinuate myself into her affection. The careful mother kept a strict watch over her, and though she could not help behaving civilly to me, took frequent opportunities of discouraging our communication, by reprimanding her for being so free with strangers, and telling her she must learn to speak less and think more. Abridged of the use of speech, we conversed with our eyes, and I found the young lady very eloquent in this kind of discourse. In short, I had reason to believe that she was sick of the old gentlewoman's tuition, and that I should find it no difficult matter to supersede her authority.

When we arrived at the place where we were to breakfast, I alighted, and helped my mistress out of the coach, as well as her mother, who called for a private room, to which they withdrew, in order to eat by themselves. As they retired together, I perceived that Miss had got more twists from nature than I had before observed, for she was bent sideways into the figure of an S, so that her progression very much resembled that of a crab. The prude also chose the captain for her messmate, and ordered breakfast for two only to be brought into another separate room; while the lawyer and I, deserted by the rest of the company, were fain to put up with each other. I was a good deal chagrined at the stately reserve of Mrs. Snapper, who, I thought, did not use me with all the complaisance I deserved; and my companion declared that he had been a traveller for twenty years, and never knew the stage-coach rules so much infringed before. As for the honourable gentlewoman, I could not conceive the meaning of her attachment to the lieutenant; and asked the lawyer if he knew for which of the soldier's virtues she admired him? The counsellor facetiously replied, "I suppose the lady knows him to be an able conveyancer, and wants him to make a settlement in tail." I could not help laughing at the archness of the barrister, who entertained me during breakfast with a great deal of wit of the same kind, at the expense of our fellow-travellers; and among other things said, he was sorry to find the young lady saddled with such encumbrances.

When we had made an end of our repast, and paid our reckoning, we went into the coach, took our places, and bribed the driver with sixpence, to revenge us on the rest of his fare, by hurrying them away in the midst of their meal. This task he performed to our satisfaction, after he had disturbed their enjoyment with his importunate clamour. The mother and daughter obeyed the summons first, and coming to the coach door, were obliged to desire the coachman's assistance to get in, because the lawyer and I had agreed to show our resentment by our neglect. They were no sooner seated, than the captain appeared as much heated as if he had been pursued a dozen miles by an enemy; and immediately after him came the lady, not without some marks of disorder. Having helped her up, he entered himself, growling a few oaths against the coachman for his impertinent interruption; and the lawyer comforted him by saying, that if he had suffered a *nisi prius* through the obstinacy of the defendant, he might have an opportunity to join issue at the next stage. This last expression gave offence to the grave gentlewoman, who told him, if she was a man, she would make him repent of such obscenity, and thanked God she had never been in such company before. At this insinuation, the captain thought himself under a necessity of espousing the lady's cause; and accordingly threatened to cut off the lawyer's ears, if he should give his tongue any such liberties for the future. The poor counsellor begged pardon, and universal silence ensued.

CHAPTER LV.

I resolve to ingratiate myself with the Mother, and am favoured by accident—The precise Lady finds her Husband, and quits the Coach—The Captain is disappointed of his Dinner—We arrive at Bath—I accompany Miss Snapper to the Long Room, where she is attacked by Beau Nash, and turns the laugh against Him—I make Love to her, and receive a Check—Squire her to an Assembly, where I am blessed with a sight of my dear Narcissa, which discomposes me so much, that Miss Snapper, observing my disorder, is at pains to discover the cause—Is piqued at the occasion, and, in our way Home, pays me a sarcastic compliment—I am met by Miss Williams, who is Maid and Confidant of Narcissa—She acquaints me with her Lady's regard for me while under the disguise of a Servant, and describes the transports of Narcissa on seeing me at the Assembly in the character of a Gentleman—I am surprised with an account of her Aunt's marriage, and make an appointment to meet Miss Williams next day.

DURING this unsocial interval, my pride and interest maintained a severe conflict on the subject of Miss Snapper, whom the one represented as unworthy of notice, and the other proposed as the object of my whole attention; the advantages and disadvantages attending such a match were opposed to one another by my imagination; and at length my judgment gave it so much in favour of the first, that I resolved to prosecute my scheme with all the address in my power. I thought I perceived some concern in her countenance, occasioned by my silence, which she, no doubt, imputed to my disgust at her mother's behaviour; and as I believed the old woman could not fail of ascribing my muteness to the same motive, I determined to continue that sullen conduct towards her, and fall upon some other method of manifesting my esteem for the daughter: nor was it difficult for me to make her acquainted with my sentiments by the expression of my looks, which I modelled into the characters of humility and love; and which were answered by her with all the sympathy and approbation I could desire. But when I began to consider, that without further opportunities of improving my success, all the progress I had hitherto made would not much avail, and that such opportunities could not be enjoyed without the mother's permission, I concluded it would be requisite to vanquish her coldness and suspicion by my assiduities and respectful behaviour on the road; and she would in all likelihood invite me to visit her at Bath, where I did not fear of being able to cultivate her acquaintance as much as would be necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose. And indeed accident furnished me with an opportunity of obliging her so much, that she could not, with any appearance of good manners, forbear to gratify my inclination.

When we arrived at our dining-place, we found all the eatables at the inn bespoke by a certain nobleman, who had got the start of us; and in all likelihood my mistress and her mother must have dined with Duke Humphrey, had I not exerted myself in their behalf, and bribed the landlord with a glass of wine to curtail his lordship's entertainment of a couple of fowls and some bacon, which I sent with my compliments to the ladies. They accepted my treat with a great many thanks, and desired I would favour them with my company at dinner, where I amused the old gentlewoman so successfully, by maintaining a seemingly disinterested ease in the midst of my civility, that she signified a desire of being better acquainted, and hoped I would be so kind as to see her sometimes at Bath. While I enjoyed myself in this manner, the precise lady had the good fortune to meet with her husband, who was no other than gentleman, or, in other words, valet-de-chambre, to the very nobleman whose coach stood at the door. Proud of the interest she had in the house, she affected to show her power by introducing the captain to her spouse, as a person who had treated her with great civility, upon which he was invited to a share of their dinner, while the poor lawyer, finding himself utterly abandoned, made application to me, and was, through my intercession, admitted into our company. Having satisfied our appetites, and made ourselves merry at the expense of the person of honour, the civil captain, and complaisant husband, I did myself the pleasure of discharging the bill by stealth, for which I received a great many apologies and acknowledgments from my guests, and we re-embarked at the first warning. The officer was obliged, at last, to appease his hunger with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a pint bottle of brandy, which he despatched in the coach, cursing the inappetence of his lordship, who had ordered dinner to be put back a whole hour.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which was finished next day, when I waited on the ladies to the house of a relation, in which they intended to lodge, and passing that night at the inn, took lodgings in the morning for myself.

The forenoon was spent in visiting everything that was worth seeing in the place, in company with a gentleman to whom Banter had given me a letter of introduction; and in the afternoon I waited on the ladies, and found Miss a good deal indisposed with the fatigue of the journey. As they foresaw they should have occasion for a male acquaintance to squire them at all public places, I was received with great cordiality, and had the mother's commission to conduct them next day to the Long Room, which we no sooner entered than the eyes of everybody present were turned upon us; and when we had suffered the martyrdom of their looks for some time, a whisper circulated at our expense, which was accompanied with many contemptuous smiles and tittering observations, to my utter shame and confusion. I did not so much conduct as follow my charge to a place where she seated her mother and herself with astonishing composure, notwithstanding the unmannerly behaviour of the whole company, which seemed to be assumed merely to put her out of countenance. The celebrated Mr. Nash, who commonly attends in this place as master of the ceremonies, perceiving the disposition of the assembly, took upon himself the task of gratifying their ill-nature still further, by exposing my mistress to the edge of his wit. With this view he approached us with many bows and grimaces, and after having welcomed Miss Snapper to the place, asked her, in the hearing of all present, if she could inform him the name of Tobit's dog. I was so much incensed at his insolence, that I should certainly have kicked him where he stood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my indignation by replying, with the utmost vivacity, "His name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was." This repartee, so unexpected and just, raised such a universal laugh at the aggressor

that all his assurance was insufficient to support him under their derision; so that, after he had endeavoured to compose himself, by taking snuff, and forcing a smile, he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude, while my dulcinea was applauded to the skies for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room. This event, with which I was infinitely pleased at first, did not fail of alarming me, upon further reflection, when I considered that the more she was caressed by persons of distinction, the more her pride would be inflamed, and consequently the obstacles to my success multiplied and enlarged. Nor were my presaging fears untrue. That very night I perceived her a little intoxicated with the incense she had received, and though she still behaved with a particular civility to me, I foresaw that as soon as her fortune should be known, she would be surrounded with a swarm of admirers, some one of whom might possibly, by excelling me in point of wealth, or in the arts of flattery and scandal, supplant me in her esteem, and find means to make the mother of his party. I resolved therefore to lose no time, and being invited to spend the evening with them, found an opportunity, in spite of the old gentlewoman's vigilance, to explain the meaning of my glances in the coach, by paying homage to her wit, and professing myself enamoured of her person. She blushed at my declaration, and in a favourable manner disapproved of the liberty I had taken, putting me in mind of our being strangers to each other, and desiring I would not be the means of interrupting our acquaintance by any such unseasonable strokes of gallantry for the future. My ardour was effectually checked by this reprimand, which was, however, delivered in such a gentle manner that I had no cause to be disobliged; and the arrival of her mother relieved me from a dilemma in which I should not have known how to demean myself a minute longer. Neither could I resume the easiness of carriage with which I came in. My mistress acted on the reserve, and the conversation beginning to flag, the old lady introduced her kinswoman of the house, and proposed a hand at whist.

While we amused ourselves at this diversion, I understood from the gentlewoman that there was to be an assembly next night, at which I begged to have the honour of dancing with Miss. She thanked me for the favour I intended her, assured me she never did dance, but signified a desire of seeing the company, when I offered my service, which was accepted; not a little proud of being exempted from appearing with her in a situation that, notwithstanding my profession to the contrary, was not at all agreeable to my inclination.

Having supped, and continued the game till such time as the successive yawns of the mother warned me to be gone, I took my leave and went home, where I made Strap very happy with an account of my progress. Next day I put on my gayest apparel, and went to drink tea at Mrs. Snapper's, according to appointment, when I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that she was laid up with the toothache, and that Miss was to be entrusted to my care. Accordingly, we set out for the ball-room pretty early in the evening, and took possession of a commodious place, where we had not sat longer than a quarter of an hour, when a gentleman dressed in a green frock came in, leading a young lady, whom I immediately discovered to be the adorable Narcissa! Good Heaven! what were the thrillings of my soul at that instant! my reflection was overwhelmed with a torrent of agitation: my heart throbbed with surprising violence: a sudden mist overspread my eyes: my ears were invaded with a dreadful sound: I panted for want of breath, and, in short, was for some moments entranced. This first tumult subsiding, a crowd of flattering ideas rushed upon my imagination. Everything that was soft, sensible, and engaging in the character of that dear creature recurred to my remembrance, and every favourable circumstance of my own qualifications appeared in all the aggravation of self-conceit to heighten my expectation. Neither was this transport of long duration. The dread of her being already disposed of intervened, and overcast my enchanting reverie. My presaging apprehension represented her encircled in the arms of some happy rival, and of consequence for ever lost to me! I was stung with this suggestion, and believing the person who conducted her to be the husband of this amiable young lady, already devoted him to my fury, and stood up to mark him for my vengeance, when I recollected, to my unspeakable joy, her brother, the fox-hunter, in the person of her gallant. Undeceived so much to my satisfaction in this particular, I gazed, in a frenzy of delight, on the irresistible charms of his sister, who no sooner distinguished me in the crowd, than her evident confusion afforded a happy omen to my flame. At sight of me she started, the roses instantly vanished from her polished cheeks, and returned in a moment with a double glow that overspread her lovely neck, while her enchanting bosom heaved with strong emotion. I hailed these favourable symptoms, and, lying in wait for her looks, did homage with my eyes. She seemed to approve my declaration by the complacency of her aspect, and I was so transported with her discovery, that more than once I was on the point of making up to her to disclose the throbbings of my heart in person, had not that profound veneration which her presence always inspired, restrained the unseasonable impulse. All my powers being engrossed in this manner, it may easily be imagined how ill I entertained Miss Snapper, on whom I could not now turn my eyes without making comparisons very little to her advantage. It was not even in my power to return distinct answers to the questions she asked from time to time, so that she could not help observing my absence of mind; and having a turn for observation, watched my glances, and tracing them to the divine object, discovered the cause of my disorder. That she might, however, be convinced of the truth of her conjecture, she began to interrogate me with regard to Narcissa, and, notwithstanding all my endeavours to disguise my sentiments, perceived my attachment by my confusion. Upon which she assumed a stateliness of behaviour, and sat silent during the remaining part of the entertainment. At any other time her suspicion would have alarmed me, but now I was elevated by my passion above every other consideration. The mistress of my soul having retired with her brother, I discovered so much uneasiness at my situation, that Miss Snapper proposed to go home; and while I conducted her to a chair, told me she had too great a regard for me to keep me any longer in torment. I feigned ignorance of her meaning, and having seen her safely at her lodgings, took my leave, and went home in an ecstasy, where I disclosed everything that had happened to my confidant and humble servant Strap, who did not relish the accident so well as I expected, and observed, that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. "But, however," said he, "you know best, you know best." Next day, as I went

to the Pump-room, in hopes of seeing or hearing some tidings of my fair enslaver, I was met by a gentlewoman who, having looked hard at me, cried, "O Christ! Mr. Random!" Surprised at this exclamation, I examined the countenance of the person who spoke, and immediately recognised my old sweetheart and fellow-sufferer, Miss Williams.

I was mightily pleased to find this unfortunate woman under such a decent appearance, professed my joy at seeing her so well, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of her conversation. She was as heartily rejoiced at the apparent easiness of my fortune, and gave me to know that she as yet had no habitation that she could properly call her own, but would wait on me at any place I should please to appoint. Understanding that she was unengaged for the present, I showed her the way to my own lodgings, where, after a very affectionate salutation, she informed me of her being very happy in the service of a young lady, to whom she was recommended by a former mistress deceased, into whose family she had recommended herself by the honest deceit she had concerted while she lived with me in the garret at London. She then expressed a vehement desire to be acquainted with the vicissitudes of my life since we parted, and excused her curiosity on account of the concern she had for my interest. I forthwith gratified her request, and when I described my situation in Sussex, perceived her to attend to my story with particular eagerness. She interrupted me when I had finished that period, with, "Good God! is it possible?" and then begged I would be so good as to continue my relation; which I did as briefly as I could, burning with impatience to know the cause of her surprise, about which I had already formed a very interesting conjecture. When I had brought my adventures down to the present day, she seemed very much affected with the different circumstances of my fortune, and saying with a smile she believed my distresses were now at a period, proceeded to inform me that the lady whom she served was no other than the charming Narcissa, who had honoured her with her confidence for some time, in consequence of which trust she had often repeated the story of John Brown with great admiration and regard; that she loved to dwell upon the particulars of his character, and did not scruple to own a tender approbation of his flame. I became delirious at this piece of intelligence, strained Miss Williams in my embrace, called her the angel of my happiness, and acted such extravagances, that she might have been convinced of my sincerity, had she not been satisfied of my honour before. As soon as I was in condition to yield attention, she described the present situation of her mistress, who had no sooner reached her lodgings the night before than she closeted her, and, in a rapture of joy, gave her to know that she had seen me at the ball, where I appeared in the character which she always thought my due, with such advantage of transformation, that unless my image had been engraven on her heart, it would have been impossible to know me for the person who had worn her aunt's livery; that, by the language of my eyes, she was assured of the continuance of my passion for her, and consequently of my being unengaged to any other, and that, though she did not doubt I would speedily fall upon some method of being introduced, she was so impatient to hear of me, that she (Miss Williams) had been sent abroad this very morning, on purpose to learn the name and character I at present bore. My bosom had been hitherto a stranger to such a flood of joy as now rushed upon it. My faculties were overborne by the tide. It was some time before I could open my mouth, and much longer ere I could utter a coherent sentence. At length, I fervently requested her to lead me immediately to the object of my adoration. But she resisted my importunity, and explained the danger of such premature conduct. "How favourable soever," said she, "my lady's inclination towards you may be, you may depend upon it she will not commit the smallest trespass on decorum, either in disclosing her own, or in receiving a declaration of your passion; and although the great veneration I have for you has prompted me to reveal what she communicated to me in confidence, I know so well the severity of her sentiments with respect to the punctilios of her sex, that, if she should learn the least surmise of it, she would not only dismiss me as a wretch unworthy of her benevolence, but also for ever shun the efforts of your love." I assented to the justness of her remonstrance, and desired she would assist me with her advice and direction. Upon which, it was concerted between us, that, for the present, I should be contented with her telling Narcissa that, in the course of her inquiries, she could only learn my name; and that if, in a day or two, I could fall upon no other method of being introduced to her mistress, she would deliver a letter from me, on pretence of consulting her happiness; and say that I met her in the streets, and bribed her to this piece of service. Matters being thus adjusted, I kept my old acquaintance to breakfast, and learned from her conversation that my rival Sir Timothy had drunk himself into an apoplexy, of which he died five months ago; that the savage was still unmarried; and that his aunt had been seized with a whim which he little expected, and chosen the schoolmaster of the parish for her lord and husband; but matrimony not agreeing with her constitution, she had been hectic and dropsical a good while, and was now at Bath, in order to drink the waters for the recovery of her health; that her niece had accompanied her thither at her request, and attended her with the same affection as before, notwithstanding the mistake she had committed; and that her nephew, who had been exasperated at the loss of her fortune, did not give his attendance out of good-will, but purely to have an eye on his sister, lest she should likewise throw herself away, without his consent or approbation. Having enjoyed ourselves in this manner, and made an assignation to meet next day at a certain place, Miss Williams took her leave; and Strap's looks being very inquisitive about the nature of the communication subsisting between us, I made him acquainted with the whole affair, to his great astonishment and satisfaction.

CHAPTER LVI.

I become acquainted with Narcissa's Brother, who invites me to his House, where I am introduced to that adorable Creature—After Dinner, the Squire retires to take his Nap—Freeman, guessing the Situation of my Thoughts, withdraws likewise on pretence of Business—I declare my Passion to Narcissa—Am well received—Charmed with her Conversation—The Squire detains us to Supper—I elude his Design by a Stratagem, and get home Sober.

In the afternoon I drank tea at the house of Mr. Freeman, to whom I had been recommended by

Banter; where I had not sat five minutes till the fox-hunter came in, and by his familiar behaviour appeared to be intimate with my friend. I was at first under some concern, lest he should recollect my features; but when I found myself introduced to him as a gentleman from London, without being discovered, I blessed the opportunity that brought me into his company, hoping that, in the course of our acquaintance, he would invite me to his house. Nor were my hopes frustrated; for, as we spent the evening together, he grew extremely fond of my conversation, asked a great many childish questions about France and foreign parts; and seemed so highly entertained with my answers, that, in his cups, he shook me often by the hand, pronounced me an honest fellow, and, in fine, desired our company at dinner next day in his own house. My imagination was so much employed in anticipating the happiness I was to enjoy next day, that I slept very little that night; but, rising early in the morning, went to the place appointed, where I met my she-friend, and imparted to her my success with the squire. She was very much pleased at the occasion, which she said could not fail of being agreeable to Narcissa, who, in spite of her passion for me, had mentioned some scruples relating to my true situation and character, which the delicacy of her sentiments suggested, and which she believed I would find it necessary to remove, though she did not know how. I was a good deal startled at this insinuation, because I foresaw the difficulty I should find in barely doing myself justice: for, although it never was my intention to impose myself upon any woman, much less on Narcissa, as a man of fortune, I laid claim to the character of a gentleman by birth, education, and behaviour; and yet, so unlucky had the circumstances of my life fallen out, I should find it a very hard matter to make good my pretensions even to these, especially to the last, which was the most essential. Miss Williams was as sensible as I of this my disadvantage, but comforted me with observing, that when once a woman has bestowed her affections on a man, she cannot help judging of him in all respects with a partiality easily influenced in his favour. She remarked, that although some situations of my life had been low, yet none of them had been infamous; that my indigence had been the crime not of me, but of fortune; and that the miseries I had undergone, by improving the faculties both of mind and body, qualified me the more for any dignified station, and would of consequence recommend me to the good graces of any sensible woman. She therefore advised me to be always open and unreserved to the inquiries of my mistress, without unnecessarily betraying the meanest occurrences of my fate, and trust to the strength of her love and reflection for the rest. The sentiments of this sensible young woman, on this as well as on almost every other subject, perfectly agreed with mine; I thanked her for the care she took of my interests, and promising to behave myself according to her direction, we parted, after she had assured me that I might depend upon her best offices with her mistress, and that she would from time to time communicate to me such intelligence as she should procure relating to my flame. Having dressed myself to the best advantage, I waited for the time of dinner with the most fearful impatience; and as the hour drew nigh, my heart beat with such increased velocity, and my spirits contracted such disorder, that I began to suspect my resolution, and even to wish myself disengaged. At last Mr. Freeman called at my lodgings, in his way, and I accompanied him to the house where all my happiness was deposited. We were very kindly received by the squire, who sat smoking his pipe in a parlour, and asked if we chose to drink anything before dinner. Though I never had more occasion for a cordial, I was ashamed to accept his offer, which was also refused by my friend. We sat down, however, and entered into conversation, which lasted half-an-hour, so that I had time to recollect myself; and, so capricious were my thoughts, even to hope that Narcissa would not appear—when all of a sudden, a servant coming in, gave us notice that dinner was upon the table—and my perturbation returned with such violence, that I could scarce conceal it from the company as I ascended the staircase. When I entered the dining-room, the first object that saluted my ravished eyes was the divine Narcissa, blushing like Aurora, adorned with all the graces that meekness, innocence, and beauty can diffuse! I was seized with a giddiness, my knees tottered, and I scarce had strength enough to perform the ceremony of salutation, when her brother, slapping me on the shoulder, cried, "Measter Randan, that there is my sister." I approached her with eagerness and fear; but in the moment of our embrace, my soul was agonized with rapture! It was a lucky circumstance for us both, that my entertainer was not endued with an uncommon stock of penetration; for our mutual confusion was so manifest, that Mr. Freeman perceived it, and as we went home together, congratulated me on my good fortune. But so far was Bruin from entertaining the least suspicion, that he encouraged me to begin a conversation with my mistress in a language unknown to him, by telling her that he had brought a gentleman who could jabber with her in French and other foreign lingos, as fast as she pleased; then turning to me, said, "Odds bobs! I wish you would hold discourse with her in your French or Italiano, and tell me if she understands it as well as she would be thought to do; there's her aunt and she will chatter together whole days in it, and I can't have a mouthful of English for love or money." I consulted the look of my amiable mistress, and found her averse to his proposal, which she declined with a sweetness of denial peculiar to herself, as a piece of disrespect to that part of the company which did not understand the language in question. As I had the happiness of sitting opposite to her, I feasted my eyes much more than my palate, which she tempted in vain with the most delicious bits carved by her fair hand, and recommended by her persuasive tongue; but all my other appetites were swallowed up in the immensity of my love, which I fed by gazing incessantly on the delightful object. Dinner was scarce ended, when the squire became very drowsy, and, after several dreadful yawns, got up, stretched himself, took two or three turns across the room, begged we would allow him to take a short nap, and having laid a strong injunction on his sister to detain us till his return, went to his repose without further ceremony. He had not been gone many minutes, when Freeman, guessing the situation of my heart, and thinking he could not do me a greater favour than to leave me alone with Narcissa, pretended to recollect himself all of a sudden, and starting up, begged the lady's pardon for half-an-hour, for he had luckily remembered an engagement of some consequence, that he must perform at that instant; so saying, he took his leave, promising to come back time enough for tea, leaving my mistress and me in great confusion. Now that I enjoyed an opportunity of disclosing the pantings of my soul, I had not power to use it. I studied many pathetic declarations, but when I attempted

to give them utterance, my tongue denied its office; and she sat silent, with a downcast look, full of anxious alarm, her bosom heaving with expectation of some great event. At length I endeavoured to put an end to this solemn pause, and began with, "It is very surprising, madam—" Here the sound dying away, I made a full stop, while Narcissa, starting, blushed, and with a timid accent, answered, "Sir?" Confounded at this note of interrogation, I pronounced, with the most sheepish bashfulness, "Madam?" To which she replied, "I beg pardon—I thought you had spoke to me." Another pause ensued—I made another effort; and though my voice faltered very much at the beginning, made shift to express myself in this manner: "I say, madam, 'tis very surprising that love should act so inconsistent with itself, as to deprive its votaries of the use of their faculties when they have most need of them. Since the happy occasion of being alone with you presented itself, I have made many unsuccessful attempts to declare a passion for the loveliest of her sex—a passion which took possession of my soul, while my cruel fate compelled me to wear a servile disguise so unsuitable to my birth, sentiments, and, let me add, my deserts; yet favourable in one respect, as it furnished me with opportunities of seeing and adoring your perfections. Yes, madam, it was then your dear idea entered my bosom, where it has lived unimpaired in the midst of numberless cares, and animated me against a thousand dangers and calamities." While I spoke thus, she concealed her face with her fan, and when I ceased speaking, recovering herself from the most beautiful confusion, told me she thought herself very much obliged by my favourable opinion of her, and that she was very sorry to hear I had been unfortunate. Encouraged by this gentle reply, I proceeded; owned myself sufficiently recompensed by her kind compassion for what I had undergone, and declared that the future happiness of my life depended solely upon her. "Sir," said she, "I should be very ungrateful, if, after the signal protection you once afforded me, I should refuse to contribute towards your happiness, in any reasonable condescension." Transported at this acknowledgment, I threw myself at her feet, and begged she would regard my passion with a favourable eye. She was alarmed at my behaviour, entreated me to rise lest her brother should discover me in that posture, and to spare her for the present upon a subject for which she was altogether unprepared. In consequence of this remonstrance, I rose, assuring her I would rather die than disobey her; but in the meantime begged her to consider how precious the minutes of this opportunity were, and what restraint I put upon my inclinations in sacrificing them to her desire. She smiled with unspeakable sweetness, and said there would be no want of opportunities, provided I could maintain the good opinion her brother had conceived of me; and I, enchanted by her charms, seized her hand, which I well-nigh devoured with kisses. But she checked my boldness with a severity of countenance, and desired I would not so far forget myself to her as to endanger the esteem she had for me; she reminded me of our being almost strangers to each other, and of the necessity there was for her knowing me better before she could take any resolution in my favour; and, in short, mingled so much good sense and complacency in her reproof, that I became as much enamoured of her understanding as I had been before of her beauty, and asked pardon for my presumption with the utmost reverence of conviction. She forgave my offence with her usual affability; and sealed my pardon with a look so full of bewitching tenderness, that for some minutes my senses were lost in ecstasy! I afterwards endeavoured to regulate my behaviour according to her desire, and turn the conversation upon a more indifferent subject. But her presence was an insurmountable obstacle to my design; while I beheld so much excellence, I found it impossible to call my attention from the contemplation of it! I gazed with unutterable fondness! I grew mad with admiration! "My condition is insupportable!" cried I, "I am distracted with passion! why are you so exquisitely fair? Why are you so enchantingly good? Why has nature dignified you with charms so much above the standard of women? and, wretch that I am, how dares my unworthiness aspire to the enjoyment of such perfection?"

She was startled at my ravings, reasoned down my transport, and by her irresistible eloquence, soothed my soul into a state of tranquil felicity; but, lest I might suffer a relapse, industriously promoted other subjects to entertain my imagination. She chid me for having omitted to inquire about her aunt, who, she assured me, in the midst of all her absence in temper, and detachment from common affairs, often talked of me with uncommon warmth. I professed my veneration for the good lady, excused my omission, by imputing it to the violence of my love, which engrossed my whole soul, and desired to know the situation of her health. Upon which the amiable Narcissa repeated what I had heard before of her marriage, with all the tenderness for her reputation that the subject would admit of; told me she lived with her husband hard by, and was so much afflicted with the dropsy, and wasted by a consumption, that she had small hopes of her recovery. Having expressed my sorrow for her distemper, I questioned her about my good friend Mrs. Sagely, who I learned, to my great satisfaction, was still in good health, and who had, by the encomiums she bestowed upon me after I was gone, confirmed the favourable impressions my behaviour at parting had made on Narcissa's heart. The circumstance introduced an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Timothy Thicket, who, she informed me, had found means to incense her brother so much against me, that she found it impossible to undeceive him; but, on the contrary, suffered very much in her own character by his scandalous insinuations; that the whole parish was alarmed, and actually in pursuit of me, so that she had been in the utmost consternation upon my account, well knowing how little my own innocence, and her testimony, would have weighed with the ignorance, prejudice, and brutality of those who must have judged me, had I been apprehended. That Sir Timothy, having been seized with a fit of apoplexy, from which, with great difficulty, he was recovered, began to be apprehensive of death, and to prepare himself accordingly for that great event; as a step to which he sent for her brother, owned, with great contrition, the brutal design he had upon her, and, of consequence, acquitted me of the assault, robbery, and correspondence with her, which he laid to my charge; after which confession, he lived about a month in a languishing condition, and was carried off by a second assault.

Every word that this dear creature spoke riveted the chains with which she held me enslaved. My mischievous fancy began to work, and the tempest of my passion to wake again, when the return of Freeman destroyed the tempt-

ing opportunity, and enabled me to quell the rising tumult. A little while after, the squire staggered into the room, rubbing his eyes, and called for his tea, which he drank out of a small bowl, qualified with brandy, while we took it in the usual way. Narcissa left us in order to visit her aunt; and when Freeman and I proposed to take our leave, the fox-hunter insisted on our spending the evening at his house with such obstinacy of affection, that we were obliged to comply. For my own part, I should have been glad of the invitation, by which, in all likelihood, I should be blessed with more of his sister's company, had I not been afraid of risking her esteem by entering into a debauch of drinking with him, which, from the knowledge of his character, I foresaw would happen; but there was no remedy. I was forced to rely upon the strength of my constitution, which I hoped would resist intoxication longer than the squire's, and to trust to the good-nature and discretion of my mistress for the rest.

Our entertainer, resolving to begin by times, ordered the table to be furnished with liquor and glasses immediately after tea; but we absolutely refused to set in for drinking so soon, and prevailed upon him to pass away an hour or two at whist, in which we engaged as soon as Narcissa returned. The savage and I happened to be partners at first; and as my thoughts were wholly employed in a more interesting game, I played so ill that he lost all patience, swore bitterly, and threatened to call for wine if they would not grant him another associate. This desire was gratified, and Narcissa and I were of a side; he won, for the same reason that made him lose before. I was satisfied, my lovely partner did not repine, and the time slipped away very agreeably, until we were told that supper was served in another room.

The squire was enraged to find the evening so unprofitably spent, and wreaked his vengeance on the cards, which he tore, and committed to the flames with many execrations, threatening to make us redeem our loss with a large glass, and quick circulation; and, indeed, we had no sooner supped, and my charmer withdrawn, than he began to put his threats in execution. Three bottles of port (for he drank no other sort of wine) were placed before us, with as many water-glasses, which were immediately filled to the brim, after his example, by each, out of his respective allowance, and emptied in a trice, *to the best in Christendom.* Though I swallowed this and the next as fast as the glass could be replenished, without hesitation or show of reluctance, I perceived that my brain would not be able to bear many bumpers of this sort; and, dreading the perseverance of a champion who began with such vigour, I determined to make up for the deficiency of my strength by a stratagem, which I actually put in practice when the second course of bottles was called for. The wine being strong and heady, I was already a good deal discomposed by the despatch we had made, Freeman's eyes began to reel, and Bruin himself was elevated into a song, which he uttered with great vociferation. When I, therefore, saw the second round brought in, I assumed a gay air, entertained him with a French catch on the subject of drinking, which, though he did not understand it, delighted him highly, and telling him that your choice spirits at Paris never troubled themselves with glasses, asked if he had not a bowl or cup in the house that would contain a whole quart of wine. "Odds niggers!" cried he, "I have a silver caudle cup that holds just the quantity, for all the world; fetch it hither, Numps." The vessel being produced, I bade him decant his bottle into it, which he having done, I nodded in a very deliberate manner, and said, "Pledge you." He stared at me for some time, and crying, "What! all at one pull, Measter Randan!" I answered, "At one pull, sir; you are no milk-sop—we shall do you justice." "Shall you?" said he, shaking me by the hand, "odds then, I'll see it out, an't were a mile to the bottom. Here's to our better acquaintance, Measter Randan;" so saying, he applied it to his lips, and emptied it in a breath. I knew the effect of it would be almost instantaneous; therefore, taking the cup, began to discharge my bottle into it, telling him he was now qualified to drink with the Cham of Tartary. I had no sooner pronounced these words, than he took umbrage at them, and, after several attempts to spit, made shift to stutter out, "A fart for your Chams of T—Tartary!—I am a f—f—free-born Englishman, worth th—three thousand a year, and v—value no man, damme!" Then, dropping his jaw, and fixing his eyes, he hiccuped aloud, and fell upon the floor as mute as a flounder. Mr. Freeman, heartily glad at his defeat, assisted me in carrying him to bed, where we left him to the care of his servants, and went home to our respective habitations, congratulating each other on our good fortune.

CHAPTER LVII.

Miss Williams informs me of Narcissa's approbation of my Flame—I appease the Squire—Write to my Mistress—Am blessed with an Answer—Beg leave of her Brother to Dance with her at a Ball; obtain his consent and hers—Enjoy a private Conversation with her—Am perplexed with Reflections—Have the honour of appearing her Partner at a Ball—We are complimented by a certain Nobleman—He discovers some symptoms of a passion for Narcissa—I am stung with Jealousy—Narcissa, alarmed, retires—I observe Melinda in the Company—The Squire is captivated by her Beauty.

I WAS met next morning, at the usual place, by Miss Williams, who gave me joy of the progress I had made in the affection of her mistress, and blessed me with an account of that dear creature's conversation with her, after she had retired the night before from our company. I could scarce believe her information, when she recounted her expressions in my favour, so much more warm and passionate were they than my most sanguine hopes had presaged; and was particularly pleased to hear that she approved of my behaviour to her brother after she withdrew. Transported at the news of my happiness, I presented my ring to the messenger, as a testimony of my gratitude and satisfaction; but she was above such mercenary considerations, and refused my compliment with some resentment, saying she was not a little mortified to see my opinion of her so low and contemptible. I did myself a piece of justice by explaining my behaviour on this head, and, to convince her of my esteem, promised to be ruled by her directions in the prosecution of the whole affair, which I had so much at heart, that the repose of my life depended upon the consequence.

As I fervently wished for another interview, where I might pour out the effusions of my love without danger of being interrupted, and per-

haps reap some endearing return from the queen of my desires, I implored her advice and assistance in promoting this event. But she gave me to understand that Narcissa would make no precipitate compliances of this kind, and that I would do well to cultivate her brother's acquaintance, in the course of which I should not want opportunities of removing that reserve which my mistress thought herself obliged to maintain during the infancy of our correspondence. In the meantime she promised to tell her lady, that I had endeavoured, by presents and persuasions, to prevail upon her (Miss Williams) to deliver a letter from me, which she had refused to charge herself with, until she should know Narcissa's sentiments of the matter; and said, by these means she did not doubt of being able to open a literary communication between us, which could not fail of introducing more intimate connexions.

I approved of her counsel, and our appointment being renewed for next day, left her with an intent of falling upon some method of being reconciled to the squire, who, I supposed, would be offended with the trick we had put upon him. With this view, I consulted Freeman, who, from his knowledge of the fox-hunter's disposition, assured me there was no other method of pacifying him, than that of sacrificing ourselves for one night to an equal match with him in drinking. This expedient I found myself necessitated to comply with, for the interest of my passion, and therefore determined to commit the debauch at my own lodgings, that I might run no risk of being discovered by Narcissa in a state of brutal degeneracy. Mr. Freeman, who was to be of the party, went at my desire to the squire, in order to engage him, while I took care to furnish myself for his reception. My invitation was accepted, my guests honoured me with their company in the evening, when Bruin gave me to understand that he had drank many tuns of wine in his life, but was never served such a trick as I had played upon him the night before. I promised to atone for my trespass, and having ordered to every man his bottle, began the contest with a bumper to the health of Narcissa. The toasts circulated with great devotion, the liquor began to operate, our mirth grew noisy, and as Freeman and I had the advantage of drinking small French claret, the savage was effectually tamed before our senses were in the least affected, and carried home in an apoplexy of drunkenness.

I was next morning, as usual, favoured with a visit from my kind and punctual confidant, who telling me she was permitted to receive my letters for her mistress, I took up the pen immediately, and following the first dictates of my passion, wrote as follows:—

"Dear Madam,—Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul, the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears that rule my breast by turns, I should need no other witness than this paper, to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But, alas! expression wrongs my love! I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey! Your beauty fills me with wonder! your understanding with ravishment, and your goodness with adoration! I am transported with desire, distracted with doubts, and tortured with impatience! Suffer me, then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach you in person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ear, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love; to gaze with ecstasy on the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue; and to rejoice in her smiles of approbation, which will banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of—Your enraptured R—— R——."

Having finished this effusion, I committed it to the care of my faithful friend, with an injunction to second my entreaty with all her eloquence and influence; and in the meantime went to dress, with an intention of visiting Mrs. Snapper and Miss, whom I had utterly neglected, and indeed almost forgot, since my dear Narcissa had resumed the empire of my soul. The old gentlewoman received me very kindly, and Miss affected a frankness and gaiety, which, however, I could easily perceive were forced and dissembled. Among other things, she pretended to joke me upon my passion for Narcissa, which she averred was no secret, and asked if I intended to dance with her at the next assembly. I was a good deal concerned to find myself become the town-talk on this subject, lest the squire, having notice of my inclinations, should disapprove of them, and, by breaking off all correspondence with me, deprive me of the opportunities I now enjoyed. But I resolved to use the interest I had with him, while it lasted; and that very night meeting him occasionally, asked his permission to solicit her company at the ball, which he very readily granted, to my inexpressible satisfaction.

Having been kept awake the greatest part of the night by a thousand delightful reveries that took possession of my fancy, I got up betimes, and flying to the place of rendezvous, had in a little time the pleasure of seeing Miss Williams approach with a smile on her countenance, which I interpreted into a good omen. Neither was I mistaken in my presage. She presented me with a letter from the idol of my soul, which, after having kissed it devoutly, I opened with the utmost eagerness, and was blessed with her approbation in these terms:—

"Sir,—To say I look upon you with indifference would be a piece of dissimulation which I think no decorum requires, and no custom can justify. As my heart never felt an impression that my tongue was ashamed to declare, I will not scruple to own myself pleased with your passion, confident of your integrity, and so well convinced of my own discretion, that I should not hesitate in granting you the interview you desire, were I not overawed by the prying curiosity of a malicious world, the censure of which might be fatally prejudicial to the reputation of—Your

"Narcissa."

No anchorite in the ecstasy of devotion ever adored a relique with more fervour than that with which I kissed this inimitable proof of my charmer's candour, generosity, and affection! I read it over an hundred times; was ravished with her confession in the beginning; but the subscription of *Your Narcissa* yielded me such delight as I had never felt before. My happiness was still increased by Miss Williams, who blessed me with a repetition of her lady's tender expressions in my favour, when she received and read my letter. In short, I had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentle creature's bosom was possessed by a passion for me, as warm, though perhaps not so impetuous, as mine for her.

I informed my friend of the squire's consent to my dancing with Narcissa at the ball, and desired her to tell her mistress that I would do myself the honour of visiting her in the afternoon, in consequence of his permission, when I hoped to find her as indulgent as her brother had been complaisant in that particular. Miss Williams expressed a good deal of joy at hearing I was so much in favour with the fox-hunter, and ventured to assure me that my visit would be very agreeable to my mistress, the rather because Bruin was engaged to dine abroad. This was a

circumstance which, I scarce need say, pleased me. I went immediately to the Long-room, where I found him, and affecting to know nothing of the engagement, told him I would do myself the pleasure to wait upon him in the afternoon, and to present his sister with a ticket for the ball. He shook me by the hand, according to custom, and giving me to understand that he was to dine abroad, desired me to go and drink tea with Narcissa notwithstanding, and promised to prepare her for my visit in the meantime.

Everything succeeding thus to my wish, I waited with incredible impatience for the time, which no sooner arrived than I hastened to the scene, which my fancy had preoccupied long before. I was introduced accordingly to the dear enchantress, whom I found accompanied by Miss Williams, who, on pretence of ordering tea, retired at my approach. This favourable accident, which alarmed my whole soul, disordered her also. I found myself actuated by an irresistible impulse; I advanced to her with eagerness and awe, and, profiting by the confusion that prevailed over her, clasped the fair angel in my arms, and imprinted a glowing kiss upon her lips, more soft and fragrant than the dewy rosebud just bursting from the stem! Her face was in an instant covered with blushes; her eyes sparkled with resentment; I threw myself at her feet, and implored her pardon. Her love became advocate in my cause; her look softened into forgiveness; she raised me up, and chid me with so much sweetness of displeasure, that I should have been tempted to repeat the offence, had not the coming in of a servant with the tea-board prevented my presumption. While we were subject to be interrupted or overheard, we conversed about the approaching ball, at which she promised to grace me as a partner; but when the equipage was removed, and we were left alone, I resumed the more interesting theme, and expressed myself with such transport and agitation, that my mistress, fearing I would commit some extravagance, rung the bell for her maid, whom she detained in the room, as a check upon my vivacity. I was not sorry for this precaution, because I could unbosom myself without reserve before Miss Williams, who was the confidant of us both. I therefore gave a loose to the inspirations of my passion, which operated so successfully upon the tender affections of Narcissa, that she laid aside the constraint she had hitherto wore, and blessed me with the most melting declaration of her mutual flame! It was impossible for me to forbear taking the advantage of this endearing condescension. She now gently yielded to my embraces; while I, encircling all that I held dear within my arms, tasted in advance the joys of that paradise I hoped in a little time wholly to possess! We spent the afternoon in all the ecstasy of hope that the most fervent love, exchanged by mutual vows, could inspire; and Miss Williams was so much affected by our chaste caresses, which recalled the sad remembrance of what she was, that her eyes were filled with tears.

The evening being pretty far advanced, I forced myself from the dear object of my flame, who indulged me in a tender embrace at parting; and repairing to my lodgings, communicated to my friend Strap every circumstance of my happiness, which filled him with so much pleasure that it ran over at his eyes; and he prayed heartily that no envious devil might, as formerly, dash the cup of blessing from my lip. When I reflected on what had happened, and especially on the unreserved protestations of Narcissa's love, I could not help being amazed at her omitting to inquire into the particular circumstances of the life and fortune of one whom she had favoured with her affection, and I began to be a little anxious about the situation of her finances, well knowing that I should do an irreparable injury to the person my soul held most dear, if I should espouse her, without being able to support her in the rank which was certainly her due. I had heard, indeed, while I served her aunt, that her father had left her a considerable sum, and that everybody believed she would inherit the greatest part of her kinswoman's dowry; but I did not know how far she might be restricted by the old gentleman's will, in the enjoyment of what he left her; and I was too well informed of the virtuoso's late conduct to think my mistress could have any expectations from that quarter. I confided, however, in the good sense and policy of my charmer, who, I was sure, would not consent to unite her fate with mine, before she had fully considered and provided for the consequence.

The ball-night being arrived, I dressed myself in a suit I had reserved for some grand occasion; and having drank tea with Narcissa and her brother, conducted my angel to the scene, where she in a moment eclipsed all her female competitors for beauty, and attracted the admiration of the whole assembly. My heart dilated with pride on this occasion, and my triumph rejected all bounds, when, after we had danced together, a certain nobleman, remarkable for his figure and influence in the *beau monde*, came up, and in the hearing of all present, honoured us with a very particular compliment upon our accomplishments and appearance. But this transport was soon checked, when I perceived his Lordship attach himself with great assiduity to my mistress, and say some warm things, which, I thought, savoured too much of passion. It was then I began to feel the pangs of jealousy. I dreaded the power and address of my rival. I sickened at his discourse. When she opened her lips to answer, my heart died within me. When she smiled, I felt the pains of the damned! I was enraged at his presumption; I cursed her complaisance. At length he quitted her, and went to the other side of the room. Narcissa, suspecting nothing of the rage that inflamed me, put some questions to me as soon as he was gone, to which I made no reply, but assumed a grim look, which too well denoted the agitation of my breast, and surprised her not a little. She no sooner observed my emotion than she changed colour, and asked what ailed me? But before I could make answer, her brother, pulling me by the sleeve, bade me take notice of a lady who sat fronting us, whom I immediately, to my vast astonishment, distinguished to be Melinda, accompanied by her mother, and an elderly gentleman whom I did not know. "Wounds! Mr. Random," cried the squire, "is she not a delicate piece of stuff? 'Sdeath! I have a good mind, if I thought she was a single person—" Notwithstanding the perplexity I was in, I had reflection enough to foresee that my passion might suffer greatly by the presence of this lady, who in all probability would revenge herself upon me for having formerly disgraced her, by spreading reports to my prejudice. I was therefore alarmed at these symptoms of the squire's admiration, and for some time did not know what reply to make, when he asked my opinion of her beauty. At length I came to a determination, and told him that her name was Melinda, that she had a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and was said to be under promise of marriage to a certain lord,

who deferred his nuptials a few months, until he should be of age. I thought this piece of intelligence, which I had myself invented, would have hindered him effectually from entertaining any farther thoughts of her; but I was egregiously mistaken. The fox-hunter had too much self-sufficiency to despair of success against any competitor on earth. He therefore made light of her engagement, saying, with a smile of self-approbation, "Mayhap she will change her mind; what signifies his being a lord? I think myself as good a man as e'er a lord in Christendom; and I'll see if a commoner worth three thousand a year won't serve her turn." This determination startled me not a little. I knew he would soon discover the contrary of what I advanced; and as I believed he would find her ear open to his addresses, did not doubt of meeting with every obstacle in my amour that her malice could invent, and her influence execute. This reflection increased my chagrin. My vexation was evident. Narcissa insisted on going home immediately; and as I led her to the door, her noble admirer, with a look full of languishment, directed to her a profound bow, which stung me to the soul. Before she went into the chair, she asked, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with me? and I could pronounce no more than "By heaven, I'm distracted!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

Tortured with Jealousy, I go home and abuse Strap—Receive a Message from Narcissa, in consequence of which I hasten to her Apartment, where her endearing assurances banish all my doubts and apprehensions—In my Retreat discover somebody in the dark, whom, suspecting to be a Spy, I resolve to kill; but, to my great surprise, am convinced of his being no other than Strap—Melinda slanders me—I become acquainted with Lord Quiverwit, who endeavours to sound me with regard to Narcissa—The Squire is introduced to his Lordship, and grows cold towards me—I learn from my Confidant that this Nobleman professes honourable Love to my Mistress, who continues faithful to me, notwithstanding the scandalous Reports she has heard to my Prejudice—I am mortified with an assurance that her whole Fortune depends upon the pleasure of her Brother—Mr. Freeman condoles me on the decline of my Character, which I vindicate so much to his satisfaction, that he undertakes to combat Fame in my behalf.

HAVING uttered this exclamation, at which she sighed, I went home in the condition of a frantic bedlamite; and finding the fire in my apartment almost extinguished, vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence that he roared hideously with pain, and when I quitted my hold, looked so foolishly aghast, that no unconcerned spectator could have seen him without being seized with an immoderate fit of laughter. It is true I was soon sensible of the injury I had done, and asked pardon for the outrage I had committed; upon which my faithful valet, shaking his head, said, "I forgive you, and may God forgive you." But he could not help shedding some tears at my unkindness. I felt unspeakable remorse for what I had done, cursed my own ingratitude, and considered his tears as a reproach that my soul, in her present disturbance, could not bear. It set all my passions into a ferment; I swore horrible oaths without meaning or application, I foamed at the mouth, kicked the chairs about the room, and played abundance of mad pranks, that frightened my friend almost out of his senses. At length my transport subsided, I became melancholy, and wept insensibly.

During this state of dejection I was surprised with the appearance of Miss Williams, whom Strap, blubbering all the while, had conducted into the chamber, without giving me previous notice of her approach. She was extremely affected with my condition, which she had learned from him, begged me to moderate my passion, suspend my conjectures, and follow her to Narcissa, who desired to see me forthwith. That dear name operated upon me like a charm. I started up, and without opening my lips, was conducted into her apartment through the garden, which we entered by a private door. I found the adorable creature in tears!—I was melted at the sight—we continued silent for some time—my heart was too full to speak—her snowy bosom heaved with fond resentment; at last she sobbing cried, "What have I done to disoblige you?" My heart was pierced with the tender question!—I drew near with the utmost reverence of affection!—I fell upon my knees before her, and kissing her hand, exclaimed, "Oh! thou art all goodness and perfection!—I am undone by my want of merit!—I am unworthy to possess thy charms, which Heaven hath destined for the arms of some more favoured being." She guessed the cause of my disquiet, upbraided me gently for my suspicion, and gave me such flattering assurances of her eternal fidelity, that all my doubts and fears forsook me, and peace and satisfaction reigned within my breast.

At midnight I left the fair nymph to her repose, and being let out by Miss Williams at the garden gate by which I entered, began to explore my way homeward in the dark, when I heard at my back a noise like that of a baboon when he mews and chatters. I turned instantly, and perceiving something black, concluded I was discovered by some spy employed to watch for that purpose. Aroused at this conjecture, by which the reputation of the virtuous Narcissa appeared in jeopardy, I drew my sword, and would have sacrificed him to her fame, had not the voice of Strap restrained my arm. It was with great difficulty he could pronounce, "D—d—do! mum—um—um—murder me, if you please." Such an effect had the cold upon his jaws, that his teeth rattled like a pair of castanets. Pleased to be thus undeceived, I laughed at his consternation, and asked what brought him thither? upon which he gave me to understand that his concern for me had induced him to follow me to that place, where the same reason had detained him till now, and he frankly owned that in spite of the esteem he had for Miss Williams, he began to be very uneasy about me, considering the disposition in which I went abroad, and if I had stayed much longer, would have certainly alarmed the neighbourhood in my behalf. The knowledge of this his intention confounded me. I represented to him the mischievous consequences that would have attended such a rash action, and cautioning him severely against any such design for the future, concluded my admonition with an assurance, that in case he should ever act so madly, I would, without hesitation, put him to death. "Have a little patience," cried he, in a lamentable tone, "your displeasure will do the business, without your committing murder." I was touched with this

reproach, and as soon as we got home, made it my business to appease him, by explaining the cause of that transport during which I had used him so unworthily.

Next day, when I went into the Long-room, I observed several whispers circulate all of a sudden, and did not doubt that Melinda had been busy with my character; but I consoled myself with the love of Narcissa, upon which I rested with the most perfect confidence, and going up to the rowly-powly table, won a few pieces from my suspected rival, who, with an easy politeness, entered into conversation with me, and desiring my company to the coffee-house, treated me with tea and chocolate. I remembered Strutwell, and guarded against his insinuating behaviour; nor was my suspicion wrong placed: he artfully turned the discourse upon Narcissa, and endeavoured, by hinting at an intrigue he pretended to be engaged in elsewhere, to learn what connexion there was between her and me. But all his finesse was ineffectual; I was convinced of his dissimulation, and gave such general answers to his inquiries that he was forced to drop the subject, and talk of something else.

While we conversed in this manner, the savage came in with another gentleman, who introduced him to his Lordship; and he was received with such peculiar marks of distinction, that I was persuaded the courtier intended to use him in some shape or other, and from thence I drew an unlucky omen. But I had more cause to be dismayed the following day, when I saw the squire in company with Melinda and her mother, who honoured me with several disdainful glances, and when I afterwards threw myself in his way, instead of the cordial shake of the hand, he returned my salute with a cold repetition of "Servant, servant," which he pronounced with such indifference, or rather contempt, that if he had not been Narcissa's brother I should have affronted him in public.

These occurrences disturbed me not a little. I foresaw the brooding storm, and armed myself with resolution for the occasion; but Narcissa being at stake, I was far from being resigned. I could have renounced every other comfort of life with some degree of fortitude; but the prospect of losing her disabled all my philosophy, and tortured my soul into madness.

Miss Williams found me next morning full of anxious tumult, which did not abate when she told me that my Lord Quiverwit, having professed honourable intentions, had been introduced to my lovely mistress by her brother, who had, at the same time, from the information of Melinda, spoke of me as an Irish fortune-hunter, without either birth or estate, who supported myself in the appearance of a gentleman by sharping and other infamous practices, and who was of such an obscure origin that I did not even know my own extraction. Though I expected all this malice, I could not hear it with temper, especially as truth was so blended with falsehood in the assertion, that it would be almost impossible to separate the one from the other in my vindication. But I said nothing on this head, being impatient to know how Narcissa had been affected with the discovery. That generous creature, far from believing these imputations, was no sooner withdrawn with her confidant than she inveighed with great warmth against the malevolence of the world, to which only she ascribed the whole of what had been said to my disadvantage, and calling every circumstance of my behaviour to her into review before her, found everything so polite, honourable, and disinterested, that she could not harbour the least doubt of my being the gentleman I assumed. "I have indeed," said she, "purposely forbore to ask the particulars of his life, lest the recapitulation of some misfortunes which he has undergone should give him pain; and, as to the article of his fortune, I own myself equally afraid of inquiring into it, and of discovering the situation of my own, lest we should find ourselves both unhappy in the explanation, for alas! my provision is conditional, and depends entirely on my marrying with my brother's consent."

I was thunderstruck with this intelligence; the light forsook my eyes, the colour vanished from my cheeks, and I remained in a state of universal trepidation. My female friend perceiving my disorder, encouraged me with assurances of Narcissa's constancy, and the hope of some accident favourable to our love, and, as a further consolation, gave me to understand that she had acquainted my mistress with the outlines of my life, and that, although she was no stranger to the present low state of my finances, her love and esteem were rather increased than diminished by the knowledge of my circumstances. I was greatly comforted by this assurance, which saved me a world of confusion and anxiety: for I must have imparted my situation one day to Narcissa, and this task I could not have performed without shame and disorder.

As I did not doubt that by this time the scandalous aspersions of Melinda were diffused all over the town, I resolved to collect my whole strength of assurance to brow-beat the efforts of her malice, and to publish her adventure with the Frenchified barber by way of reprisal. In the meantime, having promised to be at the garden gate about midnight, Miss Williams took her leave, bidding me repose myself entirely on the affection of my dear Narcissa, which was as perfect as inviolable. Before I went abroad, I was visited by Freeman, who came on purpose to inform me of the infamous stories that were raised at my expense. I heard them with great temper, and in my turn disclosed everything that had happened between Melinda and me, and, among other circumstances, entertained him with the story of the barber, letting him know what share his friend Banter had in that affair; he was convinced of the injury my reputation had suffered, and no longer doubting the fountain from whence this deluge of slander had flowed upon me, undertook to undeceive the town in my behalf, and roll the stream back upon its source; but in the meantime cautioned me from appearing in public while the prepossession was so strong against me, lest I should meet with some affront that might have bad consequences.

CHAPTER LIX.

I receive an extraordinary Message at the Door of the Long-room, which I however enter, and affront the Squire, who threatens to take the Law of me—Rebuke Melinda for her Malice—She weeps with Vexation—Lord Quiverwit is severe upon me—I retort his Sarcasm—Am received with the utmost tenderness by Narcissa, who desires to hear the Story of my Life—We vow eternal Constancy to one another—I retire—Am waked by a Messenger, who brings a Challenge from Quiverwit, whom I meet, engage, and vanquish.

I THANKED him for his advice, which, however, my pride and resentment would not permit me

to follow, for he no sooner left me, in order to do justice to my character among his friends and acquaintance, than I sallied out, and went directly to the Long-room. I was met at the door by a servant, who presented to me a billet without a subscription, importing that my presence was disagreeable to the company, and desiring I would take the hint without further disturbance, and bestow myself elsewhere for the future. This peremptory message filled me with indignation. I followed the fellow who delivered it, and seizing him by the collar, in presence of all the company, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not discover the scoundrel who had charged him with such an impudent commission, that I might punish him as he deserved. The messenger, affrighted at my menaces and furious looks, fell upon his knees, and told me that the gentleman who ordered him to deliver the letter was no other than Narcissa's brother, who, at that time, stood at the other end of the room, talking to Melinda. I went up to him immediately, and, in the hearing of his inamorata, accosted him in these words, "Look 'ee, squire, was it not for one consideration that protects you from my resentment, I would cane you where you stand, for having had the presumption to send me this scurrilous intimation," which I tore to pieces, and threw in his face; at the same time, darting an angry regard at his mistress, I told her I was sorry she had put it out of my power to compliment her upon her invention, but at the expense of her good nature and veracity. Her admirer, whose courage never rose but in proportion to the wine he had swallowed, instead of resenting my address in what is called an honourable way, threatened to prosecute me for an assault, and took witnesses accordingly; while she, piqued at his pusillanimous behaviour, and enraged at the sarcasm I had uttered against her, endeavoured to make her quarrel a public cause, and wept aloud with spite and vexation. The tears of a lady could not fail of attracting the notice and concern of the spectators, to whom she complained of my rudeness with great bitterness, saying if she was a man I durst not use her so. The greatest part of the gentlemen, already prejudiced against me, were offended at the liberty I had taken, as appeared from their looks, though none of them signified their disgust any other way, except my Lord Quiverwit, who ventured to say, with a sneer, that I was in the right to establish my own character, of which he had now no longer any doubt. Nettled at this severe equivoque, which raised a laugh at my expense, I replied with some warmth, "I am proud of having in that particular got the start of your lordship." He made no answer to my repartee, but, with a contemptuous smile, walked off, leaving me in a very disagreeable situation. In vain did I make up to several people of my acquaintance, whose conversation, I hoped, would banish my confusion; everybody shunned me like a person infected, and I should not have been able to bear my disgrace, had not the idea of the ever faithful and fond Narcissa come to my relief. I quitted the scene of my mortification, and, sauntering about the town, happened to wake from my contemplation, when I found myself just opposite to a toy-shop, which I entered, and purchased a ring set with a ruby in the form of a heart, surrounded by diamond sparks, for which I paid ten guineas, intending it for a present to the charmer of my soul.

I was introduced, at the hour appointed, to this divine creature, who, notwithstanding what she had heard to my disadvantage, received me with the utmost confidence and tenderness; and, having been informed of the general sketches of my life by Miss Williams, expressed a desire of knowing the particular circumstances, which I related with great candour; omitting, however, some things that I concluded altogether improper for her ear, and which the reader's reflection will easily suggest. As my story was little else than a recital of misfortunes, the tear of sympathy ceased not to trickle down her enchanting eyes during the whole of the narration, which, when I had finished, she recompensed me for my trouble with the most endearing protestations of eternal love. She bewailed her restricted condition, as it was the means of retarding my happiness; told me that Lord Quiverwit, by her brother's permission, had been to drink tea with her that very afternoon, and actually proposed marriage; and seeing me extremely affected with this piece of information, offered to give me a convincing proof of her affection, by espousing me in private, and leaving the rest to fate. I was penetrated with this instance of her regard, but that I might not be outdone in generosity, resisted the bewitching temptation, in consideration of her honour and interest; at the same time, I presented my ring as a pledge of my inviolable attachment, and on my knees implored Heaven to shower its curses on my head, if ever my heart should entertain one thought unworthy of the passion I then avowed. She received my token, gave me in return her picture in miniature, exquisitely drawn, and set in gold; and in the same posture called Heaven to witness, and to judge her flame. Our vows being thus reciprocally breathed, a confidence of hope ensued, and our mutual fondness becoming as intimate as innocence would allow, I grew insensible of the progress of time, and it was morning before I could tear myself from this darling of my soul!—My good angel foresaw what would happen, and permitted me to indulge myself on this occasion, in consideration of the fatal absence I was doomed to suffer.

I went to bed immediately on my return to my lodging, and having slept about two hours, was waked by Strap, who, in great confusion, told me there was a footman below with a letter, which he would deliver to nobody but myself. Alarmed at this piece of news, I desired my friend to show him up to my chamber, and received the following letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer:—

"Sir,—When any man injures my honour, let the difference of rank between us be ever so great, I am contented to waive the privilege of my quality, and to seek reparation from him on equal terms. The insolence of your reply to me yesterday in the Long-room I might have overlooked, had not your presumptive emulation in a much more interesting affair, and a discovery which I made this morning, concurred in persuading me to chastise your audacity with my sword. If you, therefore, have spirit enough to support the character you assume, you will not fail to follow the bearer immediately to a convenient place, where you shall be met by Quiverwit."

Whether I was enervated by the love and favour of Narcissa, or awed by the superior station of my antagonist, I know not, but I never had less inclination to fight than at this time. However, finding there was a necessity for vindicating the reputation of my mistress, as well as for asserting my own honour, I forthwith rose, and dressing in a hurry, put on my sword, bade Strap attend me, and set out with my conductor, cursing my bad fortune all the way for having been observed in my return from my angel; for so I interpreted his lordship's discovery. When I came within sight of my rival, his lacquey told me he had

orders to stop; upon which, I commanded Strap to halt also, while I walked forward, resolving, if possible, to come to an explanation with my challenger before we should come to battle. Nor was an opportunity wanting; for I no sooner approached, than he asked, with a stern countenance, what business I had in Mr. Topehall's garden so early in the morning. "I don't know, my lord," said I, "how to answer a question put to me with such magisterial haughtiness. If your lordship will please to expostulate calmly, you will have no cause to repent of your condescension; otherwise, I am not to be intimidated into any confession." "There is no room for denial," answered he; "I saw you come out with my own eyes." "Did any other person see me?" said I. "I neither know nor care," said he; "I want no other evidence than that of my own senses." Pleased to hear that the suspicion was confined to him alone, I endeavoured to appease his jealousy, by owning an intrigue with the waiting-maid; but he had too much discernment to be so easily imposed upon, and told me there was only one way to convince him of the truth of what I alleged, which was no other than renouncing all claim to Narcissa upon oath, and promising upon honour never to speak to her for the future. Exasperated at this proposal, I unsheathed my sword, saying, "Heavens! what title have you, or any man on earth, to impose such terms on me?" He did the same, and, making towards me with a contracted brow, said I was a villain, and had dishonoured Narcissa. "He's a scandalous villain," I replied, in a transport of fury, "who brands me with that imputation! She is a thousand times more chaste than the mother that bore you; and I will assert her honour with my heart's blood!" So saying, I rushed upon him with more eagerness than address, and, endeavouring to get within his point, received a wound in my neck, which redoubled my rage. He excelled me in temper as well as in skill, by which means he parried my thrusts with great calmness, until I had almost exhausted my spirits; and, when he perceived me beginning to flag, attacked me fiercely in his turn. Finding himself, however, better opposed than he expected, he resolved to follow his lunge, and close with me; accordingly, his sword entered my waistcoat, on the side of the breast-bone, and, running up between my shirt and skin, appeared over my left shoulder. I imagined that his weapon had perforated my lungs, and, of consequence, that the wound was mortal; therefore, determined not to die unrevenged, I seized his shell, which was close to my breast, before he could disentangle his point, and keeping it fast with my left hand, shortened my own sword with my right, intending to run him through the heart; but he received the thrust in the left arm, which penetrated up to the shoulder-blade. Disappointed in this expectation, and afraid still that death would frustrate my revenge, I grappled with him, and, being much the stronger, threw him upon the ground, where I wrested his sword out of his hand; and so great was my confusion, instead of turning the point upon him, struck out three of his fore teeth with the hilt. In the meantime, our servants seeing us fall, ran up to separate and assist us; but, before their approach, I was upon my feet, and had discovered that my supposed mortal wound was only a slight scratch. The knowledge of my own safety disarmed me of a good deal of my resentment, and I began to inquire with some concern into the situation of my antagonist, who remained on the ground, bleeding plentifully at his mouth and arm; I helped his footman to raise him, and having bound up his wound with my handkerchief, assured him it was not dangerous; I likewise restored his sword, and offered to support him to his house. He thanked me with an air of sullen dignity, and, whispering that I should hear from him soon, went away, leaning on his servant's shoulder.

I was surprised at this promise, which I construed into a threat; and resolved, if ever he should call me out again, to use whatever advantage fortune might give me over him in another manner. In the meantime, I had leisure to take notice of Strap, who seemed quite stupefied with horror. I comforted him with an assurance that I had received no damage, and explained the nature of this affair as we walked homeward. By the time I had got into my apartment, I found the wound in my neck stiff and uneasy, and a good deal of clotted blood run down upon my shirt; upon which I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned my collar, that I might dress it with more ease. My friend no sooner perceived my shirt quite dyed with blood, than, imagining I had got at least twenty thousand wounds, he cried, "O Jesus!" and fell flat on the floor. I stopped the bleeding with a little dry lint, and, applying a plaster over it, cleansed myself from the gore, shifted and dressed, while he lay senseless at my feet; so that when he recovered, and saw me perfectly well, he could scarce believe his own eyes. Now that the danger was past, I was very well pleased with what had happened, hoping that it would soon become known, and, consequently, dignify my character not a little in this place. I was also proud of having shown myself in some shape worthy the love of Narcissa, who, I was persuaded, would not think the worse of me for what I had done.

CHAPTER LX.

I am visited by Freeman, with whom I appear in Public, and am caressed—Am sent for by Lord Quiverwit, whose Presence I quit in a Passion—Narcissa is carried off by her Brother—I intend to pursue him, and am dissuaded by my Friend—Engage in Play, and lose all my Money—Set out for London—Try my Fortune at the Gaming-table without Success—Receive a Letter from Narcissa—Bilk my Tailor.

WHILE I entertained myself with these reflections, the news of the duel, being communicated by some unknown channel, spread all over the town. I was visited by Freeman, who testified his surprise at finding me; for he was told that Lord Quiverwit being dead of his wounds, I had absconded, in order to avoid the cognizance of the law. I asked if people guessed the occasion of the quarrel; and, understanding it was attributed to his lordship's resentment of my reply in the Long-room, confirmed that conjecture, glad to find Narcissa unsuspected. My friend, after I had assured him that my antagonist was in no danger, wished me joy of the event, than which, he said, nothing could happen more opportunely to support the idea he had given of my character to his friends, among whom he had been very assiduous in my behalf.

On the strength of this assurance, I went with him to the coffee-house, where I was saluted by a great many of those very persons who had shunned me the preceding day; and I found everybody making merry with the story of Me-

linda's French gallant. While I remained in this place, I received a message from Lord Quiverwit, desiring, if I was not engaged, to see me at his house.

Thither I immediately repaired, and was conducted to an apartment, where I was received by his lordship in bed. When we were left by ourselves, he thanked me, in very polite terms, for having used the advantage fortune had given me over him with such moderation; and asked pardon for any offence his resentment might have prompted him to commit. "I would willingly," said he, "make you my friend; but as it is impossible for me to divest myself of my passion for Narcissa, I am too well convinced of your sentiments to think we shall ever agree on that subject. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending for you, in order to own candidly that I cannot help opposing your success with that young lady; though, at the same time, I promise to regulate my opposition by the dictates of justice and honour. This, however, I think proper to advertise you of, that she has no independent fortune; and if you should even succeed in your addresses, you would have the mortification to see her reduced to indigence, unless you have wherewithal to support her; and I am credibly informed of your incapacity that way. Nay, I will confess that, urged by this consideration, I have actually sent notice to her brother of the progress I suspect you have made in her affection, and desired him to take his precautions accordingly." Alarmed and provoked at this information, I told his lordship that I did not see how he could reconcile that piece of conduct with his profession of open dealing, and flung away from him in a passion.

As I walked homeward, in hope of hearing from my mistress as usual, by means of Miss Williams, I was surprised with the waving of a handkerchief from the window of a coach and six that passed by me at full speed; and, upon further observation, I saw a servant on horseback riding after it, who, I knew by his livery, belonged to the squire. Thunderstruck with this discovery, the knowledge of my misfortune rushed all at once on my reflection! I guessed immediately that the signal was made by the dear hand of Narcissa, who, being hurried away in consequence of Lord Quiverwit's message to her brother, had no other method of relating her distress and imploring my assistance. Frantic with this conjecture, I ran to my lodgings, snatched my pistols, and ordered Strap to get post-horses, with such incoherence of speech and disorder, that the poor valet, terrified with the suspicion of another duel, instead of providing what I desired, went forthwith to Freeman, who, being informed of my behaviour, came straight to my apartment, and conjured me so pathetically to make him acquainted with the cause of my uneasiness, that I could not refuse telling him my happiness was fled with Narcissa, and that I must retrieve her, or perish. He represented the madness of such an undertaking, and endeavoured to divert me from it with great strength of friendship and reason. But all his arguments would have been ineffectual, had he not put me in mind of the dependence I ought to have on the love of Narcissa, and the attachment of her maid, who could not fail of finding opportunities to advertise me of their situation; and at the same time demonstrated the injury my charmer's reputation must suffer from my precipitate retreat. I was convinced and composed by these considerations. I appeared in public with an air of tranquillity, was well received by the best company in town, and, my misfortune taking air, condoled accordingly; while I had the satisfaction of seeing Melinda so universally discountenanced, that she was fain to return to London, in order to avoid the scoffs and censure of the ladies of Bath. But though the hope of hearing from the darling of my soul supported my spirits a little while, I began to be very uneasy, when, at the end of several weeks, I found that expectation disappointed. In short, melancholy and despondence took possession of my soul; and, repining at that Providence which, by acting the stepmother towards me, kept me from the fruition of my wishes, I determined in a fit of despair to risk all I had at the gaming-table, with a view of acquiring a fortune sufficient to render me independent for life, or of plunging myself into such a state of misery as would effectually crush every ambitious hope that now tortured my imagination.

Actuated by this fatal resolution, I engaged in play, and, after some turns of fortune, found myself at the end of three days worth a thousand pounds; but it was not my intention to stop here, for which cause I kept Strap ignorant of my success, and continued my career, until I was reduced to five guineas, which I would have hazarded also, had I not been ashamed to fall from a bet of two hundred pounds to such a petty sum.

Having thus executed my scheme, I went home, amazed to find myself so much at ease, and informed my friend Strap of my mischance, with such calmness, that he, imagining I joked, affected to receive the tidings with great equanimity. But both he and I found ourselves mistaken very soon. I had misinterpreted my own stupidity into deliberate resignation; and he had reason to believe me in earnest, when he saw me next morning agitated with the most violent despair, which he endeavoured to alleviate with all the consolation in his power.

In one of my lucid intervals, however, I charged him to take a place in the stage-coach for London, and in the meantime paid my debts in Bath, which amounted to thirty shillings only. Without taking leave of my friends, I embarked, Strap having the good fortune to find a return horse, and arrived in town, without having met with anything remarkable on the road. While we crossed Bagshot Heath, I was seized with a sort of inclination to retrieve my fortune, by laying passengers under contribution in some such place. My thoughts were so circumstanced at this time, that I should have digested the crime of robbery, so righteously had I concerted my plan, and ventured my life in the execution, had I not been deterred by reflecting upon the infamy that attends detection.

The apartment I formerly lived in being unengaged, I took possession of it, and next day went in quest of Banter, who received me with open arms, in expectation of having his bond discharged to his liking. But when he understood what had happened, his countenance changed of a sudden; and he told me, with a dryness of displeasure peculiar to himself, that, if he was in my place, he would put it out of fortune's power to play him such another trick, and be avenged of his own indiscretion at once. When I desired him to explain his meaning, he pointed to his neck, raised himself on his tip-toes, and was going away without any further ceremony, when I put him in mind of my indigence, and demanded the five guineas I had formerly lent him. "Five guineas!" cried he, "Zounds! had you acted with common prudence you might have had twenty thousand in your pocket by this time.

I depended upon five hundred from you, as much as if I had had notes for it in the bank; and by all the rules of equity, you are indebted to me for that sum." I was neither pleased nor convinced by this computation, and insisted on my right with such determined obstinacy, that he was fain to alter his tone, and appease my clamour, by assuring me that he was not master of five shillings. Society in distress generally promotes good understanding among people; from being a dun, I descended to be a client, and asked his advice about repairing my losses. He counselled me to have recourse again to the gaming-table, where I succeeded so well before, and put myself in a condition by selling my watch. I followed his directions, and having accommodated him with a few pieces, went to the place, where I lost every shilling.

Then I returned to my lodgings full of desperate resolution, and having made Strap acquainted with my fate, ordered him to pawn my sword immediately, that I might be enabled to make another effort. This affectionate creature no sooner understood my purpose, than, seized with insuppressible sorrow at the prospect of my misery, he burst into tears, and asked what I proposed to do, after the small sum he could raise on the sword should be spent? "On my own account," said he, "I am quite unconcerned; for, while God spares me health and these ten fingers, I can earn a comfortable subsistence anywhere; but what must become of you, who have less humility to stoop, and more appetites to gratify?" Here I interrupted him, by saying, with a gloomy aspect, I should never want a resource while I had a loaded pistol in possession. Stupefied with horror at this dreadful insinuation, he stood mute for some time, and then broke out into, "God of his infinite mercy enable you to withstand that temptation of the devil! Consider your immortal soul: there is no repentance in the grave. O Lord! that ever we should come to this! Are we not enjoined to resign ourselves to the will of Heaven! —where is your patience? *Durum patientia frango;* you are but a young man—there may be many good things in store for you—*Accidit in puncto, quod non speratur in anno*—remember your uncle, Mr. Bowling; perhaps he is now on his voyage homeward, pleasing himself with the hopes of seeing and relieving you; nay, peradventure he is already arrived, for the ship was expected about this time." A ray of hope shot athwart my soul at this suggestion; I thanked my friend for his seasonable recollection, and, after having promised to take no resolution till his return, dismissed him to Wapping for intelligence.

In his absence I was visited by Banter, who being informed of my bad luck at play, told me that fortune would probably be one day weary of persecuting me. "In the meantime," said he, "here is a letter for you, which I received just now enclosed in one from Freeman." I snatched it with eagerness, and knowing the superscription to be of Narcissa's handwriting, kissed it with transport, and having opened it, read,

"It is with great difficulty that I have stolen, from the observation of those spies who are set over me, this opportunity of telling you that I was suddenly carried away from Bath by my brother, who was informed of our correspondence by Lord Quiverwit, whom, I since understand, you have wounded in a duel on my account. As I am fully convinced of your honour and love, I hope I shall never hear of such desperate proofs of either for the future. I am so strictly watched, that it will be impossible for you to see me, until my brother's suspicions shall abate, or Heaven contrive some other unforeseen event in our behalf. In the meantime you may depend on the constancy and affection of—Your own

"NARCISSA."

"*P.S.*—Miss Williams, who is my fellow-prisoner, desires to be remembered to you. We are both in good health, and only in pain for you, especially as it will be impracticable for you to convey any message or letter to the place of our confinement; for which reason, pray desist from the attempt, that, by miscarrying, might prolong our captivity.

"N."

This kind letter afforded me great consolation. I communicated it to Banter, and at the same time showed him her picture. He approved of her beauty and good sense, and could not help owning, that my neglect of Miss Snapper was excusable, when such a fine creature engrossed my attention.

I began to be reconciled to my fate, and imagined that, if I could contrive means of subsisting until my uncle should arrive, in case he was not already at home, he would enable me to do something effectual in behalf of my love and fortune. I therefore consulted Banter about a present supply, who no sooner understood that I had credit with a tailor, than he advised me to take off two or three suits of rich clothes, and convert them into cash, by selling them at half-price to a salesman in Monmouth-street. I was startled at this proposal, which I thought savoured a little of fraud; but he rendered it palatable, by observing, that in a few months I might be in a condition to do everybody justice; and in the meantime I was acquitted by the honesty of my intention. I suffered myself to be persuaded by his salvo, by which my necessity, rather than my judgment, was convinced; and when I found there were no accounts of the ship in which my uncle embarked, actually put the scheme in practice, and raised by it five-and-twenty guineas, paying him for his advice with the odd five.

CHAPTER LXI.

I am arrested—Carried to the Marshalsea—Find my old Acquaintance Beau Jackson in that Jail—He informs me of his Adventures—Strap arrives, and with difficulty is comforted—Jackson introduces me to a Poet—I admire his Conversation and Capacity—Am deeply affected with my Misfortune—Strap hires himself as a Journeyman Barber.

BUT this expedient was in a few weeks attended with a consequence I did not foresee. A player having purchased one of the suits which were exposed to sale, appeared in it on the stage one night, while my tailor unfortunately happened to be present. He knew it immediately, and inquiring minutely into the affair, discovered my whole contrivance; upon which he came to my lodgings, and telling me that he was very much straitened for want of money, presented his bill, which amounted to fifty pounds. Surprised at this unexpected address, I affected to treat him cavalierly, swore some oaths, asked if he doubted my honour, and telling him I should take care whom I dealt with for the future, bade him come again in three days. He obeyed me punctually, demanded his money, and finding himself amused with bare promises, arrested me that very day in the street. I was not much shocked at this adventure, which, indeed, put an end to a state of horrible expectation; but I refused to go to a spunging-house, where I heard there was

nothing but the most flagrant imposition; and a coach being called, was carried to the Marshalsea, attended by a bailiff and his follower, who were very much disappointed and chagrined at my resolution.

The turnkey, guessing from my appearance that I had money in my pocket, received me with the repetition of the Latin word *depone*, and gave me to understand that I must pay beforehand for the apartment I should choose to dwell in. I desired to see his conveniences, and hired a small paltry bedchamber for a crown a week, which, in any other place, would have let for half the money. Having taken possession of this dismal habitation, I sent for Strap, and my thoughts were busied in collecting matter of consolation to that faithful squire, when somebody knocked at my door, which I no sooner opened, than a young fellow entered in very shabby clothes, and marvellous foul linen. After a low bow, he called me by name, and asked if I had forgot him. His voice assisted me in recollecting his person, whom I soon recognised to be my old acquaintance Jackson, of whom mention is made in the first part of my memoirs. I saluted him cordially, expressed my satisfaction of finding him alive, and condoled him on his present situation, which, however, did not seem to affect him much, for he laughed very heartily at the occasion of our meeting so unexpectedly in this place. Our mutual compliments being past, I inquired about his amour with the lady of fortune, which seemed to be so near a happy conclusion when I had the pleasure of seeing him last; and, after an immoderate fit of laughter, he gave me to understand that he had been egregiously bit in that affair. "You must know," said he, "that a few days after our adventure with the bawd and her bitches, I found means to be married to that same fine lady you speak of, and passed the night with her at her lodgings, so much to her satisfaction, that early in the morning, after a good deal of snivelling and sobbing, she owned that, far from being an heiress of great fortune, she was no other than a common woman of the town, who had decoyed me into matrimony, in order to enjoy the privilege of a *femme couverte;* and that, unless I made my escape immediately, I should be arrested for a debt of her contracting, by bailiffs employed and instructed for that purpose. Startled at this intimation, I rose in a twinkling, and taking leave of my spouse with several hearty damns, got safe into the verge of the court, where I kept snug until I was appointed surgeon's mate of a man of war at Portsmouth; for which place I set out on Sunday, went on board of my ship, in which I sailed to the Straits, where I had the good fortune to be made surgeon of a sloop that came home a few months after, and was put out of commission; whereupon I came to London, imagining myself forgotten, and freed from my wife and her creditors; but had not been in town a week before I was arrested for a debt of hers, amounting to twenty pounds, and brought to this place, where I have been fixed by another action since that time. However, you know my disposition; I defy care and anxiety; and, being on the half-pay list, make shift to live here tolerably easy." I congratulated him on his philosophy, and remembering that I was in his debt, repaid the money he formerly lent me, which, I believe, was far from being unseasonable. I then inquired about the economy of the place, which he explained to my satisfaction; and after we had agreed to mess together, he was just going to give orders for dinner, when Strap arrived.

I never in my life saw sorrow so extravagantly expressed in any countenance as in that of my honest friend, which was, indeed, particularly adapted by nature for such impressions. When we were left by ourselves, I communicated to him my disaster, and endeavoured to console him with the same arguments he had formerly used to me, withal representing the fair chance I had of being relieved in a short time by Mr. Bowling. But his grief was unutterable; he seemed to give attention without listening, and wrung his hands in silence; so that I was in a fair way of being infected by his behaviour, when Jackson returned, and, perceiving the deference I paid to Strap, although in a footman's habit, distributed his crumbs of comfort with such mirth, jollity, and unconcern, that the features of the distressed squire relaxed by degrees; he recovered the use of speech, and began to be a little more reconciled to this lamentable event. We dined together on boiled beef and greens, brought from a cook's shop in the neighbourhood; and, although this meal was served up in a manner little corresponding with the sphere of life in which I had lately lived, I made a virtue of necessity, ate with good appetite, and treated my friends with a bottle of wine, which had the desired effect of increasing the good humour of my fellow-prisoner, and exhilarating the spirits of Strap, who now talked cavalierly of my misfortune.

After dinner, Jackson left us to our private affairs; when I desired my friend to pack up all our things and carry them to some cheap lodging he should choose for himself in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, after he had discharged my lodging, for which purpose I gave him money. I likewise recommended to him the keeping my misfortune secret, and saying to my landlord, or any other who should inquire for me, that I was gone into the country for a few weeks. At the same time I laid strong injunctions upon him to call every second day upon Banter, in case he should receive any letter for me from Narcissa, by the channel of Freeman; and by all means to leave a direction for himself, at my uncle's lodgings in Wapping, by which I might be found when my kinsman should arrive.

When he departed to execute these orders, which, by the by, were punctually performed that very night, I found myself so little seasoned to my situation, that I dreaded reflection, and sought shelter from it in the company of the beau, who, promising to regale me with a lecture upon taste, conducted me to the common side, where I saw a number of naked miserable wretches assembled together. We had not been here many minutes, when a figure appeared, wrapped in a dirty rag, tied about his loins with two pieces of list, of different colours, knotted together; having a black bushy beard, and his head covered with a huge mass of brown periwig, which seemed to have been ravished from the crown of some scarecrow. This apparition, stalking in with great solemnity, made a profound bow to the audience, who signified their approbation by a general response of "How d'ye do, doctor?" He then turned towards us, and honoured Jackson with a particular salutation. Upon which my friend, in a formal manner, introduced him to me by the name of Mr. Melopoyn. This ceremony being over, he advanced into the middle of the congregation, which crowded around him, and, hemming three times, to my utter astonishment, pronounced, with great significance of voice and gesture, a very elegant and ingenious discourse upon the difference between genius and taste, illustrating his assertions with apt quotations from the best

authors, ancient as well as modern. When he had finished his harangue, which lasted a full hour, he bowed again to the spectators, not one of whom, I was informed, understood so much as a sentence of what he had uttered. They manifested, however, their admiration and esteem by a voluntary contribution, which, Jackson told me, one week with another, amounted to eighteenpence. This moderate stipend, together with some small presents that he received for making up differences, and deciding causes amongst the prisoners, just enabled him to breathe and walk about, in the grotesque figure I have described. I understood, also, that he was an excellent poet, and had composed a tragedy, which was allowed by everybody who had seen it to be a performance of great merit; that his learning was infinite, his morals unexceptionable, and his modesty invincible. Such a character could not fail of attracting my regard; I longed impatiently to be acquainted with him, and desired Jackson would engage him to spend the evening in my apartment. My request was granted; he favoured us with his company, and in the course of our conversation, perceiving that I had a strong passion for the *Belles Lettres*, acquitted himself so well on that subject, that I expressed a fervent desire of seeing his productions. In this point, too, he gratified my inclination; he promised to bring his tragedy to my room next day, and in the meantime entertained me with some detached pieces, which gave me a very advantageous idea of his poetical talent. Among other things, I was particularly pleased with some elegies, in imitation of Tibullus; one of which I beg leave to submit to the reader, as a specimen of his complexion and capacity:—

Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in Love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range the empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

I was wonderfully affected with this pathetic complaint, which seemed so well calculated for my own disappointment in love, that I could not help attaching the idea of Narcissa to the name of Monimia, and of forming such melancholy presages of my passion, that I could not recover my tranquillity, and was fain to have recourse to the bottle, which prepared me for a profound sleep, that I could not otherwise have enjoyed. Whether these impressions invited and introduced a train of other melancholy reflections, or my fortitude was all exhausted in the effort I made against despondence during the first day of my imprisonment, I cannot determine; but I awoke in the horrors, and found my imagination haunted with such dismal apparitions, that I was ready to despair; and I believe the reader will own I had no great cause to congratulate myself, when I considered my situation. I was interrupted in the midst of these gloomy apprehensions by the arrival of Strap, who contributed not a little to the re-establishment of my peace, by letting me know that he had hired himself as a journeyman barber; by which means he would be able not only to save me a considerable expense, but even make shift to lay up something for my subsistence after my money should be spent, in case I should not be relieved before.

CHAPTER LXII.

I read Melopoyn's Tragedy, and conceive a vast opinion of his Genius—He recounts his Adventures.

While we ate our breakfast together, I made him acquainted with the character and condition of the poet, who came in with his play at that instant, and, imagining we were engaged about business, could not be prevailed upon to sit; but, leaving his performance, went away. My friend's tender heart was melted at the sight of a gentleman and Christian (for he had a great veneration for both these epithets) in such misery, and assented, with great cheerfulness, to a proposal I made, of clothing him with our superfluities; a task with which he charged himself, and departed immediately to perform it.

He was no sooner gone than I locked my door, and sat down to the tragedy, which I read to the end with vast pleasure, not a little amazed at the conduct of the managers who had rejected it. The fable, in my opinion, was well chosen, and naturally conducted; the incidents interesting, the characters beautifully contrasted, strongly marked, and well supported; the diction poetical, spirited, and correct; the unities of the drama maintained with the most scrupulous exactness; the opening gradual and engaging, the *peripeteia* surprising, and the catastrophe affecting. In short, I judged it by the laws of Aristotle and Horace, and could find nothing in it exceptionable, but a little too much embellishment in some few places, which objection he removed to my satisfaction, by a quotation from Aristotle's Poetics, importing that the least interesting parts of a poem ought to be raised and dignified by the charms and energy of diction.

I revered his genius, and was seized with an eager curiosity to know the particular events of a fortune so unworthy of his merit. At that instant Strap returned with a bundle of clothes, which I sent, with my compliments, to Mr. Melopoyn, as a small token of my regard, and desired the favour of his company to dinner. He accepted my present and invitation, and in less than half-an-hour made his appearance in a decent dress, which altered his figure very much to his advantage. I perceived by his countenance that his heart was big with gratitude, and endeavoured to prevent his acknowledgments by asking pardon for the liberty I had taken. He made no reply, but, with an aspect full of admiration and esteem, bowed to the ground, while the tears gushed from his eyes. Affected with these symptoms of an ingenuous mind, I shifted the conversation, and complimented him on his performance, which, I assured him, afforded me infinite pleasure. My approbation made him happy. Dinner being served, and Jackson arrived, I begged their permission

for Strap to sit at table with us, after having informed them that he was a person to whom I was extremely obliged. They were kind enough to grant that favour, and we ate together with great harmony and satisfaction.

Our meal being ended, I expressed my wonder at the little regard Mr. Melopoyn had met with from the world; and signified a desire of hearing how he had been treated by the managers of the playhouses, to whom I understood from Jackson he had offered his tragedy without success. "There is so little entertaining in the incidents of my life," said he, "that I am sure the recital will not recompense your attention; but, since you discover an inclination to know them, I understand my duty too well to disappoint your desire.

"My father, who was a curate in the country, being, by the narrowness of his circumstances, hindered from maintaining me at the university, took the charge of my education upon himself, and laboured with such industry and concern in the undertaking, that I had little cause to regret the want of public masters. Being at great pains to consult my natural bias, he discovered in me, betimes, an inclination for poetry; upon which he recommended to me an intimate acquaintance with the classics, in the cultivation of which he assisted me with paternal zeal and uncommon erudition. When he thought me sufficiently acquainted with the ancients, he directed my studies to the best modern authors, French and Italian, as well as English, and laid a particular injunction upon me to make myself master of my mother tongue.

"About the age of eighteen, I grew ambitious of undertaking a work of some consequence; and, with my father's approbation, actually planned the tragedy you have read; but, before I had finished four acts, that indulgent parent died, and left my mother and me in very indigent circumstances. A near relation, compassionating our distress, took us into his family, where I brought my fable to a conclusion, and soon after that period my mother quitted this life. When my sorrow for this melancholy event had subsided, I told my kinsman, who was a farmer, that, having paid my last duty to my parent, I had now no attachment to detain me in the country, and therefore was resolved to set out for London, and offer my play to the stage, where I did not doubt of acquiring a large share of fame as well as fortune, in which case I should not be unmindful of my friends and benefactors. My cousin was ravished with the prospect of my felicity, and willingly contributed towards the expense of fitting me out for my expedition.

"Accordingly I took a place in the waggon, and arrived in town, where I hired an apartment in a garret, willing to live as frugal as possible until I should know what I had to expect from the manager, to whom I intended to offer my play; for though I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of a good reception, imagining that a patentee would be as eager to receive as I to present my production, I did not know whether or not he might be pre-engaged in favour of another author, a circumstance that would certainly retard my success. On this consideration, too, I determined to be speedy in my application, and even to wait upon one of the managers the very next day. For this purpose, I inquired of my landlord if he knew where either or both of them lived; and he, being curious to know my business, and at the same time appearing to be a very honest friendly man (a tallow-chandler), I made him acquainted with my design, upon which he told me that I went the wrong way to work, that I would not find such easy access to a manager as I imagined, and that, if I delivered my performance without proper recommendation, it would be as one to a thousand if ever it should be minded. 'Take my advice,' said he, 'and your business is done. One of the patentees is a good Catholic, as I am, and uses the same father who confesses me. I will make you acquainted with this good priest, who is an excellent scholar, and if he should approve of your play, his recommendation will go a great way in determining Mr. Supple to bring it on the stage.' I applauded his expedient, and was introduced to the friar, who, having perused the tragedy, was pleased to signify his approbation, and commended me, in particular, for having avoided all reflections upon religion. He promised to use all his influence with his son Supple in my behalf, and to inform himself that very day at what time it would be proper for me to wait upon him with the piece. He was punctual in performing his engagement, and next morning gave me to understand that he had mentioned my affair to the manager, and that I had no more to do than to go to his house any time in the forenoon, and make use of his name, upon which I should find immediate admittance. I took this advice, put my performance in my bosom, and, having received directions, went immediately to the house of Mr. Supple, and knocked at the door, which had a wicket in the middle, faced with a net-work of iron. Through this a servant having viewed me for some time, demanded to know my business. I told him my business was with Mr. Supple, and that I came from Mr. O'Varnish. He examined my appearance once more, then went away, returned in a few minutes, and said his master was busy, and could not be seen. Although I was a little mortified at my disappointment, I was persuaded that my reception was owing to Mr. Supple's ignorance of my errand; and, that I might meet with no more obstructions of the same kind, I desired Mr. O'Varnish to be my introductor the next time. He complied with my request, and obtained immediate admittance to the manager, who received me with the utmost civility, and promised to read my play with the first convenience. By his own appointment, I called again in a fortnight, but he was gone out; I returned in a week after, and the poor gentleman was extremely ill; I renewed my visit in a fortnight after that, and he assured me he had been so much fatigued with business that he had not been able as yet to read it to an end, but he would take the first opportunity, and in the meantime observed, that what he had just seen of it was very entertaining. I comforted myself with this declaration a few weeks longer, at the end of which I appeared again before his wicket, was let in, and found him laid up with the gout. I no sooner entered his chamber than, looking at me with a languishing eye, he said, 'Mr. Melopoyn, I'm heartily sorry for an accident that has happened during my illness. You must know that my eldest boy, finding your manuscript upon the table in the dining-room, where I used to read it, carried it into the kitchen, and leaving it there, a negligent wench of a cook-maid, mistaking it for waste paper, has expended it all but a few leaves in singing fowls upon the spit. But I hope the misfortune is not irreparable, since, no doubt, you have several copies.'

"I protest to you, my good friend, Mr. Random, I was extremely shocked at this information, but the good-natured gentleman seemed to be so much affected with my misfortune that I suppressed my

concern, and told him that although I had not another copy, I should be able to retrieve the loss by writing another from my memory, which was very tenacious. You cannot imagine how well pleased Mr. Supple was at this assurance; he begged I would set about it immediately, and carefully revolve and recollect every circumstance before I pretended to commit it to paper, that it might be the same individual play that he had perused. Encouraged by this injunction, which plainly demonstrated how much he interested himself in the affair, I tasked my remembrance and industry, and in three weeks produced the exact image of the former, which was conveyed to him by my good friend, Father O'Varnish, who told me next day that Mr. Supple would revise it superficially, in order to judge of its sameness with the other, and then give his final answer. For this examination I allotted a week, and in full confidence of seeing it acted in a little while, demanded an audience of the manager when that term was expired. But alas! the season had slipped away insensibly; he convinced me that if my play had been put into rehearsal at that time, it could not have been ready for performing until the end of March, when the benefit nights came on, consequently it would have interfered with the interest of the players, whom it was not my business to disoblige.

"I was fain to acquiesce in these reasons, which to be sure were extremely just, and to reserve my performance for the next season, when he hoped I would not be so unlucky. Although it was a grievous disappointment to me, who by this time began to want both money and necessaries, having, on the strength of my expectation from the theatre, launched out into some extravagances, by which the sum I brought to town was already almost consumed. Indeed, I ought to be ashamed at this circumstance of my conduct, for my finances were sufficient, with good economy, to have maintained me comfortably a whole year. You will perhaps be amazed when I tell you that in six months I expended not a farthing less than ten guineas; but when one considers the temptations to which a young man is exposed in this great city, especially if he is addicted to pleasure, as I am, the wonder will vanish, or at least abate. Nor was the cause of my concern limited to my own situation entirely: I had writ an account of my good reception to my kinsman the farmer, and desired him to depend upon me for the money he had kindly accommodated me with about the end of February, which promise I now found myself unable to perform. However, there was no remedy but patience. I applied to my landlord, who was a very good-natured man, candidly owned my distress, and begged his advice in laying down some plan for my subsistence. He readily promised to consult his confessor on this subject, and told me I was welcome, in the meantime, to lodge and board with him until fortune should put it in my power to make restitution.

"Mr. O'Varnish, being informed of my necessity, offered to introduce me to the author of a weekly paper, who, he did not doubt, would employ me in that way, provided he should find me duly qualified; but, upon inquiry, I understood that this journal was calculated to foment divisions in the commonwealth, and therefore I desired to be excused from engaging in it. He then proposed that I should write something in the poetical way, which I might dispose of to a bookseller for a pretty sum of ready money, and perhaps establish my own character into the bargain; this event would infallibly procure friends, and my tragedy would appear next season to the best advantage, by being supported both by interest and reputation. I was charmed with this prospect, and having heard what friends Mr. Pope acquired by his pastorals, set about a work of that kind, and in less than six weeks composed as many eclogues, which I forthwith offered to an eminent bookseller, who desired me to leave them for his perusal, and he would give me an answer in two days. At the end of that time I went to him, when he returned the poems, telling me they would not answer his purpose, and sweetened his refusal by saying there were some good clever lines in them. Not a little dejected at this rebuff, which I learned from Mr. O'Varnish was owing to the opinion of another author, whom this bookseller always consulted on these occasions, I applied to another person of the same profession, who told me the town was cloyed with pastorals, and advised me, if I intended to profit by my talents, to write something satirical or luscious, such as the *Button-Hole, Shockey and Towzer, The Leaky Vessel*, etc.; and yet this was a man in years, who wore a reverend periwig, looked like a senator, and went regularly to church. Be that as it will, I scorned to prostitute my pen in the manner he proposed, and carried my papers to a third, who assured me that poetry was entirely out of his way, and asked if I had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe, and Colonel Jack, or a collection of conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations? Being quite unfurnished for this dealer, I had recourse to another with as little success, and I verily believe was rejected by the whole trade.

"I was afterwards persuaded to offer myself as a translator, and accordingly repaired to a person who was said to entertain numbers of that class in his pay. He assured me he had already a great deal of that work on his hands, which he did not know what to do with, observed that translation was a mere drug, that branch of literature being overstocked with an inundation of authors from North Britain, and asked what I would expect per sheet for rendering the Latin classics into English. That I might not make myself too cheap, I determined to set a high price upon my qualifications, and demanded half a guinea for every translated sheet. 'Half a guinea!' cried he, staring at me, then paused a little, and said, 'he had no occasion for my service at present.' I found my error, and, resolving to make amends, fell one half in my demand, upon which he stared at me again, and told me his hands were full. I attempted others without finding employment, and was actually reduced to a very uncomfortable prospect, when I bethought myself of offering my talents to the printers of halfpenny ballads, and other such occasional essays as are hawked about the streets. With this view, I applied to one of the most noted and vociferous of this tribe, who directed me to a person whom I found entertaining a whole crowd of them with gin, bread, and cheese; he carried me into a little back parlour, very neatly furnished, where I signified my desire of being enrolled among his writers, and was asked what kind of composition I professed. Understanding that my inclination leaned towards poetry, he expressed his satisfaction, telling me one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in Bedlam, and the other was become dozed with drinking drams, so that he had not done anything tolerable these many weeks. When I

proposed that we should enter into terms of agreement, he gave me to understand that his bargains were always conditional, and his authors paid in proportion to the sale of their works.

"Having therefore settled these conditions, which, I do assure you, were not very advantageous to me, he assigned me a subject for a ballad, which was to be finished in two hours, and I retired to my garret in order to perform his injunction. As the theme happened to suit my fancy, I completed a pretty sort of an ode within the time prescribed, and brought it to him big with hope of profit and applause. He read it in a twinkling, and, to my utter astonishment, told me it would not do, though indeed he owned I wrote a good hand, and spelled very well, but my language was too high-flown, and of consequence not at all adapted to the capacity and taste of his customers. I promised to rectify that mistake, and in half-an-hour humbled my style to the comprehension of vulgar readers; he approved of the alteration, and gave me some hopes of succeeding in time, though he observed that my performance was very deficient in the quaintness of expression that pleases the multitude; however, to encourage me, he ventured the expense of printing and paper, and, if I remember aright, my share of the sale amounted to fourpence-halfpenny.

"From that day I studied the Grub-street manner with great diligence, and at length became such a proficient, that my works were in great request among the most polite of the chairmen, draymen, hackney-coachmen, footmen, and servant-maids. Nay, I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing my productions adorned with cuts, pasted upon the wall as ornaments in beer-cellars and cobbler's stalls, and have actually heard them sung in clubs of substantial tradesmen. But empty praise, you know, my dear friend, will not supply the cravings of nature. I found myself in danger of starving in the midst of all my fame; for of ten songs I composed, it was well if two had the good fortune to please. For this reason I turned my thoughts to prose, and, during a tract of gloomy weather, published an apparition, on the substance of which I subsisted very comfortably a whole month; I have made many a good meal upon a monster; a rape has often afforded me great satisfaction; but a murder, well timed, was my never-failing resource. What then? I was a most miserable slave to my employers, who expected to be furnished at a minute's warning with prose and verse, just as they thought the circumstances of the times required, whether the inclination was absent or present. Upon my sincerity, Mr. Random, I have been so much pestered and besieged by those children of clamour, that life became a burden to me.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Continuation and Conclusion of Mr. Melopoyn's Story.

"I MADE shift, notwithstanding, to maintain myself till the beginning of next winter, when I renewed my addresses to my friend Mr. Supple, and was most graciously received. 'I have been thinking of your affair, Mr. Melopoyn,' said he, 'and am determined to show how far I have your interest at heart, by introducing you to a young nobleman of my acquaintance, who is remarkable for his fine taste in dramatic writings, and is, besides, a man of such influence, that, if once he should approve of your play, his patronage will support it against all the efforts of envy and ignorance; for I do assure you that merit alone will not bring success. I have already spoke of your performance to Lord Rattle, and if you will call at my house in a day or two, you shall have a letter of introduction to his lordship.' I was sensibly touched with this mark of Mr. Supple's friendship, and looking upon my affair as already done, went home and imparted my good fortune to my landlord, who, to render my appearance more acceptable to my patron, procured a suit of new clothes for me on his own credit.

"Not to trouble you with idle particulars, I carried my tragedy to his lordship's lodgings, and sent it up, along with Mr. Supple's letter, by one of his servants, who desired me, by his lord's order, to return in a week. I did so, and was admitted to his lordship, who received me very courteously; told me he had perused my play, which he thought, on the whole, was the best *coup d'essai* he had ever seen; but that he had marked some places in the margin, which he imagined might be altered for the better. I was transported with this reception, and promised, with many acknowledgments of his lordship's generosity, to be governed solely by his advice and direction. 'Well then,' said he, 'write another fair copy with the alterations I have proposed, and bring it to me as soon as possible; for I am resolved to have it brought on the stage this winter.' You may be sure I set about this task with alacrity; and though I found his lordship's remarks much more numerous, and of less importance, than I expected, I thought it was not my interest to dispute upon trifles with my patron; therefore new-modelled it, according to his desire, in less than a month.

"When I waited upon him with the manuscript, I found one of the actors at breakfast with his lordship, who immediately introduced him to my acquaintance, and desired him to read a scene of my play. This task he performed very much to my satisfaction, with regard to emphasis and pronunciation; but he signified his disgust at several words in every page, which I presuming to defend, Lord Rattle told me, with a peremptory look, I must not pretend to dispute with him, who had been a player these twenty years, and understood the economy of the stage better than any man living. I was forced to submit, and his lordship proposed the same actor should read the whole play in the evening before some gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he would convene at his lodgings for that purpose.

"I was present at the reading; and I protest to you, my dear friend, I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life as at that juncture; for although the player might be a very honest man, and a good performer, he was excessively illiterate and assuming, and made a thousand frivolous objections, which I was not permitted to answer. However, the piece was very much applauded on the whole; the gentlemen present, who, I understood, were men of fortune, promised to countenance and support it as much as they could; and Lord Rattle, assuring me that he would act the part of a careful nurse to it, desired me to carry it home, and alter it immediately according to their remarks. I was fain to acquiesce in his determination, and fulfilled his injunctions with all the expedition in my power; but before I could present the new copy, my good friend Mr. Supple had disposed of his property and patent to one Mr. Brayer, so that fresh interest was to be made with the new manager. This task Lord Rattle undertook,

having some acquaintance with him, and recommended my performance so strongly that it was received.

"I looked upon myself now as upon the eve of reaping the fruits of all my labour. I waited a few days in expectation of its being put into rehearsal, and wondering at the delay, applied to my worthy patron, who excused Mr. Brayer, on account of the multiplicity of business in which he was involved, and bade me beware of teasing the patentee. I treasured up this caution, and exerted my patience three weeks longer; at the end of which his lordship gave me to understand that Mr. Brayer had read my play, and owned it had indubitable merit; but as he had long been pre-engaged to another author, he could not possibly represent it that season; though, if I would reserve it for the next, and, in the interim, make such alterations as he had proposed by observations on the margin, I might depend upon his compliance.

"Thunderstruck at this disappointment, I could not, for some minutes, utter one syllable. At length, however, I complained bitterly of the manager's insincerity in amusing me so long, when he knew from the beginning that he could not gratify my desire. But his lordship reprimanded me for my freedom; said Mr. Brayer was a man of honour, and imputed his behaviour with respect to me to nothing else but forgetfulness. And indeed I have had some reason since that time to be convinced of his bad memory; for, in spite of appearances, I will not allow myself to interpret his conduct any other way. Lord Rattle, observing me very much affected with my disappointment, offered his interest to bring on my play at the other house, which I eagerly accepting, he forthwith wrote a letter of recommendation to Mr. Bellower, actor and prime minister to Mr. Vandal, proprietor of that theatre; and desired me to deliver it with my tragedy without loss of time. Accordingly, I hastened to his house, where, after having waited a whole hour in a lobby, I was admitted to his presence, and my performance received with great state. He told me he was extremely busy at present, but he would peruse it as soon as possible, and bade me call again in a week. I took my leave, not a little astonished at the pert and supercilious behaviour of this stage-player, who had not treated me with good manners; and I began to think the dignity of a poet greatly impaired since the days of Euripides and Sophocles; but all this was nothing in comparison to what I have since observed.

"Well, Mr. Random, I went back at the appointed time, and was told that Mr. Bellower was engaged, and could not see me. I repeated my visit a few days after, and, having waited a considerable time, was favoured with an audience, during which he said he had not as yet read my play. Nettled at this usage, I could contain myself no longer, but telling him I imagined he would have paid more deference to Lord Rattle's recommendation, demanded my manuscript with some expressions of resentment. 'Ay,' said he, in a theatrical tone, 'with all my heart.' Then pulling out a drawer of the bureau at which he sat, he took out a bundle, and threw it upon a table that was near him, pronouncing the word 'There' with great disdain. I took it up, and perceiving, with some surprise, that it was a comedy, told him it did not belong to me; upon which he offered me another, which I also disclaimed. A third was produced, and rejected for the same reason. At length he pulled out a whole handful, and spread them before me, saying, 'There are seven; take which you please, or take them all.' I singled out my own, and went away, struck dumb with admiration at what I had seen; not so much on account of his insolence, as of the number of new plays, which from this circumstance I concluded were yearly offered to the stage. You may be sure I did not fail to carry my complaint to my patron, who did not receive it with all the indignation I expected; but taxed me with precipitation, and told me I must lay my account with bearing the humours of the players, if I intended to write for the stage. 'There is now no other remedy,' said he, 'but to keep it till the next season for Mr. Brayer, and alter it at your leisure in the summer according to his directions.' I was now reduced to a terrible alternative, either to quit all hopes of my tragedy, from which I had all along promised myself a large share of fortune and reputation, or to encounter eight long months of adversity in preparing for, and expecting its appearance. This last penance, painful as it was, seemed most eligible to my reflection at that time, and therefore I resolved to undergo it.

"Why should I tire you with particulars of no consequence? I wrestled with extreme poverty until the time of my probation was expired; and went to my Lord Rattle, in order to remind him of my affair, when I understood, to my great concern, that his lordship was just on the point of going abroad, and, which was still more unfortunate for me, Mr. Brayer had gone into the country, so that my generous patron had it not in his power to introduce me personally, as he intended. However, he wrote a very strong letter to the manager in my favour, and put him in mind of the promise he had made in behalf of my play.

"As soon as I was certified of Brayer's return, I went to his house with this letter, but was told he was gone out. I called again next day early in the morning, received the same answer, and was desired to leave my name and business; I did so, and returned the day after, when the servant still affirmed that his master was gone abroad, though I perceived him, as I retired, observing me through a window. Incensed at this discovery, I went to a coffee-house hard by, and enclosing his lordship's letter in one from myself, demanded a categorical answer. I sent it to his house by a porter, who returned in a few minutes, and told me Mr. Brayer would be glad to see me at that instant. I obeyed the summons, and was received with such profusion of compliments and apologies, that my resentment immediately subsided, and I was even in pain for the concern which this honest man showed at the mistake of his servant, who, it seems, had been ordered to deny him to everybody but me. He expressed the utmost veneration for his good and noble friend Lord Rattle, whom he should be always proud to serve; promised to peruse the play with all despatch, and give me a meeting upon it; and, as a testimony of his esteem, made me a present of a general order for the season, by which I should be admitted to any part of the theatre. This was a very agreeable compliment to me, whose greatest pleasure consisted in seeing dramatic performances; and you need not doubt that I often availed myself of my privilege. As I had an opportunity of being behind the scenes when I pleased, I frequently conversed with Mr. Brayer about my play, and asked when he intended to put it into rehearsal; but he had always so much business upon his hands, that it remained with him unopened a considerable while; and I became very uneasy about the

season, that wasted apace, when I saw in the papers another new play advertised, which had been written, offered, accepted, and rehearsed in the compass of three months. You may easily guess how much I was confounded at this event. I own to you that, in the first transports of my anger, I suspected Mr. Brayer of having acted towards me in the most pitiful, perfidious manner; and was actually glad at his disappointment in the success of his favourite piece, which, by the strength of art, lingered till the third night, and then died in a deplorable manner. But, now that passion has no share in my reflection, I am willing to ascribe his behaviour to his want of memory or want of judgment, which, you know, are natural defects, that are more worthy of compassion than reproach.

"About this time I happened to be in company with a gentlewoman, who, having heard of my tragedy, told me she was acquainted with the wife of a gentleman, who was very well known to a lady, who had great interest with a person who was intimate with Earl Sheerwit, and that, if I pleased, she would use her influence in my behalf. As this nobleman had the character of a Mæcenas in the nation, and could stamp a value upon any work by his sole countenance and approbation, I accepted her offer with eagerness, in full confidence of seeing my reputation established, and my wishes fulfilled in a very short time, provided that I should have the good fortune to please his lordship's taste. I withdrew the manuscript from the hands of Mr. Brayer, and committed it to the care of this gentlewoman, who laboured so effectually in my interest, that in less than a month it was conveyed to the earl, and, in a few weeks after, I had the satisfaction to hear that he had read and approved it very much. Transported with this piece of intelligence, I flattered myself with the hopes of his interesting himself in its favour; but hearing no more of this matter in three whole months, I began—God forgive me!—to suspect the veracity of the person who brought me the good tidings; for I thought it impossible that a man of his rank and character, who knew the difficulty of writing a good tragedy, and understood the dignity of the work, should read and applaud an essay of this kind, without feeling an inclination to befriend the author, whom his countenance alone could raise above dependence. But it was not long before I found my friend very much wronged by my opinion.

"You must know that the civilities I had received from Lord Rattle, and the desire he manifested to promote the success of my play, encouraged me to write an account of my bad fortune to his lordship, who condescended so far as to desire, by letter, a young squire of a great estate, with whom he was intimate, to espouse my cause, and, in particular, make me acquainted with one Mr. Marmozet, a celebrated player, who had lately appeared on the stage with astonishing éclat, and bore such sway in the house where he acted, that the managers durst not refuse anything he recommended. The young gentleman whom Lord Rattle had employed for this purpose, being diffident of his own interest with Mr. Marmozet, had recourse to a nobleman of his acquaintance, who, at his solicitation, was so good as to introduce me to him; and the conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear that Earl Sheerwit had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr. Marmozet the copy, with a message expressing a desire that he would act in it next season. Nor was this favourite actor backward in commending the piece, which he mentioned with some expressions of regard, that I do not choose to repeat; assuring me that he would appear in it, provided he should be engaged to play at all during the ensuing season. In the meantime, he desired I would give him leave to peruse it in the country, whither he intended to remove next day, that he might have leisure to consider and point out such alterations as might, perhaps, be necessary for its representation; and took my direction that he might communicate by letter the observations he should make. Trusting to these assurances, and the interest which had been made in my behalf, I hugged myself in the expectation of seeing it not only acted, but acted to the greatest advantage; and this I thought could not fail of recompensing me in an ample manner for the anxiety and affliction I had undergone. But six weeks being elapsed, I did not know how to reconcile Mr. Marmozet's silence with his promise of writing to me in ten days after he set out for the country; however, I was at last favoured with a letter, importing that he had made some remarks on my tragedy, which he would freely impart at meeting, and advising me to put it, without loss of time, into the hands of that manager who had the best company, as he himself was quite uncertain whether or not he should be engaged that winter. I was a good deal alarmed at this last part of his letter, and advised about it with a friend, who told me it was a plain indication of Mr. Marmozet's desire to get rid of his promise; that his pretended uncertainty about acting next winter was no other than a scandalous evasion; for, to his certain knowledge, he was already engaged, or at least in terms with Mr. Vandal; and that his design was to disappoint me, in favour of a new comedy, which he had purchased of the author, and intended to bring upon the stage for his own advantage. In short, my dear sir, this person, who, I must own, is of a sanguine complexion, handled the moral character of Mr. Marmozet with such severity, that I began to suspect him of some particular prejudice, and put myself upon my guard against his insinuations. I ought to crave pardon for this tedious narration of trivial circumstances, which, however interesting they may be to me, must certainly be very dry and insipid to the ear of one unconcerned in the affair. But I understand the meaning of your looks, and will proceed. Well, sir, Mr. Marmozet, upon his return to town, treated me with uncommon complaisance, and invited me to his lodgings, where he proposed to communicate his remarks, which I confess were more unfavourable than I expected; but I answered his objections, and, as I thought, brought him over to my opinion; for, on the whole, he signified the highest approbation of the performance. In the course of our dispute, I was not a little surprised to find this poor gentleman's memory so treacherous, as to let him forget what he had said to me, before he went out of town, in regard to Earl Sheerwit's opinion of my play, which he now professed himself ignorant of; and I was extremely mortified at hearing from his own mouth, that his interest with Mr. Vandal was so very low, as to be insufficient of itself to bring a new piece upon the stage. I then begged his advice; and he counselled me to apply to Earl Sheerwit for a message in my favour to the manager, who would not presume to refuse anything recommended by so great a man; and he was so kind as to promise to second this message with all his power. I had immediate recourse to

the worthy gentlewoman, my friend, already mentioned, who opened the channels of her conveyance with such expedition, that in a few days I had the promise of the message, provided I could assure myself of Mr. Vandal's being unengaged to any other author; for his lordship did not choose to condescend so far, until he should understand that there was a probability (at least) of succeeding; at the same time that blessed me with this piece of news, I was startled at another, by the same channel of communication; which was, that Mr. Marmozet, before he advised me to this application, had informed the earl that he had read my play, and found it altogether unfit for the stage. Though I could not doubt the certainty of this intelligence, I believed there was some misapprehension in the case; and without taking any notice of it, told Mr. Marmozet the answer I had been favoured with; and he promised to ask Mr. Vandal the question proposed. I waited upon him in a day or two, when he gave me to understand that Mr. Vandal, having professed himself free of all engagements, he had put my play into his hands, and represented it as a piece strongly recommended by Earl Sheerwit, who, he assured him, would honour him with a message in its favour; and he desired me to call for an answer at Mr. Vandal's house in three days. I followed his directions, and found the manager, who, being made acquainted with my business, owned that Mr. Marmozet had given him a manuscript play, but denied that he had mentioned Earl Sheerwit's name. When I informed him of the circumstances of the affair, he said he had no engagement with any author; that he would read my tragedy forthwith, and did not believe he should venture to reject it in contradiction to his lordship's opinion, for which he had the utmost veneration, but put it into rehearsal without loss of time. I was so much intoxicated with this encouragement, that I overlooked the mysterious conduct of Mr. Marmozet, and attended the manager at the time appointed, when, to my infinite confusion, he pronounced my play improper for the stage, and rejected it accordingly. As soon as I could recollect myself from the disorder into which this unexpected refusal had thrown me, I expressed a desire of hearing his objections, which were so groundless, indistinct, and unintelligible, that I persuaded myself he had not at all perused the piece, but had been prompted by somebody, whose lessons he had not rightly retained. However, I have been since informed that the poor man's head, which was not naturally very clear, had been disordered with superstition, and that he laboured under the tyranny of a wife and the terrors of hell-fire at the same time. Precipitated in this manner from the highest pinnacle of hope to the abyss of despondence, I was ready to sink under the burden of my affliction, and, in the bitterness of my anguish, could not help entertaining some doubts of Mr. Marmozet's integrity, when I recollected and compared the circumstances of his conduct towards me. I was encouraged in this suspicion by being told that my Lord Sheerwit had spoke of his character with great contempt, and, in particular, resented his insolence in opposing his own taste to that of his lordship concerning my tragedy. While I hesitated between different opinions of the matter, that friend, who, as I told you before, was a little hot-headed, favoured me with a visit, and having heard a circumstantial account of the whole affair, could not contain his indignation, but affirmed, without ceremony, that Marmozet was the sole occasion of my disappointment; that he had acted from first to last with the most perfidious dissimulation, cajoling me with insinuating civilities, while he underhand employed all his art and influence to prejudice the ignorant manager against my performance; that nothing could equal his hypocrisy but his avarice, which engrossed the faculties of his soul so much, that he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest practices to gratify that sordid appetite; that, in consequence of this disposition, he had prostituted his honour in betraying my inexperience, and in undermining the interest of another author of established reputation, who had also offered a tragedy to the stage, which he thought would interfere with the success of the comedy he had bought, and determined to bring on at all events.

"I was shocked at the description of such a monster, which I could not believe existed in the world, bad as it is, and argued against the asseverations of my friend, by demonstrating the bad policy of such behaviour, which could not fail of entailing infamy upon the author; and the small temptation that a man of Mr. Marmozet's figure and success could have to consult his interest in such a grovelling manner, which must create contempt and abhorrence of him in his patrons, and effectually deprive him of the countenance and protection he now enjoys in such an eminent degree. He pretended to laugh at my simplicity, and asked if I knew for which of his virtues he was so much caressed by the people of fashion. 'It is not,' said he, 'for the qualities of his heart, that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment. His avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing; but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard.' God forbid, Mr. Random, that I should credit assertions that degrade the dignity of our superiors so much, and represent that poor man as the most abject of all beings! No! I looked upon them as the hyperboles of passion; and though that comedy of which he spoke did actually appear, I dare not doubt the innocence of Mr. Marmozet, who, I am told, is as much as ever in favour with the earl: a circumstance that surely could not be, unless he had vindicated his character to the satisfaction of his lordship. Pray forgive this long digression, and give me the hearing a little longer; for, thank Heaven! I am now near the goal.

"Baffled in all my attempts, I despaired of seeing my play acted; and bethought myself of choosing some employment that might afford a sure, though mean subsistence; but my landlord, to whom I was by this time considerably indebted, and who had laid his account with having his money paid all in a heap from the profits of my third night, could not brook his disappointment, therefore made another effort in my behalf, and, by dint of interest, procured a message from a lady of fashion to Mr. Brayer, who had always professed a great veneration for her, desiring that he would set up my play forthwith, and assuring him that she and all her friends would support it in the performance. To strengthen my interest, she engaged his best actors in my cause; and, in short, exerted herself so much, that it was again received, and my hopes began to revive. But Mr. Brayer,

honest man, was so much engrossed by business of vast consequence, though to appearance he had nothing at all to do, that he could not find time to read it until the season was pretty far advanced; and read it he must, for, notwithstanding his having perused it before, his memory did not retain one circumstance of the matter.

"At length he favoured it with his attention, and, having proposed certain alterations, sent his duty to the lady who patronized it, and promised on his honour to bring it on next winter, provided these alterations should be made, and the copy delivered to him before the end of April. With an aching heart, I submitted to these conditions, and performed them accordingly. But fortune owed me another unforeseen mortification. Mr. Marmozet, during the summer, became joint patentee with Mr. Brayer; so that, when I claimed performance of articles, I was told he could do nothing without the consent of his partner, who was pre-engaged to another author.

"My condition was rendered desperate by the death of my good friend and landlord, whose executors obtained a judgment against my effects, which they seized, turned me out into the streets naked, friendless, and forlorn. There I was arrested at the suit of my tailor, and thrown into this prison, where I have made shift to live these five weeks on the bounty of my fellow-prisoners, who, I hope, are not the worse for the instruction and good offices by which I manifest my gratitude; but, in spite of all their charitable endeavours, my life was scarce tolerable, until your uncommon benevolence enabled me to enjoy it with comfort."

CHAPTER LXIV.

I am seized with a deep Melancholy, and become a Sloven—Am relieved by my Uncle—He prevails upon me to engage with his Owners, as Surgeon of the Ship which he commands—He makes me a considerable Present—Entertains Strap as his Steward—I take leave of my Friends, and go on Board—The Ship arrives in the Downs.

I SHALL not make any reflections on this story, in the course of which the reader must perceive how egregiously the simplicity and milky disposition of this worthy man had been duped and abused by a set of scoundrels, who were so habituated to falsehood and equivocation, that I verily believe they would have found the utmost difficulty in uttering one syllable of truth, though their lives had depended upon their sincerity. Notwithstanding all I had suffered from the knavery and selfishness of mankind, I was amazed and incensed at the base indifference which suffered such uncommon merit as he possessed to languish in obscurity, and struggle with all the miseries of a loathsome jail; and should have blessed the occasion that secluded me from such a perfidious world, had not the remembrance of the amiable Narcissa preserved my attachment to that society of which she constituted a part. The picture of that lovely creature was the constant companion of my solitude. How often did I contemplate the resemblance of those enchanting features that first captivated my heart! How often did I weep over those endearing scenes which her image recalled; and how often did I curse my perfidious fate for having robbed me of the fair original! In vain did my imagination flatter me with schemes of future happiness; surly reason always interposed, and, in a moment, overthrew that unsubstantial fabric, by chastising the extravagance of my hope, and representing my unhappy situation in the right point of view. In vain did I fly for refuge to the amusements of the place, and engage in the parties of Jackson, at cards, billiards, nine-pins, and fives. A train of melancholy thoughts took possession of my soul, which even the conversation of Melopoyn could not divert. I ordered Strap to inquire every day at Banter's lodgings, in expectation of hearing again from my charmer, and my disappointment considerably augmented my chagrin. My affectionate valet was infected with my sorrow, and often sat with me whole hours without speaking, uttering sigh for sigh, and shedding tear for tear. This fellowship increased our distemper; he became incapable of business, and was discarded by his master; while I, seeing my money melt away, without any certainty of deliverance, and, in short, all my hopes frustrated, grew negligent of life, lost all appetite, and degenerated into such a sloven, that during the space of two months I was neither washed, shifted, nor shaved; so that my face, rendered meagre with abstinence, was obscured with dirt and overshadowed with hair, and my whole appearance squalid, and even frightful; when one day Strap brought me notice that there was a man below who wanted to speak with me. Roused at this intelligence, and in full hopes of receiving a letter from the dear object of my love, I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and found, to my infinite surprise, my generous uncle, Mr. Bowling. Transported at the sight, I sprung forward to embrace him. Upon which he started aside with great agility, drew his hanger, and put himself upon his guard, saying, "Avast, brother, avast! sheer off! Yoho! you turnkey, why don't you keep a better look-out? here's one of your crazy prisoners broke from his lashings, I do suppose." I could not help laughing heartily at his mistake; but this I soon rectified by my voice, which he instantly recollected, and shook me by the hand with great affection, testifying his concern at seeing me in such a miserable condition.

I conducted him to my apartment, where, in presence of Strap, whom I introduced to him as one of my best friends, he gave me to understand that he was just arrived from the coast of Guinea, after having made a pretty successful voyage, in which he acted as mate, until the ship was attacked by a French privateer; that the captain being killed during the engagement, he had taken the command, and was so fortunate as to sink the enemy; after which exploit he fell in with a merchant ship from Martinico, laden with sugar, indigo, and some silver; and by virtue of his letter of marque, attacked, took, and brought her safe into Kinsale, in Ireland, where she was condemned as a lawful prize; by which means he had not only got a pretty sum of money, but also acquired the favour of his owners, who had already conferred upon him the command of a large ship, mounted with twenty nine-pounders, ready to sail upon a very advantageous voyage, which he was not at liberty to discover. And he assured me that it was with the greatest difficulty that he had found me, in consequence of a direction left for him at his lodgings at Wapping.

I was rejoiced beyond measure at this account of his good fortune, and at his desire recounted all the adventures that had happened to me since we parted. When he understood the particulars

of Strap's attachment to me, he squeezed his hand very cordially, and promised to make a man of him; then giving me ten guineas for my present occasion, took a direction for the tailor who arrested me, and went away in order to discharge the debt, telling me at parting that he would soon fetch up all my lee-way with a wet sail.

I was utterly confounded at this sudden transition, which affected me more than any reverse I had formerly felt; and a crowd of incoherent ideas rushed so impetuously upon my imagination, that my reason could neither separate nor connect them, when Strap, whose joy had manifested itself in a thousand fooleries, came into my room with his shaving utensils, and, without any previous intimation, began to lather my beard, whistling with great emotion all the while. I started from my reverie, and being too well acquainted with Strap, to trust myself in his hands while he was under such agitation, desired to be excused, sent for another barber, and suffered myself to be trimmed. Having performed the ceremony of ablution, I shifted, and dressing in my gayest apparel, waited for the return of my uncle, who was agreeably surprised at my sudden transformation.

This beneficent kinsman had satisfied my creditor, and obtained an order for my discharge, so that I was no longer a prisoner; but as I had some reluctance to part with my friends and fellows in distress, I prevailed upon Mr. Bowling to favour us with his company, and invited Mr. Melopoyn and Jackson to spend the evening at my apartment, where I regaled them with a supper, good wine, and the news of my release, on which they heartily congratulated me, notwithstanding the loss of my company, which, they were pleased to say, they should severely feel. As for Jackson, his misfortune made so little impression on himself, and he was altogether so loose, indifferent, and indiscreet, that I could scarce pity his situation. But I had conceived a veneration and friendship for the poet, who was, in all respects, an object much more worthy of compassion and regard. When our guests withdrew, and my uncle had retired, with an intention to visit me next morning, I made up a bundle of some linen, and other necessaries, and bidding Strap carry them to Mr. Melopoyn's lodging, went thither myself, and pressed it upon his acceptance, with five guineas, which, with much difficulty, he received, assuring me, at the same time, that he should never have it in his power to make satisfaction. I then asked if I could serve him any other way; to which he answered, "You already have done too much;" and unable to contain the emotions of his soul any longer, burst into tears and wept aloud. Moved at this spectacle, I left him to his repose; and when my uncle returned in the morning, represented his character in such a favourable light, that the honest seaman was affected with his distress, and determined to follow my example in presenting him with five pieces more; upon which, that I might save him some confusion, I advised Mr. Bowling to enclose it in a letter to be delivered by Strap after we should be gone.

This was accordingly done. I took a formal leave of all my acquaintance in the jail; and just as I was about to step into a hackney-coach at the gate, Jackson calling me, I returned, and he asked me in a whisper if I could lend him a shilling? His demand being so moderate, and in all likelihood the last he would make upon me, I slipped a guinea into his hand, which he no sooner perceived than he cried, "O Jesus! a guinea!" then laying hold of a button of my coat, broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and when his convulsion was ended, told me I was an honest fellow, and let me go. The coachman was ordered to drive to Mr. Bowling's lodgings, where, when we arrived, he entered into a serious discourse with me on the subject of my situation, and proposed that I should sail with him in quality of his surgeon; in which case he would put me in a method of getting a fortune in a few years by my own industry; and assured me that I might expect to inherit all that he should die possessed of, provided I should survive him. Though I was penetrated with a sense of his generosity, I was startled at a proposal that offered violence to my love, and signified my sentiments on that head, which he did not seem to relish, but observed that love was the fruit of idleness; that when once I should be employed in business, and my mind engaged in making money, I should be no more troubled with these silly notions, which none but your fair-weather Jacks, who have nothing but their pleasure to mind, ought to entertain. I was piqued at this insinuation, which I looked upon as a reproach, and, without giving myself time to deliberate, accepted his offer. He was overjoyed at my compliance, carried me immediately to his chief owner, with whom a bargain was struck; so that then I could not retract with honour, had I been ever so much averse to the agreement. That I might not have time to cool, he bade me draw out a list of medicines for a complement of five hundred men, adapted to the distempers of hot climates, and sufficient for a voyage of eighteen months, and carry it to a certain wholesale apothecary, who would also provide me in two well qualified mates. While I was thus employed, Strap came in, and looked very blank when he understood my resolution. However, after a pause of some minutes, he insisted upon going along with me, and at my desire was made ship's steward by Captain Bowling, who promised to be at the expense of fitting him out, and to lend him two hundred pounds to purchase an adventure.

When I had delivered my list of medicines, chosen a couple of my own countrymen for mates, and bespoke a set of chirurgical instruments, my uncle told me that, by his last voyage, he had cleared almost three thousand pounds, one third of which he would immediately make over and put into my hands; that he would procure for me credit to the value of as much more, in such goods as would turn to best account in the country to which we were bound; and that, although he looked upon my interest as his own, he would keep the remaining part of his fortune in his own disposal, with a view of preserving his independence, and a power of punishing me, in case I should not make a good use of what he had already bestowed.

Without troubling the reader with an account of the effect which this surprising generosity had upon my mind, I shall only say that his promises were instantly performed, and an invoice of merchandise proper for the voyage presented to me, that I might purchase the goods, and ship them with all expedition. In the midst of this hurry, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa often interposed, and made me the most miserable of all mortals. I was distracted with the thought of being torn from her, perhaps for ever; and though the hope of seeing her again might have supported me under the torments of separation, I could not reflect upon the anguish she must feel at parting with me, and the incessant sorrows to which her tender bosom would be ex-

posed during my absence, without being pierced with the deepest affliction. As my imagination was daily and nightly upon the rack to invent some method of mitigating this cruel stroke, or at least of acquitting my love and honour in the opinion of this gentle creature, I at length stumbled upon an expedient, with which the reader will be made acquainted in due time; and, in consequence of my determination, became less uneasy and disturbed.

My business being finished, and the ship ready to sail, I resolved to make my last appearance among my acquaintance at the other end of the town, where I had not been since my imprisonment; and as I had, by the advice of my uncle, taken off some very rich clothes for sale, I put on the gayest suit in my possession, and went in a chair to the coffee-house I used to frequent, where I found my friend Banter so confounded at the magnificence of my dress, that when I made up to him, he gazed at me with a look of astonishment, without being able, for some minutes, to open his lips; then pulling me aside by the sleeve, and fixing his eyes on mine, accosted me in this manner: "Random, where the devil have you been? eh!—What is the meaning of all this finery?—Oho! I understand you.—You are just arrived from the country! what! the roads are good, eh!—Well, Random, you are a bold fellow, and a lucky fellow!—but take care, the pitcher goes often to the well, but is broke at last." So saying, he pointed to his collar, by which gesture, and the broken hints he had ejaculated, I found he suspected me of having robbed on the highway, and I laughed very heartily at his supposition. Without explaining myself any further, I told him he was mistaken in his conjecture; that I had been for some time past with the relation of whom he had frequently heard me speak; and that, as I should set out next day upon my travels, I had come to take my leave of my friends, and to receive of him the money he had borrowed from me, which, now that I was going abroad, I should certainly have occasion for. He was a little disconcerted at this demand, but, recollecting himself in a moment, swore in an affected passion that I had used him extremely ill, and he would never forgive me, for having, by this short warning, put it out of his power to free himself of an obligation he could no longer bear. I could not help smiling at this pretended delicacy, which I commended highly, telling him he needed not to be uneasy on that score, for I would give him a direction to a merchant in the city, with whom I would leave a discharge for the sum, to be delivered upon payment. He professed much joy at this expedient, and with great eagerness asked the person's name and place of abode, which he forthwith wrote in his pocket-book, assuring me that he should not be long in my debt. This affair, which I knew he would never after think of, being settled to his satisfaction, I sent cards to all my friends, desiring the favour of their company at a tavern in the evening, when they honoured my invitation, and I had the pleasure of treating them in a very elegant manner, at which they expressed equal admiration as applause. Having enjoyed ourselves till midnight, I took my leave of them, and was well-nigh stifled with caresses. Next day I set out with Strap in a post-chaise for Gravesend, where we went on board, and, the wind serving, weighed anchor in less than twelve hours. Without meeting with any accident, we reached the Downs, where we were obliged to come to an anchor, and wait for an easterly wind to carry us out of the Channel.

CHAPTER LXV.

I set out for Sussex—Consult Mrs. Sagely—Achieve an Interview with Narcissa—Return to the Ship—We get clear of the Channel—I learn our Destination—We are chased by a large Ship—The Company are dismayed, and encouraged by the Captain's Speech—Our Pursuer happens to be an English Man-of-War—We arrive at the Coast of Guinea, purchase four hundred Negroes, sail for Paraguay, get safe into the River of Plate, and sell our Cargo to great advantage.

It was now I put in execution the scheme I had projected at London, and asking leave of the captain for Strap and me to stay on shore till the wind should become favourable, my request was granted, because he had orders to remain in the Downs until he should receive some despatches from London, which he did not expect in less than a week. Having imparted my resolution to my trusty valet, who (though he endeavoured to dissuade me from such a rash undertaking) would not quit me in the enterprise, I hired horses, and set out immediately for that part of Sussex where my charmer was confined, which was not above thirty miles distant from Deal, where we mounted. As I was perfectly well acquainted with the extent of the squire's estate and influence, I halted within five miles of his house, where we remained till the twilight, at which time we set forward, and, by the favour of a dark night, reached a copse about half a mile from the village where Mrs. Sagely lived. Here we left our horses tied to a tree, and went directly to the house of my old benefactress, Strap trembling all the way, and venting ejaculatory petitions to Heaven for our safety. Her habitation being quite solitary, we arrived at the door without being observed, when I ordered my companion to enter by himself, and, in case there should be company with her, deliver a letter which I had writ for that purpose, and say that a friend of hers in London, understanding that he intended to travel this road, had committed it to his care. He rapped at the door, to which the good old matron coming, told him that being a lone woman, he must excuse her if she did not open it until he had declared his name and business. He answered that his name was unknown to her, and that his business was to deliver a letter, which, to free her from all manner of apprehension, he would convey to her through the space between the door and threshold. This he instantly performed, and she no sooner read the contents, which specified my being present, than she cried, "If the person who wrote this letter be at hand, let him speak, that I may be assured by his voice whether or not I may safely admit him." I forthwith applied my mouth to the keyhole, and pronounced, "Dear mother, you need not be afraid; it is I, so much indebted to your goodness, who now crave admittance." She knew my voice, and opening the door immediately, received me with a truly maternal affection, manifesting, by the tears she let fall, her concern lest I should be discovered, for she had been informed of everything that had happened between Narcissa and me, from the dear captive's own mouth.

When I explained the motive of my journey, which was no other than a desire of seeing the object of my love before I should quit the kingdom, that I might in person convince her of the necessity I was under to leave her, reconcile her to that event by describing the advantages that

in all probability would attend it, repeat my vows of eternal constancy, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of a tender embrace at parting; I say, when I had thus signified my intention, Mrs. Sagely told me that Narcissa, upon her return from Bath, had been so strictly watched that nobody but one or two of the servants, devoted to her brother, was admitted to her presence; that afterwards she had been a little enlarged, and was permitted to see company, during which indulgence she had been several times at her cottage; but of late she had been betrayed by one of the servants, who discovered to the squire that he had once carried a letter from her to the post-house, directed to me, upon which information she was now more confined than ever, and that I could have no chance of seeing her, unless I would run the risk of getting into the garden, where she and her maid were every day allowed to take the air, and lie hid until I should have an opportunity of speaking to them—an adventure attended with such danger that no man in his right wits would attempt it. This enterprise, hazardous as it was, I resolved to perform, in spite of all the arguments of Mrs. Sagely, who reasoned, chid, and entreated by turns, and the tears and prayers of Strap, who conjured me, on his knees, to have more regard to myself, as well as to him, than to attempt my own destruction in such a precipitate manner. I was deaf to everything but the suggestions of my love, and ordering him to return immediately with the horses to the inn from whence we set out, and wait for my coming in that place, he at first peremptorily refused to leave me, until I persuaded him that if our horses should remain where they were till daylight, they would certainly be discovered, and the whole county alarmed. On this consideration, he took his leave in a sorrowful plight, kissed my hand, and weeping, cried, "God knows if ever I shall see you again." My kind landlady, finding me obstinate, gave me her best advice how to behave in the execution of my project, and, after having persuaded me to take a little refreshment, accommodated me with a bed, and left me to my repose. Early in the morning I arose, and, armed with a couple of loaded pistols and a hanger, went to the back of the squire's garden, climbed over the wall, and, according to Mrs. Sagely's direction, concealed myself in a thicket, hard by an alcove that terminated a walk at a good distance from the house, which (I was told) my mistress chiefly frequented. Here I absconded from five o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, without seeing a human creature; at last I perceived two women approaching, whom, by my throbbing heart, I soon recognised to be the adorable Narcissa and Miss Williams. I felt the strongest agitation of soul at the sight; and guessing that they would repose themselves in the alcove, stepped into it unperceived, and laid upon the stone table a picture of myself in miniature, for which I had sat in London, purposing to leave it with Narcissa before I should go abroad. I exposed it in this manner, as an introduction to my own appearance, which, without some previous intimation, I was afraid might have an unlucky effect upon the delicate nerves of my fair enslaver, and then withdrew into the thicket, where I could hear their discourse, and suit myself to the circumstances of the occasion. As they advanced, I observed an air of melancholy in the countenance of Narcissa, blended with such unspeakable sweetness, that I could scarce refrain from flying into her arms, and kissing away the pearly drop that stood collected in each bewitching eye. According to my expectation, she entered the alcove, and perceiving something on the table, took it up. No sooner did she cast her eye upon the features, than, startled at the resemblance, she cried, "Good God!" and the roses instantly vanished from her cheeks. Her confidant, alarmed at this exclamation, looked at the picture, and, struck with the likeness, exclaimed, "O Jesus! the very features of Mr. Random!" Narcissa, having recollected herself a little, said, "Whatever angel brought it hither as a comfort to me in my affliction, I am thankful for the benefit, and will preserve it as the dearest object of my care." So saying, she kissed it with surprising ardour, shed a flood of tears, and then deposited the lifeless image in her lovely bosom. Transported at these symptoms of her unaltered affection, I was about to throw myself at her feet, when Miss Williams, whose reflection was less engaged than that of her mistress, observed that the picture could not transport itself hither, and that she could not help thinking I was not far off. The gentle Narcissa, starting at this conjecture, answered, "Heaven forbid! for although nothing in the universe could yield me satisfaction equal to that of his presence for one poor moment, in a proper place, I would rather forfeit his company, almost for ever, than see him here, where his life would be exposed to so much danger." I could no longer restrain the impulse of my passion, but, breaking from my concealment, stood before her, when she uttered a fearful shriek, and fainted in the arms of her companion. I flew towards the treasure of my soul, clasped her in my embrace, and, with the warmth of my kisses, brought her again to life. Oh that I were endowed with the expression of a Raphael, the graces of a Guido, the magic touches of a Titian, that I might represent the fond concern, the chastened rapture, and ingenuous blush that mingled on her beauteous face when she opened her eyes upon me, and pronounced, "O heavens! is it you?"

I am afraid I have already encroached upon the reader's patience with the particulars of this amour, on which I own I cannot help being impertinently circumstantial. I shall therefore omit the less material passages of this interview, during which I convinced her reason, though I could not appease the sad presages of her love, with regard to the long voyage and dangers I must undergo. When we had spent an hour (which was all she could spare from the barbarity of her brother's vigilance) in lamenting over our hard fate, and in repeating our reciprocal vows, Miss Williams reminded us of the necessity there was for our immediate parting; and sure lovers never parted with such sorrow and reluctance as we. But because my words are incapable of doing justice to this affecting circumstance, I am obliged to draw a veil over it, and observe that I returned in the dark to the house of Mrs. Sagely, who was overjoyed to hear of my success, and opposed the tumults of my grief with such strength of reason, that my mind regained in some measure its tranquillity, and that very night, after having forced upon the good gentlewoman a purse of twenty guineas, as a token of my gratitude and esteem, I took my leave of her, and set out on foot for the inn, where my arrival freed honest Strap from the horrors of unutterable dread.

We took horse immediately, and alighted early next morning at Deal, where I found my uncle in great concern on account of my absence, because he had received his despatches, and must have weighed with the first fair wind, whether I had been on board or not. Next day, a brisk easterly

gale springing up, we set sail, and in eight-and-forty hours got clear of the Channel.

When we were about two hundred leagues to westward of the Land's End, the captain, taking me apart into the cabin, told me that, now he was permitted by his instructions, he would disclose the intent and destination of our voyage. "The ship," said he, "which has been fitted out at a great expense, is bound for the coast of Guinea, where we shall exchange part of our cargo for slaves and gold-dust; from thence we will transport our negroes to Buenos Ayres in New Spain, where, by virtue of passports obtained from our own court, and that of Madrid, we will dispose of them and the goods that remain on board for silver, by means of our supercargo, who is perfectly well acquainted with the coast, the lingo, and inhabitants." Being thus let into the secret of our expedition, I borrowed of the supercargo a Spanish grammar, dictionary, and some other books of the same language, which I studied with such application, that, before we arrived in New Spain, I could maintain a conversation with him in that tongue. Being arrived in the warm latitudes, I ordered, with the captain's consent, the whole ship's company to be blooded and purged, myself undergoing the same evacuation, in order to prevent those dangerous fevers to which northern constitutions are subject in hot climates; and I have reason to believe that this precaution was not unserviceable, for we lost but one sailor during our whole passage to the coast.

One day, when we had been about five weeks at sea, we descried to windward a large ship bearing down upon us with all the sail she could carry; upon which my uncle ordered the studding sails to be hoisted, and the ship to be cleared for engaging; but finding that, to use the seaman's phrase, we were very much wronged by the ship which had us in chase, and which by this time had hoisted French colours, he commanded the studding-sails to be taken in, the courses to be clewed up, the main-topsail to be backed, the tompions to be taken out of the guns, and every man to repair to his quarters. While everybody was busied in the performance of these orders, Strap came upon the quarter-deck, trembling, and looking aghast, and, with a voice half suppressed by fear, asked if I thought we were a match for the vessel in pursuit of us. Observing his consternation, I said, "What! are you afraid, Strap?" "Afraid!" he replied; "n—n—no; what should I be afraid of? I thank God I have a clear conscience; but I believe it will be a bloody battle, and I wish you may not have occasion for another hand to assist you in the cock-pit." I immediately perceived his drift, and making the captain acquainted with his situation, desired he might be stationed below with me and my mates. My uncle, incensed at his pusillanimity, bade me send him down instantly, that his fear might not infect the ship's company; whereupon I told the poor steward that I had begged him for my assistant, and desired him to go down and help my mates to get ready the instruments and dressings. Notwithstanding the satisfaction he must have felt at these tidings, he affected a shyness of quitting the upper deck; and said he hoped I did not imagine he was afraid to do his duty above board; for he believed himself as well prepared for death as any man in the ship, no disparagement to me or the captain. I was disgusted at this affectation, and, in order to punish his hypocrisy, assured him he might take his choice either of going down to the cock-pit with me, or of staying upon deck during the engagement. Alarmed at this indifference, he replied, "Well, to oblige you, I'll go down; but remember, it is more for your sake than my own." So saying, he disappeared in a twinkling, without waiting for an answer. By this time we could observe two tier of guns in the ship which pursued us, and which was now but two short miles astern. This discovery had an evident effect upon the sailors, who did not scruple to say that we should be torn to pieces, and blown out of the water, and that, if in case any of them should lose their precious limbs, they must go a-begging for life, for there was no provision made by the merchants for those poor souls who were maimed in their service. The captain, understanding this backwardness, ordered the crew abaft, and spoke to them thus: "My lads, I am told you hang an arse. I have gone to sea thirty years man and boy, and never saw English sailors afraid before. Mayhap you think I want to expose you for the lucre of gain. Whosoever thinks so, thinks a damn'd lie, for my whole cargo is insured; so that, in case I should be taken, my loss would not be great. The enemy is stronger than we, to be sure. What then? have we not a chance for carrying away one of her masts, and so get clear of her? If we find her too hard for us, 'tis but striking at last. If any man is hurt in the engagement, I promise, on the word of an honest seaman, to make him a recompense according to his loss. So now, you that are lazy, lubberly, cowardly dogs, get away and skulk in the hold and bread-room; and you that are jolly boys, stand by me, and let us give one broadside for the honour of Old England!" This eloquent harangue was so well adapted to the disposition of his hearers, that one and all of them, pulling off their hats, waved them over their heads, and saluted him with three cheers; upon which he sent his boy for two large case-bottles of brandy, and having treated every man with a dram, they repaired to their quarters, and waited impatiently for the word of command. I must do my uncle the justice to say that, in the whole of his disposition, he behaved with the utmost intrepidity, conduct, and deliberation. The enemy being very near, he ordered me to my station, and was just going to give the word for hoisting the colours, and firing, when the supposed Frenchman hauled down his white pennant, jack, and ensign, hoisted English ones, and fired a gun ahead of us. This was a joyful event to Captain Bowling, who immediately showed his colours, and fired a gun to leeward. Upon which the other ship ran alongside of us, hailed him, and giving him to know that she was an English man-of-war of forty guns, ordered him to hoist out his boat and come on board. This command he obeyed with the more alacrity, because, upon inquiry, he found that she was commanded by an old messmate of his, who was overjoyed to see him, detained him to dinner, and sent his barge for the supercargo and me, who were very much caressed on his account. As this commander was destined to cruise upon the French, in the latitude of Martinico, his stem and quarters were adorned with white fleur-de-lis, and the whole shell of the ship so much disguised for a decoy to the enemy, that it was no wonder my uncle did not know her, although he had sailed on board of her many years. We kept company with her four days, during which time the captains were never asunder, and then parted, our course lying different from hers.

In less than a fortnight after our separation, we made the land of Guinea, near the mouth of the river Gambia, and trading along the coast as far to the southward of the line as Angola and

Bengula, in less than six months disposed of the greatest part of our cargo, and purchased four hundred negroes, my adventure having been laid out in gold dust.

Our complement being made up, we took our departure from Cape Negro, and arrived in the Rio de la Plata in six weeks, having met with nothing remarkable in our voyage, except an epidemic fever, not unlike the jail distemper, which broke out among our slaves, and carried off a good many of the ship's company; among whom I lost one of my mates, and poor Strap had well-nigh given up the ghost. Having produced our passport to the Spanish governor, we were received with great courtesy, sold our slaves in a very few days, and could have put off five times the number at our own price; though we were obliged to smuggle the rest of our merchandise, consisting of European bale goods, which, however, we made shift to dispose of at a great advantage.

CHAPTER LXVI.

I am invited to the Villa of a Spanish Don, where we meet with an English Gentleman, and make a very interesting Discovery—We leave Buenos Ayres, and arrive at Jamaica.

Our ship being freed from the disagreeable lading of negroes, to whom, indeed, I had been a miserable slave since our leaving the coast of Guinea, I began to enjoy myself, and breathe with pleasure the pure air of Paraguay, this part of which is reckoned the Montpelier of South America, and has obtained, on account of its climate, the name of Buenos Ayres. It was in this delicious place that I gave myself entirely up to the thoughts of my dear Narcissa, whose image still kept possession of my breast, and whose charms, enhanced by absence, appeared to my imagination, if possible, more engaging than ever! I calculated the profits of my voyage, which even exceeded my expectation; resolved to purchase a handsome sinecure upon my arrival in England, and, if I should find the squire as averse to me as ever, marry his sister by stealth; and in case our family should increase, rely upon the generosity of my uncle, who was by this time worth a considerable sum.

While I amused myself with these agreeable projects, and the transporting hopes of enjoying Narcissa, we were very much caressed by the Spanish gentlemen, who frequently formed parties of pleasure for our entertainment, in which we made excursions a good way into the country. Among those who signalized themselves by their civility to us, there was one Don Antonio de Ribera, a very polite young gentleman, with whom I had contracted an intimate friendship, who invited us one day to his country house, and, as a further inducement to our compliance, promised to procure for us the company of an English signior, who had been settled in those parts many years, and acquired the love and esteem of the whole province, by his affability, good sense, and honourable behaviour.

We accepted his invitation, and set out for his villa, where we had not been longer than an hour, when the person arrived in whose favour I had been so much prepossessed. He was a tall man, remarkably well-shaped, of a fine mien and appearance, commanding respect, and seemed to be turned of forty; the features of his face were saddened with a reserve and gravity, which in other countries would have been thought the effect of melancholy; but here appeared to have been contracted by his commerce with the Spaniards, who are remarkable for that severity of countenance. Understanding from Don Antonio that we were his countrymen, he saluted us all round very complaisantly, and, fixing his eyes very attentively on me, uttered a deep sigh. I had been struck with a profound veneration for him at his first coming into the room; and no sooner observed this expression of his sorrow, directed, as it were, in a particular manner to me, than my heart took part in his grief. I sympathized involuntarily, and sighed in my turn. Having asked leave of our entertainer, he accosted us in English, professed his satisfaction at seeing so many of his countrymen in such a remote place, and asked the captain, who went by the name of Signior Thoma, from what part of Britain he had sailed, and whither he was bound. My uncle told him that we had sailed from the river Thames, and were bound for the same place, by the way of Jamaica, where we intended to take in a lading of sugar.

Having satisfied himself in these and other particulars about the state of the war, he gave us to understand that he had a longing desire to revisit his native country, in consequence of which he had already transmitted to Europe the greatest part of his fortune in neutral bottoms, and would willingly embark the rest of it with himself, in our ship, provided the captain had no objection to such a passenger. My uncle very prudently replied, that for his part he should be glad of his company, if he could procure the consent of the governor, without which he durst not admit him on board, whatever inclination he had to oblige him. The gentleman approved of his discretion, and, telling him that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the connivance of the governor, who was his good friend, shifted the conversation to another subject.

I was overjoyed to hear his intention, and already interested myself so much in his favour, that, had he been disappointed, I should have been very unhappy. In the course of our entertainment, he eyed me with uncommon attachment; I felt a surprising attraction towards him; when he spoke, I listened with attention and reverence; the dignity of his deportment filled me with affection and awe; and, in short, the emotions of my soul, in presence of this stranger, were strong and unaccountable.

Having spent the best part of the day with us, he took his leave, telling Captain Thoma that he should hear from him in a short time. He was no sooner gone, than I asked a thousand questions about him of Don Antonio, who could give me no other satisfaction than that his name was Don Rodrigo, that he had lived fifteen or sixteen years in these parts, was reputed rich, and supposed to have been unfortunate in his younger years, because he was observed to nourish a pensive melancholy, even from the time of his first settlement among them; but that nobody had ventured to inquire into the cause of his sorrow, in consideration of his peace, which might suffer in the recapitulation of his misfortunes.

I was seized with an irresistible desire of knowing the particulars of his fate, and enjoyed not one hour of repose during the whole night, by reason of the eager conceptions that inspired me with regard to his story, which I resolved, if possible, to learn. Next morning, while we were at breakfast, three mules richly caparisoned arrived with a message from Don Rodrigo, desiring our company, and that of Don Antonio, at his house,

which was situated about ten miles farther up in the country. I was pleased with this invitation, in consequence of which we mounted the mules which he had provided for us, and alighted at his house before noon. Here we were splendidly entertained by the generous stranger, who still seemed to show a particular regard for me, and, after dinner, made me a present of a ring set with a beautiful amethyst, the production of that country, saying, at the same time, that he was once blessed with a son, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age. This observation, delivered with a profound sigh, made my heart throb with violence; a crowd of confused ideas rushed upon my imagination, which while I endeavoured to unravel, my uncle perceived my absence of thought, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Oous! are you asleep, Rory?" Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo, with uncommon eagerness of voice and look, pronounced, "Pray, captain, what is the young gentleman's name?"—"His name," said my uncle, "is Roderick Random." "Gracious Powers!" cried the stranger, starting up,—"and his mother's?"—"His mother," answered the captain, amazed, "was called Charlotte Bowling." "O bounteous Heaven!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, springing across the table, and clasping me in his arms, "my son! my son! have I found thee again?—do I hold thee in my embrace, after having lost and despaired of seeing thee so long?" So saying, he fell upon my neck and wept aloud with joy; while the power of nature operating strongly in my breast, I was lost in rapture, and while he pressed me to his heart, let fall a shower of tears into his bosom. His utterance was choked up a good while by the agitation of his soul. At length he broke out into, "Mysterious Providence! Oh my dear Charlotte! there yet remains a pledge of our love; and such a pledge!—so found! Oh Infinite Goodness, let me adore thy all-wise decrees!" Having thus expressed himself, he kneeled upon the floor, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and remained some minutes in a silent ecstasy of devotion. I put myself in the same posture, adored the All-good Disposer in a prayer of mental thanksgiving; and when his ejaculation was ended, did homage to my father, and craved his parental blessing. He hugged me again with unutterable fondness, and having implored the protection of Heaven upon my head, raised me from the ground, and presented me as his son to the company, who wept in concert over this affecting scene. Among the rest, my uncle did not fail to discover the goodness and joy of his heart. *Albeit unused to the melting mood*, he blubbered with great tenderness, and wringing my father's hand, cried, "Brother Random, I'm rejoiced to see you—God be praised for this happy meeting." Don Rodrigo, understanding that he was his brother-in-law, embraced him affectionately, saying, "Are you my Charlotte's brother?—Alas! unhappy Charlotte! but why should I repine? we shall meet again never more to part!—Brother, you are truly welcome.—Dear son, I am transported with unspeakable joy!—This day is a jubilee—my friends and servants shall share my satisfaction."

While he despatched messengers to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to announce this event, and gave orders for a grand entertainment, I was so much affected with the tumults of passion which assailed me on this great, sudden, and unexpected occasion, that I fell sick, fevered, and in less than three hours became quite delirious; so that the preparations were countermanded, and the joy of the family converted into grief and despair. Physicians were instantly called; I was plentifully blooded in the foot, my lower extremities were bathed in a decoction of salutiferous herbs; in ten hours after I was taken ill I enjoyed a critical sweat, and next day felt no remains of the distemper, but an agreeable lassitude, which did not hinder me from getting up. During the progress of this fever, which from the term of its duration is called *ephemera*, my father never once quitted my bedside, but administered the prescriptions of the physicians with the most pious care; while Captain Bowling manifested his concern by the like attendance. I no sooner found myself delivered from the disease, than I bethought myself of my honest friend, Strap; and resolving to make him happy forthwith in the knowledge of my good fortune, told my father in general, that I had been infinitely obliged to this faithful adherent, and begged he would indulge me so far as to send for him, without letting him know my happiness, until he could receive an account of it from my own mouth.

My request was instantly complied with, and a messenger with a spare mule detached to the ship, carrying orders from the captain to the mate to send the steward by the bearer. My health being in the meantime re-established, and my mind composed, I began to relish this important turn of my fortune, in reflecting upon the advantages with which it must be attended; and as the idea of my lovely Narcissa always joined itself to every scene of happiness I could imagine, I entertained myself now with the prospect of possessing her in that distinguished sphere to which she was entitled by her birth and qualifications. Having often mentioned her name while I was deprived of my senses, my father guessed that there was an intimate connexion between us, and discovering the picture which hung in my bosom by a ribbon, did not doubt that it was the resemblance of my amiable mistress. In this belief he was confirmed by my uncle, who told him that it was the picture of a young woman, to whom I was under promise of marriage. Alarmed at this piece of information, Don Rodrigo took the first opportunity of questioning me about the particulars of this affair, which, when I had candidly recounted, he approved of my passion, and promised to contribute all in his power towards its success. Though I never doubted his generosity, I was transported on this occasion, and, throwing myself at his feet, told him he had now completed my happiness; for, without the possession of Narcissa, I should be miserable among all the pleasures of life. He raised me with a smile of paternal fondness; said he knew what it was to be in love; and observed, that if he had been as tenderly beloved by his father as I was by mine, he should not now perhaps have cause—. Here he was interrupted by a sigh, the tear rushed into his eye, he suppressed the dictates of his grief, and the time being opportune, desired me to relate the passages of my life, which my uncle had told him were manifold and surprising. I recounted the most material circumstances of my fortune, to which he listened with wonder and attention, manifesting from time to time those different emotions which my different situations may be supposed to have raised in a parent's breast, and, when my detail was ended, blessed God for the adversity I had undergone, which, he said, enlarged the understanding, improved the heart, steeled the constitution, and qualified a young man for all the duties and enjoyments of

life, much better than any education which affluence could bestow.

When I had thus satisfied his curiosity, I discovered an inclination to hear the particulars of his story, which he gratified, by beginning with his marriage, and proceeded to the day of his disappearing, as I have related in the first part of my memoirs. "Careless of life," continued he, "and unable to live in a place where every object recalled the memory of my dear Charlotte, whom I had lost through the barbarity of an unnatural parent, I took my leave of you, my child, then an infant, with a heart full of unutterable woe, but little suspecting that my father's unkindness would have descended to my innocent orphan; and setting out alone at midnight for the nearest sea-port, early next morning got on board a ship, bound as I had heard for France, and, bargaining with the master for my passage, bade a long adieu to my native country, and put to sea with the first fair wind. The place of our destination was Granville; but we had the misfortune to run upon a ridge of rocks near the Island of Alderney, called the Caskets, where the sea running high, the ship went to pieces, the boat sunk alongside, and every soul on board perished, except myself, who, by the assistance of a grating, got ashore on the coast of Normandy. I went directly to Caen, where I was so lucky as to meet with a count, whom I had formerly known in my travels. With this gentleman I set out for Paris, where I was recommended by him and other friends as a tutor to a young nobleman, whom I accompanied to the court of Spain. There we remained a whole year, at the end of which my pupil being recalled by his father, I quitted my office, and stayed behind, by the advice of a certain Spanish grandee, who took me into his protection, and introduced me to another nobleman, who was afterwards created viceroy of Peru. He insisted on my attending him to his government in the Indies, where, however, by reason of my religion, it was not in his power to make my fortune any other way than by encouraging me to trade, which I had not long prosecuted, when my patron died, and I found myself in the midst of strangers, without one friend to support or protect me. Urged by this consideration, I sold my effects, and removed to this country, the governor of which, having been appointed by the viceroy, was my intimate acquaintance. Here has Heaven prospered my endeavours during a residence of sixteen years, in which my tranquillity was never invaded, but by the remembrance of your mother, whose death I have in secret mourned without ceasing, and the reflection of you, whose fate I could never learn, notwithstanding all my inquiries, by means of my friends in France, who, after the most strict examination, could give me no other account than that you went abroad six years ago, and was never after heard of. I could not rest satisfied with this imperfect information, and though my hope of finding you was but languid, resolved to go in quest of you in person; for which purpose, I have remitted to Holland the value of twenty thousand pounds, and am in possession of fifteen thousand more, with which I intended to embark myself on board of Captain Bowling, before I discovered this amazing stroke of Providence, which you may be sure has not altered my intention."

My father having entertained us with this agreeable sketch of his life, withdrew, in order to relieve Don Antonio, who, in his absence, had done the honours of his house; and I was just dressed for my appearance among the guests, when Strap arrived from the ship.

He no sooner entered the grand apartment in which I was, and saw the magnificence of my apparel, than his speech was lost in amazement, and he gaped in silence at the objects that surrounded him. I took him by the hand, observed that I had sent for him to be a witness and sharer of my happiness, and told him I had found a father. At these words he started, and after having continued some minutes with his mouth and eyes wide open, cried, "Aha!—odd, I know what! go thy ways, poor Narcissa, and go thy ways, somebody else—well—Lord, what a thing is love!—God help us! are all our mad pranks and protestations come to this? and have you fixed your habitation in this distant land? God prosper you!—I find we must part at last—for I would not leave my poor carcass so far from my native home for all the wealth in the universe!" With these ejaculations, he began to sob and make wry faces; upon which I assured him of his mistake, both in regard to Narcissa, and my staying at Paraguay, and informed him, as briefly as I could, of the great event which had happened. Never was rapture more ludicrously expressed, than in the behaviour of this worthy creature, who cried, laughed, whistled, sung, and danced all in a breath. His transport was scarce over, when my father entered, who no sooner understood that this was Strap, than he took him by the hand, saying, "Is this the honest man who befriended you so much in your distress? you are welcome to my house, and I will soon put it in the power of my son to reward you for your good offices in his behalf; in the meantime, go with us, and partake of the repast that is provided." Strap, wild as he was with joy, would by no means accept of the proffered honour, crying, "God forbid!—I know my distance—your worship shall excuse me." And Don Rodrigo finding his modesty invincible, recommended him to his major-domo, to be treated with the utmost respect; while he carried me into a large saloon, where I was presented to a numerous company, who loaded me with compliments and caresses, and congratulated my father in terms not proper for me to repeat.

Without specifying the particulars of our entertainment, let it suffice to say, it was at the same time elegant and sumptuous, and the rejoicings lasted two days; after which, Don Rodrigo settled his affairs, converted his effects into silver and gold, visited and took leave of all his friends, who were grieved at his departure, and honoured me with considerable presents; and coming on board of my uncle's ship, with the first favourable wind we sailed from the Rio de la Plata, and in two months came safe to an anchor in the harbour of Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica.

CHAPTER LXVII.

I visit my old Friend Thomson—We set sail for Europe—Meet with an odd Adventure—Arrive in England—I ride across the country from Portsmouth to Sussex—Converse with Mrs. Sagely, who informs me of Narcissa's being in London—In consequence of this Intelligence I proceed to Canterbury—Meet with my old Friend Morgan—Arrive at London—Visit Narcissa—Introduce my Father to her—He is

charmed with her good Sense and Beauty—We come to a Determination of demanding her Brother's Consent to our Marriage.

I INQUIRED, as soon as I got ashore, about my generous companion, Mr. Thomson; and hearing that he lived in a flourishing condition upon the estate left him by his wife's father, who had been dead some years, I took horse immediately, with the consent of Don Rodrigo, who had heard me mention him with great regard, and in a few hours reached the place of his habitation.

I should much wrong the delicacy of Mr. Thomson's sentiments to say barely he was glad to see me. He felt all that the most sensible and disinterested friendship could feel on this occasion; introduced me to his wife, a very amiable young lady, who had already blessed him with two fine children; and being as yet ignorant of my circumstances, frankly offered me the assistance of his purse and interest. I thanked him for his generous intention, and made him acquainted with my situation, on which he congratulated me with great joy, and after I had stayed with him a whole day and night, accompanied me back to Kingston, to wait upon my father, whom he invited to his house. Don Rodrigo complied with his request, and having been handsomely entertained during the space of a week, returned extremely well satisfied with the behaviour of my friend and his lady, to whom, at parting, he presented a very valuable diamond ring, as a token of his esteem. During the course of my conversation with Mr. Thomson, he gave me to understand that his and my old commander, Captain Oakum, was dead some months; and that, immediately after his death, a discovery had been made of some valuable effects that he had feloniously secreted out of a prize, by the assistance of Doctor Mackshane, who was now actually in prison on that account, and, being destitute of friends, subsisted solely on the charity of my friend, whose bounty he had implored in the most abject manner, after having been the barbarous occasion of driving him to that terrible extremity on board of the Thunder, which we have formerly related. Whatsoever this wretch might have been guilty of, I applauded Mr. Thomson's generosity towards him in his distress, which wrought so much upon me also, that I sent him ten pistoles, in such a private manner that he could never know his benefactor.

While my father and I were caressed among the gentlemen on shore, Captain Bowling had written to his owners by the packet, which sailed a few days after our arrival, signifying his prosperous voyage hitherto, and desiring them to insure his ship and cargo homeward-bound; after which precaution he applied himself so heartily to the task of loading his ship, that, with the assistance of Mr. Thomson, she was full in less than six weeks. This kind gentleman likewise procured for Don Rodrigo bills upon London for the greatest part of his gold and silver, by which means it was secured against the risk of the seas and the enemy; and before we sailed supplied us with such large quantities of all kinds of stock, that not only we, but the ship's company, fared sumptuously during the voyage.

Everything being ready, we took our leave of our kind entertainers, and going on board at Port Royal, set sail for England on the first day of June. We beat up to windward, with fine easy weather; and one night, believing ourselves near Cape Tiberoon, lay too, with an intention to wood and water next morning in the bay. While we remained in this situation, a sailor, having drank more new rum than he could carry, staggered overboard, and notwithstanding all the means that could be used to preserve him, went to the bottom and disappeared. About two hours after this melancholy accident happened, as I enjoyed the cool air on the quarter deck, I heard a voice rising as it were out of the sea, and calling, "Ho, the ship, ahoy!" Upon which one of the men upon the forecastle cried, "I'll be damned if that an't Jack Marlinspike, who went overboard!" Not a little surprised at this event, I jumped into the boat that lay alongside, with the second mate and four men, and, rowing towards the place from whence the voice (which repeated the hail) seemed to proceed, we perceived something floating upon the water. When we had rowed a little farther we discerned it to be a man riding upon a hencoop, who, seeing us approach, pronounced with a hoarse voice, "Damn your bloods! why did you not answer when I hailed?" Our mate, who was a veritable seaman, hearing this salute, said, "By God, my lads, this is none of our man. This is the devil; pull away for the ship." The fellows obeyed his command without question, and were already some fathoms on our return, when I insisted on their taking up the poor creature, and prevailed upon them to go back to the wreck; which when we came near the second time, and signified our intention, we received an answer of, "Avast, avast—what ship, brother?" Being satisfied in this particular, he cried, "Damn the ship, I was in hopes it had been my own—where are you bound?" We satisfied his curiosity in this particular too; upon which he suffered himself to be taken on board, and after having been comforted with a dram, told us he belonged to the Vesuvio man-of-war, upon a cruise off the Island of Hispaniola; that he had fallen overboard about four-and-twenty hours ago, and the ship being under sail, they did not choose to bring to, but tossed a hencoop overboard for his convenience, upon which he was in good hopes of reaching the Cape next morning; howsomever he was as well content to be aboard of us, because he did not doubt that we should meet his ship; and if he had gone ashore in the bay he might have been taken prisoner by the French. My uncle and father were very much diverted with the account of this fellow's unconcerned behaviour; and, in two days, meeting with the Vesuvio, as he expected, sent him on board of her, according to his desire.

Having beat up successfully the Windward Passage, we stretched to the northward, and falling in with a westerly wind, in eight weeks arrived in soundings, and in two days after made the Lizard. It is impossible to express the joy I felt at the sight of English ground! Don Rodrigo was not unmoved, and Strap shed tears of gladness. The sailors profited by our satisfaction; the shoe that was nailed to the mast being quite filled with our liberality. My uncle resolved to run up into the Downs at once; but the wind shifting when we were abreast of the Isle of Wight, he was obliged to turn into St. Helen's, and come to Spithead, to the great mortification of the crew, thirty of whom were immediately pressed on board of a man-of-war.

My father and I went ashore immediately at Portsmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ship and take care of our effects; and I discovered so much impatience to see my charming Narcissa, that my father permitted me to ride across the country to her brother's house; while he should hire a post-chase for London,

where he would wait for me at a place to which I directed him.

Fired with all the eagerness of passion, I took post that very night, and in the morning reached an inn, about three miles from the squire's habitation; here I remained till next evening, allaying the torture of my impatience with the rapturous hope of seeing that divine creature, after an absence of eighteen months, which, far from impairing, had raised my love to the most exalted pitch! Neither were my reflections free from apprehensions, that sometimes intervened in spite of all my hope, and represented her as having yielded to the importunity of her brother, and blessed the arms of a happy rival. My thoughts were even maddened with the fear of her death; and when I arrived in the dark at the house of Mrs. Sagely, I had not for some time courage to desire admittance, lest my soul should be shocked with dismal tidings. At length, however, I knocked, and no sooner certified the good gentlewoman of my voice than she opened the door and received me with a most affectionate embrace, that brought tears into her aged eyes. "For Heaven's sake, dear mother," cried I, "tell me how is Narcissa? is she the same that I left her?" She blessed my ears with saying, "She is as beautiful, in as good health, and as much yours as ever." Transported at this assurance, I begged to know if I could not see her that very night; when this sage matron gave me to understand that my mistress was in London, and that things were strangely altered in the squire's house since my departure; that he had been married a whole year to Melinda, who at first found means to wean his attention so much from Narcissa, that he became quite careless of that lovely sister, comforting himself with the clause in his father's will by which she should forfeit her fortune by marrying without his consent; that my mistress, being but indifferently treated by her sister-in-law, had made use of her freedom some months ago, and gone to town, where she was lodged with Miss Williams, in expectation of my arrival; and had been pestered with the addresses of Lord Quiverwit, who, finding her heart engaged, had fallen upon a great many shifts to persuade her that I was dead; but finding all his artifices unsuccessful, and despairing of gaining her affection, he had consoled himself for her indifference by marrying another lady some weeks ago, who had already left him on account of some family uneasiness. Besides this interesting information, she told me that there was not a great deal of harmony between Melinda and the squire, who was so much disgusted at the number of gallants who continued to hover about her even after marriage, that he had hurried her down into the country, much against her own inclination, where their mutual animosities had risen to such a height that they preserved no decency before company or servants, but abused one another in the grossest terms.

This good old gentlewoman, to give me a convincing proof of my dear Narcissa's unalterable love, gratified me with a sight of the last letter she had favoured her with, in which I was mentioned with so much honour, tenderness, and concern, that my soul was fired with impatience, and I determined to ride all night that I might have it the sooner in my power to make her happy. Mrs. Sagely perceiving my eagerness, and her maternal affection being equally divided between Narcissa and me, begged leave to remind me of the sentiments with which I went abroad, that would not permit me for any selfish gratification to prejudice the fortune of that amiable young lady, who must entirely depend upon me, after having bestowed herself in marriage. I thanked her for her kind concern, and as briefly as possible described my flourishing situation, which afforded this humane person infinite wonder and satisfaction. I told her that now I had an opportunity to manifest my gratitude for the obligations I owed, I would endeavour to make her old age comfortable and easy; as a step to which I proposed she should come and live with Narcissa and me. This venerable gentlewoman was so much affected with my words, that the tears ran down her ancient cheeks; she thanked Heaven that I had not belied the presages she had made on her first acquaintance with me; acknowledging my generosity, as she called it, in the most elegant and pathetic expressions; but declined my proposal on account of her attachment to the dear melancholy cottage where she had so peacefully consumed her solitary widowhood. Finding her immoveable on this subject, I insisted on her accepting a present of thirty guineas, and took my leave, resolving to accommodate her with the same sum annually, for the more comfortable support of the infirmities of old age.

Having rode all night, I found myself at Canterbury in the morning, where I alighted to procure fresh horses; and, as I walked into the inn, perceived an apothecary's shop on the other side of the street, with the name of Morgan over the door. Alarmed at this discovery, I could not help thinking that my old messmate had settled in this place; and, upon inquiry, found my conjecture true, and that he was married lately to a widow in that city, by whom he had got three thousand pounds. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I went to his shop as soon as it was open, and found my friend behind the counter, busy in preparing a glyster. I saluted him at entrance with "Your servant, Mr. Morgan." Upon which he looked at me, and replying, "Your most humble servant, goot sir!" rubbed his ingredients in the mortar, without any emotion. "What!" said I, "Morgan, have you forgot your old messmate?" At these words he looked up again, and starting, cried, "As Got is my—sure it cannot—yes, by my salfation, I believe it is my dear friend Mr. Rantom." He was no sooner convinced of my identity, than he threw down the pestle, overset the mortar, and jumping over the board, swept up the contents with his clothes, flew about my neck, hugged me affectionately, and daubed me all over with turpentine and the yolks of eggs, which he had been mixing when I came in. Our mutual congratulations being over, he told me that he found himself a widower upon his return from the West Indies; that he had got interest to be appointed surgeon of a man-of-war, in which capacity he had served some years, until he married an apothecary's widow, with whom he now enjoyed a pretty good sum of money, peace and quiet, and an indifferent good trade. He was very desirous of hearing my adventures, which I assured him I had not time to relate, but told him in general, my circumstances were very good, and that I hoped to see him when I should not be in such a hurry as at present. He insisted, however, on my staying breakfast, and introduced me to his wife, who seemed to be a decent sensible woman, pretty well stricken in years. In the course of our conversation he showed the sleeve buttons I had exchanged with him at our parting in the West Indies, and was not a little proud to see that I had preserved his with the same care. When I informed him of Mackshane's

condition, he seemed at first to exult over his distress; but, after a little recollection, said, "Well, he has paid for his malice; I forgive him, and may Got forgive him likewise." He expressed great concern for the soul of Captain Oakum, which he believed was now gnashing its teeth; but it was some time before I could convince him of Thomson's being alive, at whose good fortune, nevertheless, he was extremely glad.

Having renewed our protestations of friendship, I bade the honest Welshman and his spouse farewell, and taking post-horses, arrived at London that same night, where I found my father in good health, to whom I imparted what I had learned of Narcissa. This indulgent parent approved of my intention of marrying her, even without a fortune, provided her brother's consent could not be obtained; promised to make over to me in a few days a sufficiency to maintain her in a fashionable manner, and expressed a desire of seeing this amiable creature, who had captivated me so much. As I had not slept the night before, and was besides fatigued with my journey, I found myself under a necessity of taking some repose, and went to bed accordingly; next morning about ten o'clock, took a chair, and, according to Mrs. Sagely's directions, went to my charmer's lodgings, and inquired for Miss Williams. I had not waited in the parlour longer than a minute, when this young woman entered, and no sooner perceived me, than she shrieked and ran backward; but I got between her and the door, and clasping her in my arms, brought her to herself with an embrace. "Good Heaven," cried she, "Mr. Random, is it you indeed? my mistress will run distracted with joy." I told her it was from an apprehension that my sudden appearance might have some bad effect on my dear Narcissa, that I had desired to see her first, in order to concert some method of acquainting her mistress gradually with my arrival. She approved of my conduct, and, after having yielded to the suggestions of her own friendship, in asking if my voyage had been successful, charged herself with that office, and left me glowing with desire of seeing and embracing the object of my love. In a very little time I heard somebody come down stairs in haste, and the voice of my angel pronounced, with an eager tone, "O Heaven! is it possible! where is he?" How were my faculties aroused at this well-known sound! and how was my soul transported, when she broke in upon my view, in all the bloom of ripened beauty! *Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love!*—You whose souls are susceptible of the most delicate impressions, whose tender bosoms have felt the affecting vicissitudes of love, who have suffered an absence of eighteen long months from the dear object of your hope, and found at your return the melting fair as kind and constant as your heart could wish, do me justice on this occasion, and conceive what unutterable rapture possessed us both, while we flew into each other's arms! This was no time for speech,—locked in a mutual embrace, we continued some minutes in a silent trance of joy! When I thus encircled all that my soul held dear, while I hung over her beauties,—beheld her eyes sparkle, and every feature flush with virtuous fondness; when I saw her enchanting bosom heave with undissembled rapture, and knew myself the happy cause—Heavens! what was my situation! I am tempted to commit my paper to the flames, and to renounce my pen for ever, because its most ardent and lucky expression so poorly describes the emotions of my soul.

"O adorable Narcissa," cried I; "O miracle of beauty, love, and truth! I at last fold thee in my arms! I at last can call thee mine! No jealous brother shall thwart our happiness again; fortune hath at length recompensed me for all my sufferings, and enabled me to do justice to my love." The dear creature smiled ineffably charming, and with a look of bewitching tenderness, said, "And shall we never part again?" "Never," I replied, "thou wondrous pattern of all earthly perfection! never, until death shall divide us! By this ambrosial kiss, a thousand times more fragrant than the breeze that sweeps the orange grove, I never more will leave thee!"

As my first transport abated, my passion grew turbulent and unruly. I was giddy with standing on the brink of bliss, and all my virtue and philosophy were scarce sufficient to restrain the inordinate sallies of desire. Narcissa perceived the conflict within me, and with her usual dignity of prudence, called off my imagination from the object in view, and with eager expressions of interested curiosity, desired to know the particulars of my voyage. In this I gratified her inclination, bringing my story down to the present hour. She was infinitely surprised at the circumstance of my finding my father, which brought tears into her lovely eyes. She was transported at hearing that he approved my flame, discovered a longing desire of being introduced to him, congratulated herself and me upon my good fortune, and observed that this great and unexpected stroke of fate seemed to have been brought about by the immediate direction of Providence. Having entertained ourselves some hours with the genuine effusions of our souls, I obtained her consent to complete my happiness as soon as my father should judge it proper, and applying with my own hands a valuable necklace, composed of diamonds and amethysts set alternately, which an old Spanish lady at Paraguay had presented me with, I took my leave, promising to return in the afternoon with Don Rodrigo. When I went home, this generous parent inquired very affectionately about the health of my dear Narcissa, to whom, that I might be the more agreeable, he put into my hand a deed, by which I found myself in possession of fifteen thousand pounds, exclusive of the profits of my own merchandise, which amounted to three thousand more. After dinner I accompanied him to the lodging of my mistress, who, being dressed for the occasion, made a most dazzling appearance. I could perceive him struck with her figure, which I really think was the most beautiful that ever was created under the sun. He embraced her tenderly, and told her he was proud of having a son who had a spirit to attempt, and qualifications to engage, the affections of such a fine lady. She blushed at this compliment, and with eyes full of the softest languishment turned upon me, said, she should have been unworthy of Mr. Random's attention, had she been blind to his extraordinary merit. I made no other answer than a low bow. My father, sighing, pronounced, "Such once was my Charlotte!" while the tear rushed into his eye, and the tender heart of Narcissa manifested itself in two precious drops of sympathy, which, but for his presence, I would have kissed away. Without repeating the particulars of our conversation, I shall only observe, that Don Rodrigo was as much charmed with her good sense as with her appearance; and she was no less pleased with his understanding and polite address. It was determined that he should write to the squire, signifying his approbation of my passion for his sister, and offering

a settlement which he should have no reason to reject; and that, if he should refuse the proposal, we would crown our mutual wishes without any farther regard to his will.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

My Father makes a present to Narcissa—The Letter is despatched to her Brother—I appear among my Acquaintance—Banter's Behaviour—The Squire refuses his Consent—My Uncle comes to Town—Approves of my Choice—I am Married—We meet the Squire and his Lady at the Play—Our Acquaintance is courted.

AFTER having spent the evening to the satisfaction of all present, my father addressed himself thus to Narcissa, "Madam, give me leave to consider you hereafter as my daughter, in which capacity I insist upon your accepting this first instance of my paternal duty and affection." With these words he put into her hand a bank-note of £500, which she no sooner examined, than, with a low curtsey, she replied, "Dear sir, though I have not the least occasion for this supply, I have too great a veneration for you to refuse this proof of your generosity and esteem, which I the more freely receive, because I already look upon Mr. Random's interest as inseparably connected with mine." He was extremely well pleased with her frank and ingenuous reply; upon which we saluted, and wished her good night. The letter, at my request, was despatched to Sussex by an express, and in the meantime, Don Rodrigo, to grace my nuptials, hired a ready-furnished house, and set up a very handsome equipage.

Though I passed the greatest part of the day with the darling of my soul, I found leisure sometimes to be among my former acquaintance, who were astonished at the magnificence of my appearance. Banter, in particular, was confounded at the strange vicissitudes of my fortune, the causes of which he endeavoured in vain to discover, until I thought fit to disclose the whole secret of my last voyage, partly in consideration of our former intimacy, and partly to prevent unfavourable conjectures which he and others, in all probability, would have made in regard to my circumstances. He professed great satisfaction at this piece of news, and I had no cause to believe him insincere, when I considered that he would now look upon himself as acquitted of the debt he owed me, and at the same time flatter himself with hopes of borrowing more. I carried him home to dinner with me, and my father liked his conversation so much, that, upon hearing his difficulties, he desired me to accommodate him for the present, and inquire if he would accept of a commission in the army, towards the purchase of which he would willingly lend him money. Accordingly I gave my friend an opportunity of being alone with me, when, as I expected, he told me that he was just on the point of being reconciled to an old rich uncle, whose heir he was, but wanted a few pieces for immediate expense, which he desired I would lend him, and take his bond for the whole. His demand was limited to ten guineas; and when I put twenty into his hand, he stared at me for some moments; then putting it into his purse, said, "Ay, 'tis all one,—you shall have the whole in a very short time." When I had taken his note, to save the expense of a bond, I expressed some surprise that a fellow of his spirit should loiter away his time in idleness, and asked why he did not choose to make his fortune in the army? "What!" said he, "throw away my money upon a subaltern's commission, to be under the command of a parcel of scoundrels, who have raised themselves above me by the most infamous practices! No, I love independency too well to sacrifice my life, health, and pleasure for such a pitiful consideration." Finding him averse to this way of life, I changed the subject, and returned to Don Rodrigo, who had just received the following epistle from the squire:—

"SIR,—Concerning a letter which I received, subscribed R. Random, this is the answer. As for you, I know nothing of you. Your son, or pretended son, I have seen;—if he marries my sister, at his peril be it; I do declare, that he shall not have one farthing of her fortune, which becomes my property, if she takes a husband without my consent. Your settlement, I do believe, is all a sham, and yourself no better than you should be; but if you had all the wealth of the Indies, your son shall never match in our family with the consent of ORSON TOPEHALL."

My father was not much surprised at this polite letter, after having heard the character of the author; and as for me, I was even pleased at his refusal, because I now had an opportunity of showing my disinterested love. By his permission I waited on my charmer; and, having imparted the contents of her brother's letter, at which she wept bitterly, in spite of all my consolation and caresses, the time of our marriage was fixed at the distance of two days. During this interval, in which my soul was wound up to the last stretch of rapturous expectation, Narcissa endeavoured to reconcile some of her relations in town to her marriage with me; but, finding them all deaf to her remonstrances, either out of envy or prejudice, she told me with the most enchanting sweetness, while the tears bedewed her lovely cheeks, "Sure the world will no longer question your generosity, when you take a poor forlorn beggar to your arms." Affected with her sorrow, I pressed the fair mourner to my breast, and swore that she was more dear and welcome on that account, because she had sacrificed her friends and fortune to her love for me. My uncle, for whose character she had a great veneration, being by this time come to town, I introduced him to my bride; and although he was not very much subject to refined sensations, he was struck dumb with admiration at her beauty. After having kissed and gazed at her for some time, he turned to me, saying, "Odds bobs, Rory! here's a notable prize indeed, finely built and gloriously rigged, i'faith! If she an't well manned when you have the command of her, sirrah, you deserve to go to sea in a cockle-shell. No offence, I hope, niece; you must not mind what I say, being, as the saying is, a plain seafaring man, thof, mayhap, I have as much regard for you as another." She received him with great civility, told him she had longed a great while to see a person to whom she was so much indebted for his generosity to Mr. Random; that she looked upon him as her uncle, by which name she begged leave to call him for the future; and that she was very sure he could say nothing that would give her the least offence. The honest captain was transported at her courteous behaviour, and insisted upon giving her away at the ceremony, swearing that he loved her as well as if she was his own child, and that he would give two thousand guineas to the first-fruit of our love, as soon as it could squeak. Everything being prepared for the solemnization of our nuptials, which were to be performed privately at my

father's house, the auspicious hour arrived, when Don Rodrigo and my uncle went in the coach to fetch the bride and Miss Williams, leaving me with a parson, Banter, and Strap, neither of whom had as yet seen my charming mistress. My faithful valet, who was on the rack of impatience to behold a lady of whom he had heard so much, no sooner understood that the coach was returned, than he placed himself at a window to have a peep at her as she alighted, and when he saw her, clapped his hands together, turned up the white of his eyes, and, with his mouth wide open, remained in a sort of ecstasy, which broke out into "*O Dea certe! qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi, exercet Diana choros!*" The doctor and Banter were surprised to hear my man speak Latin; but when my father led Narcissa into the room, the object of their admiration was soon changed, as appeared in the countenances of both. Indeed, they must have been the most insensible of all beings could they have beheld, without emotion, the divine creature that approached. She was dressed in a sack of white satin, embroidered on the breast with gold; the crown of her head was covered with a small French cap, from whence descended her beautiful hair in ringlets that waved upon her snowy neck, which dignified the necklace I had given her; her looks glowed with modesty and love; and her bosom, through the veil of gauze that shaded it, afforded a prospect of Elysium. I received this inestimable gift of Providence as became me; and in a little time the clergyman did his office, my uncle, at his own earnest request, acting the part of a father to my dear Narcissa, who trembled very much, and had scarce spirits sufficient to support her under this great change of situation. Soon as she was mine by the laws of heaven and earth, I printed a burning kiss upon her lips, my father embraced her tenderly, my uncle hugged her with great affection, and I presented her to my friend Banter, who saluted her in a very polite manner; Miss Williams hung round her neck, and wept plentifully; while Strap fell upon his knees, and begged to kiss his lady's hand, which she presented with great affability. I shall not pretend to describe my own feelings at this juncture; let it suffice to say that, after having supped and entertained ourselves till ten o'clock, I cautioned my Narcissa against exposing her health by sitting up too late, and she was prevailed upon to withdraw with her maid to an apartment destined for us. When she left the room, her face was overspread with a blush that set all my blood in a state of fermentation, and made every pulse beat with tenfold vigour. She was so cruel as to let me remain in this condition a full half-hour, when, no longer able to restrain my impatience, I broke from the company, burst into her chamber, pushed out her confidant, locked the door, and found her—O heaven and earth!—a feast a thousand times more delicious than my most sanguine hope presaged.—But let me not profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen. I was the happiest of men!

In the morning I was waked by three or four drums, which Banter had placed under the window, upon which I withdrew the curtain, and enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of contemplating those angelic charms which were now in my possession! *Beauty which, whether sleeping or awake, shot forth peculiar graces!* The light darting upon my Narcissa's eyes, she awoke also, and, recollecting her situation, hid her blushes in my bosom. I was distracted with joy! I could not believe the evidence of my senses, and looked upon all that had happened as the fictions of a dream! In the meantime my uncle knocked at the door, and bade me turn out, for I had had a long spell. I rose accordingly, and sent Miss Williams to her mistress, myself receiving the congratulations of Captain Bowling, who rallied me in his sea phrase with great success. In less than an hour Don Rodrigo led my wife in to breakfast, where she received the compliments of the company on her looks, which, they said, if possible, were improved by matrimony. As her delicate ears were offended with none of those indecent ambiguities which are too often spoke on such occasions, she behaved with dignity, unaffected modesty, and ease; and, as a testimony of my affection and esteem, I presented her, in presence of them all, with a deed, by which I settled the whole fortune I was possessed of on her and her heirs for ever. She accepted it with a glance of most tender acknowledgment, observed that she could not be surprised at anything of this kind I should do, and desired my father to take the trouble of keeping it, saying, "Next to my own Mr. Random, you are the person in whom I ought to have the greatest confidence." Charmed with her prudent and ingenuous manner of proceeding, he took the paper, and assured her that it should not lose its value while in his custody.

As we had not many visits to give and receive, the little time we stayed in town was spent in going to public diversions, where I have the vanity to think Narcissa was seldom eclipsed. One night in particular, we had sent our footman to keep one of the stage boxes, which we no sooner entered than we perceived in the opposite box the squire and his lady, who seemed not a little surprised at seeing us. I was pleased at this opportunity of confronting them, the more because Melinda was robbed of all her admirers by my wife, who happened that night to outshine her sister both in beauty and dress. She was piqued at Narcissa's victory, tossed her head a thousand different ways, flirted her fan, looked at us with disdain, then whispered to her husband, and broke out into an affected giggle; but all her arts proved ineffectual, either to discompose Mrs. Random, or to conceal her own mortification, which at length forced her away long before the play was done. The news of our marriage being spread with many circumstances to our disadvantage by the industry of this malignant creature, a certain set of persons, fond of scandal, began to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, which they no sooner understood to be independent than the tables were turned, and our acquaintance courted as much as it had been despised before. But Narcissa had too much dignity of pride to encourage this change of conduct, especially in her relations, whom she could never be prevailed upon to see, after the malicious reports they had raised to her prejudice.

CHAPTER LXIX.

My Father intends to revisit the place of his Nativity—We promise to accompany him—My Uncle renews his Will in my favour, determining to go to Sea again—We set out for Scotland—Arrive at Edinburgh—Purchase our Paternal Estate—Proceed to it—Halt at the Town where I was educated—Take up my Bond to Crab—The Behaviour of Potion and his Wife, and one of my female Cousins—Our Reception at the Estate—Strap marries Miss Williams.

and is settled by my Father to his own satisfaction—I am more and more Happy.

My father intending to revisit his native country, and pay the tribute of a few tears at my mother's grave, Narcissa and I resolved to accompany him in the execution of his pious office, and accordingly prepared for the journey, in which, however, my uncle would not engage, being resolved to try his fortune once more at sea. In the meantime he renewed his will in favour of my wife and me, and deposited it in the hands of his brother-in-law; while I, that I might not be wanting to my own interest, summoned the squire to produce his father's will at Doctors' Commons, and employed a proctor to manage the affair in my absence.

Everything being thus settled, we took leave of all our friends in London, and set out for Scotland, Don Rodrigo, Narcissa, Miss Williams, and I, in the coach, and Strap with two men in livery on horseback. As we made easy stages, my charmer held it out very well till we arrived at Edinburgh, where we proposed to rest ourselves some weeks.

Here Don Rodrigo having intelligence that the fox-hunter had spent his estate, which was to be exposed to sale by public auction, he determined to make a purchase of the spot where he was born, and actually bought all the land that belonged to his father.

In a few days after this bargain was made, we left Edinburgh, in order to go and take possession; and, by the way, halted one night in that town where I was educated. Upon inquiry, I found that Mr. Crab was dead, whereupon I sent for his executor, paid the sum I owed, with interest, and took up my bond. Mr. Potion and his wife, hearing of our arrival, had the assurance to come to the inn where we lodged, and send up their names, with a desire of being permitted to pay their respects to my father and me, but their sordid behaviour towards me when I was an orphan, had made too deep an impression on my mind to be effaced by this mean mercenary piece of condescension. I therefore rejected their message with disdain, and bade Strap tell them, that my father and I desired to have no communication with such low-minded wretches as they were.

They had not been gone half an hour when a woman, without any ceremony, opened the door of the room where we sat, and, making towards my father, accosted him with, "Uncle, your servant—I am glad to see you." This was no other than one of my female cousins, mentioned in the first part of my memoirs, to whom Don Rodrigo replied, "Pray, who are you, madam?" "Oh!" cried she, "my cousin Rory there knows me very well. Don't you remember me, Rory?" "Yes, madam," said I; "for my own part, I shall never forget you. Sir, this is one of the young ladies who, as I formerly told you, treated me so humanely in my childhood." When I pronounced these words, my father's resentment glowed in his visage, and he ordered her to be gone with such a commanding aspect that she retired in a fright, muttering curses as she went down stairs. We afterwards learned that she was married to an ensign, who had already spent all her fortune, and that her sister had bore a child to her mother's footman, who is now her husband, and keeps a petty ale-house in the country.

The fame of our flourishing condition having arrived at this place before us, we got notice that the magistrates intended next day to compliment us with the freedom of their town, upon which my father, considering their complaisance in the right point of view, ordered the horses to the coach early in the morning.

We proceeded to our estate, which lay about twenty miles from this place; and when we came within half a league of the house, were met by a prodigious number of poor tenants, men, women, and children, who testified their joy by loud acclamations, and accompanied our coach to the gate. As there is no part of the world in which the peasants are more attached to their lords than in Scotland, we were almost devoured by their affection. My father had always been their favourite, and now that he appeared their master, after having been thought dead so long, their joy broke out into a thousand extravagances. When we entered the court-yard, we were surrounded by a vast number, who crowded together so closely to see us, that several were in danger of being squeezed to death; those who were near Don Rodrigo fell upon their knees, and kissed his hand, or the hem of his garment, praying aloud for long life and prosperity to him; others approached Narcissa and me in the same manner; while the rest clapped their hands at a distance, and invoked Heaven to shower its choicest blessings on our heads! In short, the whole scene, though rude, was so affecting that the gentle partner of my heart wept over it, and my father himself could not refrain from dropping a tear.

Having welcomed his daughter and me to his house, he ordered some bullocks to be killed, and some hogsheads of ale to be brought from the neighbouring village to regale these honest people, who had not enjoyed such a holiday for many years before.

Next day we were visited by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, most of them our relations, one of whom brought along with him my cousin the fox-hunter, who had stayed at his house since he was obliged to leave his own. My father was generous enough to receive him kindly, and even promise to purchase for him a commission in the army, for which he expressed great thankfulness and joy.

My charming Narcissa was universally admired and loved for her beauty, affability, and good sense, and so well pleased with the situation of the place, and the company round, that she has not as yet discovered the least desire of changing her habitation.

We had not been many days settled, when I prevailed upon my father to pay a visit to the village where I had been at school. Here we were received by the principal inhabitants, who entertained us in the church, where Mr. Syntax the schoolmaster, my tyrant being dead, pronounced a Latin oration in honour of our family. And none exerted themselves more than Strap's father and relations, who looked upon the honest valet as the first gentleman of their race, and honoured his benefactors accordingly. Having received the homage of this place we retired, leaving forty pounds for the benefit of the poor of the parish, and that very night, Strap being a little elevated with the regard that had been shown to him, and to me on his account, ventured to tell me that he had a sneaking kindness for Miss Williams, and that, if his lady and I would use our interest in his behalf, he did not doubt that she would listen to his addresses. Surprised at this proposal, I asked if he knew the story of that unfortunate young gentlewoman. Upon which he replied, "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. She has been unhappy, I grant you; but what of that? I am convinced of her reformation; or else you and my good lady

would not treat her with such respect. As for the censure of the world, I value it not a fig's end; besides, the world knows nothing of the matter." I commended his philosophy, and interested Narcissa in his cause; who interceded so effectually, that in a little time Miss Williams yielded her consent, and they were married, with the approbation of Don Rodrigo, who gave him five hundred pounds to stock a farm, and made him overseer of his estate. My generous bedfellow gave her maid the same sum; so that they live in great peace and plenty within half a mile of us, and daily put up prayers for our preservation.

If there be such a thing as true happiness on earth, I enjoy it. The impetuous transports of my passion are now settled and mellowed into endearing fondness and tranquillity of love, rooted by that intimate connexion and interchange of hearts, which nought but virtuous wedlock can produce. Fortune seems determined to make ample amends for her former cruelty; for my proctor writes, that, notwithstanding the clause in my father-in-law's will, on which the squire founds his claim, I shall certainly recover my wife's fortune, in consequence of a codicil annexed, which explains that clause, and limits her restriction to the age of nineteen, after which she was at her own disposal. I would have set out for London immediately after receiving this piece of intelligence, but my dear angel has been qualmish of late, and begins to grow remarkably round in the waist; so that I cannot leave her in such an interesting situation, which I hope will produce something to crown my felicity.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

PEREGRINE PICKLE;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

RESPICERE EXEMPLAR VITÆ MORUMQUE JUBEBO
DOCTUM IMITATOREM, ET VERAS HINC DUCERE CAUSAS.—HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

At length Peregrine Pickle makes his appearance in a new edition, in spite of all the art and industry that were used to stifle him in the birth, by certain booksellers and others, who were at uncommon pains to misrepresent the work and calumniate the author.

The performance was decried as an immoral piece, and a scurrilous libel; the author was charged with having defamed the characters of particular persons, to whom he lay under considerable obligations; and some formidable critics declared that the book was void of humour, character, and sentiment.

These charges, had they been supported by proof, would have certainly damned the writer and all his works; and, even unsupported as they were, had an unfavourable effect with the public. But, luckily for him, his real character was not unknown; and some readers were determined to judge for themselves, rather than trust implicitly to the allegations of his enemies. The book was found not altogether unworthy of their recommendation; a very large impression has been sold in England; another was bought up in a neighbouring kingdom; the work has been translated into the French language; and the demand for the original lately increased in England. It was the author's duty, therefore, as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expression. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed. Some humorous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten, and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

He owns, with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters as they appeared to him at that time, through the exaggerating medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagances. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This declaration he may be permitted to make, without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour and revenge, that have lately, both in private and in public, been levelled at his reputation.

NOTE.—*The two Letters relating to the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, inserted after* Chap. LXXX., *were sent to the Editor by a person of honour.*

THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE.

CHAPTER I.

An Account of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle—The Disposition of his Sister described—He yields to her Solicitations, and retires to the Country.

In a certain county of England, bounded on one side by the sea, and at the distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis, lived Gamaliel Pickle, Esq., the father of that hero whose adventures we purpose to record. He was the son of a merchant in London, who, like Rome, from small beginnings had raised himself to the highest honours of the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune, though, to his infinite regret, he died before it amounted to a plum, conjuring his son, as he respected the last injunction of a parent, to imitate his industry, and adhere to his maxims, until he should have made up the deficiency, which was a sum considerably less than fifteen thousand pounds.

This pathetic remonstrance had the desired effect upon his representative, who spared no pains to fulfil the request of the deceased, but

exerted all the capacity with which nature had endowed him in a series of efforts, which, however, did not succeed; for, by the time he had been fifteen years in trade, he found himself five thousand pounds worse than he was when he first took possession of his father's effects; a circumstance that affected him so nearly as to detach his inclinations from business, and induce him to retire from the world, to some place where he might at leisure deplore his misfortunes, and, by frugality, secure himself from want and the apprehensions of a jail, with which his imagination was incessantly haunted. He was often heard to express his fears of coming upon the parish, and to bless God, that, on account of his having been so long a housekeeper, he was entitled to that provision. In short, his talents were not naturally active, and there was a sort of inconsistency in his character; for, with all the desire of amassing which any citizen could possibly entertain, he was encumbered by a certain indolence and sluggishness that prevailed over every interested consideration, and even hindered him from profiting by the singleness of apprehension, and moderation of appetites, which have so frequently conduced to the acquisition of immense fortunes, qualities which he possessed in a very remarkable degree. Nature, in all probability, had mixed little or nothing inflammable in his composition; or whatever seeds of excess she might have sown within him, were effectually stifled and destroyed by the austerity of his education.

The sallies of his youth, far from being inordinate or criminal, never exceeded the bounds of that decent jollity, which an extraordinary pot, on extraordinary occasions, may be supposed to have produced in a club of sedate book-keepers, whose imaginations were neither very warm nor luxuriant. Little subject to refined sensations, he was scarce ever disturbed with violent emotions of any kind. The passion of love never interrupted his tranquillity; and if, as Mr. Creech says, after Horace,

> "Not to admire is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, and to keep them so,"

Mr. Pickle was undoubtedly possessed of that invaluable secret; at least he was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at the club, where he observed, with some demonstrations of vivacity, that he had dined upon a delicate loin of veal.

Notwithstanding this appearance of phlegm, he could not help feeling his disappointments in trade; and, upon the failure of a certain underwriter, by which he lost five hundred pounds, declared his design of relinquishing business, and retiring to the country. In this resolution he was comforted and encouraged by his only sister, Mrs. Grizzle, who had managed his family since the death of his father, and was now in the thirtieth year of her maidenhood, with a fortune of five thousand pounds, and a large stock of economy and devotion.

These qualifications, one would think, might have been the means of abridging the term of her celibacy, as she never expressed any aversion to wedlock; but it seems she was too delicate in her choice to find a mate to her inclination in the city; for I cannot suppose that she remained so long unsolicited, though the charms of her person were not altogether enchanting, nor her manner over and above agreeable. Exclusive of a very wan (not to call it sallow) complexion, which perhaps was the effect of her virginity and mortification, she had a cast in her eyes that was not at all engaging, and such an extent of mouth as no art or affectation could contract into any proportionable dimension. Then her piety was rather peevish than resigned, and did not in the least diminish a certain stateliness in her demeanour and conversation, that delighted in communicating the importance and honour of her family, which, by the bye, was not to be traced two generations back, by all the power of heraldry or tradition.

She seemed to have renounced all the ideas she had acquired before her father served the office of sheriff; and the era which regulated the dates of all her observations, was the mayoralty of her papa. Nay, so solicitous was this good lady for the support and propagation of the family name, that, suppressing every selfish motive, she actually prevailed upon her brother to combat with his own disposition, and even surmount it so far, as to declare a passion for the person whom he afterwards wedded, as we shall see in the sequel. Indeed she was the spur that instigated him in all his extraordinary undertakings; and I question whether or not he would have been able to disengage himself from that course of life in which he had so long mechanically moved, unless he had been roused and actuated by her incessant exhortations. London, she observed, was a receptacle of iniquity, where an honest unsuspecting man was every day in danger of falling a sacrifice to craft; where innocence was exposed to continual temptations, and virtue eternally persecuted by malice and slander; where everything was ruled by caprice and corruption, and merit utterly discouraged and despised. This last imputation she pronounced with such emphasis and chagrin, as plainly denoted how far she considered herself as an example of what she advanced; and really the charge was justified by the constructions that were put upon her retreat by her female friends, who, far from imputing it to the laudable motives that induced her, insinuated, in sarcastic commendations, that she had good reason to be dissatisfied with a place where she had been so long overlooked; and that it was certainly her wisest course to make her last effort in the country, where, in all probability, her talents would be less eclipsed, and her fortune more attractive.

Be this as it will, her admonitions, though they were powerful enough to convince, would have been insufficient to overcome the languor and *vis inertiæ* of her brother, had she not reinforced her arguments by calling in question the credit of two or three merchants, with whom he was embarked in trade.

Alarmed at these hints of intelligence, he exerted himself effectually; he withdrew his money from trade, and, laying it out in bank stock and India bonds, removed to a house in the country, which his father had built near the sea-side, for the convenience of carrying on a certain branch of traffic in which he had been deeply concerned.

Here, then, Mr. Pickle fixed his habitation for life, in the six-and-thirtieth year of his age; and though the pangs he felt at parting with his intimate companions, and quitting all his former connexions, were not quite so keen as to produce any dangerous disorder in his constitution, he did not fail to be extremely disconcerted at his first entrance into a scene of life to which he was totally a stranger. Not but that he met with abundance of people in the country, who, in consideration of his fortune, courted his acquaintance, and breathed nothing but friendship and hospitality. Yet even the trouble of receiving and returning these civilities was an intolerable

fatigue to a man of his habits and disposition. He therefore left the care of the ceremonial to his sister, who indulged herself in all the pride of formality, while he himself, having made a discovery of a public-house in the neighbourhood, went thither every evening, and enjoyed his pipe and can; being very well satisfied with the behaviour of the landlord, whose communicative temper was a great comfort to his own taciturnity; for he shunned all superfluity of speech, as much as he avoided any other unnecessary expense.

CHAPTER II.

He is made acquainted with the Characters of Commodore Trunnion and his Adherents; meets with them by accident, and contracts an Intimacy with that Commander.

THIS loquacious publican soon gave him sketches of all the characters in the county, and, among others, described that of his next neighbour, Commodore Trunnion, which was altogether singular and odd. "The Commodore and your worship," said he, "will in a short time be hand and glove; he has a power of money, and spends it like a prince—that is, in his own way; for, to be sure, he is a little humorsome, as the saying is, and swears woundily, though I'll be sworn he means no more harm than a sucking babe. Lord help us! it will do your honour's heart good to hear him tell a story, as how he lay alongside of the French, yard-arm and yard-arm, board and board, and of heaving grapplings, and stink-pots, and grapes, and round and double-headed partridges, crows and carters. Laud have mercy upon us! he has been a great warrior in his time, and lost an eye and a heel in the service. Then he does not live like any other Christian land-man; but keeps garrison in his house, as if he were in the midst of his enemies, and makes his servants turn out in the night, watch and watch, as he calls it, all the year round. His habitation is defended by a ditch, over which he has laid a drawbridge, and planted his court-yard with patereroes continually loaded with shot, under the direction of one Mr. Hatchway, who had one of his legs shot away, while he acted as lieutenant on board the commodore's ship; and now, being on half-pay, lives with him as his companion. The lieutenant is a very brave man, a great joker, and, as the saying is, hath got the length of his commander's foot; though he has another favourite in the house, called Tom Pipes, that was his boatswain's mate, and now keeps the servants in order. Tom is a man of few words, but an excellent hand at a song concerning the boatswain's whistle, hussle-cap, and chuck-farthing; there is not such another pipe in the county. So that the commodore lives very happy in his own manner; thof he be sometimes thrown into perilous passions and quandaries, by the application of his poor kinsmen, whom he can't abide, because as how some of them were the first occasion of his going to sea. Then he sweats with agony at the sight of an attorney; just for all the world, as some people have an antipathy to a cat; for it seems he was once at law for striking one of his officers, and cast in a swinging sum. He is moreover exceedingly afflicted with goblins that disturb his rest, and keep such a racket in his house, that you would think, God bless us! all the devils in hell had broke loose upon him. It was no longer ago than last year about this time, that he was tormented the livelong night by two mischievous spirits that got into his chamber, and played a thousand pranks about his hammock (for there is not one bed within his walls). Well, sir, he rung his bell, called up all his servants, got lights, and made a thorough search; but the devil a goblin was to be found. He had no sooner turned in again, and the rest of the family gone to sleep, than the foul fiends began their game anew. The commodore got up in the dark, drew his cutlass, and attacked them both so manfully, that, at five minutes, everything in the apartment went to pieces. The lieutenant, hearing the noise, came to his assistance. Tom Pipes, being told what was the matter, lighted his match, and, going down to the yard, fired all the patereroes as signals of distress. Well, to be sure, the whole parish was in a pucker; some thought the French had landed; others imagined the commodore's house was beset by thieves; for my own part, I called up two dragoons that are quartered upon me; and they swore with deadly oaths, it was a gang of smugglers engaged with a party of their regiment, that lies in the next village; and mounting their horses like lusty fellows, rode up into the country as fast as their beasts could carry them. Ah, master! these are hard times, when an industrious body cannot earn his bread without fear of the gallows. Your worship's father, God rest his soul! was a good gentleman, and as well respected in this parish as e'er a he that walks upon neat's leather. And if your honour should want a small parcel of fine tea, or a few ankers of right Nants, I'll be bound you shall be furnished to your heart's content. But, as I was saying, the hubbub continued till morning, when the parson being sent for, conjured the spirits into the Red Sea; and the house has been pretty quiet ever since. True it is, Mr. Hatchway makes a mock of the whole affair; and told his commander, in this very blessed spot, that the two goblins were no other than a couple of jackdaws which had fallen down the chimney, and made a flapping with their wings up and down the apartment. But the commodore, who is very choleric, and does not like to be jeered, fell into a main high passion, and stormed like a perfect hurricane, swearing that he knew a devil from a jackdaw as well as e'er a man in the three kingdoms. He owned, indeed, that the birds were found, but denied that they were the occasion of the uproar. For my own part, master, I believe much may be said on both sides of the question, thof, to be sure, the devil is always going about, as the saying is."

This circumstantial account, extraordinary as it was, never altered one feature in the countenance of Mr. Pickle, who, having heard it to an end, took the pipe from his mouth, saying, with a look of infinite sagacity and deliberation, "I do suppose he is of the Cornish Trunnions. What sort of a woman is his spouse?" "Spouse!" cried the other, "odds heart! I don't think he would marry the Queen of Sheba. Lack-a-day! sir, he won't suffer his own maids to lie in the garrison, but turns them into an outhouse every night before the watch is set. Bless your honour's soul, he is, as it were, a very oddish kind of a gentleman. Your worship would have seen him before now; for when he is well, he and my good master Hatchway come hither every evening, and drink a couple of cans of rumbo apiece; but he has been confined to his house this fortnight by a plaguy fit of the gout, which, I'll assure your worship, is a good penny out of my pocket."

At that instant Mr. Pickle's ears were saluted with such a strange noise, as even discomposed the muscles of his face, which gave immediate

indications of alarm. This composition of notes at first resembled the crying of quails and croaking of bull-frogs; but, as it approached nearer, he could distinguish articulate sounds pronounced with great violence, in such a cadence as one would expect to hear from a human creature scolding through the organs of an ass. It was neither speaking nor braying, but a surprising mixture of both, employed in the utterance of terms absolutely unintelligible to our wondering merchant, who had just opened his mouth to express his curiosity, when the landlord, starting up at the well-known sound, cried, "Odds niggers! there is the commodore with his company, as sure as I live;" and with his apron began to wipe the dust off an elbow-chair placed at one side of the fire, and kept sacred for the ease and convenience of this infirm commander. While he was thus occupied, a voice still more uncouth than the former, bawled aloud, "Ho! the house, ahoy!" Upon which the publican, clapping a hand to each side of his head, with his thumbs fixed to his ears, rebellowed in the same tone, which he had learned to imitate, "Hilloah!" The voice again exclaimed, "Have you got any attorneys aboard?" and when the landlord replied "No, no," this man of strange expectation came in, supported by his two dependants, and displayed a figure every way answerable to the oddity of his character. He was in stature at least six feet high, though he had contracted an habit of stooping, by living so long on board; his complexion was tawny, and his aspect rendered hideous by a large scar across his nose, and a patch that covered the place of one eye. Being seated in his chair with great formality, the landlord complimented him upon his being able to come abroad again; and having, in a whisper, communicated the name of his fellow-guest, whom the commodore already knew by report, went to prepare, with all imaginable despatch, the first allowance of his favourite liquor, in three separate cans, for each was accommodated with his own portion apart, while the lieutenant sat down on the blind side of his commander; and Tom Pipes, knowing his distance, with great modesty took his station in the rear. After a pause of some minutes, the conversation was begun by this ferocious chief, who, fixing his eye upon the lieutenant with a sternness of countenance not to be described, addressed him in these words: "Damn my eyes! Hatchway, I always took you to be a better seaman than to overset our chaise in such fair weather. Blood! didn't I tell you we were running bump ashore, and bid you set in the lee-brace, and haul upon a wind?" "Yes," replied the other, with an arch sneer, "I do confess as how you did give such orders, after you had run us foul of a post, so as that the carriage lay along, and could not right herself." "I run you foul of a post!" cried the commander; "damn my heart! you're a pretty dog, an't you, to tell me so aboveboard to my face? Did I take charge of the chaise? Did I stand at the helm?" "No," answered Hatchway; "I must confess you did not steer; but howsomever, you cunned all the way, and so, as you could not see how the land lay, being blind of your larboard eye, we were fast ashore before you knew anything of the matter. Pipes, who stood abaft, can testify the truth of what I say." "Damn my limbs!" resumed the commodore, "I don't value what you or Pipes say a rope-yarn. You're a couple of mutinous— I'll say no more; but you shan't run your rig upon me, damn ye. I am the man that learnt you, Jack Hatchway, to splice a rope and raise a perpendicular."

The lieutenant, who was perfectly well acquainted with the trim of his captain, did not choose to carry on the altercation any farther; but, taking up his can, drank to the health of the stranger, who very courteously returned the compliment, without, however, presuming to join in the conversation, which suffered a considerable pause. During this interruption, Mr. Hatchway's wit displayed itself in several practical jokes upon the commodore, with whom, he knew, it was dangerous to tamper in any other way. Being without the sphere of his vision, he securely pilfered his tobacco, drank his rumbo, made wry faces, and, to use the vulgar phrase, cocked his eye at him, to the no small entertainment of the spectators, Mr. Pickle himself not excepted, who gave evident tokens of uncommon satisfaction at the dexterity of this marine pantomime.

Meanwhile, the captain's choler gradually subsided, and he was pleased to desire Hatchway, by the familiar and friendly diminutive of Jack, to read a newspaper that lay on the table before him. This task was accordingly undertaken by the lame lieutenant, who, among other paragraphs, read that which follows, with an elevation of voice that seemed to prognosticate something extraordinary: "We are informed that Admiral Bower will very soon be created a British peer, for his eminent services during the war, particularly in his late engagement with the French fleet." Trunnion was thunderstruck at this piece of intelligence. The mug dropped from his hand, and shivered into a thousand pieces; his eye glistened like that of a rattlesnake, and some minutes elapsed before he could pronounce— "Avast! overhaul that article again." It was no sooner read the second time, than, smiting the table with his fist, he started up, and with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation, exclaimed, "Damn my heart and liver! 'tis a land lie, d'ye see; and I will maintain it to be a lie, from the spritsail-yard to the mizen-topsail-haulyards! Blood and thunder! Will Bower a peer of this realm! a fellow of yesterday, that scarce knows a mast from a manger; a snotty-nose boy, whom I myself have ordered to the gun, for stealing eggs out of the hencoops! and I, Hawser Trunnion, who commanded a ship before he could keep a reckoning, am laid aside, d'ye see, and forgotten. If so be as this be the case, there is a rotten plank in our constitution, which ought to be hove down and repaired, damn my eyes! For my own part, d'ye see, I was none of your guinea-pigs; I did not rise in the service by parliamenteering interest, or a handsome bitch of a wife. I was not hoisted over the bellies of better men, nor strutted athwart the quarter-deck in a laced doublet, and thingumbobs at the wrists. Damn my limbs! I have been a hard-working man, and served all offices on board, from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there's the hand of a seaman, you dog." So saying, he laid hold on the landlord's fist, and honoured him with such a squeeze, as compelled him to roar with great vociferation, to the infinite satisfaction of the commodore, whose features were a little unbended by this acknowledgment of his vigour; and he thus proceeded in a less outrageous strain: "They make a damned noise about this engagement with the French; but, egad! it was no more than a bumboat battle, in comparison with some that I have seen. There was old Rook and Jennings, and another whom I'll be damned before I name, that knew what fighting was. As for my own share, d'ye see, I am none of those that hollo in their own commendation; but if so be that

I were minded to stand my own trumpeter, some of those little fellows that hold their heads so high, would be taken all aback, as the saying is; they would be ashamed to show their colours, damn my eyes! I once lay eight glasses alongside of the Flour de Louse, a French man-of-war, though her metal was heavier, and her complement larger by an hundred hands than mine. You, Jack Hatchway, damn ye, what d' ye grin at? D' ye think I tell a story, because you never heard it before?"

"Why, look ye, sir," answered the lieutenant, "I am glad to find you can stand your own trumpeter on occasion; thof I wish you would change the tune; for that is the same you have been piping every watch for these ten months past. Tunley himself will tell you, he has heard it five hundred times." "God forgive you, Mr. Hatchway," said the landlord, interrupting him; "as I'm an honest man and a housekeeper, I never heard a syllab of the matter."

This declaration, though not strictly true, was extremely agreeable to Mr. Trunnion, who, with an air of triumph, observed, "Aha! Jack, I thought I should bring you up, with your jibes and your jokes; but suppose you had heard it before, is that any reason why it shouldn't be told to another person? There's the stranger, belike he has heard it five hundred times too; han't you, brother?" addressing himself to Mr. Pickle; who replying, with a look expressing curiosity, "No, never;" he thus went on: "Well, you seem to be an honest, quiet sort of a man; and therefore you must know, as I said before, I fell in with a French man-of-war, Cape Finisterre, bearing about six leagues on the weather bow, and the chase three leagues to leeward, going before the wind; whereupon I set my studding sails, and, coming up with her, hoisted my jack and ensign, and poured in a whole broadside, before you could count three rattlins, in the mizen shrouds; for I always keep a good look-out, and love to have the first fire." "That I'll be sworn," said Hatchway; "for the day we made the Triumph, you ordered the men to fire when she was hull-to, by the same token we below pointed the guns at a flight of gulls; and I won a can of punch from the gunner, by killing the first bird." Exasperated at this sarcasm, he replied with great vehemence, "You lie, lubber! damn your bones! what business have you to come always athwart my hawse in this manner? You, Pipes, was upon deck, and can bear witness, whether or not I fired too soon. Speak, you blood of a bitch, and that upon the word of a seaman; how did the chase bear of us when I gave orders to fire?"

Pipes, who had hitherto sat silent, being thus called upon to give his evidence, after divers strange gesticulations, opened his mouth like a gasping cod, and with a cadence like that of the east wind singing through a cranny, pronounced, "Half a quarter of a league right upon our lee-beam." "Nearer, you porpus-faced swab!" cried the commodore, "nearer by twelve fathoms; but howsomever, that's enough to prove the falsehood of Hatchway's jaw—and so, brother, d' ye see," turning to Mr. Pickle, "I lay alongside of the Flour de Louse, yard-arm and yard-arm, plying our great guns and small arms, and heaving in stink-pots, powder-bottles, and hand-grenades, till our shot was all expended, double-headed, partridge, and grape; then we loaded with iron crows, marlin spikes, and old nails; but finding the Frenchman took a great deal of drubbing, and that he had shot away all our rigging, and killed and wounded a great number of our men, d' ye see, I resolved to run him on board upon his quarter, and so ordered our grapplings to be got ready; but Monsieur, perceiving what we were about, filled his topsails and sheered off, leaving us like a log upon the water, and our scuppers running with blood."

Mr. Pickle and the landlord paid such extraordinary attention to the rehearsal of this exploit, that Trunnion was encouraged to entertain them with more stories of the same nature; after which he observed, by way of encomium on the Government, that all he had gained in the service was a lame foot and the loss of an eye. The lieutenant, who could not find in his heart to lose any opportunity of being witty at the expense of his commander, gave a loose to his satirical talent once more, saying, "I have heard as how you came by your lame foot, by having your upper decks overstowed with liquor, whereby you became crank, and rolled, d' ye see, in such a manner, that, by a pitch of the ship, your starboard heel was jammed in one of the scuppers; and as for the matter of your eye, that was knocked out by your own crew when the Lightning was paid off. There's poor Pipes, who was beaten into all the colours of the rainbow for taking your part, and giving you time to sheer off; and I don't find as how you have rewarded him according as he deserves." As the commodore could not deny the truth of these anecdotes, however unseasonably they were introduced, he affected to receive them with good humour, as jokes of the lieutenant's own inventing, and replied, "Ay, ay, Jack, everybody knows your tongue is no slander; but, howsomever, I'll work you to an oil for this, you dog." So saying, he lifted up one of his crutches, intending to lay it gently across Mr. Hatchway's pate; but Jack, with great agility, tilted up his wooden leg, with which he warded off the blow, to the no small admiration of Mr. Pickle, and utter astonishment of the landlord, who, by the bye, had expressed the same amazement, at the same feat, at the same hour, every night for three months before. Trunnion then directing his eye to the boatswain's mate, "You, Pipes," said he, "do you go about and tell people that I did not reward you for standing by me, when I was hussled by these rebellious rapscallions; damn you, han't you been rated on the books ever since?" Tom, who indeed had no words to spare, sat smoking his pipe with great indifference, and never dreamed of paying any regard to these interrogations; which, being repeated and reinforced with many oaths, that, however, produced no effect, the commodore pulled out his purse, saying, "Here, you bitch's baby, here's something better than a smart ticket!" and threw it at his silent deliverer, who received and pocketed his bounty, without the least demonstration of surprise or satisfaction; while the donor turning to Mr. Pickle, "You see, brother," said he, "I make good the old saying, 'We sailors get money like horses, and spend it like asses;' come, Pipes, let's have the boatswain's whistle, and be jovial." This musician accordingly applied to his mouth the silver instrument that hung at a button-hole of his jacket, by a chain of the same metal, and, though not quite so ravishing as the pipe of Hermes, produced a sound so loud and shrill, that the stranger (as it were instinctively) stopped his ears, to preserve his organs of hearing from such a dangerous invasion. The prelude being thus executed, Pipes fixed his eyes upon the egg of an ostrich that depended from the ceiling, and without once moving them from that object, performed

the whole cantata in a tone of voice that seemed to be the joint issue of an Irish bagpipe and a sow-gelder's horn; the commodore, the lieutenant, and landlord joined in the chorus, repeating this elegant stanza—

"Bustle, bustle, brave boys!
Let us sing, let us toil,
And drink all the while,
Since labour's the price of our joys."

The third line was no sooner pronounced than the can was lifted to every man's mouth with admirable uniformity; and the next word taken up at the end of their draught with a twang equally expressive and harmonious. In short, the company began to understand one another; Mr. Pickle seemed to relish the entertainment, and a correspondence immediately commenced between him and Trunnion, who shook him by the hand, drank to further acquaintance, and even invited him to a mess of pork and peas in the garrison. The compliment was returned, good fellowship prevailed, and the night was pretty far advanced when the merchant's man arrived with a lanthorn to light his master home; upon which the new friends parted, after a mutual promise o meeting next evening in the same place.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Grizzle exerts herself in finding a proper Match for her Brother, who is accordingly introduced to the young Lady, whom he marries in due season.

I HAVE been the more circumstantial in opening the character of Trunnion, because he bears a considerable share in the course of these memoirs; but now it is high time to resume the consideration of Mrs. Grizzle, who, since her arrival in the country, had been engrossed by a double care, namely, that of finding a suitable match for her brother, and a comfortable yoke-fellow for herself.

Neither was this aim the result of any sinister or frail suggestion, but the pure dictates of that laudable ambition which prompted her to the preservation of the family name. Nay, so disinterested was she in this pursuit, that, postponing her nearest concern, or at least leaving her own fate to the silent operation of her charms, she laboured with such indefatigable zeal in behalf of her brother, that, before they had been three months settled in the country, the general topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, was an intended match between the rich Mr. Pickle and the fair Miss Appleby, daughter of a gentleman who lived in the next parish, and who, though he had but little fortune to bestow upon his children, had (to use his own phrase) replenished their veins with some of the best blood in the country.

This young lady, whose character and disposition Mrs. Grizzle had investigated to her own satisfaction, was destined for the spouse of Mr. Pickle, and an overture accordingly made to her father, who being overjoyed at the proposal, gave his consent without hesitation, and even recommended the immediate execution of the project with such eagerness, as seemed to indicate either a suspicion of Mr. Pickle's constancy, or a diffidence of his own daughter's complexion, which perhaps he thought too sanguine to keep much longer cool. The previous point being thus settled, our merchant, at the instigation of Mrs. Grizzle, went to visit his future father-in-law, and was introduced to the daughter, with whom he had, that same afternoon, an opportunity of being alone. What passed in that interview I never could learn, though, from the character of the suitor, the reader may justly conclude that she was not much teased with the impertinence of his addresses. He was not, I believe, the less welcome for that reason; certain it is, she made no objection to his taciturnity, and, when her father communicated his resolution, acquiesced with the most pious resignation. But Mrs. Grizzle, in order to give the lady a more favourable idea of his intellects than what his conversation could possibly inspire, was resolved to dictate a letter, which her brother should transcribe and transmit to his mistress, as the produce of his own understanding, and had actually composed a very tender billet for this purpose; yet her intention was entirely frustrated by the misapprehension of the lover himself, who, in consequence of his sister's repeated admonitions, anticipated her scheme, by writing for himself, and despatching the letter one afternoon, while Mrs. Grizzle was visiting at the parson's.

Neither was this step the effect of his vanity or precipitation; but having been often assured by his sister that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a declaration of his love in writing, he took this opportunity of acting in conformity with her advice, when his imagination was unengaged or undisturbed by any other suggestion, without suspecting the least that she intended to save him the trouble of exercising his own genius. Left, therefore, as he imagined, to his own inventions, he sat down and produced the following morceau, which was transmitted to Miss Appleby, before his sister and counsellor had the least intimation of the affair.

"MISS SALLY APPLEBY.

"MADAM,—Understanding you have a parcel of heart, warranted sound, to be disposed of, shall be willing to treat for said commodity, on reasonable terms; doubt not shall agree for same; shall wait of you for further information, when and where you shall appoint. This the needful from—Yours, etc.,

"GAM. PICKLE."

This laconic epistle, simple and unadorned as it was, met with as cordial a reception from the person to whom it was addressed, as if it had been couched in the most elegant terms that delicacy of passion and cultivated genius could supply; nay, I believe, was the more welcome on account of its mercantile plainness: because, when an advantageous match is in view, a sensible woman often considers the flowery professions and rapturous exclamations of love as ensnaring ambiguities, or at best impertinent preliminaries, that retard the treaty they are designed to promote; whereas Mr. Pickle removed all disagreeable uncertainty by descending at once to the most interesting particular.

She had no sooner, as a dutiful child, communicated this billet-doux to her father than he, as a careful parent, visited Mr. Pickle, and, in presence of Mrs. Grizzle, demanded a formal explanation of his sentiments with regard to his daughter Sally. Mr. Gamaliel, without any ceremony, assured him he had a respect for the young woman, and with his good leave would take her for better for worse. Mr. Appleby, after having expressed his satisfaction that he had fixed his affections in his family, comforted the lover with the assurance of his being agreeable to the young lady, and they forthwith pro-

ceeded to the articles of the marriage-settlement, which, being discussed and determined, a lawyer was ordered to engross them; the wedding-clothes were bought, and, in short, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to which everybody of any fashion in the neighbourhood was invited. Among these Commodore Trunnion and Mr. Hatchway were not forgotten, being the sole companions of the bridegroom, with whom, by this time, they had contracted a sort of intimacy at their nocturnal rendezvous.

They had received a previous intimation of what was on the anvil from the landlord before Mr. Pickle thought proper to declare himself; in consequence of which the topic of the one-eyed commander's discourse at their meeting for several evenings before, had been the folly and plague of matrimony, on which he held forth with great vehemence of abuse levelled at the fair sex, whom he represented as devils incarnate, sent from hell to torment mankind; and, in particular, inveighed against old maids, for whom he seemed to entertain a singular aversion; while his friend Jack confirmed the truth of all his allegations, and gratified his own malignant vein at the same time by clenching every sentence with a sly joke upon the married state, built upon some allusion to a ship or seafaring life. He compared a woman to a great gun loaded with fire, brimstone, and noise, which being violently heated, will bounce and fly and play the devil if you don't take special care of her breechings. He said she was like a hurricane that never blows from one quarter, but veers about to all points of the compass. He likened her to a painted galley curiously rigged, with a leak in her hold, which her husband would never be able to stop. He observed that her inclinations were like the Bay of Biscay; for why? because you may heave your deep-sea lead long enough without ever reaching the bottom. That he who comes to anchor on a wife may find himself moored in damned foul ground, and after all can't for his blood slip his cable; and that for his own part, thof he might make short trips for pastime, he would never embark in woman on the voyage of life, because he was afraid of foundering in the first foul weather.

In all probability these insinuations made some impression on the mind of Mr. Pickle, who was not very much inclined to run great risks of any kind; but the injunctions and importunities of his sister, who was bent upon the match, overbalanced the opinion of his sea friends, who, finding him determined to marry notwithstanding all the hints of caution they had thrown out, resolved to accept his invitation, and honoured his nuptials with their presence accordingly.

CHAPTER IV.

The behaviour of Mrs. Grizzle at the Wedding, with an account of the Guests.

I HOPE it will not be thought uncharitable if I advance, by way of conjecture, that Mrs. Grizzle on this grand occasion summoned her whole exertion, to play off the artillery of her charms upon the single gentlemen who were invited to the entertainment. Sure I am she displayed to the best advantage all the engaging qualities she possessed. Her affability at dinner was altogether uncommon; her attention to the guests was superfluously hospitable; her tongue was sheathed with the most agreeable and infantine lisp; her address was perfectly obliging; and though, conscious of the extraordinary capacity of her mouth, she would not venture to hazard a laugh, she modelled her lips into an enchanting simper, which played upon her countenance all day long; nay, she even profited by that defect in her vision we have already observed, and securely contemplated those features which were most to her liking, while the rest of the company believed her regards were disposed in a quite contrary direction. With what humility and complaisance did she receive the compliments of those who could not help praising the elegance of the banquet! and how piously did she seize that opportunity of commemorating the honours of her sire, by observing that it was no merit in her to understand something of entertainments, as she had occasion to preside at so many during the mayoralty of her papa! Far from discovering the least symptom of pride and exultation when the opulence of her family became the subject of conversation, she assumed a severity of countenance; and, after having moralized on the vanity of riches, declared that those who looked upon her as a fortune were very much mistaken, for her father had left her no more than poor five thousand pounds, which, with what little she had saved of the interest since his death, was all she had to depend upon. Indeed, if she had placed her chief felicity in wealth, she should not have been so forward in destroying her own expectations by advising and promoting the event at which they were now so happily assembled; but she hoped she should always have virtue enough to postpone any interested consideration when it should happen to clash with the happiness of her friends. Finally, such was her modesty and self-denial, that she industriously informed those whom it might concern, that she was no less than three years older than the bride; though, had she added ten to the reckoning, she would have committed no mistake in point of computation.

To contribute as much as lay in her power to the satisfaction of all present, she, in the afternoon, regaled them with a tune on the harpsichord, accompanied with her voice, which, though not the most melodious in the world, I dare say would have been equally at their service, could she have vied with Philomel in song; and as the last effort of her complaisance, when dancing was proposed, she was prevailed upon, at the request of her new sister, to open the ball in person.

In a word, Mrs. Grizzle was the principal figure in this festival, and almost eclipsed the bride, who, far from seeming to dispute the pre-eminence, very wisely allowed her to make the best of her talents; contenting herself with the lot to which fortune had already called her, and which she imagined would not be the less desirable if her sister-in-law were detached from the family.

I believe I need scarce advertise the reader that, during this whole entertainment, the commodore and his lieutenant were quite out of their element; and this, indeed, was the case with the bridegroom himself, who, being utterly unacquainted with any sort of polite commerce, found himself under a very disagreeable restraint during the whole scene.

Trunnion, who had scarce ever been on shore till he was paid off, and never once in his whole life in the company of any females above the rank of those who herd upon the Point at Portsmouth, was more embarrassed about his behaviour than if he had been surrounded at sea by the whole French navy. He had never pro-

nounced the word madam since he was born ; so that, far from entering into conversation with the ladies, he would not even return the compliment, or give the least nod of civility when they drank to his health ; and I verily believe would rather have suffered suffocation than allowed the simple phrase, *your servant*, to proceed from his mouth. He was altogether as inflexible with respect to the attitudes of his body ; for, either through obstinacy or bashfulness, he sat upright without motion, insomuch that he provoked the mirth of a certain wag, who, addressing himself to the lieutenant, asked whether that was the commodore himself, or the wooden lion that used to stand at his gate?—an image to which, it must be owned, Mr. Trunnion's person bore no faint resemblance.

Mr. Hatchway, who was not quite so unpolished as the commodore, and had certain notions that seemed to approach the ideas of common life, made a less uncouth appearance ; but then he was a wit, and though of a very peculiar genius, partook largely of that disposition which is common to all wits, who never enjoy themselves except when their talents meet with those marks of distinction and veneration which, in their own opinion, they deserve.

These circumstances being premised, it is not to be wondered at if this triumvirate made no objections to the proposal, when some of the grave personages of the company made a motion for adjourning into another apartment, where they might enjoy their pipes and bottles, while the young folks indulged themselves in the continuance of their own favourite diversion. Thus rescued, as it were, from a state of annihilation, the first use the two lads of the castle made of their existence was to ply the bridegroom so hard with bumpers that, in less than an hour, he made divers efforts to sing, and soon after was carried to bed, deprived of all manner of sensation, to the utter disappointment of the bridemen and maids, who, by this accident, were prevented from throwing the stocking, and performing certain other ceremonies practised on such occasions. As for the bride, she bore this misfortune with great good-humour ; and indeed, on all occasions, behaved like a discreet woman, perfectly well acquainted with the nature of her own situation.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Pickle assumes the reins of Government in her own Family—Her Sister-in-Law undertakes an Enterprise of great moment, but is for some time diverted from her purpose by a very interesting consideration.

WHATEVER deference, not to say submission, she had paid to Mrs. Grizzle before she was so nearly allied to her family, she no sooner became Mrs. Pickle than she thought it incumbent upon her to act up to the dignity of the character ; and the very day after the marriage ventured to dispute with her sister-in-law on the subject of her own pedigree, which she affirmed to be more honourable in all respects than that of her husband ; observing that several younger brothers of her house had arrived at the station of Lord Mayor of London, which was the highest pitch of greatness that any of Mr. Pickle's predecessors had ever attained.

This presumption was like a thunderbolt to Mrs. Grizzle, who began to perceive that she had not succeeded quite so well as she imagined in selecting for her brother a gentle and obedient yoke-fellow, who would always treat her with that profound respect which she thought due to her superior genius, and be entirely regulated by her advice and direction. However, she still continued to manage the reins of government in the house, reprehending the servants as usual ; an office she performed with great capacity, and in which she seemed to take singular delight, until Mrs. Pickle, on pretence of consulting her ease, told her one day she would take that trouble upon herself, and for the future assume the management of her own family. Nothing could be more mortifying to Mrs. Grizzle than such a declaration, to which, after a considerable pause, and strange distortion of look, she replied, "I shall never refuse or repine at any trouble that may conduce to my brother's advantage." "Dear madam," answered the sister, "I am infinitely obliged to your kind concern for Mr. Pickle's interest, which I consider as my own, but I cannot bear to see you a sufferer by your friendship ; and therefore insist upon exempting you from the fatigue you have borne so long."

In vain did the other protest that she took pleasure in the task ; Mrs. Pickle ascribed the assurance to her excess of complaisance, and expressed such tenderness of zeal for her dear sister's health and tranquillity that the reluctant maiden found herself obliged to resign her authority, without enjoying the least pretext for complaining of her being deposed.

This disgrace was attended by a fit of peevish devotion that lasted three or four weeks ; during which period she had the additional chagrin of seeing the young lady gain an ascendency over the mind of her brother, who was persuaded to set up a gay equipage and improve his housekeeping by an augmentation in his expense to the amount of a thousand a year at least ; though his alteration in the economy of his household effected no change in his own disposition or manner of life ; for as soon as the painful ceremony of receiving and returning visits was performed, he had recourse again to the company of his sea friends, with whom he spent the best part of his time. But if he was satisfied with his condition, the case was otherwise with Mrs. Grizzle, who, finding her importance in the family greatly diminished, her attractions neglected by all the male sex in the neighbourhood, and the withering hand of time hang threatening over her head, began to feel the horror of eternal virginity, and, in a sort of desperation, resolved at any rate to rescue herself from that uncomfortable situation. Thus determined, she formed a plan, the execution of which, to a spirit less enterprising and sufficient than hers, would have appeared altogether impracticable ; this was no other than to make a conquest of the commodore's heart, which the reader will easily believe was not very susceptible of tender impressions ; but, on the contrary, fortified with insensibility and prejudice against the charms of the whole sex, and particularly prepossessed to the prejudice of that class distinguished by the appellation of old maids, in which Mrs. Grizzle was by this time unhappily ranked. She, nevertheless, took the field, and having invested this seemingly impregnable fortress, began to break ground one day, when Trunnion dined at her brother's, by springing certain ensnaring commendations on the honesty and sincerity of seafaring people, paying a particular attention to his plate, and affecting a simper of approbation at everything he said, which by any means she could construe

into a joke, or with modesty be supposed to hear; nay, even when he left decency on the left hand, which was often the case, she ventured to reprimand his freedom of speech with a gracious grin, saying, "Sure you gentlemen belonging to the sea have such an odd way with you." But all this complacency was so ineffectual, that, far from suspecting the true cause of it, the commodore, that very evening, at the club, in presence of her brother, with whom by this time he could take any manner of freedom, did not scruple to damn her for a squinting, block-faced, chattering piss-kitchen; and immediately after drank despair to all old maids. The toast Mr. Pickle pledged without the least hesitation, and next day intimated to his sister, who bore the indignity with surprising resignation, and did not therefore desist from her scheme, unpromising as it seemed to be, until her attention was called off, and engaged in another care, which, for some time, interrupted the progress of this design. Her sister had not been married many months, when she exhibited evident symptoms of pregnancy, to the general satisfaction of all concerned, and the inexpressible joy of Mrs. Grizzle, who, as we have already hinted, was more interested in the preservation of the family name than in any other consideration whatever. She, therefore, no sooner discovered appearances to justify and confirm her hopes, than, postponing her own purpose, and laying aside that pique and resentment she had conceived from the behaviour of Mrs. Pickle, when she superseded her authority, or perhaps considering her in no other light than that of the vehicle which contained and was destined to convey her brother's heir to light, she determined to exert her uttermost in nursing, tending, and cherishing her, during the term of her important charge. With this view she purchased Culpepper's Midwifery, which, with that sagacious performance dignified with Aristotle's name, she studied with indefatigable care, and diligently perused the Complete Housewife, together with Quincy's Dispensatory, culling every jelly, marmalade, and conserve which these authors recommend as either salutary or toothsome, for the benefit and comfort of her sister-in-law during her gestation. She restricted her from eating roots, pot-herbs, fruit, and all sorts of vegetables; and one day, when Mrs. Pickle had plucked a peach with her own hand, and was in the very act of putting it between her teeth, Mrs. Grizzle perceived the rash attempt, and running up to her, fell upon her knees in the garden, entreating her, with tears in her eyes, to resist such a pernicious appetite. Her request was no sooner complied with, than, recollecting that, if her sister's longing was balked, the child might be affected with some disagreeable mark, or deplorable disease, she begged as earnestly that she would swallow the fruit, and, in the meantime, ran for some cordial water of her own composing, which she forced upon her sister, as an antidote to the poison she had received.

This excessive zeal and tenderness did not fail to be very troublesome to Mrs. Pickle, who having revolved divers plans for the recovery of her own ease, at length determined to engage Mrs. Grizzle in such employment as would interrupt that close attendance which she found so teasing and disagreeable. Neither did she wait long for an opportunity of putting her resolution in practice. The very next day, a gentleman happening to dine with Mr. Pickle, unfortunately mentioned a pine-apple, part of which he had eaten a week before at the house of a nobleman who lived in another part of the country, at the distance of a hundred miles at least.

The name of this fatal fruit was no sooner pronounced than Mrs. Grizzle, who incessantly watched her sister's looks, took the alarm, because she thought they gave certain indications of curiosity and desire; and, after having observed that she herself could never eat pine-apples, which were altogether unnatural productions, extorted by the force of artificial fire out of filthy manure, asked with a faltering voice if Mrs. Pickle was not of her way of thinking. This young lady, who wanted neither slyness nor penetration, at once divined her meaning, and replied with seeming unconcern, that, for her own part, she should never repine, if there was not a pine-apple in the universe, provided she could indulge herself with the fruits of her own country.

This answer was calculated for the benefit of the stranger, who would certainly have suffered for his imprudence by the resentment of Mrs. Grizzle, had her sister expressed the least relish for the fruit in question. It had the desired effect, and re-established the peace of the company, which was not a little endangered by the gentleman's want of consideration. Next morning, however, after breakfast, the pregnant lady, in pursuance of her plan, yawned, as it were by accident, full in the face of her maiden sister, who being infinitely disturbed by this convulsion, affirmed it was a symptom of longing, and insisted upon knowing the object in desire, when Mrs. Pickle, assuming an affected smile, told her she had eaten a most delicious pine-apple in her sleep. This declaration was attended with an immediate scream, uttered by Mrs. Grizzle, who instantly perceiving her sister surprised at the exclamation, clasped her in her arms, and assured her, with a sort of hysterical laugh, that she could not help screaming with joy, because she had it in her power to gratify her dear sister's wish; a lady in the neighbourhood having promised to send her, in a present, a couple of delicate pine-apples, which she would that very day go in quest of.

Mrs. Pickle would by no means consent to this proposal, on pretence of sparing the other unnecessary fatigue; and assured her that if she had any desire to eat a pine-apple, it was so faint, that the disappointment could produce no bad consequence. But this assurance was conveyed in a manner (which she knew very well how to adopt) that, instead of dissuading, rather stimulated Mrs. Grizzle to set out immediately, not on a visit to that lady, whose promise she herself had feigned, with a view of consulting her sister's tranquillity, but on a random search through the whole country for this unlucky fruit, which was like to produce so much vexation and prejudice to her and her father's house.

During three whole days and nights did she, attended by a valet, ride from place to place without success, unmindful of her health, and careless of her reputation, that began to suffer from the nature of her inquiry, which was pursued with such peculiar eagerness and distraction, that everybody with whom she conversed looked upon her as an unhappy person, whose intellects were not a little disordered.

Baffled in all her researches within the county, she at length resolved to visit that very nobleman, at whose house the officious stranger had been, for her so unfortunately, regaled, and actually arrived in a post-chaise at the place of his habitation, where she introduced her business as an affair on which the happiness of a

whole family depended. By virtue of a present to his lordship's gardener she procured the Hesperian fruit, with which she returned in triumph.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Grizzle is indefatigable in gratifying her Sister's Longings—Peregrine is born, and managed contrary to the directions and remonstrances of his Aunt, who is disgusted upon that account, and resumes the plan which she had before rejected.

THE success of this device would have encouraged Mrs. Pickle to practise more of the same sort upon her sister-in-law, had she not been deterred by a violent fever which seized her zealous ally, in consequence of the fatigue and uneasiness she had undergone; which, while it lasted, as effectually conduced to her repose, as any other stratagem she could invent. But Mrs. Grizzle's health was no sooner restored, than the other, being as much incommoded as ever, was obliged, in her own defence, to have recourse to some other contrivance; and managed her artifices in such a manner, as leaves it at this day a doubt whether she was really so whimsical and capricious in her appetites as she herself pretended to be; for her longings were not restricted to the demands of the palate and stomach, but also affected all the other organs of sense, and even invaded her imagination, which at this period seemed to be strangely diseased.

One time she longed to pinch her husband's ear; and it was with infinite difficulty that his sister could prevail upon him to undergo the operation. Yet this task was easy, in comparison with another she undertook for the gratification of Mrs. Pickle's unaccountable desire; which was no other than to persuade the commodore to submit his chin to the mercy of the big-bellied lady, who ardently wished for an opportunity of plucking three black hairs from his beard. When this proposal was first communicated to Mr. Trunnion by the husband, his answer was nothing but a dreadful effusion of oaths, accompanied with such a stare, and delivered in such a tone of voice, as terrified the poor beseecher into immediate silence; so that Mrs. Grizzle was fain to take the whole enterprise upon herself, and next day went to the garrison accordingly, where, having obtained entrance by means of the lieutenant, who, while his commander was asleep, ordered her to be admitted for the joke's sake, she waited patiently till he turned out, and then accosted him in the yard, where he used to perform his morning walk. He was thunderstruck at the appearance of a woman in a place which he had hitherto kept sacred from the whole sex, and immediately began to utter an apostrophe to Tom Pipes, whose turn it was then to watch; when Mrs. Grizzle, falling on her knees before him, conjured him with many pathetic supplications, to hear and grant her request, which was no sooner signified, than he bellowed in such an outrageous manner, that the whole court re-echoed the opprobrious term *bitch*, and the word *damnation*, which he repeated with surprising volubility, without any sort of propriety or connexion; and retreated into his penetralia, leaving the baffled devotee in the humble posture she had so unsuccessfully chosen to melt his obdurate heart.

Mortifying as this repulse must have been to a lady of her stately disposition, she did not relinquish her aim, but endeavoured to interest the commodore's counsellors and adherents in her cause. With this view she solicited the interest of Mr. Hatchway, who, being highly pleased with a circumstance so productive of mirth and diversion, readily entered into her measures, and promised to employ his whole influence for her satisfaction; and, as for the boatswain's mate, he was rendered propitious by the present of a guinea, which she slipped into his hand. In short, Mrs. Grizzle was continually engaged in this negotiation for the space of ten days, during which the commodore was so incessantly pestered with her remonstrances, and the admonitions of his associates, that he swore his people had a design upon his life, which becoming a burden to him, he at last complied, and was conducted to the scene like a victim to the altar, or rather like a reluctant bear, when he is led to the stake amidst the shouts and cries of butchers and their dogs. After all, this victory was not quite so decisive as the conquerors imagined; for the patient being set, and the performer prepared with a pair of pincers, a small difficulty occurred. She could not for some time discern one black hair on the whole superficies of Mr. Trunnion's face; when Mrs. Grizzle, very much alarmed and disconcerted, had recourse to a magnifying-glass that stood upon her toilet; and, after a most accurate examination, discovered a fibre of a dusky hue, to which the instrument being applied, Mrs. Pickle pulled it up by the roots, to the no small discomposure of the owner, who, feeling the smart much more severe than he had expected, started up, and swore he would not part with another hair to save them all from damnation.

Mr. Hatchway exhorted him to patience and resignation; Mrs. Grizzle repeated her entreaties with great humility; but finding him deaf to all her prayers, and absolutely bent upon leaving the house, she clasped his knees, and begged for the love of God that he would have compassion upon a distressed family, and endure a little more for the sake of the poor infant who would otherwise be born with a grey beard upon its chin. Far from being melted, he was rather exasperated by this reflection, to which he replied with great indignation, "Damn you for a yaw-sighted bitch! he'll be hanged long enough before he has any beard at all." So saying, he disengaged himself from her embraces, flung out at the door, and halted homewards with such surprising speed, that the lieutenant could not overtake him until he had arrived at his own gate; and Mrs. Grizzle was so much affected with his escape that her sister, in pure compassion, desired she would not afflict herself, protesting that her own wish was already gratified, for she had plucked three hairs at once, having from the beginning been dubious of the commodore's patience. But the labours of this assiduous kinswoman did not end with the achievement of this adventure; her eloquence or industry was employed without ceasing in the performance of other tasks imposed by the ingenious craft of her sister-in-law, who, at another time, conceived an insuppressible affection for a fricassee of frogs, which should be the genuine natives of France; so that there was a necessity for despatching a messenger on purpose to that kingdom. But, as she could not depend upon the integrity of any common servant, Mrs. Grizzle undertook that province, and actually set sail in a cutter for Boulogne, from whence she returned in eight-and-forty hours with a tub full of those live animals, which, being dressed according to art, her sister

would not taste them, on pretence that her fit of longing was past; but then her inclinations took a different turn, and fixed themselves upon a curious implement belonging to a lady of quality in the neighbourhood, which was reported to be a very great curiosity; this was no other than a porcelain chamber-pot of admirable workmanship, contrived by the honourable owner, who kept it for her own private use, and cherished it as an utensil of inestimable value.

Mrs. Grizzle shuddered at the first hint she received of her sister's desire to possess this piece of furniture, because she knew it was not to be purchased; and the lady's character, which was none of the most amiable in point of humanity and condescension, forbade all hopes of borrowing it for a season; she therefore attempted to reason down this capricious appetite, as an extravagance of imagination which ought to be combated and repressed; and Mrs. Pickle, to all appearance, was convinced and satisfied by her arguments and advice, but, nevertheless, could make use of no other convenience, and was threatened with a very dangerous suppression. Roused at the peril in which she supposed her to be, Mrs. Grizzle flew to the lady's house, and, having obtained a private audience, disclosed the melancholy situation of her sister, and implored the benevolence of her ladyship, who, contrary to expectation, received her very graciously, and consented to indulge Mrs. Pickle's longing. Mr. Pickle began to be out of humour at the expense to which he was exposed by the caprice of his wife, who was herself alarmed at this last accident, and, for the future, kept her fancy within bounds; insomuch that, without being subject to any more extraordinary trouble, Mrs. Grizzle reaped the long-wished-for fruits of her dearest expectation in the birth of a fine boy, whom her sister in a few months brought into the world.

I shall omit the description of the rejoicings, which were infinite, on this important occasion, and only observe, that Mrs. Pickle's mother and aunt stood godmothers, and the commodore assisted at the ceremony as godfather to the child, who was christened by the name of Peregrine, in compliment to the memory of a deceased uncle. While the mother was confined to her bed, and incapable of maintaining her own authority, Mrs. Grizzle took charge of the infant by a double claim, and superintended with surprising vigilance the nurse and midwife in all the particulars of their respective offices, which were performed by her express direction. But no sooner was Mrs. Pickle in a condition to re-assume the management of her own affairs, than she thought proper to alter certain regulations concerning the child which had obtained in consequence of her sister's orders, directing, among other innovations, that the bandages with which the infant had been so neatly rolled up, like an Egyptian mummy, should be loosened and laid aside, in order to rid nature of all restraint, and give the blood free scope to circulate, and with her own hands she plunged him headlong every morning in a tub full of cold water. This operation seemed so barbarous to the tender-hearted Mrs. Grizzle that she not only opposed it with all her eloquence, shedding abundance of tears over the sacrifice when it was made, but took horse immediately, and departed for the habitation of an eminent country physician, whom she consulted in these words: "Pray, doctor, is it not both dangerous and cruel to be the means of letting a poor tender infant perish by sousing it in water as cold as ice?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "downright murder, I affirm." "I see you are a person of great learning and sagacity," said the other, "and I must beg you will be so good as to signify your opinion in your own handwriting." The doctor immediately complied with her request, and expressed himself upon a slip of paper to this purpose—

"These are to certify whom it may concern that I firmly believe, and it is my unalterable opinion, that whosoever letteth an infant perish, by sousing it in cold water, even though the said water should not be so cold as ice, is in effect guilty of the murder of the said infant—as witness my hand,

"COMFIT COLOCYNTH."

Having obtained this certificate, for which the physician was handsomely acknowledged, she returned exulting, and hoping, with such authority, to overthrow all opposition. Accordingly, next morning, when her nephew was about to undergo his diurnal baptism, she produced the commission, whereby she conceived herself empowered to overrule such inhuman proceedings. But she was disappointed in her expectation, confident as it was; not that Mrs. Pickle pretended to differ in opinion from Dr. Colocynth, "for whose character and sentiments," said she, "I have such veneration that I shall carefully observe the caution implied in this very certificate, by which, far from condemning my method of practice, he only asserts that killing is murder, an asseveration the truth of which, it is to be hoped, I never shall dispute."

Mrs. Grizzle, who, sooth to say, had rather too superficially considered the clause by which she thought herself authorized, perused the paper with more accuracy, and was confounded at her own want of penetration. Yet, though she was confuted, she was by no means convinced that her objections to the cold bath were unreasonable; on the contrary, after having bestowed sundry opprobrious epithets on the physician for his want of knowledge and candour, she protested in the most earnest and solemn manner against the pernicious practice of dipping the child, a piece of cruelty which, with God's assistance, she should never suffer to be inflicted on her own issue; and washing her hands of the melancholy consequence that would certainly ensue, shut herself up in her closet to indulge her sorrow and vexation. She was deceived, however, in her prognostic. The boy, instead of declining in point of health, seemed to acquire fresh vigour from every plunge, as if he had been resolved to discredit the wisdom and foresight of his aunt, who, in all probability, could never forgive him for this want of reverence and respect. This conjecture is founded upon her behaviour to him in the sequel of his infancy, during which she was known to torture him more than once, when she had opportunities, of thrusting pins into his flesh, without any danger of being detected. In a word, her affections were in a little time altogether alienated from this hope of her family, whom she abandoned to the conduct of his mother, whose province it undoubtedly was to manage the nurture of her own child, while she herself resumed her operations upon the commodore, whom she was resolved at any rate to captivate and enslave. And it must be owned, that Mrs. Grizzle's knowledge of the human heart never shone so conspicuous, as in the methods she pursued for the accomplishment of this important aim.

Through the rough unpolished husk that cased the soul of Trunnion, she could easily distinguish a large share of that vanity and self-conceit that generally predominate even in the most savage breast; and to this she constantly appealed. In his presence she always exclaimed against the

craft and dishonest dissimulation of the world, and never failed of uttering particular invectives against those arts of chicanery in which the lawyers are so conversant, to the prejudice and ruin of their fellow-creatures, observing that, in a seafaring life, so far as she had opportunities of judging or being informed, there was nothing but friendship, sincerity, and a hearty contempt for everything that was mean or selfish.

This kind of conversation, with the assistance of certain particular civilities, insensibly made an impression on the mind of the commodore, and that the more effectually, as his former prepossessions were built upon very slender foundations. His antipathy to old maids, which he had conceived upon Narsay, began gradually to diminish when he found that they were not quite such infernal animals as they had been represented, and it was not long before he was heard to observe at the club, that Pickle's sister had not so much of the core of bitch in her as he had imagined. This negative compliment, by the medium of her brother, soon reached the ears of Mrs. Grizzle, who, thus encouraged, redoubled all her arts and attention; so that in less than three months after, he in the same place distinguished her with the epithet of a damned sensible jade.

Hatchway, taking the alarm at this declaration, which he feared foreboded something fatal to his interest, told his commander, with a sneer, that she had sense enough to bring him to under her stern, and he did not doubt but that such an old crazy vessel would be the better for being taken in tow. "But, howsomever," added this arch adviser, "I'd have you take care of your upper works, for if once you are made fast to her poop, egad, she'll spank it away, and make every beam in your body crack with straining." Our sheprojector's whole plan had like to have been ruined by the effect which this malicious hint had upon Trunnion, whose rage and suspicion being awakened at once, his colour changed from tawny to a cadaverous pale, and then shifting to a deep and dusky red, such as we sometimes observe in the sky when it is replete with thunder, he, after his usual preamble of unmeaning oaths, answered in these words: "Damn ye, you jury-legged dog, you would give all the stowage in your hold to be as sound as I am; and as for being taken in tow, d'ye see, I'm not so disabled but that I can lie my course, and perform my voyage without any assistance; and, egad! no man shall ever see Hawser Trunnion lagging astern in the wake of e'er a bitch in Christendom."

Mrs. Grizzle, who every morning interrogated her brother with regard to the subject of his overnight's conversation with his friends, soon received the unwelcome news of the commodore's aversion to matrimony; and, justly imputing the greatest part of his disgust to the satirical insinuations of Mr. Hatchway, resolved to level this obstruction to her success, and actually found means to interest him in her scheme. She had, indeed, on some occasions, a particular knack at making converts, being probably not unacquainted with that grand system of persuasion which is adopted by the greatest personages of the age, as fraught with maxims much more effectual than all the eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes, even when supported by the demonstrations of truth. Besides, Mr. Hatchway's fidelity to his new ally was confirmed by his foreseeing in his captain's marriage an infinite fund of gratification for his own cynical disposition. Thus, therefore, converted and properly cautioned, he for the future suppressed all the virulence of his wit against the matrimonial state, and, as he knew not how to open his mouth in the positive praise of any person whatever, took all opportunities of excepting Mrs. Grizzle by name from the censures he liberally bestowed upon the rest of her sex. "She is not a drunkard, like Nan Castick of Deptford," he would say, "not a nincompoop, like Peg Simper of Woolwich; not a brimstone, like Kate Coddie of Chatham; nor a shrew, like Nell Griffin on the Point at Portsmouth (ladies to whom, at different times, they had both paid their addresses); but a tight, good-humoured, sensible wench, who knows very well how to box her compass, well trimmed aloft, and well sheathed alow, with a good cargo under her hatches." The commodore at first imagined this commendation was ironical, but hearing it repeated again and again, was filled with astonishment at this surprising change in the lieutenant's behaviour, and, after a long fit of musing, concluded that Hatchway himself harboured a matrimonial design on the person of Mrs. Grizzle.

Pleased with this conjecture, he rallied Jack in his turn, and one night toasted her health as a compliment to his passion, a circumstance which the lady learned next day by the usual canal of her intelligence, and interpreting it as the result of his own tenderness for her, she congratulated herself upon the victory she had obtained, and, thinking it unnecessary to continue the reserve she had hitherto industriously affected, resolved from that day to sweeten her behaviour towards him with such a dish of affection as could not fail to persuade him that he had inspired her with a reciprocal flame. In consequence of this determination, he was invited to dinner, and, while he stayed, treated with such cloying proofs of her regard, that not only the rest of the company, but even Trunnion himself, perceived her drift; and, taking the alarm accordingly, could not help exclaiming, "Oho! I see how the land lies, and if I don't weather the point, I'll be damned." Having thus expressed himself to his afflicted inamorata, he made the best of his way to the garrison, in which he shut himself up for the space of ten days, and had no communication with his friends and domestics but by looks, which were most significantly picturesque.

CHAPTER VII.

Divers Stratagems are invented and put in practice, in order to overcome the obstinacy of Trunnion, who at length is teased and tortured into the noose of Wedlock.

This abrupt departure and unkind declaration affected Mrs. Grizzle so much, that she fell sick of sorrow and mortification; and, after having confined herself to bed for three days, sent for her brother, told him she perceived her end drawing near, and desired that a lawyer might be brought, in order to write her last will. Mr. Pickle, surprised at her demand, began to act the part of a comforter, assuring her that her distemper was not at all dangerous; and that he would instantly send for a physician, who would convince her that she was in no manner of jeopardy; so that there was no occasion at present to employ an officious attorney in such a melancholy task. Indeed, this affectionate brother was of opinion that a will was altogether superfluous at any rate, as he himself was heir at law to his sister's whole real and personal estate. But she insisted upon his compliance with such deter-

mined obstinacy, that he could no longer resist her importunities; and a scrivener arriving, she dictated and executed her will, in which she bequeathed to Commodore Trunnion one thousand pounds, to purchase a mourning ring, which she hoped he would wear as a pledge of her friendship and affection. Her brother, though he did not much relish this testimony of her love, nevertheless that same evening gave an accouut of this particular to Mr. Hatchway, who was also, as Mr. Pickle assured him, generously remembered by the testatrix.

The lieutenant, fraught with this piece of intelligence, watched for an opportunity, and as soon as he perceived the commodore's features a little unbended from that ferocious contraction they had retained so long, ventured to inform him that Pickle's sister lay at the point of death, and that she had left him a thousand pounds in her will. This piece of news overwhelmed him with confusion, and Mr. Hatchway imputing his silence to remorse, resolved to take advantage of that favourable moment, and counselled him to go and visit the poor young woman who was dying for love of him. But his admonition happened to be somewhat unseasonable; for Trunnion no sooner heard him mention the cause of her disorder, than, his morosity recurring, he burst out into a violent fit of cursing, and forthwith betook himself again to his hammock, where he lay uttering, in a low growling tone of voice, a repetition of oaths and imprecations, for the space of four-and-twenty hours, without ceasing. This was a delicious meal to the lieutenant, who, eager to enhance the pleasure of the entertainment, and, at the same time, conduce to the success of the cause he had espoused, invented a stratagem, the execution of which had all the effect he could desire. He prevailed upon Pipes, who was devoted to his service, to get upon the top of the chimney belonging to the commodore's chamber, at midnight, and to lower down by a rope a bunch of stinking whitings; which being performed, he put a speaking trumpet to his mouth, and holloed down the vent, in a voice like thunder, "Trunnion! Trunnion! turn out and be spliced, or lie still and be damned." This dreadful note, the terror of which was increased by the silence and darkness of the night, as well as the echo of the passage through which it was conveyed, no sooner reached the ears of the astonished commodore, than, turning his eye towards the place from whence this solemn address seemed to proceed, he beheld a glittering object that vanished in an instant. Just as his superstitious fear had improved the apparition into some supernatural messenger clothed in shining array, his opinion was confirmed by a sudden explosion, which he took for thunder, though it was no other than the noise of a pistol fired down the chimney by the boatswain's mate, according to the instructions he had received; and he had time enough to descend before he was in any danger of being detected by his commander, who could not for a whole hour recollect himself from the amazement and consternation which had overpowered his faculties.

At length, however, he got up, and rung his bell with great agitation. He repeated the summons more than once; but no regard being paid to this alarm, his dread returned with double terror, a cold sweat bedewed his limbs, his knees knocked together, his hair bristled up, and the remains of his teeth were shattered to pieces in the convulsive vibrations of his jaws.

In the midst of this agony he made one desperate effort, and, bursting open the door of his apartment, bolted into Hatchway's chamber, which happened to be on the same floor. There he found the lieutenant in a counterfeit swoon, who pretended to wake from his trance in an ejaculation of "Lord have mercy upon us!" and, being questioned by the terrified commodore with regard to what had happened, assured him he had heard the same voice and clap of thunder by which Trunnion himself had been discomposed.

Pipes, whose turn it was to watch, concurred in giving evidence to the same purpose; and the commodore not only owned that he had heard the voice, but likewise communicated his vision, with all the aggravation which his disturbed fancy suggested.

A consultation immediately ensued, in which Mr. Hatchway very gravely observed that the finger of God was plainly perceivable in those signals; and that it would be both sinful and foolish to disregard his commands, especially as the match proposed was, in all respects, more advantageous than any that one of his years and infirmities could reasonably expect; declaring that, for his own part, he would not endanger his soul and body by living one day longer under the same roof with a man who despised the holy will of heaven; and Tom Pipes adhered to the same pious resolution.

Trunnion's perseverance could not resist the number and diversity of considerations that assaulted it; he revolved in silence all the opposite motives that occurred to his reflection; and after having been, to all appearance, bewildered in the labyrinth of his own thoughts, he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and, heaving a piteous groan, yielded to their remonstrances, in these words: "Well, since it must be so, I think we must e'en grapple. But, damn my eyes! 'tis a damned hard case that a fellow of my years should be compelled, d'ye see, to beat up to windward all the rest of his life, against the current of his own inclination."

This important article being discussed, Mr. Hatchway set out in the morning to visit the despairing shepherdess, and was handsomely rewarded for the enlivening tidings with which he blessed her ears. Sick as she was, she could not help laughing heartily at the contrivance in consequence of which her swain's assent had been obtained, and gave the lieutenant ten guineas for Tom Pipes, in consideration of the part he acted in the farce.

In the afternoon the commodore suffered himself to be conveyed to her apartment, like a felon to execution, and was received by her in a languishing manner, and genteel dishabille, accompanied by her sister-in-law, who was, for very obvious reasons, extremely solicitous about her success. Though the lieutenant had tutored him touching his behaviour at this interview, he made a thousand wry faces before he could pronounce the simple salutation of "How d'ye?" to his mistress; and, after his counsellor had urged him with twenty or thirty whispers, to each of which he had replied aloud, "Damn your eyes, I won't," he got up, and halting towards the couch on which Mrs. Grizzle reclined in a state of strange expectation, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips; but this piece of gallantry he performed in such a reluctant, uncouth, indignant manner, that the nymph had need of all her resolution to endure the compliment without shrinking; and he himself was so disconcerted at what he had done, that he instantly retired to the other end of the room, where he sat silent, broiling with shame and vexation. Mrs. Pickle, like a sensible

matron, quitted the place, on pretence of going to the nursery; and Mr. Hatchway, taking the hint, recollected that he had left his tobacco-pouch in the parlour, whither he immediately descended, leaving the two lovers to their mutual endearments. Never had the commodore found himself in such a disagreeable dilemma before. He sat in an agony of suspense, as if he every moment dreaded the dissolution of nature; and the imploring sighs of his future bride added, if possible, to the pangs of his distress. Impatient of his situation, he rolled his eye around in quest of some relief, and, unable to contain himself, exclaimed, "Damnation seize the fellow and his pouch too! I believe he has sheered off, and left me here in the stays." Mrs. Grizzle, who could not help taking some notice of this manifestation of chagrin, lamented her unhappy fate in being so disagreeable to him, that he could not put up with her company for a few moments without repining; and began in very tender terms to reproach him with his inhumanity and indifference. To this expostulation he replied, "Zounds! what would the woman have? Let the parson do his office when he wool; here I am ready to be reeved in the matrimonial block, d'ye see, and damn all nonsensical palaver." So saying, he retreated, leaving his mistress not at all disobliged at his plain dealing. That same evening the treaty of marriage was brought upon the carpet, and, by means of Mr. Pickle and the lieutenant, settled to the satisfaction of all parties, without the intervention of lawyers, whom Mr. Trunnion expressly excluded from all share in the business; making that condition the indispensable preliminary of the whole agreement. Things being brought to this bearing, Mrs. Grizzle's heart dilated with joy; her health, which, by the bye, was never dangerously impaired, she recovered as if by enchantment; and a day being fixed for the nuptials, employed the short period of her celibacy in choosing ornaments for the celebration of her entrance into the married state.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations are made for the Commodore's Wedding, which is delayed by an Accident that hurried him the Lord knows whither.

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the country; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of his squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander. "Ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion. Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this:—The commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house, that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across

the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "O damn you! you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored." Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broad cloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bear-skin. The loss of his tie periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniencies, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element, of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cognac, which it really was, and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd; while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant;* and at length one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way. "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "may-hap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of bitches of horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks,

and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcass upon such a hare'um scare'um blood of a bitch again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, damn my eyes!"

One of the company, struck with this name, which he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return. "As for that matter," replied Mr. Trunnion, "I am resolved to hire a sledge or waggon, or such a thing as a jack-ass; for I'll be damned if ever I cross the back of a horse again." "And what do you propose to do with these creatures?" said the other, pointing to the hunters; "they seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped." "Damn them," cried the commodore, "I wish both their necks were broke, thof the two cost me forty good yellow boys." "Forty guineas!" exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack; "Lord! Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough; mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers; then he's fired in the further fetlock." In short, this connoisseur in horse-flesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying he would convert them into beasts of burden. The owner, who, after what had happened, was very well disposed to listen to anything that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his purchase; in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig. With regard to his marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher; and the exercise he had undergone having quickened his appetite, sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of the ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.

CHAPTER IX.

He is found by the Lieutenant—Reconducted to his own House—Married to Mrs. Grizzle, who meets with a small misfortune in the Night, and asserts her Prerogative next morning; in consequence of which her Husband's eye is endangered.

MEANWHILE Lieutenant Hatchway made shift to hobble to the church, where he informed the company of what had happened to the commodore; and the bride behaved with great decency on the occasion; for, as soon as she understood the danger to which her future husband was exposed, she fainted in the arms of her sister-in-law, to the surprise of all the spectators, who could not comprehend the cause of her disorder; and when she was recovered by the application of smelling-bottles, earnestly begged that Mr. Hatchway and Tom Pipes would take her brother's coach, and go in quest of their commander.

This task they readily undertook, being escorted by all the rest of his adherents on horseback; while the bride and her friends were invited to the parson's house, and the ceremony deferred till another occasion.

The lieutenant, steering his course as near the line of direction in which Trunnion went off, as the coach-road would permit, got intelligence of his track from one farm-house to another; for such an apparition could not fail of attracting particular notice; and one of the horsemen having picked up his hat and wig in a bye-path, the whole troop entered the village where he was lodged about four o'clock in the afternoon. When they understood he was safely housed at the George, they rode up to the door in a body, and expressed their satisfaction in three cheers; which were returned by the company within, as soon as they were instructed in the nature of the salute by Trunnion, who by this time had entered into all the jollity of his new friends, and was indeed more than half-seas over. The lieutenant was introduced to all present as his sworn brother, and had something tossed up for his dinner. Tom Pipes and the crew were regaled in another room; and a fresh pair of horses being put to the coach, about six in the evening, the commodore, with all his attendants, departed for the garrison, after having shook hands with every individual in the house.

Without any farther accident, he was conveyed in safety to his own gate before nine, and committed to the care of Pipes, who carried him instantly to his hammock, while the lieutenant was driven away to the place where the bride and her friends remained in great anxiety, which vanished when he assured them that his commodore was safe, being succeeded by abundance of mirth and pleasantry at the account he gave of Trunnion's adventure.

Another day was fixed for the nuptials; and, in order to balk the curiosity of idle people, which had given great offence, the parson was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony in the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and pendants displayed, and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway, who also ordered the patereroes to be fired as soon as the marriage-knot was tied. Neither were the other parts of the entertainment neglected by this ingenious contriver, who produced undeniable proofs of his elegance and art in the wedding supper, which had been committed to his management and direction. This genial banquet was entirely composed of sea-dishes; a huge pillaw, consisting of a large piece of beef sliced, a couple of fowls, and half a peck of rice, smoked in the middle of the board; a dish of hard fish swimming in oil appeared at each end, the sides being furnished with a mess of that savoury composition known by the name of lob's cousse, and a plate of salmagundy. The second course displayed a goose of a monstrous magnitude, flanked with two guinea hens, a pig barbecued, a hock of salt pork in the midst of a pease pudding, a leg of mutton roasted, with potatoes, and another boiled with yams. The third ser-

vice was made up with a loin of fresh pork with apple sauce, a kid smothered with onions, and a terrapin baked in the shell; and last of all, a prodigious sea-pie was presented, with an infinite volume of pancakes and fritters. That everything might be answerable to the magnificence of this delicate feast, he had provided vast quantities of strong beer, flip, rumbo, and burnt brandy, with plenty of Barbadoes-water for the ladies; and hired all the fiddles within six miles, who, with the addition of a drum, bagpipe, and Welsh harp, regaled the guests with a most melodious concert.

The company, who were not at all exceptious, seemed extremely well pleased with every particular of the entertainment; and the evening being spent in the most social manner, the bride was by her sister conducted to her apartment, where, however, a trifling circumstance had like to have destroyed the harmony which had been hitherto maintained.

I have already observed that there was not one standing bed within the walls; therefore the reader will not wonder that Mrs. Trunnion was out of humour, when she found herself under the necessity of being confined with her spouse in a hammock, which, though enlarged with a double portion of canvass, and dilated with a yoke for the occasion, was at best but a disagreeable, not to say dangerous, situation. She accordingly complained with some warmth of this inconvenience, which she imputed to disrespect, and at first absolutely refused to put up with the expedient; but Mrs. Pickle soon brought her to reason and compliance, by observing that one night would soon be elapsed, and next day she might regulate her own economy.

Thus persuaded, she ventured into the vehicle, and was visited by her husband in less than an hour, the company being departed to their own homes, and the garrison left to the command of his lieutenant and mate. But it seems the hooks that supported this swinging couch were not calculated for the addition of weight which they were now destined to bear; and therefore gave way in the middle of the night, to the no small terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who perceiving herself falling, screamed aloud, and by that exclamation brought Hatchway, with a light, into the chamber. Though she had received no injury by the fall, she was extremely discomposed and incensed at the accident, which she even openly ascribed to the obstinacy and whimsical oddity of the commodore, in such petulant terms as evidently declared that she thought her great aim accomplished, and her authority secured against all the shocks of fortune. Indeed, her bedfellow seemed to be of the same opinion, by his tacit resignation; for he made no reply to her insinuations, but with a most vinegar aspect, crawled out of his nest, and betook himself to rest in another apartment, while his irritated spouse dismissed the lieutenant, and from the wreck of the hammock made an occasional bed for herself on the floor, fully determined to provide better accommodation for the next night's lodging.

Having no inclination to sleep, her thoughts, during the remaining part of the night, were engrossed by a scheme of reformation she was resolved to execute in the family; and no sooner did the first lark bid salutation to the morn, than, starting from her humble couch, and huddling on her clothes, she sallied from her chamber, explored her way through paths before unknown, and in the course of her researches, perceived a large bell, to which she made such effectual application as alarmed every soul in the family. In a moment she was surrounded by Hatchway, Pipes, and all the rest of the servants, half-dressed; but seeing none of the feminine gender appear, she began to storm at the sloth and laziness of the maids, who, she observed, ought to have been at work an hour at least before she called; and then, for the first time, understood that no woman was permitted to sleep within the walls.

She did not fail to exclaim against this regulation; and being informed that the cook and chambermaid lodged in a small office-house, that stood without the gate, ordered the drawbridge to be let down, and in person beat up their quarters, commanding them forthwith to set about scouring the rooms, which had not been hitherto kept in a very decent condition, while two men were immediately employed to transport the bed on which she used to lie, from her brother's house to her new habitation; so that, in less than two hours, the whole economy of the garrison was turned topsy-turvy, and everything involved in tumult and noise. Trunnion, being disturbed and distracted with the uproar, turned out in his shirt like a maniac, and arming himself with a cudgel of crab-tree, made an irruption into his wife's apartment, where, perceiving a couple of carpenters at work in joining a bedstead, he, with many dreadful oaths and opprobrious invectives, ordered them to desist, swearing he would suffer no bulk-heads nor hurricane houses to stand where he was master; but finding his remonstrances disregarded by these mechanics, who believed him to be some madman belonging to the family, who had broke from his confinement, he assaulted them both with great fury and indignation, and was handled so roughly in the encounter, that in a very short time he measured his length on the floor, in consequence of a blow that he received from a hammer, by which the sight of his remaining eye was grievously endangered.

Having thus reduced him to a state of subjection, they resolved to secure him with cords, and were actually busy in adjusting his fetters, when he was exempted from the disgrace, by the accidental entrance of his spouse, who rescued him from the hands of his adversaries, and, in the midst of her condolence, imputed his misfortune to the inconsiderate roughness of his own disposition.

He breathed nothing but revenge, and made some efforts to chastise the insolence of the workmen, who, as soon as they understood his quality, asked forgiveness for what they had done, with great humility, protesting that they did not know he was master of the house. But, far from being satisfied with this apology, he groped about for the bell (the inflammation of his eye having utterly deprived him of sight), and the rope being, by the precaution of the delinquents, conveyed out of his reach, began to storm with incredible vociferation, like a lion roaring in the toil, pouring forth innumerable oaths and execrations, and calling by name Hatchway and Pipes, who, being within hearing, obeyed the extraordinary summons, and were ordered to put the carpenters in irons, for having audaciously assaulted him in his own house.

His myrmidons, seeing he had been evil-entreated, were exasperated at the insult he had suffered, which they considered as an affront upon the dignity of the garrison: the more so, as the mutineers seemed to put themselves in a posture of defence, and set their authority at defiance. They therefore unsheathed their cut-

lasses, which they commonly wore as badges of their commission; and a desperate engagement, in all probability, would have ensued, had not the lady of the castle interposed, and prevented the effects of their animosity, by assuring the lieutenant that the commodore had been the aggressor, and that the workmen, finding themselves attacked in such an extraordinary manner by a person whom they did not know, were obliged to act in their own defence, by which he had received that unlucky contusion.

Mr. Hatchway no sooner learnt the sentiments of Mrs. Trunnion, than, sheathing his indignation, he told the commodore that he should always be ready to execute his lawful commands, but that he could not in conscience be concerned in oppressing poor people who had been guilty of no offence.

This unexpected declaration, together with the behaviour of his wife, who in his hearing desired the carpenters to resume their work, filled the breast of Trunnion with rage and mortification. He pulled off his woollen night-cap, pummell'd his bare pate, beat the floor alternately with his feet, swore his people had betrayed him, and cursed himself to the lowest pit of hell, for having admitted such a cockatrice into his family. But all these exclamations did not avail; they were among the last essays of his resistance to the will of his wife, whose influence among his adherents had already swallowed up his own, and who now peremptorily told him that he must leave the management of everything within doors to her, who understood best what was for his honour and advantage. She then ordered a poultice to be prepared for his eye, which, being applied, he was committed to the care of Pipes, by whom he was led about the house like a blind bear growling for prey, while his industrious yoke-fellow executed every circumstance of the plan she had projected; so that, when he recovered his vision, he was an utter stranger in his own house.

CHAPTER X.

The Commodore being in some cases restive, his Lady has recourse to Artifice in the establishment of her Throne—She exhibits symptoms of Pregnancy, to the unspeakable joy of Trunnion, who nevertheless is balked in his expectation.

THESE innovations were not effected without many loud objections on his part; and divers curious dialogues passed between him and his yoke-fellow, who always came off victorious from the dispute; insomuch that his countenance gradually fell; he began to suppress, and at length entirely devoured, his chagrin; the terrors of superior authority were plainly perceivable in his features, and in less than three months he became a thorough-paced husband. Not that his obstinacy was extinguished, though overcome; in some things he was as inflexible and mulish as ever; but then he durst not kick so openly, and was reduced to the necessity of being passive in his resentments. Mrs. Trunnion, for example, proposed that a coach and six should be purchased, as she could not ride on horseback, and the chaise was a scandalous carriage for a person of her condition; the commodore, conscious of his own inferior capacity in point of reasoning, did not think proper to dispute the proposal, but lent a deaf ear to her remonstrances, though they were enforced with every argument which she thought could soothe, terrify, shame, or decoy him into compliance. In vain did she urge the excess of affection she had for him, as meriting some return of tenderness and condescension; he was even proof against certain menacing hints she gave, touching the resentment of a slighted woman; and he stood out against all the considerations of dignity or disgrace, like a bulwark of brass. Neither was he moved to any indecent or unkind expressions of contradiction, even when she upbraided him with his sordid disposition, and put him in mind of the fortune and honour he had acquired by his marriage, but seemed to retire within himself, like a tortoise when attacked, that shrinks within its shell, and silently endured the scourge of her reproaches, without seeming sensible of the smart.

This, however, was the only point in which she had been baffled since her nuptials; and as she could by no means digest the miscarriage, she tortured her invention for some new plan, by which she might augment her influence and authority. What her genius refused was supplied by accident; for she had not lived four months in the garrison, when she was seized with frequent qualms and retchings, her breasts began to harden, and her stomach to be remarkably prominent; in a word, she congratulated herself on the symptoms of her own fertility, and the commodore was transported with joy at the prospect of an heir of his own begetting.

She knew this was the proper season for vindicating her own sovereignty, and accordingly employed the means which nature had put in her power. There was not a rare piece of furniture and apparel for which she did not long; and one day as she went to church, seeing Lady Stately's equipage arrive, she suddenly fainted away. Her husband, whose vanity had never been so perfectly gratified as with this promised harvest of his own sowing, took the alarm immediately, and in order to prevent relapses of that kind, which might be attended with fatal consequences to his hope, gave her leave to bespeak a coach, horses, and liveries to her own liking. Thus authorized, she in a very little time exhibited such a specimen of her own taste and magnificence, as afforded speculation to the whole country, and made Trunnion's heart quake within him, because he foresaw no limits to her extravagance, which also manifested itself in the most expensive preparations for her lying-in.

Her pride, which had hitherto regarded the representative of her father's house, seemed now to lose all that hereditary respect, and prompt her to outshine and undervalue the elder branch of her family. She behaved to Mrs. Pickle with a sort of civil reserve that implied a conscious superiority, and an emulation in point of grandeur immediately commenced between the two sisters. She every day communicated her importance to the whole parish, under pretence of taking the air in her coach, and endeavoured to extend her acquaintance among people of fashion. Nor was this an undertaking attended with great difficulty; for all persons whatever, capable of maintaining a certain appearance, will always find admission into what is called the best company, and be rated in point of character according to their own valuation, without subjecting their pretensions to the smallest doubt or examination. In all her visits and parties she seized every opportunity of declaring her present condition, observing that she was forbid by her physicians to taste such a pickle, and that such a dish was poison to a woman in her way; nay, where she

was on a footing of familiarity, she affected to make wry faces, and complained that the young rogue began to be very unruly, writhing herself into divers contortions, as if she had been grievously incommoded by the metal of this future Trunnion. The husband himself did not behave with all the moderation that might have been expected. At the club he frequently mentioned this circumstance of his own vigour as a pretty successful feat to be performed by an old fellow of fifty-five, and confirmed the opinion of his strength by redoubled squeezes of the landlord's hand, which never failed of extorting a satisfactory certificate of his might. When his companions drank to the *Hans en kelder*, or, Jack in the low cellar, he could not help displaying an extraordinary complacence of countenance, and signified his intention of sending the young dog to sea, as soon as he should be able to carry a cartridge, in hopes of seeing him an officer before his own death.

This hope helped to console him under the extraordinary expense to which he was exposed by the profusion of his wife, especially when he considered that his compliance with her prodigality would be limited to the expiration of the nine months, of which the best part was by this time elapsed. Yet, in spite of all this philosophical resignation, her fancy sometimes soared to such a ridiculous and intolerable pitch of insolence and absurdity, that his temper forsook him, and he could not help wishing in secret, that her pride might be confounded in the dissipation of her most flattering hopes, even though he himself should be a principal sufferer by the disappointment. These, however, were no other than the suggestions of temporary disgusts, that commonly subsided as suddenly as they arose, and never gave the least disturbance to the person who inspired them, because he took care to conceal them carefully from her knowledge.

Meanwhile she happily advanced in her reckoning, with the promise of a favourable issue; the term of her computation expired, and in the middle of the night she was visited by certain warnings that seemed to bespeak the approach of the critical moment. The commodore got up with great alacrity, and called the midwife, who had been several days in the house; the gossips were immediately summoned, and the most interesting expectations prevailed; but the symptoms of labour gradually vanished, and, as the matrons sagely observed, this was no more than a false alarm.

Two nights after they received a second intimation; and as she was sensibly diminished in the waist, everything was supposed to be in a fair way. Yet this visitation was not more conclusive than the former; her pains wore off in spite of all her endeavours to encourage them, and the good women betook themselves to their respective homes, in expectation of finding the third attack decisive, alluding to the well-known maxim, that *number three is always fortunate*. For once, however, this apothegm failed: the next call was altogether as ineffectual as the former; and moreover attended with a phenomenon which to them was equally strange and inexplicable. This was no other than such a reduction in the size of Mrs. Trunnion as might have been expected after the birth of a full-grown child. Startled at such an unaccountable event, they sat in close divan; and, concluding that the case was in all respects unnatural and prodigious, desired that a messenger might be immediately despatched for some male practitioner in the art of midwifery.

The commodore, without guessing the cause of their perplexity, ordered Pipes immediately on this piece of duty; and in less than two hours they were assisted by the advice of a surgeon of the neighbourhood, who boldly affirmed that the patient had never been with child. This asseveration was like a clap of thunder to Mr. Trunnion, who had been, during eight whole days and nights, in continual expectation of being hailed with the appellation of father.

After some recollection, he swore the surgeon was an ignorant fellow, and that he would not take his word for what he advanced, being comforted and confirmed in his want of faith by the insinuations of the midwife, who still persisted to feed Mrs. Trunnion with hopes of a speedy and safe delivery; observing, that she had been concerned in many a case of the same nature, where a fine child was found, even after all signs of the mother's pregnancy had disappeared. Every twig of hope, how slender soever it may be, is eagerly caught hold on by people who find themselves in danger of being disappointed. To every question proposed by her to the lady with the preambles of "Ha'n't you?" or "Don't you?" an answer was made in the affirmative, whether agreeable to truth or not; because the respondent could not find in her heart to disown any symptom that might favour the notion she had so long indulged.

This experienced proficient in the obstetric art was therefore kept in close attendance for the space of three weeks, during which the patient had several returns of what she pleased herself with believing to be labour pains, till at length she and her husband became the standing joke of the parish; and this infatuated couple could scarce be prevailed upon to part with their hopes, even when she appeared as lank as a greyhound, and they were furnished with other unquestionable proofs of their having been deceived. But they could not for ever remain under the influence of this sweet delusion, which at last faded away, and was succeeded by a paroxysm of shame and confusion, that kept the husband within doors for the space of a whole fortnight, and confined his lady to her bed for a series of weeks, during which she suffered all the anguish of the most intense mortification; yet even this was subdued by the lenient hand of time.

The first respite from her chagrin was employed in the strict discharge of what are called the duties of religion, which she performed with the most rancorous severity, setting on foot a persecution in her own family, that made the house too hot for all the menial servants, even ruffled the almost invincible indifference of Tom Pipes, harassed the commodore himself out of all patience, and spared no individual but Lieutenant Hatchway, whom she never ventured to disoblige.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Trunnion erects a Tyranny in the Garrison, while her Husband conceives an Affection for his Nephew Perry, who manifests a peculiarity of Disposition even in his tender years.

HAVING exercised herself three months in such pious amusements, she appeared again in the world; but her misfortune had made such an impression on her mind, that she could not bear the sight of a child, and trembled whenever the conversation happened to turn upon a christening. Her temper, which was naturally none of the sweetest, seemed to have imbibed a double pro-

portion of souring from her disappointment; of consequence her company was not much coveted, and she found very few people disposed to treat her with those marks of consideration which she looked upon as her due. This neglect detached her from the society of an unmannerly world; she concentred the energy of all her talents in the government of her own house, which groaned accordingly under her arbitrary sway; and in the brandy-bottle found ample consolation for all the affliction she had undergone.

As for the commodore, he in a little time weathered his disgrace, after having sustained many severe jokes from the lieutenant; and now his chief aim being to be absent from his own house as much as possible, he frequented the public-house more than ever, more assiduously cultivated the friendship of his brother-in-law Mr. Pickle; and, in the course of their intimacy, conceived an affection for his nephew Perry, which did not end but with his life. Indeed, it must be owned that Trunnion was not naturally deficient in the social passions of the soul, which, though they were strangely warped, disguised, and overborne, by the circumstance of his boisterous life and education, did not fail to manifest themselves occasionally through the whole course of his behaviour.

As all the hopes of propagating his own name had perished, and his relations lay under the interdiction of his hate, it is no wonder that, through the familiarity and friendly intercourse subsisting between him and Mr. Gamaliel, he contracted a liking for the boy, who by this time entered the third year of his age, and was indeed a very handsome, healthy, and promising child; and what seemed to ingratiate him still more with his uncle, was a certain oddity of disposition, for which he had been remarkable, even from his cradle. It is reported of him that, before the first year of his infancy was elapsed, he used very often, immediately after being dressed, in the midst of the caresses which were bestowed upon him by his mother, while she indulged herself in the contemplation of her own happiness, all of a sudden to alarm her with a fit of shrieks and cries, which continued with great violence till he was stripped to the skin with the utmost expedition, by order of his affrighted parent, who thought his tender body was tortured by the misapplication of some unlucky pin; and when he had given them all this disturbance and unnecessary trouble, he would lie sprawling and laughing in their faces, as if he ridiculed the impertinence of their concern. Nay, it is affirmed, that one day, when an old woman, who attended in the nursery, had by stealth conveyed a bottle of cordial waters to her mouth, he pulled his nurse by the sleeve, and, by a slight glance detecting the theft, tipt her the wink with a particular slyness of countenance, as if he had said with a sneer, "Ay, ay, that is what you must all come to." But these instances of reflection in a babe nine months old are so incredible, that I look upon them as *ex post facto* observations, founded upon imaginary recollection, when he was in a more advanced age, and his peculiarities of temper became much more remarkable—of a piece with the ingenious discoveries of those sagacious observers who can discern something evidently characteristic in the features of any noted personage, whose character they have previously heard explained; yet, without pretending to specify at what period of his childhood this singularity first appeared, I can with great truth declare, that when he first attracted the notice and affection of his uncle, it was plainly perceivable.

One would imagine he had marked out the commodore as a proper object of ridicule, for almost all his little childish satire was levelled against him. I will not deny that he might have been influenced in this particular by the example and instruction of Mr. Hatchway, who delighted in superintending the first essays of his genius. As the gout had taken up its residence in Mr. Trunnion's great toe, from whence it never removed, no, not for a day, little Perry took great pleasure in treading by accident on this infirm member; and when his uncle, incensed by the pain, used to damn him for a hell-begotten brat, he would appease him in a twinkling by returning the curse with equal emphasis, and asking what was the matter with old Hannibal Tough? an appellation by which the lieutenant had taught him to distinguish this grim commander.

Neither was this the only experiment he tried upon the patience of the commodore, with whose nose he used to take indecent freedoms, even while he was fondled on his knee; in one month he put him to the expense of two guineas in sealskin, by picking his pocket of divers tobacco-pouches, all of which he in secret committed to the flames. Nor did the caprice of his disposition abstain from the favourite beverage of Trunnion, who more than once swallowed a whole draught in which his brother's snuff-box had been emptied, before he discovered the disagreeable infusion; and one day, when the commodore had chastised him by a gentle tap with his cane, he fell flat on the floor, as if he had been deprived of all sense and motion, to the terror and amazement of the striker; and, after having filled the whole house with confusion and dismay, opened his eyes and laughed heartily at the success of his own imposition.

It would be an endless, and perhaps no very agreeable task, to enumerate all the unlucky pranks he played upon his uncle and others, before he attained the fourth year of his age; about which time he was sent, with an attendant, to a day-school in the neighbourhood, that, to use his good mother's own expression, he might be out of harm's way. Here, however, he made little progress, except in mischief, which he practised with impunity, because the schoolmistress would run no risk of disobliging a lady of fortune, by exercising unnecessary severities upon her only child. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pickle was not so blindly partial as to be pleased with such unseasonable indulgence. Perry was taken out of the hands of this courteous teacher, and committed to the instruction of a pedagogue, who was ordered to administer such correction as the boy should, in his opinion, deserve. This authority he did not neglect to use; his pupil was regularly flogged twice a day; and after having been subjected to this course of discipline for the space of eighteen months, declared the most obstinate, dull, and untoward genius that ever had fallen under his cultivation; instead of being reformed he seemed rather hardened and confirmed in his vicious inclinations, and was dead to all sense of fear as well as shame. His mother was extremely mortified at these symptoms of stupidity, which she considered as an inheritance derived from the spirit of his father, and consequently unsurmountable by all the efforts of human care. But the commodore rejoiced over the ruggedness of his nature, and was particularly pleased when, upon inquiry, he found that Perry had beaten all the boys in the school; a circumstance from which he prognosticated everything that was fair and fortunate in his future fate; observing that at his age he himself was just such

another. The boy, who was now turned of six, having profited so little under the birch of his unsparing governor, Mrs. Pickle was counselled to send him to a boarding-school not far from London, which was kept by a certain person very eminent for his successful method of education. This advice she the more readily embraced, because at that time she found herself pretty far gone with another child, that she hoped would console her for the disappointment she had met with in the unpromising talents of Perry, or at any rate divide her concern, so as to enable her to endure the absence of either.

CHAPTER XII.

Peregrine is sent to a Boarding School—Becomes remarkable for his Genius and Ambition.

THE commodore understanding her determination, to which her husband did not venture to make the least objection, interested himself so much in behalf of his favourite, as to fit him out at his own charge, and accompany him in person to the place of his destination; where he defrayed the expense of his entrance, and left him to the particular care and inspection of the usher, who having been recommended to him as a person of parts and integrity, received per advance a handsome consideration for the task he undertook.

Nothing could be better judged than this piece of liberality; the assistant was actually a man of learning, probity, and good sense; and, though obliged by the scandalous administration of fortune to act in the character of an inferior teacher, had, by his sole capacity and application, brought the school to that degree of reputation which it never could have obtained from the talents of his superior. He had established an economy which, though regular, was not at all severe, by enacting a body of laws suited to the age and comprehension of every individual; and each transgressor was fairly tried by his peers, and punished according to the verdict of the jury. No boy was scourged for want of apprehension, but a spirit of emulation was raised by well-timed praise and artful comparison, and maintained by a distribution of small prizes, which were adjudged to those who signalized themselves either by their industry, sobriety, or genius. This tutor, whose name was Jennings, began with Perry, according to his constant maxim, by examining the soil,—that is, studying his temper, in order to consult the bias of his disposition, which was strangely perverted by the absurd discipline he had undergone. He found him in a state of sullen insensibility, which the child had gradually contracted in a long course of stupefying correction; and at first he was not in the least actuated by that commendation which animated the rest of his school-fellows, nor was it in the power of reproach to excite his ambition, which had been buried, as it were, in the grave of disgrace; the usher, therefore, had recourse to contemptuous neglect, with which he affected to treat this stubborn spirit, foreseeing that if he retained any seeds of sentiment this weather would infallibly raise them into vegetation. His judgment was justified by the event; the boy in a little time began to make observations; he perceived the marks of distinction with which virtue was rewarded, grew ashamed of the despicable figure he himself made among his companions, who, far from courting, rather shunned his conversation, and actually pined at his own want of importance.

Mr. Jennings saw and rejoiced at his mortification, which he suffered to proceed as far as possible, without endangering his health. The child lost all relish for diversion, loathed his food, grew pensive, solitary, and was frequently found weeping by himself. These symptoms plainly evinced the recovery of his feelings, to which his governor thought it now high time to make application; and therefore, by little and little, altered his behaviour from the indifference he had put on to the appearance of more regard and attention. This produced a favourable change in the boy, whose eyes sparkled with satisfaction one day when his master expressed himself with a show of surprise in these words: "So, Perry! I find you don't want genius when you think proper to use it." Such encomiums kindled the spirit of emulation in his little breast; he exerted himself with surprising alacrity, by which he soon acquitted himself of the imputation of dulness, and obtained sundry honorary silver pennies as acknowledgments of his application. His school-fellows now solicited his friendship as eagerly as they had avoided it before; and in less than a twelvemonth after his arrival, this supposed dunce was remarkable for the brightness of his parts, having in that short period learnt to read English perfectly well, made great progress in writing, enabled himself to speak the French language without hesitation, and acquired some knowledge in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. The usher did not fail to transmit an account of his proficiency to the commodore, who received it with transport, and forthwith communicated the happy tidings to the parents.

Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, who was never subject to violent emotions, heard them with a sort of phlegmatic satisfaction, that scarce manifested itself either in his countenance or expressions; nor did the child's mother break forth into that rapture and admiration which might have been expected, when she understood how much the talents of her first-born had exceeded the hope of her warmest imagination. Not but that she professed herself well pleased with Perry's reputation; though she observed that, in these commendations, the truth was always exaggerated by schoolmasters for their own interest; and pretended to wonder that the usher had not mingled more probability with his praise. Trunnion was offended at her indifference and want of faith; and, believing that she refined too much in her discernment, swore that Jennings had declared the truth, and nothing but the truth, for he himself had prophesied from the beginning that the boy would turn out a credit to his family. But by this time Mrs. Pickle was blessed with a daughter, whom she had brought into the world about six months before the intelligence arrived, so that her care and affection being otherwise engrossed, the praise of Perry was the less greedily devoured. The abatement of her fondness was an advantage to his education, which would have been retarded, and perhaps ruined, by pernicious indulgence and preposterous interposition, had her love considered him as an only child; whereas, her concern being now diverted to another object, that shared at least one-half of her affection, he was left to the management of his preceptor, who tutored him according to his own plan, without any let or interruption. Indeed, all his sagacity and circumspection were but barely sufficient to keep the young gentleman in order; for, now that he had won the palm of victory from his rivals in point of scholarship, his ambition dilated, and he was seized with the desire of subjecting the whole

school by the valour of his arm. Before he could bring his project to bear, innumerable battles were fought, with various success; every day a bloody nose and complaint were presented against him, and his own visage commonly bore some livid marks of obstinate contention. At length, however, he accomplished his aim; his adversaries were subdued, his prowess acknowledged, and he obtained the laurel in war as well as in wit. Thus triumphant, he was intoxicated with success. His pride rose in proportion to his power, and in spite of all the endeavours of Jennings, who practised every method he could invent for curbing his licentious conduct without depressing his spirit, he contracted a large proportion of insolence, which a series of misfortunes that happened to him in the sequel could scarce effectually tame. Nevertheless there was a fund of good nature and generosity in his composition, and though he established a tyranny among his comrades, the tranquillity of his reign was maintained by the love rather than by the fear of his subjects.

In the midst of all this enjoyment of empire, he never once violated that respectful awe with which the usher had found means to inspire him; but he by no means preserved the same regard for the principal master, an old illiterate German quack, who had formerly practised corn-cutting among the quality, and sold cosmetic washes to the ladies, together with teeth-powders, hair-dyeing liquors, prolific elixirs, and tinctures to sweeten the breath. These nostrums, recommended by the art of cringing, in which he was consummate, ingratiated him so much with people of fashion, that he was enabled to set up school with five-and-twenty boys of the best families, whom he boarded on his own terms, and undertook to instruct in the French and Latin languages, so as qualify them for the colleges of Westminster and Eton. While this plan was in its infancy, he was so fortunate as to meet with Jennings, who, for the paltry consideration of thirty pounds a year, which his necessities compelled him to accept, took the whole trouble of educating the children upon himself, contrived an excellent system for that purpose, and, by his assiduity and knowledge, executed all the particulars to the entire satisfaction of those concerned, who, by the bye, never inquired into his qualifications, but suffered the other to enjoy the fruits of his labour and ingenuity.

Over and above a large stock of avarice, ignorance, and vanity, this superior had certain ridiculous peculiarities in his person, such as a hunch upon his back and distorted limbs, that seemed to attract the satirical notice of Peregrine, who, young as he was, took offence at his want of reverence for his usher, over whom he sometimes chose opportunities of displaying his authority, that the boys might not displace their veneration. Mr. Keypstick, therefore, such as I have described him, incurred the contempt and displeasure of this enterprising pupil, who now, being in the tenth year of his age, had capacity enough to give him abundance of vexation. He underwent many mortifying jokes from the invention of Pickle and his confederates; so that he began to entertain suspicion of Mr. Jennings, who, he could not help thinking, had been at the bottom of them all, and spirited up principles of rebellion in the school, with the view of making himself independent. Possessed with this chimera, which was void of all foundation, the German descended so low as to tamper in private with the boys, from whom he hoped to draw some very important discovery but he was disappointed in his expectation; and this mean practice reaching the ears of his usher, he voluntarily resigned his employment. Finding interest to obtain holy orders in a little time after, he left the kingdom, hoping to find a settlement in some of our American plantations.

The departure of Mr. Jennings produced a great revolution in the affairs of Keypstick, which declined from that moment, because he had neither authority to enforce obedience, nor prudence to maintain order among his scholars; so that the school degenerated into anarchy and confusion, and he himself dwindled in the opinion of his employers, who looked upon him as superannuated, and withdrew their children from his tuition.

Peregrine, seeing this dissolution of their society, and finding himself every day deprived of some companion, began to repine at his situation, and resolved, if possible, to procure his release from the jurisdiction of the person whom he both detested and despised. With this view he went to work, and composed the following billet, addressed to the commodore, which was the first specimen of his composition in the epistolary way:—

"HONOURED AND LOVING UNCLE,—Hoping you are in good health, this serves to inform you that Mr. Jennings is gone, and Mr. Keypstick will never meet with his fellow. The school is already almost broke up, and the rest daily going away; and I beg of you of all love to have me fetched away also, for I cannot bear to be any longer under one who is a perfect ignoramus, who scarce knows the declination of *musa*, and is more fit to be a scarecrow than a schoolmaster. Hoping you will send for me soon, with my love to my aunt, and my duty to my honoured parents, craving their blessing and yours. And this is all at present from, honoured uncle, your well-beloved and dutiful nephew and godson, and humble servant to command till death, PEREGRINE PICKLE."

Trunnion was overjoyed at the receipt of this letter, which he looked upon as one of the greatest efforts of human genius, and as such, communicated the contents to his lady, whom he had disturbed for the purpose in the middle of her devotions, by sending a message to her closet, whither it was her custom very frequently to retire. She was out of humour at being interrupted, and therefore did not peruse this specimen of her nephew's understanding with all the relish that the commodore himself had enjoyed; on the contrary, after sundry paralytical endeavours to speak (for her tongue sometimes refused its office), she observed that the boy was a pert jackanapes, and deserved to be severely chastised for treating his betters with such disrespect. Her husband undertook his godson's defence, representing, with great warmth, that he knew Keypstick to be a good-for-nothing pimping old rascal, and that Perry showed a great deal of spirit and good sense in desiring to be taken from under his command; he therefore declared that the boy should not live a week longer with such a shambling son of a bitch, and sanctioned this declaration with abundance of oaths.

Mrs. Trunnion, composing her countenance into a look of religious demureness, rebuked him for his profane way of talking, and asked in a magisterial tone if he intended never to lay aside that brutal behaviour! Irritated at this reproach, he answered in terms of indignation, that he knew how to behave himself as well as o'er a woman that wore a head, bade her mind her own affairs, and, with another repetition of oaths, gave her to understand that he would be master in his own house.

This insinuation operated upon her spirits like

friction upon a glass globe; her face gleamed with resentment, and every pore seemed to emit particles of flame. She replied with incredible fluency of the bitterest expressions. He retorted equal rage in broken hints and incoherent imprecations. She rejoined with redoubled fury, and in conclusion he was fain to betake himself to flight, ejaculating curses against her, and muttering something concerning the brandy-bottle, which, however, he took care should never reach her ears.

From his own house he went directly to visit Mrs. Pickle, to whom he imparted Peregrine's epistle, with many encomiums upon the boy's promising parts, and finding his commendations but coldly received, desired she would permit him to take his godson under his own care.

This lady, whose family was now increased by another son, who seemed to engross her care for the present, had not seen Perry during a course of four years, and, with regard to him, was perfectly weaned of that infirmity known by the name of maternal fondness; she therefore consented to the commodore's request with great condescension, and a polite compliment to him on the concern he had all along manifested for the welfare of the child.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Commodore takes Peregrine under his own care—The Boy arrives at the Garrison—Is strangely received by his own Mother—Enters into a Confederacy with Hatchway and Pipes, and executes a couple of waggish Enterprises upon his Aunt.

TRUNNION having obtained this permission, that very afternoon despatched the lieutenant in a post-chaise to Keypstick's house, from whence, in two days, he returned with our young hero, who, being now in the eleventh year of his age, had outgrown the expectation of all his family, and was remarkable for the beauty and elegance of his person. His godfather was transported at his arrival, as if he had been actually the issue of his own loins. He shook him heartily by the hand, turned him round and round, surveyed him from top to bottom, bade Hatchway take notice how handsomely he was built, squeezed his hand again, saying, "Damn ye, you dog, I suppose you don't value such an old crazy son of a bitch as me a rope's end. You have forgot how I wont to dandle you on my knee, when you was a little urchin no bigger than the davit, and played a thousand tricks upon me, burning my bacco-pouches and poisoning my rumbo. Oh, damn ye, you can grin fast enough, I see; I warrant you have learnt more things than writing and the Latin lingo." Even Tom Pipes expressed uncommon satisfaction on this joyful occasion, and, coming up to Perry, thrust forth his fore paw, and accosted him with the salutation of "What cheer, my young master? I am glad to see thee with all my heart." These compliments being passed, his uncle halted to the door of his wife's chamber, at which he stood holloing, "Here's your kinsman Perry, belike you won't come and bid him welcome?"—"Lord! Mr. Trunnion," said she, "why will you continually harass me in this manner with your impertinent intrusion?" "I harrow you," replied the commodore, "'sblood, I believe your upper works are damaged; I only came to inform you that here was your cousin, whom you have not seen these four long years; and I'll be damned if there is such another of his age within the king's dominions, d'ye see, either for make or mettle; he's a credit to the name, d'ye see; but damn my eyes, I'll say no more of the matter; if you come, you may, if you won't, you may let it alone."—"Well, I won't come, then," answered his yoke-fellow, "for I am at present more agreeably employed."—"Oho! you are? I believe so too," cried the commodore, making wry faces, and mimicking the action of dram-drinking. Then addressing himself to Hatchway, "Prithee, Jack," said he, "go and try thy skill on that stubborn hulk; if anybody can bring her about, I know you wool." The lieutenant accordingly, taking his station at the door, conveyed his persuasion in these words: "What, won't you turn out and hail little Perry? It will do your heart good to see such a handsome young dog; I 'm sure he is the very moral of you, and as like as if he had been spit out of your own mouth, as the saying is; do show a little respect for your kinsman, can't you?" To this remonstrance she replied in a mild tone of voice, "Dear Mr. Hatchway, you are always teasing one in such a manner; sure I am, nobody can tax me with unkindness, or want of natural affection;" so saying, she opened the door, and advancing to the hall where her nephew stood, received him very graciously, and observed that he was the very image of her papa.

In the afternoon, he was conducted by the commodore to the house of his parents; and, strange to tell, no sooner was he presented to his mother, than her countenance changed, she eyed him with tokens of affliction and surprise, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed her child was dead, and this was no other than an impostor whom they had brought to defraud her sorrow. Trunnion was confounded at this unaccountable passion, which had no other foundation than caprice and whim; and Gamaliel himself was so disconcerted and unsettled in his own belief, which began to waver, that he knew not how to behave towards the boy, whom his godfather immediately carried back to the garrison, swearing all the way that Perry should never cross their threshold again with his good-will. Nay, so much was he incensed at this unnatural and absurd renunciation, that he refused to carry on any further correspondence with Pickle, until he was appeased by his solicitations and submission, and Peregrine owned as his son and heir. But this acknowledgment was made without the privity of his wife, whose vicious aversion he was obliged, in appearance, to adopt. Thus exiled from his father's house, the young gentleman was left entirely to the disposal of the commodore, whose affection for him daily increased, insomuch that he could scarce prevail upon himself to part with him when his education absolutely required that he should be otherwise disposed of.

In all probability, this extraordinary attachment was, if not produced, at least riveted, by that peculiar turn in Peregrine's imagination which we have already observed, and which, during his residence in the castle, appeared in sundry stratagems he practised upon his uncle and aunt, under the auspices of Mr. Hatchway, who assisted him in the contrivance and execution of all his schemes. Nor was Pipes exempted from a share in their undertakings, for, being a trusty fellow, not without dexterity in some cases, and altogether resigned to their will, they found him a serviceable instrument for their purpose, and used him accordingly.

The first sample of their art was exhibited

upon Mrs. Trunnion. They terrified that good lady with strange noises when she retired to her devotion. Pipes was a natural genius in the composition of discords. He could imitate the sound produced by the winding of a jack, the filing of a saw, and the swinging of a malefactor hanging in chains; he could counterfeit the braying of an ass, the screeching of a night-owl, the caterwauling of cats, the howling of a dog, the squeaking of a pig, the crowing of a cock; and he had learned the war-whoop uttered by the Indians in North America. These talents were exerted successively at different times and places, to the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, the discomposure of the commodore himself, and the consternation of all the servants in the castle. Peregrine, with a sheet over his clothes, sometimes tumbled before his aunt in the twilight, when her organs of vision were a little impaired by the cordial she had swallowed; and the boatswain's mate taught him to shoe cats with walnut shells, so that they made a most dreadful clattering in their nocturnal excursions. The mind of Mrs. Trunnion was not a little disturbed by these alarms, which, in her opinion, portended the death of some principal person in the family; she redoubled her religious exercises, and fortified her spirits with fresh potations; nay, she began to take notice that Mr. Trunnion's constitution was very much broke, and seemed dissatisfied when people observed that they never saw him look better. Her frequent visits to the closet, where all her consolation was deposited, inspired the confederates with a device which had like to have been attended with tragical consequences. They found an opportunity to infuse jalap in one of her case-bottles, and she took so largely of this medicine that her constitution had well-nigh sunk under the violence of its effect. She suffered a succession of fainting fits that reduced her to the brink of the grave, in spite of all the remedies that were administered by a physician, who was called in the beginning of her disorder. After having examined the symptoms, he declared that the patient had been poisoned with arsenic, and prescribed oily draughts and lubricating injections, to defend the coats of the stomach and intestines from the vellicating particles of that pernicious mineral; at the same time hinting, with a look of infinite sagacity, that it was not difficult to divine the whole mystery. He affected to deplore the poor lady, as if she was exposed to more attempts of the same nature, thereby glancing obliquely at the innocent commodore, whom the officious son of Æsculapius suspected as the author of this expedient to rid his hands of a yoke-fellow for whom he was well known to have no great devotion. This impertinent and malicious insinuation made some impression upon the bystanders, and furnished ample field for slander to asperse the morals of Trunnion, who was represented through the whole district as a monster of barbarity. Nay, the sufferer herself, though she behaved with great decency and prudence, could not help entertaining some small diffidence of her husband; not that she imagined he had any design upon her life, but that he had been at pains to adulterate the brandy, with a view of detaching her from that favourite liquor.

On this supposition she resolved to act with more caution for the future, without setting on foot any inquiry about the affair; while the commodore, imputing her indisposition to some natural cause, after the danger was past never bestowed a thought upon the subject; so that the perpetrators were quit of their fear, which, however, had punished them so effectually, that they never would hazard any more jokes of the same nature.

The shafts of their wit were now directed against the commander himself, whom they teased and terrified almost out of his senses. One day while he was at dinner, Pipes came and told him that there was a person below that wanted to speak with him immediately about an affair of the greatest importance, that would admit of no delay; upon which he ordered the stranger to be told that he was engaged, and that he must send up his name and business. To this demand he received for answer a message, importing that the person's name was unknown to him, and his business of such a nature, that it could not be disclosed to any one but the commodore himself, whom he earnestly desired to see without loss of time.

Trunnion, surprised at this importunity, got up with great reluctance in the middle of his meal, and descending to a parlour where the stranger was, asked him in a surly tone what he wanted with him in such a damn'd hurry, that he could not wait till he had made an end of his mess? The other, not at all disconcerted at this rough address, advanced close up to him on his tiptoes, and, with a look of confidence and conceit, laying his mouth to one side of the commodore's head, whispered softly in his ear, "Sir, I am the attorney whom you wanted to converse with in private."—"The attorney!" cried Trunnion, staring and half-choked with choler. "Yes, sir, at your service," replied this retainer to the law, "and, if you please, the sooner we despatch the affair, the better; for it is an old observation, that delay breeds danger." "Truly, brother," said the commodore, who could no longer contain himself, "I do confess that I am very much of your way of thinking, d'ye see; and therefore you shall be despatched in a trice;" so saying, he lifted up his walking staff, which was something between a crutch and a cudgel, and discharged it with such energy on the seat of the attorney's understanding, that, if there had been anything but solid bone, the contents of his skull must have been evacuated.

Fortified as he was by nature against all such assaults, he could not withstand the momentum of the blow, which in an instant laid him flat on the floor, deprived of all sense and motion; and Trunnion hopped up stairs to dinner, applauding himself in ejaculations all the way for the vengeance he had taken on such an impudent pettifogging miscreant.

The attorney no sooner awaked from his trance, into which he had been so unexpectedly lulled, than he cast his eyes around in quest of evidence, by which he might be enabled the more easily to prove the injury he had sustained; but not a soul appearing, he made shift to get upon his legs again, and, with the blood trickling over his nose, followed one of the servants into the dining-room, resolved to come to an explanation with the assailant, and either extort money from him by way of satisfaction, or provoke him to a second application before witnesses. With this view he entered the room in a peal of clamour, to the amazement of all present, and the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who shrieked at the appearance of such a spectacle; and addressing himself to the commodore, "I'll tell you what, sir," said he, "if there be law in England, I'll make you smart for this here assault. You think you have screened yourself from a prosecution, by sending all your servants out of the way, but that circumstance will appear upon trial to be a plain proof of the malice prepense

with which the fact was committed, especially when corroborated by the evidence of this here letter, under your own hand, whereby I am desired to come to your own house to transact an affair of consequence." So saying, he produced the writing, and read the contents in these words :—

"Mr. Roger Ravine.

"Sir,—Being in a manner prisoner in my own house, I desire you will give me a call precisely at three o'clock in the afternoon, and insist upon seeing me yourself, as I have an affair of great consequence, in which your particular advice is wanted by your humble servant,

"Hawser Trunnion."

The one-eyed commander, who had been satisfied with the chastisement he had already bestowed upon the plaintiff, hearing him read this audacious piece of forgery, which he considered as the effect of his own villany, started up from table, and seizing a huge turkey that lay in a dish before him, would have applied it, sauce and all, by way of poultice to his wound, had he not been restrained by Hatchway, who laid fast hold on both his arms, and fixed him to his chair again, advising the attorney to sheer off with what he had got. Far from following this salutary counsel, he redoubled his threats, and set Trunnion at defiance, telling him he was not a man of true courage, although he had commanded a ship of war, or else he would not have attacked any person in such a cowardly and clandestine manner. This provocation would have answered his purpose effectually, had not his adversary's indignation been repressed by the suggestions of the lieutenant, who desired his friend in a whisper to be easy, for he would take care to have the attorney tossed in a blanket for his presumption. This proposal, which he received with great approbation, pacified him in a moment; he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his features relaxed into a grim smile.

Hatchway disappeared, and Ravine proceeded with great fluency of abuse, until he was interrupted by the arrival of Pipes, who, without any expostulation, led him out by the hand, and conducted him to the yard, where he was put into a carpet, and in a twinkling sent into the air by the strength and dexterity of five stout operators, whom the lieutenant had selected from the number of domestics for that singular spell of duty.

In vain did the astonished vaulter beg for the love of God and passion of Christ, that they would take pity upon him, and put an end to his involuntary gambols; they were deaf to his prayers and protestations,—even when he swore, in the most solemn manner, that, if they would cease tormenting him, he would forget and forgive what was past, and depart in peace to his own habitation,—and continued the game till they were fatigued with the exercise.

Ravine being dismissed in a most melancholy plight, brought an action of assault and battery against the commodore, and subpœnaed all the servants as evidences in the cause; but as none of them had seen what happened, he did not find his account in the prosecution, though he himself examined all the witnesses, and, among other questions, asked whether they had not seen him come in like another man, and whether they had ever seen any other man in such a condition as that in which he had crawled off. But this last interrogation they were not obliged to answer, because it had reference to the second discipline he had undergone, in which they, and they only, were concerned; and no person is bound to give testimony against himself.

In short, the attorney was nonsuited, to the satisfaction of all who knew him, and found himself under the necessity of proving that he had received, in course of post, the letter, which was declared in court a scandalous forgery, in order to prevent an indictment with which he was threatened by the commodore, who little dreamed that the whole affair had been planned and executed by Peregrine and his associates.

The next enterprise in which this triumvirate engaged, was a scheme to frighten Trunnion with an apparition, which they prepared and executed in this manner: to the hide of a large ox, Pipes fitted a leathern visor of a most terrible appearance, stretched on the jaws of a shark, which he had brought from sea, and accommodated with a couple of broad glasses instead of eyes. On the inside of these he placed two rush-lights, and, with a composition of sulphur and saltpetre, made a pretty large fuse, which he fixed between two rows of the teeth. This equipage being finished, he, one dark night chosen for the purpose, put it on, and following the commodore into a long passage, in which he was preceded by Perry with a light in his hand, kindled his firework with a match, and began to bellow like a bull. The boy, as it was concerted, looking behind him, screamed aloud, and dropped the light, which was extinguished in the fall; when Trunnion, alarmed at his nephew's consternation, exclaimed, "Zounds! what's the matter?" And, turning about to see the cause of his dismay, beheld a hideous phantom vomiting blue flame, which aggravated the horrors of its aspect. He was instantly seized with an agony of fear, which divested him of his reason; nevertheless he, as it were mechanically, raised his trusty supporter in his own defence, and the apparition advancing towards him, aimed it at this dreadful annoyance with such a convulsive exertion of strength, that, had not the blow chanced to light upon one of the horns, Mr. Pipes would have had no cause to value himself upon his invention. Misapplied as it was, he did not fail to stagger at the shock, and, dreading another such salutation, closed with the commodore, and having tripped up his heels, retreated with great expedition.

It was then that Peregrine, pretending to recollect himself a little, ran with all the marks of disturbance and affright, and called up the servants to the assistance of their master; whom they found in a cold sweat upon the floor, his features betokening horror and confusion. Hatchway raised him up, and, having comforted him with a cup of Nantz, began to inquire into the cause of his disorder; but he could not extract one word of answer from his friend, who, after a considerable pause, during which he seemed to be wrapped up in profound contemplation, pronounced aloud, "By the Lord! Jack, you may say what you wool; but I'll be damn'd if it was not Davy Jones himself. I know him by his saucer-eyes, his three rows of teeth, his horns and tail, and the blue smoke that came out of his nostrils. What does the blackguard hell's baby want with me? I am sure I never committed murder, except in the way of my profession, nor wronged any man whatsomever since I first went to sea." This same Davy Jones, according to the mythology of sailors, is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is often seen in various shapes, perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other disasters, to which a sea-

faring life is exposed, warning the devoted wretch of death and woe. No wonder then that Trunnion was disturbed by a supposed visit of this demon, which in his opinion foreboded some dreadful calamity.

CHAPTER XIV.

He is also by their advice engaged in an Adventure with the Exciseman, who does not find his Account in his own Drollery.

HOWSOEVER preposterous and unaccountable that passion may be, which prompts persons, otherwise generous and sympathizing, to afflict and perplex their fellow-creatures, certain it is, our confederates entertained such a large proportion of it, that, not satisfied with the pranks they had already played, they still persecuted the commodore without ceasing. In the course of his own history, the particulars of which he delighted to recount, he had often rehearsed an adventure of deer-stealing, in which, during the unthinking impetuosity of his youth, he had been unfortunately concerned. Far from succeeding in that achievement, he and his associates had, it seems, been made prisoners, after an obstinate engagement with the keepers, and carried before a neighbouring justice of the peace, who used Trunnion with great indignity, and with his companions committed him to jail.

His own relations, and in particular an uncle, on whom he chiefly depended, treated him during his confinement with great rigour and inhumanity, and absolutely refused to interpose his influence in his behalf, unless he would sign a writing obliging himself to go to sea within thirty days after his release, under the penalty of being proceeded against as a felon. The alternative was, either to undergo this voluntary exile, or remain in prison disowned and deserted by everybody, and, after all, suffer an ignominious trial, that might end in a sentence of transportation for life. He, therefore, without much hesitation, embraced the proposal of his kinsman, and, as he observed, was, in less than a month after his discharge, turned adrift to the mercy of the wind and waves.

Since that period he had never maintained any correspondence with his relations, all of whom had concurred in sending him off; nor would he ever pay the least regard to the humiliations and supplications of some among them, who had prostrated themselves before him, on the advancement of his fortune; but he retained a most inveterate resentment against his uncle, who was still in being, though extremely old and infirm, and frequently mentioned his name with all the bitterness of revenge.

Perry being perfectly well acquainted with the particulars of this story, which he had heard so often repeated, proposed to Hatchway that a person should be hired to introduce himself to the commodore, with a suppositious letter of recommendation from this detested kinsman; an imposition that, in all likelihood, would afford abundance of diversion.

The lieutenant relished the scheme, and young Pickle having composed an epistle for the occasion, the exciseman of the parish, a fellow of great impudence and some humour, in whom Hatchway could confide, undertook to transcribe and deliver it with his own hand, and also personate the man in whose favour it was feigned to be writ. He accordingly one morning arrived on horseback at the garrison, two hours at least before Trunnion used to get up, and gave Pipes, who admitted him, to understand that he had a letter for his master, which he was ordered to deliver to none but the commodore himself. This message was no sooner communicated, than the indignant chief, who had been waked for the purpose, began to curse the messenger for breaking his rest, and swore he would not budge till his usual time of turning out. This resolution being conveyed to the stranger, he desired the carrier to go back and tell him he had such joyful tidings to impart, that he was sure the commodore would think himself amply rewarded for his trouble, even if he had been raised from the grave to receive them.

This assurance, flattering as it was, would not have been powerful enough to persuade him, had it not been assisted with the exhortations of his spouse, which never failed to influence his conduct. He therefore crept out of bed, though not without great repugnance, and, wrapping himself in his morning-gown, was supported down-stairs, rubbing his eye, yawning fearfully, and grumbling all the way. As soon as he popped his head into the parlour, the supposed stranger made divers awkward bows, and with a grinning aspect accosted him in these words: "Your most humble servant, most noble commodore! I hope you are in good health? you look pure and hearty; and, if it was not for that misfortune of your eye, one would not desire to see a more pleasant countenance in a summer's day. Sure as I am a living soul, one would take you to be on this side of threescore. Laud help us! I should have known you to be a Trunnion, if I had met with you in the midst of Salisbury Plain, as the saying is." The commodore, who was not at all in the humour of relishing such an impertinent preamble, interrupted him in this place, saying, with a peevish accent, "Pshaw! pshaw! brother, there's no occasion to bowse out so much unnecessary gum; if you can't bring your discourse to bear on the right subject, you had much better clap a stopper on your tongue, and bring yourself up, d'ye see. I was told you had something to deliver." "Deliver!" cried the waggish impostor; "odds heart! I have got something for you that will make your very entrails rejoice within your body. Here's a letter from a dear and worthy friend of yours. Take, read it, and be happy. Blessings on his old heart; one would think he had renewed his age like the eagles." Trunnion's expectation being thus raised, he called for his spectacles, adjusted them to his eye, took the letter, and, being curious to know the subscription, no sooner perceived his uncle's name, than he started back, his lip quivered, and he began to shake in every limb with resentment and surprise; nevertheless, eager to know the subject of an epistle from a person who had never before troubled him with any sort of address, he endeavoured to recollect himself, and perused the contents, which were these:—

"LOVING NEPHEW,—I doubt not but you will be rejoiced to hear of my welfare; and well you may, considering what a kind uncle I have been to you in the days of your youth, and how little you deserved any such thing; for you was always a graceless young man, given to wicked courses and bad company, whereby you would have come to a shameful end, had it not been for my care in sending you out of mischief's way. But this is not the cause of my present writing. The bearer, Mr. Timothy Trickle, is a distant relation of yours, being the son of the cousin of your aunt Margery, and is not over and above well as to worldly matters. He thinks of going to London, to see for some post in the excise or customs, if so be that you will recommend him to some great man of your ac-

quaintance, and give him a small matter to keep him till he is provided. I doubt not, nephew, but you will be glad to serve him, if it was no more but for the respect you bear to me, who am,—Loving Nephew, your affectionate uncle, and servant to command,

"TOBIAH TRUNNION."

It would be a difficult task for the inimitable Hogarth himself to exhibit the ludicrous expression of the commodore's countenance, while he read this letter. It was not a stare of astonishment, a convulsion of rage, or a ghastly grin of revenge, but an association of all three, that took possession of his features. At length he hawked up, with incredible straining, the interjection Ah! that seemed to have stuck some time in his windpipe, and thus gave vent to his indignation: "Have I come alongside of you at last, you old stinking curmudgeon! you lie, you lousy hulk, you lie; you did all in your power to founder me when I was a stripling; and, as for being graceless, and wicked, and keeping bad company, you tell a damn'd lie again, you thief; there was not a more peaceable lad in the county, and I kept no bad company but your own, d'ye see. Therefore, you Trickle, or what's your name, tell the old rascal that sent you hither, that I spit in his face, and call him horse; that I tear his letter into rags, so; and that I trample upon it as I would upon his own villanous carcass, d'ye see." So saying, he danced in a sort of frenzy upon the fragments of the paper, which he had scattered about the room, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the triumvirate, who beheld the scene.

The exciseman, having got between him and the door, which was left open for his escape, in case of necessity, affected great confusion and surprise at his behaviour, saying, with an air of mortification, "Lord be merciful unto me! is this the way you treat your own relations, and the recommendation of your best friend? Surely all gratitude and virtue has left this sinful world! What will cousin Tim, and Dick, and Tom, and good mother Pipkin, and her daughters, cousins Sue, and Prue, and Peg, with all the rest of our kinsfolk, say, when they hear of this unconscionable reception that I have met with? Consider, sir, that ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft, as the Apostle wisely observes; and do not send me away with such unchristian usage, which will lay a heavy load of guilt upon your poor miserable soul." "What, you are on a cruise for a post, brother Trickle, an't ye?" said Trunnion, interrupting him; "we shall find a post for you in a trice, my boy. Here, Pipes, take this saucy son of a bitch, belay him to the whipping-post in the yard. I'll teach you to rowce me in the morning with such impertinent messages." Pipes, who wanted to carry the joke farther than the exciseman dreamed of, laid hold of him in a twinkling, and executed the orders of his commander, notwithstanding all his nods, winking, and significant gestures, which the boatswain's mate would by no means understand; so that he began to repent of the part he acted in this performance, which was like to end so tragically, and stood fastened to the stake, in a very disagreeable state of suspense, casting many a rueful look over his left shoulder, while Pipes was absent in quest of a cat-and-nine-tails, in expectation of being relieved by the interposition of the lieutenant, who did not, however, appear. Tom, returning with the instrument of correction, undressed the delinquent in a trice, and whispering in his ear that he was very sorry for being employed in such an office, but durst not for his soul disobey the orders of his commander, flourished the scourge about his head, and, with admirable dexterity, made such a smarting application to the offender's back and shoulders, that the distracted gauger performed sundry new cuts with his feet, and bellowed hideously with pain, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators. At length, when he was almost flayed from his rump to the nape of his neck, Hatchway, who had purposely absented himself hitherto, appeared in the yard, and, interposing in his behalf, prevailed upon Trunnion to call off the executioner, and ordered the malefactor to be released.

The exciseman, mad with the catastrophe he had undergone, threatened to be revenged upon his employers, by making a candid confession of the whole plot; but the lieutenant giving him to understand, that, in so doing, he would bring upon himself a prosecution for fraud, forgery, and imposture, he was fain to put up with his loss, and sneaked out of the garrison, attended with a volley of curses discharged upon him by the commodore, who was exceedingly irritated by the disturbance and disappointment he had undergone.

CHAPTER XV.

The Commodore detects the Machinations of the Conspirators, and hires a Tutor for Peregrine, whom he settles at Winchester School.

THIS was not the least affliction he suffered from the unwearied endeavours and inexhausted invention of his tormentors, who harassed him with such a variety of mischievous pranks, that he began to think all the devils in hell had conspired against his peace; and accordingly became very serious and contemplative on the subject.

In the course of his meditations, when he recollected and compared the circumstances of every mortification to which he had been lately exposed, he could not help suspecting that some of them must have been contrived to vex him; and, as he was not ignorant of his lieutenant's disposition, nor unacquainted with the talents of Peregrine, he resolved to observe them both for the future with the utmost care and circumspection. This resolution, aided by the incautious conduct of the conspirators, whom, by this time, success had rendered heedless and indiscreet, was attended with the desired effect. He in a little time detected Perry in a new plot, and, by dint of a little chastisement, and a great many threats, extorted from him a confession of all the contrivances in which he had been concerned. The commodore was thunderstruck at the discovery, and so much incensed against Hatchway for the part he had acted in the whole, that he deliberated with himself whether he should demand satisfaction with sword and pistol, or dismiss him from the garrison, and renounce all friendship with him at once. But he had been so long accustomed to Jack's company, that he could not live without him; and, upon more cool reflection, perceiving that what he had done was rather the effect of wantonness than malice, which he himself would have laughed to see take place upon any other person, he determined to devour his chagrin, and extend his forgiveness even to Pipes, whom, in the first sally of his passion, he had looked upon in a more criminal light than that of a simple mutineer. This determination was seconded by another, which he thought absolutely necessary for his own repose, and in which his own interest and that of his nephew concurred.

Peregrine, who was now turned of twelve, had made such advances under the instruction of Jennings, that he often disputed upon grammar, and was sometimes thought to have the better in his contests with the parish priest, who, notwithstanding this acknowledged superiority of his antagonist, did great justice to his genius, which he assured Mr. Trunnion would be lost for want of cultivation, if the boy was not immediately sent to prosecute his studies at some proper seminary of learning.

This maxim had been more than once inculcated upon the commodore by Mrs. Trunnion, who, over and above the deference she paid to the parson's opinion, had a reason of her own for wishing to see the house clear of Peregrine, at whose prying disposition she began to be very uneasy. Induced by these motives, which were joined by the solicitation of the youth himself, who ardently longed to see a little more of the world, his uncle determined to send him forthwith to Winchester, under the immediate care and inspection of a governor, to whom he allowed a very handsome appointment for that purpose. This gentleman, whose name was Mr. Jacob Jolter, had been schoolfellow with the parson of the parish, who recommended him to Mrs. Trunnion as a person of great worth and learning, in every respect qualified for the office of a tutor. He likewise added, by way of eulogium, that he was a man of exemplary piety, and particularly zealous for the honour of the church of which he was a member, having been many years in holy orders, though he did not then exercise any function of the priesthood. Indeed, Mr. Jolter's zeal was so exceedingly fervent, as on some occasions to get the better of his discretion; for, being a high churchman, and of consequence a malcontent, his resentment was habituated into an unsurmountable prejudice against the present disposition of affairs, which, by confounding the nation with the ministry, sometimes led him into erroneous, not to say absurd calculations; otherwise a man of good morals, well versed in mathematics and school divinity, studies which had not at all contributed to sweeten and unbend the natural sourness and severity of his complexion.

This gentleman being destined to the charge of superintending Perry's education, everything was prepared for their departure; and Tom Pipes, in consequence of his own petition, put into livery, and appointed footman to the young squire. But, before they set out, the commodore paid the compliment of communicating his design to Mr. Pickle, who approved of the plan, though he durst not venture to see the boy; so much was he intimidated by the remonstrances of his wife, whose aversion to her first-born became every day more inveterate and unaccountable. This unnatural caprice seemed to be supported by a consideration which, one would imagine, might have rather vanquished her disgust. Her second son Gam, who was now in the fourth year of his age, had been rickety from the cradle, and as remarkably unpromising in appearance as Perry was agreeable in his person. As the deformity increased, the mother's fondness was augmented, and the virulence of her hate against the other son seemed to prevail in the same proportion.

Far from allowing Perry to enjoy the common privileges of a child, she would not suffer him to approach his father's house, expressed uneasiness whenever his name happened to be mentioned, sickened at his praise, and in all respects behaved like a most rancorous stepmother. Though she no longer retained that ridiculous notion of his being an impostor, she still continued to abhor him, as if she really believed him to be such; and when any person desired to know the cause of her surprising dislike, she always lost her temper, and peevishly replied, that she had reasons of her own, which she was not obliged to declare; nay, so much was she infected by this vicious partiality, that she broke off all commerce with her sister-in-law and the commodore, because they favoured the poor child with their countenance and protection.

Her malice, however, was frustrated by the love and generosity of Trunnion, who, having adopted him as his own son, equipped him accordingly, and carried him and his governor in his own coach to the place of destination, where they were settled on a very genteel footing, and everything regulated according to their desires.

Mrs. Trunnion behaved with great decency at the departure of her nephew, to whom, with a great many pious advices and injunctions to behave with submission and reverence towards his tutor, she presented a diamond ring of small value, and a gold medal, as tokens of her affection and esteem. As for the lieutenant, he accompanied them in the coach; and such was the friendship he had contracted for Perry, that, when the commodore proposed to return, after having accomplished the intent of his journey, Jack absolutely refused to attend him, and signified his resolution to stay where he was.

Trunnion was the more startled at this declaration, as Hatchway was become so necessary to him in almost all the purposes of his life, that he foresaw he should not be able to exist without his company. Not a little affected with this consideration, he turned his eye ruefully upon the lieutenant, saying, in a piteous tone, "What! leave me at last, Jack, after we have weathered so many hard gales together? Damn my limbs! I thought you had been more of an honest heart. I looked upon you as my foremast, and Tom Pipes as my mizen; now he is carried away; if so be as you go too, my standing rigging being decayed, d' ye see, the first squall will bring me by the board. Damn ye, if in case I have given offence, can't you speak above board and I shall make you amends."

Jack being ashamed to own the true situation of his thoughts, after some hesitation, answered with perplexity and incoherence, "No, damme! that an't the case neither; to be sure you always used me in an officer-like manner, that I must own, to give the devil his due, as the saying is; but for all that, this here is the case, I have some thoughts of going to school myself, to learn your Latin lingo; for, as the saying is, *Better late mend than never.* And I am informed as how one can get more for the money here than anywhere else."

In vain did Trunnion endeavour to convince him of the folly of going to school at his years, by representing that the boys would make game of him, and that he would become a laughing-stock to all the world; he persisted in his resolution to stay, and the commodore was fain to have recourse to the mediation of Pipes and Perry, who employed their influence with Jack, and at last prevailed upon him to return to the garrison, after Trunnion had promised he should be at liberty to visit them once a month. This stipulation being settled, he and his friend took leave of the pupil, governor, and attendant, and next morning set out for their habitation, which they reached in safety that same night.

Such was Hatchway's reluctance to leave Peregrine, that he is said, for the first time in his life, to have looked misty at parting: certain, I

am, that, on the road homewards, after a long pause of silence, which the commodore never dreamed of interrupting, he exclaimed all of a sudden, "I'll be damn'd if the dog ha'n't given me some stuff to make me love him." Indeed there was something congenial in the disposition of these two friends, which never failed to manifest itself in the sequel, howsoever different their education, circumstances, and connexions happened to be.

CHAPTER XVI.

Peregrine distinguishes himself among his School-fellows, exposes his Tutor, and attracts the particular Notice of the Master.

THUS left to the prosecution of his studies, Peregrine was in a little time a distinguished character, not only for his acuteness of apprehension, but also for that mischievous fertility of fancy, of which we have already given such pregnant examples. But, as there was a great number of such luminaries in this new sphere to which he belonged, his talents were not so conspicuous, while they shone in his single capacity, as they afterwards appeared, when they concentred and reflected the rays of the whole constellation.

At first he confined himself to piddling game, exercising his genius upon his own tutor, who attracted his attention, by endeavouring to season his mind with certain political maxims, the fallacy of which he had discernment enough to perceive. Scarce a day passed in which he did not find means to render Mr. Jolter the object of ridicule; his violent prejudices, ludicrous vanity, awkward solemnity, and ignorance of mankind, afforded continual food for the raillery, petulance, and satire of his pupil, who never neglected an opportunity of laughing, and making others laugh, at his expense.

Sometimes in their parties, by mixing brandy in his wine, he decoyed this pedagogue into a debauch, during which his caution forsook him, and he exposed himself to the censure of the company. Sometimes when the conversation turned upon intricate subjects, he practised upon him the Socratic method of confutation, and, under pretence of being informed, by an artful train of puzzling questions, insensibly betrayed him into self-contradiction.

All the remains of authority which he had hitherto preserved over Peregrine soon vanished; so that, for the future, no sort of ceremony subsisted between them; and all Mr. Jolter's precepts were conveyed in hints of friendly advice, which the other might either follow or neglect at his own pleasure. No wonder, then, that Peregrine gave a loose to his inclinations, and, by dint of genius, and an enterprising temper, made a figure among the younger class of heroes in the school.

Before he had been a full year at Winchester, he had signalized himself in so many achievements in defiance to the laws and regulations of the place, that he was looked upon with admiration, and actually chosen *Dux*, or leader, by a large body of his cotemporaries. It was not long before his fame reached the ears of the master, who sent for Mr. Jolter, communicated to him the informations he had received, and desired him to check the vivacity of his charge, and redouble his vigilance in time to come, else he should be obliged to make a public example of his pupil for the benefit of the school.

The governor, conscious of his own unimportance, was not a little disconcerted at this injunction, which it was not in his power to fulfil by any compulsive means. He therefore went home in a very pensive mood, and, after mature deliberation, resolved to expostulate with Peregrine in the most familiar terms, and endeavour to dissuade him from practices which might affect his character as well as interest. He accordingly frankly told him the subject of the master's discourse, represented the disgrace he might incur by neglecting this warning, and, putting him in mind of his own situation, hinted the consequences of the commodore's displeasure, in case he should be brought to disapprove of his conduct. These insinuations made the greater impression, as they were delivered with many expressions of friendship and concern. The young gentleman was not so raw but that he could perceive the solidity of Mr. Jolter's advice, to which he promised to conform, because his pride was interested in the affair; and he considered his own reformation as the only means of avoiding that infamy which, even in idea, he could not bear.

His governor, finding him so reasonable, profited by these moments of reflection; and, in order to prevent a relapse, proposed that he should engage in some delightful study that would agreeably amuse his imagination, and gradually detach him from those connexions which had involved him in so many troublesome adventures. For this purpose, he, with many rapturous encomiums, recommended the mathematics, as yielding more rational and sensible pleasures to a youthful fancy than any other subject of contemplation, and actually began to read Euclid with him that same afternoon.

Peregrine entered upon this branch of learning with all that warmth of application which boys commonly yield on the first change of study; but he had scarce advanced beyond the *Pons Asinorum* when his ardour abated; the test of truth by demonstration did not elevate him to those transports of joy with which his preceptor had regaled his expectation; and before he arrived at the fortieth-and-seventh proposition, he began to yawn drearily, make abundance of wry faces, and thought himself but indifferently paid for his attention, when he shared the vast discovery of Pythagoras, and understood that the square of the hypotenuse was equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle. He was ashamed, however, to fail in his undertaking, and persevered with great industry, until he had finished the first four books, acquired plane trigonometry, with the method of algebraical calculation, and made himself well acquainted with the principles of surveying; but no consideration could prevail upon him to extend his inquiries farther in this science, and he returned with double relish to his former avocations, like a stream, which, being dammed, accumulates more force, and, bursting over its mounds, rushes down with double impetuosity.

Mr. Jolter saw with astonishment and chagrin, but could not resist, the torrent. His behaviour was now no other than a series of license and effrontery; prank succeeded prank, and outrage followed outrage, with surprising velocity. Complaints were every day preferred against him; in vain were admonitions bestowed by the governor in private, and menaces discharged by the masters in public; he disregarded the first, despised the latter, divested himself of all manner of restraint, and proceeded in his career to such a pitch of audacity, that a consultation was held upon the

subject, in which it was determined that this untoward spirit should be humbled by a severe and ignominious flogging for the very next offence he should commit. In the meantime, Mr. Jolter was desired to write, in the master's name, to the commodore, requesting him to remove Tom Pipes from the person of his nephew, the said Pipes being a principal actor and abettor in all his malversations; and to put a stop to the monthly visitations of the mutilated lieutenant, who had never once failed to use his permission, but came punctual to a day, always fraught with some new invention. Indeed, by this time, Mr. Hatchway was as well known, and much better beloved by every boy in the school, than the master who instructed him, and always received by a number of scholars, who used to attend Peregrine when he went forth to meet his friend, and conduct him to his lodging with public testimonies of joy and applause.

As for Tom Pipes, he was not so properly the attendant of Peregrine, as master of the revels to the whole school. He mingled in all their parties, and superintended their diversions, deciding between boy and boy, as if he acted by commission under the great seal. He regulated their motions by his whistle, instructed the young boys in the games of hustle-cap, leap-frog, and chuck-farthing; imparted to those of a more advanced age the sciences of cribbage and all-fours, together with the method of storming the castle, acting the comedy of Prince Arthur, and other pantomimes, as they are commonly exhibited at sea; and instructed the seniors, who were distinguished by the appellation of bloods, in cudgel-playing, dancing the St. Giles's hornpipe, drinking flip, and smoking tobacco. These qualifications had rendered him so necessary and acceptable to the scholars, that, exclusive of Perry's concern in the affair, his dismission, in all probability, would have produced some dangerous convulsion in the community. Jolter, therefore, knowing his importance, informed his pupil of the directions he had received, and very candidly asked how he should demean himself in the execution; for he durst not write to the commodore without this previous notice, fearing that the young gentleman, as soon as he should get an inkling of the affair, would follow the example, and make his uncle acquainted with certain anecdotes, which it was the governor's interest to keep concealed. Peregrine was of opinion that he should spare himself the trouble of conveying any complaints to the commodore, and if questioned by the master, assure him he had complied with his desire; at the same time he promised faithfully to conduct himself with such circumspection for the future, that the masters should have no temptation to revive the inquiry. But the resolution attending this extorted promise was too frail to last, and in less than a fortnight our young hero found himself entangled in an adventure, from which he was not extricated with his usual good fortune.

CHAPTER XVII.

He is concerned in a dangerous Adventure with a certain Gardener—Sublimes his Ideas, commences Gallant, and becomes acquainted with Miss Emily Gauntlet.

He and some of his companions one day entered a garden in the suburbs, and having indulged their appetites, desired to know what satisfaction they must make for the fruit they had pulled. The gardener demanded what, in their opinion, was an exorbitant price; and they, with many opprobrious terms, refused to pay it. The peasant being surly and untractable, insisted upon his right; neither was he deficient or sparing in the eloquence of vulgar abuse. His guests attempted to retreat; a scuffle ensued, in which Peregrine lost his cap; and the gardener, being in danger from the number of his foes, called to his wife to let loose the dog, who instantly flew to his master's assistance, and after having tore the leg of one and the shoulder of another, put the whole body of the scholars to flight. Enraged at the indignity which had been offered them, they solicited a reinforcement of their friends, and, with Tom Pipes at their head, marched back to the field of battle. Their adversary, seeing them approach, called his apprentice, who worked at the other end of the ground, to his assistance, armed him with a mattock, while he himself wielded a hoe, bolted his door on the inside, and, flanked with his man and mastiff, waited the attack without flinching. He had not remained three minutes in this posture of defence when Pipes, who acted as the enemy's forlorn hope, advanced to the gate with great intrepidity, and, clapping his foot to the door, which was none of the stoutest, with the execution and despatch of a petard, split it into a thousand pieces. This sudden execution had an immediate effect upon the 'prentice, who retreated with great precipitation, and escaped at a postern. But the master placed himself like another Hercules in the breach; and when Pipes, brandishing his cudgel, stepped forward to engage him, levelled his weapon with such force and dexterity at his head, that, had the skull been made of penetrable stuff, the iron edge must have cleft his pate in twain. Casemated as he was, the instrument cut sheer even to the bone, on which it struck with such amazing violence that sparks of real fire were produced by the collision. And let not the incredulous reader pretend to doubt the truth of this phenomenon, until he shall have first perused the ingenious Peter Kolben's Natural History of the Cape of Good Hope, where the inhabitants commonly use to strike fire with the shin-bones of lions, which have been killed in that part of Africa.

Pipes, though a little disconcerted, far from being disabled by the blow, in a trice retorted the compliment with his truncheon; which, had not his antagonist expeditiously slipped his head aside, would have laid him breathless across his own threshold; but, happily for him, he received the salutation upon his right shoulder, which crashed beneath the stroke, and the hoe dropped instantly from his tingling hand. Tom perceiving, and being unwilling to forego the advantage he had gained, darted his head into the bosom of this son of earth, and overturned him on the plain, being himself that instant assaulted by the mastiff, who fastened upon the outside of his thigh. Feeling himself incommoded by this assailant in his rear, he quitted the prostrate gardener to the resentment of his associates, who poured upon him in shoals, and, turning about, laid hold with both his hands of this ferocious animal's throat, which he squeezed with such incredible force and perseverance, that the creature quitted his hold, his tongue lolled out of his jaws, the blood started from his eyes, and he swung a lifeless trunk between the hands of his vanquisher.

It was well for his master that he did not longer exist! for by this time he was overwhelmed

by such a multitude of foes that his whole body scarce afforded points of contact to all the fists that drummed upon it, consequently, to use a vulgar phrase, his wind was almost knocked out before Pipes had leisure to interpose in his behalf, and persuade his offenders to desist, by representing that the wife had gone to alarm the neighbourhood, and that in all probability they would be intercepted in their return. They accordingly listened to his remonstrances, and marched homewards in triumph, leaving the gardener in the embraces of his mother earth, from which he had not power to move when he was found by his disconsolate helpmate and some friends whom she had assembled for his assistance. Among these was a blacksmith and farrier, who took cognizance of his carcass, every limb of which having examined, he declared there was no bone broke, and, taking out his fleam, blooded him plentifully as he lay. He was then conveyed to his bed, from which he was not able to stir during a whole month. His family coming upon the parish, a formal complaint was made to the master of the school, and Peregrine represented as the ringleader of those who committed this barbarous assault. An inquiry was immediately set on foot, and the articles of impeachment being fully proved, our hero was sentenced to be severely chastised in the face of the whole school. This was a disgrace the thoughts of which his proud heart could not brook. He resolved to make his elopement rather than undergo the punishment to which he was doomed; and having signified his sentiments to his confederates, they promised, one and all, to stand by him, and either screen him from the chastisement or share his fate.

Confiding in this friendly protestation, he appeared unconcerned on the day that was appointed for his punishment; and, when he was called to his destiny, advanced towards the scene, attended by the greatest part of the scholars, who intimated their determination to the master, and proposed that Peregrine should be forgiven. The superior behaved with that dignity of demeanour which became his place, represented the folly and presumption of their demand, reprehended them for their audacious proceeding, and ordered every boy to his respective station. They obeyed his command, and our unfortunate hero was publicly horsed, *in terrorem* of all whom it might concern.

This disgrace had a very sensible effect upon the mind of Peregrine, who having by this time passed the fourteenth year of his age, began to adopt the pride and sentiments of a man. Thus dishonourably stigmatized, he was ashamed to appear in public as usual; he was incensed against his companions for their infidelity and irresolution, and plunged into a profound reverie that lasted several weeks, during which he shook off his boyish connexions, and fixed his view upon objects which he thought more worthy of his attention.

In the course of his gymnastic exercises, at which he was very expert, he contracted intimacies with several youths who were greatly his superiors in point of age, and who, pleased with his aspiring genius and address, introduced him into parties of gallantry which strongly captivated his inclination. He was by nature particularly adapted for succeeding in adventures of this kind; over and above a most engaging person, that improved with his years, he possessed a dignified assurance, an agreeable ferocity which enhanced the conquest of the fair who had the good fortune to enslave him, unlimited generosity, and a fund of humour which never failed to please. Nor was he deficient in the more solid accomplishments of youth; he had profited in his studies beyond expectation, and besides that sensibility of discernment which is the foundation of taste, and in consequence of which he distinguished and enjoyed the beauties of the classics, he had already given several specimens of a very promising poetic talent.

With this complexion and these qualifications, no wonder that our hero attracted the notice and affections of the young Delias in town, whose hearts had just begun to flutter for they knew not what. Inquiries were made concerning his condition; and no sooner were his expectations known than he was invited and caressed by all the parents, while their daughters vied with each other in treating him with particular complacency. He inspired love and emulation wherever he appeared; envy and jealous rage followed, of course, so that he became a very desirable though a very dangerous acquaintance. His moderation was not equal to his success; his vanity took the lead of his passions, dissipating his attention, which might otherwise have fixed him to one object; and he was possessed with the rage of increasing the number of his conquests. With this view he frequented public walks, concerts, and assemblies, became remarkably rich and fashionable in his clothes, gave entertainments to the ladies, and was in the utmost hazard of turning out a most egregious coxcomb.

While his character thus wavered between the ridicule of some and the regard of others, an accident happened which, by contracting his view to one object, detached him from those vain pursuits that would in time have plunged him into an abyss of folly and contempt. Being one evening at the ball which is always given to the ladies at the time of the races, the person who acted as master of the ceremonies, knowing how fond Mr. Pickle was of every opportunity to display himself, came up and told him that there was a fine young creature at the other end of the room who seemed to have a great inclination to dance a minuet, but wanted a partner, the gentleman who attended her being in boots.

Peregrine's vanity being aroused at this intimation, he went up to reconnoitre the young lady, and was struck with admiration at her beauty. She seemed to be of his own age, was tall, and, though slender, exquisitely shaped; her hair was auburn, and in such plenty, that the barbarity of dress had not been able to prevent it from shading both sides of her forehead which was high and polished; the contour of her face was oval, her nose very little raised in the aquiline form, that contributed to the spirit and dignity of her aspect; her mouth was small, her lips plump, juicy, and delicious, her teeth regular and white as driven snow, her complexion incredibly delicate and glowing with health, and her full blue eyes beamed forth vivacity and love. Her mien was at the same time commanding and engaging, her address perfectly genteel, and her whole appearance so captivating, that our young Adonis looked, and was overcome.

He no sooner recollected himself from his astonishment than he advanced to her with a graceful air of respect, and begged she would do him the honour to walk a minuet with him. She seemed particularly pleased with his application, and very frankly complied with his request. The pair was too remarkable to escape the particular notice of the company; Mr. Pickle was well known by almost everybody in the room, but his partner was altogether a new face, and

of consequence underwent the criticism of all the ladies in the assembly. One whispered, "She has a good complexion, but don't you think she is a little awry!" a second pitied her for her masculine nose; a third observed that she was awkward for want of seeing company; a fourth distinguished something very bold in her countenance; and, in short, there was not a beauty in her whole composition which the glass of envy did not pervert into a blemish.

The men, however, looked upon her with different eyes: among them her appearance produced an universal murmur of applause; they encircled the space on which she danced, and were enchanted by her graceful motion. While they launched out in the praise of her, they expressed their displeasure at the good fortune of her partner, whom they damn'd for a little finical coxcomb, that was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own person to discern or deserve the favour of his fate. He did not hear, therefore could not repine at these invectives; but while they imagined he indulged his vanity, a much more generous passion had taken possession of his heart.

Instead of that petulance of gaiety for which he had been distinguished in his public appearance, he now gave manifest signs of confusion and concern; he danced with an anxiety which impeded his performance, and blushed to the eyes at every false step he made. Though this extraordinary agitation was overlooked by the men, it could not escape the observation of the ladies, who perceived it with equal surprise and resentment; and when Peregrine led this fair unknown to her seat, expressed their pique in an affected titter, which broke from every mouth at the same instant, as if all of them had been informed by the same spirit.

Peregrine was nettled at this unmannerly mark of disapprobation, and, in order to increase their chagrin, endeavoured to enter into particular conversation with their fair rival. The young lady herself, who neither wanted penetration nor the consciousness of her own accomplishments, resented their behaviour, though she triumphed at the cause of it, and gave her partner all the encouragement he could desire. Her mother, who was present, thanked him for his civility in taking such notice of a stranger, and he received a compliment of the same nature from the young gentleman in boots, who was her own brother.

If he was charmed with her appearance, he was quite ravished with her discourse, which was sensible, spirited, and gay. Her frank and sprightly demeanour excited his own confidence and good humour; and he described to her the characters of those females who had honoured them with such a spiteful mark of distinction, in terms so replete with humorous satire, that she seemed to listen with particular complacency of attention, and distinguished every nymph thus ridiculed with such a significant glance as overwhelmed her with chagrin and mortification. In short, they seemed to relish each other's conversation, during which our young Damon acquitted himself with great skill in all the duties of gallantry; he laid hold of proper opportunities to express his admiration of her charms, had recourse to the silent rhetoric of tender looks, breathed divers insidious sighs, and attached himself wholly to her during the remaining part of the entertainment.

When the company broke up, he attended her to her lodgings, and took leave of her with a squeeze of the hand, after having obtained permission to visit her next morning, and been informed by the mother that her name was Miss Emilia Gauntlet.

All night long he closed not an eye, but amused himself with plans of pleasure, which his imagination suggested, in consequence of this new acquaintance. He rose with the lark, adjusted his hair into an agreeable negligence of curl, and, dressing himself in a genteel grey frock, trimmed with silver binding, waited with the utmost impatience for the hour of ten, which no sooner struck than he hied him to the place of appointment, and, inquiring for Miss Gauntlet, was shown into a parlour. Here he had not waited above ten minutes when Emilia entered in a most enchanting undress, with all the graces of nature playing about her person, and in a moment rivetted the chains of his slavery beyond the power of accident to unbind.

Her mother being still abed, and her brother gone to give orders about the chaise, in which they proposed to return that same day to their own habitation, he enjoyed her company *tête-à-tête* a whole hour, during which he declared his love in the most passionate terms, and begged that he might be admitted into the number of those admirers whom she permitted to visit and adore her.

She affected to look upon his vows and protestations as the ordinary effects of gallantry, and very obligingly assured him that, were she to live in that place, she should be glad to see him often; but as the spot on which she resided was at a considerable distance, she could not expect he would go so far upon such a trifling occasion, as to take the trouble of providing himself with her mamma's permission.

To this favourable hint he answered with all the eagerness of the most fervid passion, that he had uttered nothing but the genuine dictates of his heart; that he desired nothing so much as an opportunity of evincing the sincerity of his professions, and that, though she lived at the extremity of the kingdom, he would find means to lay himself at her feet, provided he could visit her with her mother's consent, which he assured her he would not fail to solicit.

She then gave him to understand that her habitation was about sixteen miles from Winchester, in a village which she named, and where, as he could easily collect from her discourse, he would be no unwelcome guest.

In the midst of this communication they were joined by Mrs. Gauntlet, who received him with great courtesy, thanking him again for his politeness to Emy at the ball, and anticipated his intentions by saying that she should be very glad to see him at her house, if ever his occasions should call him that way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He inquires into the Situation of this Young Lady, with whom he is enamoured—Elopes from School—Is found by the Lieutenant, conveyed to Winchester, and sends a Letter with a Copy of Verses to his Mistress.

He was transported with pleasure at this invitation, which he assured her he should not neglect; and, after a little more conversation on general topics, took his leave of the charming Emilia and her prudent mamma, who had perceived the first emotions of Mr. Pickle's passion for her daughter, and been at some pains to inquire about his family and fortune.

Neither was Peregrine less inquisitive about the situation and pedigree of his new mistress, who, he learned, was the only daughter of a field-officer, who died before he had it in his power to make suitable provision for his children; that the widow lived in a frugal, though decent manner, on her pension, assisted by the bounty of her relations; that the son carried arms as a volunteer in the company which his father had commanded; and that Emilia had been educated in London, at the expense of a rich uncle, who was seized with the whim of marrying at the age of fifty-five, in consequence of which his niece had returned to her mother, without any visible dependence, except on her own conduct and qualifications.

This account, though it could not diminish his affection, nevertheless alarmed his pride, for his warm imagination had exaggerated all his own prospects; and he began to fear that his passion for Emilia might be thought to derogate from the dignity of his situation. The struggle between his interest and love produced a perplexity which had an evident effect upon his behaviour; he became pensive, solitary, and peevish, avoided all public diversions, and grew so remarkably negligent in his dress that he was scarce distinguishable by his own acquaintance. This contention of thoughts continued several weeks, at the end of which the charms of Emilia triumphed over every other consideration. Having received a supply of money from the commodore, who acted towards him with great generosity, he ordered Pipes to put up some linen, and other necessaries, in a sort of knapsack which he could conveniently carry, and, thus attended, set out early one morning on foot for the village where his charmer lived, at which he arrived before two o'clock in the afternoon, having chosen this method of travelling, that his route might not be so easily discovered, as it must have been had he hired horses, or taken a place in the stage-coach.

The first thing he did was to secure a convenient lodging at the inn where he dined; then he shifted himself, and, according to the direction he had received, went to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet in a transport of joyous expectation. As he approached the gate, his agitation increased, he knocked with impatience and concern, the door opened, and he had actually asked if Mrs. Gauntlet was at home, before he perceived that the portress was no other than his dear Emilia. She was not without emotion at the unexpected sight of her lover, who instantly recognising his charmer, obeyed the irresistible impulse of his love, and caught the fair creature in his arms. Nor did she seem offended at this forwardness of behaviour, which might have displeased another of a less open disposition, or less used to the freedom of a sensible education; but her natural frankness had been encouraged and improved by the easy and familiar intercourse in which she had been bred; and therefore, instead of reprimanding him with a severity of look, she with great good humour rallied him upon his assurance, which, she observed, was undoubtedly the effect of his own conscious merit, and conducted him into a parlour, where he found her mother, who in very polite terms expressed her satisfaction at seeing him within her house.

After tea, Miss Emy proposed an evening walk, which they enjoyed through a variety of little copses and lawns, watered by a most romantic stream, that quite enchanted the imagination of Peregrine.

It was late before they returned from this agreeable excursion, and when our lover wished the ladies good night, Mrs. Gauntlet insisted upon his staying to supper, and treated him with particular demonstrations of regard and affection. As her economy was not encumbered with an unnecessary number of domestics, her own presence was often required in different parts of the house, so that the young gentleman was supplied with frequent opportunities of promoting his suit, by all the tender oaths and insinuations that his passion could suggest. He protested her idea had taken such entire possession of his heart that, finding himself unable to support her absence one day longer, he had quitted his studies, and left his governor by stealth, that he might visit the object of his adoration, and be blessed in her company for a few days without interruption.

She listened to his addresses with such affability as denoted approbation and delight, and gently chid him as a thoughtless truant, but carefully avoided the confession of a mutual flame, because she discerned, in the midst of all his tenderness, a levity of pride which she durst not venture to trust with such a declaration. Perhaps she was confirmed in this caution by her mother, who very wisely, in her civilities to him, maintained a sort of ceremonious distance, which she thought not only requisite for the honour and interest of her family, but likewise for her own exculpation, should she ever be taxed with having encouraged or abetted him in the imprudent sallies of his youth. Yet, notwithstanding this affected reserve, he was treated with such distinction by both, that he was ravished with his situation, and became more and more enamoured every day.

While he remained under the influence of this sweet intoxication, his absence produced great disturbance at Winchester. Mr. Jolter was grievously afflicted at his abrupt departure, which alarmed him the more, as it happened after a long fit of melancholy which he had perceived in his pupil. He communicated his appre hensions to the master of the school, who advised him to apprize the commodore of his nephew's disappearance, and in the meantime inquire at all the inns in town, whether he had hired horses, or any sort of carriage, for his conveyance, or was met with on the road by any person who could give an account of the direction in which he travelled.

This scrutiny, though performed with great diligence and minuteness, was altogether ineffectual; they could obtain no intelligence of the runaway. Mr. Trunnion was well-nigh distracted at the news of his flight; he raved with great fury at the imprudence of Peregrine, whom, in his first transports, he damned as an ungrateful deserter; then he cursed Hatchway and Pipes, who he swore had foundered the lad by their pernicious counsels; and, lastly, transferred his execrations upon Jolter, because he had not kept a better look-out; finally, he made an apostrophe to that son of a bitch the gout, which for the present disabled him from searching for his nephew in person. That he might not, however, neglect any means in his power, he immediately despatched expresses to all the seaport towns on that coast, that he might be prevented from leaving the kingdom; and the lieutenant, at his own desire, was sent across the country in quest of this young fugitive.

Four days had he unsuccessfully carried on his inquiries with great accuracy, when, resolving to return by Winchester, where he hoped to meet with some hints of intelligence, by which he might profit in his future search, he struck off the common road, to take the benefit of a nearer cut, and, finding himself benighted near a village, took up his lodgings at the first inn to which his horse

directed him. Having bespoke something for supper, and retired to his chamber, where he amused himself with a pipe, he heard a confused noise of rustic jollity, which being all of a sudden interrupted, after a short pause his ear was saluted with the voice of Pipes, who, at the solicitation of the company, began to entertain them with a song.

Hatchway instantly recognised the well-known sound, in which indeed he could not possibly be mistaken, as nothing in nature bore the least resemblance to it; he threw his pipe into the chimney, and, snatching up one of his pistols, ran immediately to the apartment from whence the voice issued; he no sooner entered than, distinguishing his old shipmate in a crowd of country peasants, he in a moment sprung upon him, and, clapping his pistol to his breast, exclaimed, "Damn you, Pipes, you are a dead man, if you don't immediately produce young master."

This menacing application had a much greater effect upon the company than upon Tom, who, looking at the lieutenant with great tranquillity, replied, "Why, so I can, Mr. Hatchway." "What! safe and sound?" cried the other. "As a roach," answered Pipes, so much to the satisfaction of his friend Jack, that he shook him by the hand, and desired him to proceed with his song. This being performed, and the reckoning discharged, the two friends adjourned to the other room, where the lieutenant was informed of the manner in which the young gentleman had made his elopement from college, as well as of the other particulars of his present situation, as far as they had fallen within the sphere of the relater's comprehension.

While they sat thus conferring together, Peregrine, having taken leave of his mistress for the night, came home, and was not a little surprised when Hatchway, entering his chamber in a sea attitude, thrust out his hand by way of salutation. His old pupil received him, as usual, with great cordiality, and expressed his astonishment at meeting him in that place; but when he understood the cause and intention of his arrival, he started with concern, and, his visage glowing with indignation, told him he was old enough to be judge of his own conduct, and, when he should see it convenient, would return of himself; but those who thought he was to be compelled to his duty would find themselves egregiously mistaken.

The lieutenant assured him, that, for his own part, he had no intention to offer him the least violence; but at the same time he represented to him the danger of incensing the commodore, who was already almost distracted on account of his absence; and, in short, conveyed his arguments, which were equally obvious and valid, in such expressions of friendship and respect, that Peregrine yielded to his remonstrances, and promised to accompany him next day to Winchester.

Hatchway, overjoyed at the success of his negotiation, went immediately to the hostler, and bespoke a post-chaise for Mr. Pickle and his man, with whom he afterwards indulged himself in a double can of rumbo, and when the night was pretty far advanced, left the lover to his repose, or rather to the thorns of his own meditation; for he slept not one moment, being incessantly tortured with the prospect of parting from his divine Emilia, who had now acquired the most absolute empire over his soul. One minute he proposed to depart early in the morning, without seeing his enchantress, in whose bewitching presence he durst not trust his own resolution. Then the thoughts of leaving her in such an abrupt and disrespectful manner interposed in favour of his love and honour. This war of sentiments kept him all night upon the rack, and it was time to rise before he had determined to visit his charmer, and candidly impart the motives that induced him to leave her.

He accordingly repaired to her mother's house with a heavy heart, being attended to the gate by Hatchway, who did not choose to leave him alone; and, being admitted, found Emilia just risen, and, in his opinion, more beautiful than ever.

Alarmed at his early visit, and the gloom that overspread his countenance, she stood in silent expectation of hearing some melancholy tidings; and it was not till after a considerable pause that he collected resolution enough to tell her he was come to take his leave. Though she strove to conceal her sorrow, nature was not to be suppressed; every feature of her countenance saddened in a moment, and it was not without the utmost difficulty that she kept her lovely eyes from overflowing. He saw the situation of her thoughts, and, in order to alleviate her concern, assured her he should find means to see her again in a very few weeks. Meanwhile he communicated his reasons for departing, in which she readily acquiesced; and having mutually consoled each other, their transports of grief subsided, and before Mrs. Gauntlet came down-stairs, they were in a condition to behave with great decency and resignation.

This good lady expressed her concern when she learned his resolution, saying, she hoped his occasions and inclination would permit him to favour them with his agreeable company another time.

The lieutenant, who began to be uneasy at Peregrine's stay, knocked at the door, and being introduced by his friend, had the honour of breakfasting with the ladies; on which occasion his heart received such a rude shock from the charms of Emilia, that he afterwards made a merit with his friend of having constrained himself so far as to forbear commencing his professed rival.

At length they bade adieu to their kind entertainers, and, in less than an hour, setting out from the inn, arrived about two o'clock in Winchester, where Mr. Jolter was overwhelmed with joy at their appearance.

The nature of this adventure being unknown to all except those who could be depended upon, everybody who inquired about the cause of Peregrine's absence, was told that he had been with a relation in the country, and the master condescended to overlook his indiscretion; so that Hatchway, seeing everything settled to the satisfaction of his friend, returned to the garrison, and gave the commodore an account of his expedition.

The old gentleman was very much startled when he heard there was a lady in the case, and very emphatically observed, that a man had better be sucked into the Gulf of Florida, than once get into the indraught of a woman; because, in one case, he may with good pilotage bring out his vessel safe between the Bahamas and the Indian shore; but in the other there is no outlet at all, and it is in vain to strive against the current; so that, of course, he must be embayed, and run chuck upon a lee-shore. He resolved, therefore, to lay the state of the case before Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, and concert such measures with him as should be thought likeliest to detach his son from the pursuit of an idle amour, which could not fail of interfering in a dangerous manner with the plan of his education.

In the meantime, Perry's ideas were totally engrossed by his amiable mistress, who, whether he slept or waked, was still present in his imagination, which produced the following stanzas in her praise :—

"Adieu, ye streams that smoothly flow,
Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring array'd,
Ye birds that warble through the shade.

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh:
But forced from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O! fairer than the rosy morn,
When flowers the dewy fields adorn;
Unsullied as the genial ray
That warms the balmy breeze of May,

Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new splendour to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night!"

This juvenile production was enclosed in a very tender billet to Emilia, and committed to the charge of Pipes, who was ordered to set out for Mrs. Gauntlet's habitation with a present of venison, and a compliment to the ladies; and directed to take some opportunity of delivering the letter to Miss, without the knowledge of her mamma.

CHAPTER XIX.

His Messenger meets with a Misfortune, to which he applies a very extraordinary Expedient that is attended with strange Consequences.

As a stage-coach passed within two miles of the village where she lived, Tom bargained with the driver for a seat on the box, and accordingly departed on this message, though he was but indifferently qualified for commissions of such a nature. Having received particular injunctions about the letter, he resolved to make that the chief object of his care, and very sagaciously conveyed it between his stocking and the sole of his foot, where he thought it would be perfectly secure from all injury and accident. Here it remained until he arrived at the inn where he had formerly lodged, when, after having refreshed himself with a draught of beer, he pulled off his stocking, and found the poor billet sullied with dust, and torn in a thousand tatters by the motion of his foot in walking the last two miles of his journey. Thunderstruck at this phenomenon, he uttered a long and loud *whew!* which was succeeded by an exclamation of "Damn my old shoes! a bite, by God!" Then he rested his elbows on the table, and his forehead upon his two fists, and in that attitude deliberated with himself upon the means of remedying this misfortune.

As he was not distracted by a vast number of ideas, he soon concluded that his best expedient would be to employ the clerk of the parish, who he knew was a great scholar, to write another epistle according to the directions he should give him; and never dreaming that the mangled original would in the least facilitate this scheme, he very wisely committed it to the flames, that it might never rise up in judgment against him.

Having taken this wise step, he went in quest of the scribe, to whom he communicated his business, and promised a full pot by way of gratification. The clerk, who was also schoolmaster, proud of an opportunity to distinguish his talents, readily undertook the task; and repairing with his employer to the inn, in less than a quarter of an hour produced a morsel of eloquence so much to the satisfaction of Pipes, that he squeezed his hand by way of acknowledgment, and doubled his allowance of beer. This being discussed, our courier betook himself to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet, with the haunch of venison and this succedaneous letter, and delivered his message to the mother, who received it with great respect, and many kind inquiries about the health and welfare of his master, attempting to tip the messenger a crown, which he absolutely refused to accept, in consequence of Mr. Pickle's repeated caution. While the old gentlewoman turned to a servant, in order to give directions about the disposal of the present, Pipes looked upon this as a favourable occasion to transact his business with Emilia, and therefore shutting one eye, with a jerk of his thumb towards his left shoulder, and a most significant twist of his countenance, he beckoned the young lady into another room, as if he had been fraught with something of consequence, which he wanted to impart. She understood the hint, howsoever strangely communicated, and, by stepping to one side of the room, gave him an opportunity of slipping the epistle into her hand, which he gently squeezed at the same time in token of regard; then, throwing a side glance at the mother, whose back was turned, clapped his finger on the side of his nose, thereby recommending secrecy and discretion.

Emilia, conveying the letter into her bosom, could not help smiling at Tom's politeness and dexterity; but lest her mamma should detect him in the execution of his pantomime, she broke off this intercourse of signs, by asking aloud when he proposed to set out on his return to Winchester. When he answered, "To-morrow morning," Mrs. Gauntlet recommended him to the hospitality of her own footman, desiring him to make much of Mr. Pipes below, where he was kept to supper, and very cordially entertained. Our young heroine, impatient to read her lover's billet, which made her heart throb with rapturous expectation, retired to her chamber as soon as possible, with a view of perusing the contents, which were these :—

"Divine Empress of my Soul,—If the refulgent flames of your beauty had not evaporated the particles of my transported brain, and scorched my intellects into a cinder of stolidity, perhaps the resplendency of my passion might shine illustrious through the sable curtain of my ink, and in sublimity transcend the galaxy itself, though wafted on the pinions of a grey goose quill! But ah! celestial enchantress! the necromancy of thy tyrannical charms hath fettered my faculties with adamantine chains, which, unless thy compassion shall melt, I must eternally remain in the Tartarean gulf of dismal despair. Vouchsafe, therefore, O thou brightest luminary of this terrestrial sphere! to warm as well as shine; and let the genial rays of thy benevolence melt the icy emanations of thy disdain, which hath frozen up the spirits of angelic preeminence!—Thy most egregious admirer and superlative slave, Peregrine Pickle."

Never was astonishment more perplexing than that of Emilia, when she read this curious composition, which she repeated verbatim three times, before she would credit the evidence of her own senses. She began to fear in good earnest that love had produced a disorder in her lover's understanding; but after a thousand conjectures, by which she attempted to account for this extraordinary fustian of style, she concluded that it was the effect of mere levity, calculated to ridicule the passion he had formerly professed. Irritated by this supposition, she resolved to balk his triumph with affected indifference, and in the

meantime endeavour to expel him from that place which he possessed within her heart. And indeed, such a victory over her inclinations might have been obtained without great difficulty; for she enjoyed an easiness of temper that could accommodate itself to the emergencies of her fate; and her vivacity, by amusing her imagination, preserved her from the keener sensations of sorrow. Thus determined and disposed, she did not send any sort of answer, or the least token of remembrance by Pipes, who was suffered to depart with a general compliment from the mother, and arrived at Winchester the next day.

Peregrine's eyes sparkled when he saw his messenger come in, and he stretched out his hand in full confidence of receiving some particular mark of his Emilia's affection; but how was he confounded when he found his hope so cruelly disappointed! In an instant his countenance fell. He stood for some time silent and abashed, then thrice repeated the interrogation of "What! not one word from Emilia?" And, dubious of his courier's discretion, inquired minutely into all the particulars of his reception. He asked if he had seen the young lady; if she was in good health; if he had found an opportunity of delivering his letter, and how she looked when he put it into her hand? Pipes answered that he had never seen her in better health or higher spirits; that he had managed matters so as not only to present the billet unperceived, but also to ask her commands in private before he took his leave, when she told him that the letter required no reply. This last circumstance he considered as a manifest mark of disrespect, and gnawed his lips with resentment. Upon further reflection, however, he supposed that she could not conveniently write by the messenger, and would undoubtedly favour him by the post. This consideration consoled him for the present, and he waited impatiently for the fruits of his hope; but after he had seen eight days elapse without reaping the satisfaction with which he had flattered himself, his temper forsook him, he raved against the whole sex, and was seized with a fit of sullen chagrin; but his pride in a little time came to his assistance, and rescued him from the horrors of the melancholy fiend. He resolved to retort her own neglect upon his ungrateful mistress; his countenance gradually resumed its former serenity; and though by this time he was pretty well cured of his foppery, he appeared again at public diversions with an air of gaiety and unconcern, that Emilia might have a chance of hearing how much, in all likelihood, he disregarded her disdain.

There are never wanting certain officious persons who take pleasure in promoting intelligence of this sort. His behaviour soon reached the ears of Miss Gauntlet, and confirmed her in the opinion she had conceived from his letter; so that she fortified herself in her former sentiments, and bore his indifference with great philosophy. Thus a correspondence which had commenced with all the tenderness and sincerity of love, and every promise of duration, was interrupted in its infancy by a misunderstanding occasioned by the simplicity of Pipes, who never once reflected upon the consequences of his deceit.

Though their mutual passion was by these means suppressed for the present, it was not altogether extinguished, but glowed in secret, though even to themselves unknown, until an occasion, which afterwards offered, blew up the latent flame, and love resumed his empire in their breasts.

While they moved, as it were, without the sphere of each other's attraction, the commodore, fearing that Perry was in danger of involving himself in some pernicious engagement, resolved, by advice of Mr. Jolter and his friend the parish priest, to recall him from the place where he had contracted such imprudent connexions, and send him to the university, where his education might be completed, and his fancy weaned from all puerile amusements.

This plan had been proposed to his own father, who, as hath been already observed, stood always neuter in everything that concerned his eldest son; and as for Mrs. Pickle, she had never heard his name mentioned since his departure, with any degree of temper or tranquillity, except when her husband informed her that he was in a fair way of being ruined by this indiscreet amour. It was then she began to applaud her own foresight, which had discerned the mark of reprobation in that vicious boy, and launched out in comparison between him and Gammy, who, she observed, was a child of uncommon parts and solidity, and, with the blessing of God, would be a comfort to his parents, and an ornament to the family.

Should I affirm that this favourite, whom she commended so much, was in every respect the reverse of what she described; that he was a boy of mean capacity, and, though remarkably distorted in his disposition; and that she had persuaded her husband to espouse her opinion, though it was contrary to common sense, as well as to his own perception; I am afraid the reader will think I represent a monster that never existed in nature, and be apt to condemn the economy of my invention; nevertheless, there is nothing more true than every circumstance of what I have advanced; and I wish the picture, singular as it is, may not be thought to resemble more than one original.

CHAPTER XX.

Peregrine is summoned to attend his Uncle—Is more and more hated by his own Mother—Appeals to his Father, whose Condescension is defeated by the Dominion of his Wife.

But, waving these reflections, let us return to Peregrine, who received a summons to attend his uncle, and in a few days arrived with Mr. Jolter and Pipes at the garrison, which he filled with joy and satisfaction. The alteration which, during his absence, had happened in his person, was very favourable in his appearance, which, from that of a comely boy, was converted into that of a most engaging youth. He was already taller than a middle-sized man, his shape ascertained, his sinews well knit, his mien greatly improved, and his whole figure as elegant and graceful as if it had been cast in the same mould with the Apollo of Belvidere.

Such an outside could not fail of prepossessing people in his favour. The commodore, notwithstanding the advantageous reports he had heard, found his expectation exceeded in the person of Peregrine, and signified his approbation in the most sanguine terms. Mrs. Trunnion was struck with his genteel address, and received him with uncommon marks of complacency and affection; he was caressed by all the people in the neighbourhood, who, while they admired his accomplishments, could not help pitying his infatuated

mother, for being deprived of that unutterable delight which any other parent would have enjoyed in the contemplation of such an amiable son.

Divers efforts were made by some well-disposed people to conquer, if possible, this monstrous prejudice; but their endeavours, instead of curing, served only to inflame the distemper, and she never could be prevailed upon to indulge him with the least mark of maternal regard. On the contrary, her original disgust degenerated into such inveteracy of hatred, that she left no stone unturned to alienate the commodore's affection for this her innocent child, and even practised the most malicious defamation to accomplish her purpose. Every day did she abuse her husband's ear with some forged instance of Peregrine's ingratitude to his uncle, well knowing that it would reach the commodore's knowledge at night.

Accordingly Mr. Pickle used to tell him at the club, that his hopeful favourite had ridiculed him in such a company, and aspersed his spouse upon another occasion; and thus retail the little scandalous issue of his own wife's invention. Luckily for Peregrine, the commodore paid no great regard to the authority of his informer, because he knew from what channel his intelligence flowed; besides, the youth had a staunch friend in Mr. Hatchway, who never failed to vindicate him when he was thus unjustly accused, and always found argument enough to confute the assertions of his enemies. But, though Trunnion had been dubious of the young gentleman's principles, and deaf to the remonstrances of the lieutenant, Perry was provided with a bulwark strong enough to defend him from all such assaults. This was no other than his aunt, whose regard for him was perceived to increase in the same proportion as his own mother's diminished; and indeed the augmentation of the one was, in all probability, owing to the decrease of the other; for the two ladies, with great civility, performed all the duties of good neighbourhood, and hated each other most piously in their hearts.

Mrs. Pickle having been disobliged at the splendour of her sister's new equipage, had, ever since that time, in the course of her visiting, endeavoured to make people merry with satirical jokes on the poor lady's infirmities; and Mrs. Trunnion seized the very first opportunity of making reprisals, by inveighing against her unnatural behaviour to her own child; so that Peregrine, as on the one hand he was abhorred, so on the other was he caressed, in consequence of this contention; and I firmly believe that the most effectual method of destroying his interest at the garrison, would have been the show of countenancing him at his father's house; but, whether this conjecture be reasonable or chimerical, certain it is the experiment was never tried, and therefore Mr. Peregrine ran no risk of being disgraced. The commodore, who assumed, and justly too, the whole merit of his education, was now as proud of the youth's improvements, as if he had actually been his own offspring; and sometimes his affection rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he verily believed him to be the issue of his own loins. Notwithstanding this favourable predicament in which our hero stood with his aunt and her husband, he could not help feeling the injury he suffered from the caprice of his mother; and though the gaiety of his disposition hindered him from afflicting himself with reflections of any gloomy cast, he did not fail to foresee that, if any sudden accident should deprive him of the commodore, he would in all likelihood find himself in a very disagreeable situation. Prompted by this consideration, he one evening accompanied his uncle to the club, and was introduced to his father, before that worthy gentleman had the least inkling of his arrival.

Mr. Gamaliel was never so disconcerted as at this rencounter. His own disposition would not suffer him to do anything that might create the least disturbance, or interrupt his evening's enjoyment; so strongly was he impressed with the terror of his wife, that he durst not yield to the tranquillity of his temper; and, as I have already observed, his inclination was perfectly neutral. Thus distracted between different motives, when Perry was presented to him, he sat silent and absorbed, as if he did not, or would not, perceive the application; and when he was urged to declare himself by the youth, who pathetically begged to know how he had incurred his displeasure, he answered in a peevish strain, "Why, good now, child, what would you have me to do? your mother can't abide you."—"If my mother is so unkind, I will not call it unnatural," said Peregrine, the tears of indignation starting from his eyes, "as to banish me from her presence and affection, without the least cause assigned, I hope you will not be so unjust as to espouse her barbarous prejudice." Before Mr. Pickle had time to reply to this expostulation, for which he was not at all prepared, the commodore interposed, and enforced his favourite's remonstrance, by telling Mr. Gamaliel that he was ashamed to see any man drive in such a miserable manner under his wife's petticoat. "As for my own part," said he, raising his voice, and assuming a look of importance and command, "before I would suffer myself to be steered all weathers by any woman in Christendom, d'ye see, I'd raise such a hurricane about her ears, that—" here he was interrupted by Mr. Hatchway, who, thrusting his head towards the door, in the attitude of one that listens, cried, "Ahey! there's your spouse come to pay us a visit." Trunnion's features that instant adopted a new disposition. Fear and confusion took possession of his countenance; his voice, from a tone of vociferation, sunk into a whisper of "Sure you must be mistaken, Jack;" and in great perplexity he wiped off the sweat which had started on his forehead at this false alarm. The lieutenant having thus punished him for the rodomontade he had uttered, told him with an arch sneer, that he was deceived with the sound of the outward door creaking upon its hinges, which he mistook for Mrs. Trunnion's voice, and desired him to proceed with his admonitions to Mr. Pickle. It is not to be denied that this arrogance was a little unseasonable in the commodore, who was in all respects as effectually subdued to the dominion of his wife, as the person whose submission he then ventured to condemn, with this difference of disposition—Trunnion's subjection was like that of a bear, chequered with fits of surliness and rage; whereas Pickle bore the yoke like an ox, without repining. No wonder then that this indolence, this sluggishness, this stagnation of temper, rendered Gamaliel incapable of withstanding the arguments and importunity of his friends, to which he at length surrendered. He acquiesced in the justice of their observations, and, taking his son by the hand, promised to favour him for the future with his love and fatherly protection.

But this laudable resolution did not last. Mrs. Pickle, still dubious of his constancy, and jealous of his communication with the commodore, never

failed to interrogate him every night about the conversation that happened at the club, and regulate her exhortations according to the intelligence she received. He was no sooner, therefore, safely conveyed to bed, that academy in which all notable wives communicate their lectures, than her catechism began; and she in a moment perceived something reluctant and equivocal in her husband's answers. Aroused at this discovery, she employed her influence and skill with such success, that he disclosed every circumstance of what had happened; and, after having sustained a most severe rebuke for his simplicity and indiscretion, humbled himself so far as to promise that he would next day annul the condescensions he had made, and for ever renounce the ungracious object of her disgust. This undertaking was punctually performed in a letter to the commodore, which she herself dictated in these words:—

"SIR,—Whereas my good-nature being last night imposed upon, I was persuaded to countenance and promise, I know not what, to that vicious youth, whose parent I have the misfortune to be; I desire you will take notice that I revoke all such countenance and promises, and shall never look upon that man as my friend, who will henceforth in such a cause solicit,—Sir, yours, etc.,

"GAM. PICKLE."

CHAPTER XXI.

Trunnion is enraged at the Conduct of Pickle—Peregrine resents the Injustice of his Mother, to whom he explains his Sentiments in a Letter—Is entered at the University of Oxford, where he signalizes himself as a Youth of an enterprising Genius.

UNSPEAKABLE were the transports of rage to which Trunnion was incensed by this absurd renunciation. He tore the letter with his gums—teeth he had none—spit with furious grimaces, in token of the contempt he entertained for the author, whom he not only damned as a lousy, scabby, nasty, scurvy, skulking, lubberly noodle, but resolved to challenge to single combat with fire and sword; but he was dissuaded from this violent measure, and appeased by the intervention and advice of the lieutenant and Mr. Jolter, who represented the message as the effect of the poor man's infirmity, for which he was rather an object of pity than of resentment; and turned the stream of his indignation against the wife, whom he reviled accordingly. Nor did Peregrine himself bear with patience this injurious declaration, the nature of which he no sooner understood from Hatchway, than, equally shocked and exasperated, he retired to his apartment, and, in the first emotions of his ire, produced the following epistle, which was immediately conveyed to his mother:—

"MADAM,—Had nature formed me a bugbear to the sight, and inspired me with a soul as vicious as my body was detestable, perhaps I might have enjoyed particular marks of your affection and applause; seeing you have persecuted me with such unnatural aversion, for no other visible reason than that of my differing so widely in shape, as well as disposition, from that deformed urchin who is the object of your tenderness and care. If those be the terms on which alone I can obtain your favour, I pray God you may never cease to hate, madam,—Your much injured son,

"PEREGRINE PICKLE."

This letter, which nothing but his passion and inexperience could excuse, had such an effect upon his mother, as may be easily conceived. She was enraged to a degree of frenzy against the writer; though at the same time she considered the whole as the production of Mrs. Trunnion's particular pique, and represented it to her husband as an insult that he was bound in honour to resent, by breaking off all correspondence with the commodore and his family. This was a bitter pill to Gamaliel, who, through a long course of years, was so habituated to Trunnion's company, that he could as easily have parted with a limb, as have relinquished the club all at once. He therefore ventured to represent his own incapacity to follow her advice, and begged that he might at least be allowed to drop the connexion gradually; protesting that he would do his endeavour to give her all manner of satisfaction.

Meanwhile preparations were made for Peregrine's departure to the university, and in a few weeks he set out, in the seventeenth year of his age, accompanied by the same attendants who lived with him at Winchester. His uncle laid strong injunctions upon him to avoid the company of immodest women, to mind his learning, to let him hear of his welfare as often as he could spare time to write, and settled his appointments at the rate of five hundred a year, including his governor's salary, which was one-fifth part of the sum. The heart of our young gentleman dilated at the prospect of the figure he should make with such a handsome annuity, the management of which was left to his own discretion; and he amused his imagination with the most agreeable reveries during his journey to Oxford, which he performed in two days. Here being introduced to the head of the college, to whom he had been recommended, accommodated with genteel apartments, entered as gentleman commoner in the books, and provided with a judicious tutor, instead of returning to the study of Greek and Latin, in which he thought himself already sufficiently instructed, he renewed his acquaintance with some of his old school-fellows, whom he found in the same situation, and was by them initiated in all the fashionable diversions of the place.

It was not long before he made himself remarkable for his spirit and humour, which were so acceptable to the bucks of the university, that he was admitted as a member of their corporation, and, in a very little time, became the most conspicuous personage of the whole fraternity; not that he valued himself upon his ability in smoking the greatest number of pipes, and drinking the largest quantity of ale; these were qualifications of too gross a nature to captivate his refined ambition. He piqued himself on his talent for raillery, his genius and taste, his personal accomplishments, and his success at intrigue. Nor were his excursions confined to the small villages in the neighbourhood, which are commonly visited once a week by the students for the sake of carnal recreation. He kept his own horses, traversed the whole country in parties of pleasure, attended all the races within fifty miles of Oxford, and made frequent jaunts to London, where he used to lie incognito during the best part of many a term.

The rules of the university were too severe to be observed by a youth of his vivacity; and therefore he became acquainted with the proctor by times. But all the checks he received were insufficient to moderate his career; he frequented taverns and coffeehouses, committed midnight frolics in the streets, insulted all the sober and pacific class of his fellow-students; the tutors themselves were not sacred from his ridicule; he laughed at the magistrate, and neglected every particular of college discipline.

In vain did they attempt to restrain his irregularities by the imposition of fines; he was liberal

to profusion, and therefore paid without reluctance. Thrice did he scale the windows of a tradesman with whose daughter he had an affair of gallantry, as often was he obliged to seek his safety by a precipitate leap, and one night would, in all probability, have fallen a sacrifice to an ambuscade that was laid by the father, had not his trusty squire Pipes interposed in his behalf, and manfully rescued him from the clubs of his enemies.

In the midst of these excesses, Mr. Jolter, finding his admonitions neglected, and his influence utterly destroyed, attempted to wean his pupil from his extravagant courses, by engaging his attention in some more laudable pursuit. With this view he introduced him into a club of politicians, who received him with great demonstrations of regard, accommodated themselves more than he could have expected to his jovial disposition, and while they revolved schemes for the reformation of the State, drank with such devotion to the accomplishment of their plans, that, before parting, the cares of their patriotism were quite overwhelmed.

Peregrine, though he could not approve of their doctrine, resolved to attach himself for some time to their company; because he perceived ample subject for his ridicule, in the characters of these wrong-headed enthusiasts. It was a constant practice with them, in their midnight consistories, to swallow such plentiful draughts of inspiration, that their mysteries commonly ended like those of the Bacchanalian Orgia; and they were seldom capable of maintaining that solemnity of decorum which, by the nature of their functions, most of them were obliged to profess. Now, as Peregrine's satirical disposition was never more gratified than when he had an opportunity of exposing grave characters in ridiculous attitudes, he laid a mischievous snare for his new confederates, which took effect in this manner. In one of their nocturnal deliberations, he promoted such a spirit of good fellowship, by the agreeable sallies of his wit, which were purposely levelled against their political adversaries, that by ten o'clock they were all ready to join in the most extravagant proposal that could be made. They broke their glasses in consequence of his suggestion, drank healths out of their shoes, caps, and the bottoms of the candlesticks that stood before them, sometimes standing with one foot on a chair, and the knee bent on the edge of the table; and when they could no longer stand in that posture, setting their bare posteriors on the cold floor. They huzzaed, hallooed, danced, and sung, and, in short, were elevated to such a pitch of intoxication, that when Peregrine proposed that they should burn their periwigs, the hint was immediately approved, and they executed the frolic as one man. Their shoes and caps underwent the same fate by the same instigation; and in this trim he led them forth into the street, where they resolved to compel everybody they should find to subscribe to their political creed, and pronounce the Shibboleth of their party. In the achievement of this enterprise, they met with more opposition than they expected; they were encountered with arguments which they could not well withstand; the noses of some, and eyes of others, in a very little time, bore the marks of obstinate disputation. Their conductor having at length engaged the whole body in a fray with another squadron, which was pretty much in the same condition, he very fairly gave them the slip and slyly retreated to his apartment, foreseeing that his companions would soon be favoured with the notice of their superiors; nor was he deceived in his prognostic; the proctor, going his round, chanced to fall in with this tumultuous uproar, and, interposing his authority, found means to quiet the disturbance. He took cognizance of their names, and dismissed the rioters to their respective chambers, not a little scandalized at the behaviour of some among them, whose business and duty it was to set far other examples to the youth under their care and direction.

About midnight, Pipes, who had orders to attend at a distance, and keep an eye upon Jolter, brought home that unfortunate governor upon his back, Peregrine having beforehand secured his admittance into the college; and among other bruises he was found to have received a couple of contusions on his face, which next morning appeared in a black circle that surrounded each eye.

This was a mortifying circumstance to a man of his character and deportment, especially as he had received a message from the proctor, who desired to see him forthwith. With great humility and contrition he begged the advice of his pupil, who, being used to amuse himself with painting, assured Mr. Jolter that he would cover those signs of disgrace with a slight coat of flesh-colour so dexterously, that it would be almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the natural skin. The rueful governor, rather than expose such opprobrious tokens to the observation and censure of the magistrates, submitted to the expedient. Although his counsellor had over-rated his own skill, he was persuaded to confide in the disguise, and actually attended the proctor, with such a staring addition to the natural ghastliness of his features, that his visage bore a very apt resemblance to some of those ferocious countenances that hang over the doors of certain taverns and alehouses, under the denomination of the Saracen's Head.

Such a remarkable alteration of physiognomy could not escape the notice of the most undiscerning beholder, much less the penetrating eye of his severe judge, already whetted with what he had seen over-night. He was therefore upbraided with this ridiculous and shallow artifice, and, together with the companions of his debauch, underwent such a cutting reprimand for the scandalous irregularity of his conduct, that all of them remained crest-fallen, and were ashamed, for many weeks, to appear in the public execution of their duty.

Peregrine was too vain of his finesse to conceal the part he acted in this comedy, with the particulars of which he regaled his companions, and thereby entailed upon himself the hate and resentment of the community, whose maxims and practices he had disclosed; for he was considered as a spy, who had intruded himself into their society with a view of betraying it; or, at best, as an apostate and renegado from the faith and principles which he had professed.

CHAPTER XXII.

He is insulted by his Tutor, whom he lampoons—Makes a considerable progress in polite Literature; and, in an Excursion to Windsor, meets with Emilia by accident, and is very coldly received.

Among those who suffered by his craft and infidelity was Mr. Jumble, his own tutor, who could not at all digest the mortifying affront he had received, and was resolved to be revenged on

the insulting author. With this view he watched the conduct of Mr. Pickle with the utmost rancour of vigilance, and let slip no opportunity of treating him with disrespect, which he knew the disposition of his pupil could less brook than any other severity it was in his power to exercise.

Peregrino had been several mornings absent from chapel; and as Mr. Jumble never failed to question him in a very peremptory style about his non-attendance, he invented some very plausible excuses; but at length his ingenuity was exhausted; he received a very galling rebuke for his profligacy of morals, and, that he might feel it the more sensibly, was ordered, by way of exercise, to compose a paraphrase, in English verse, upon these two lines in Virgil:—

"Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentâsti lubricus artes."

The imposition of this invidious theme had all the desired effect upon Peregrine, who not only considered it as a piece of unmannerly abuse levelled against his own conduct, but also as a retrospective insult on the memory of his grandfather, who, as he had been informed, was in his lifetime more noted for his cunning than candour in trade.

Exasperated at this instance of the pedant's audacity, he had well-nigh, in his first transports, taken corporal satisfaction on the spot; but foreseeing the troublesome consequence that would attend such a flagrant outrage against the laws of the university, he checked his indignation, and resolved to revenge the injury in a more cool and contemptuous manner. Thus determined, he set on foot an inquiry into the particulars of Jumble's parentage and education. He learned that the father of this insolent tutor was a bricklayer, that his mother sold pies, and that the son, at different periods of his youth, had amused himself in both occupations, before he converted his views to the study of learning. Fraught with this intelligence, he composed the following ballad in doggerel rhymes, and next day presented it as a gloss upon the text which the tutor had chosen:—

Come, listen ye students of ev'ry degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdie;*
A statesman profound, a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
And yet of his talents, though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secured by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his sire he could never attain.

His mother, an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, by flatt'ring his taste,
From the raising of walls to the rearing of paste!
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
The pie-making myst'ry he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
A jumble of both their professions, I ween;
For, when his own genius he ventured to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust.
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

This impudent production was the most effectual vengeance he could have taken on his tutor, who had all the supercilious arrogance and ridiculous pride of a low-born pedant. Instead of overlooking this petulant piece of satire with that temper and decency of disdain that became a person of his gravity and station, he no sooner cast his eye over the performance, than the blood rushed into his countenance, which immediately after exhibited a ghastly pale colour. With a quivering lip he told his pupil that he was an impertinent jackanapes, and he would take care that he should be expelled from the university, for having presumed to write and deliver such a licentious and scurrilous libel. Peregrine answered with great resolution, that, when the provocation he had received should be known, he was persuaded that he should be acquitted in the opinion of all impartial people; and that he was ready to submit the whole to the decision of the master.

This arbitration he proposed, because he knew the master and Jumble were at variance; and for that reason the tutor durst not venture to put the cause on such an issue. Nay, when this reference was mentioned, Jumble, who was naturally jealous, suspected that Peregrine had a promise of protection before he undertook to commit such an outrageous insult; and this notion had such an effect upon him, that he resolved to devour his vexation, and wait for a more proper opportunity of gratifying his hate. Meanwhile copies of the ballad were distributed among the students, who sung it under the very nose of Mr. Jumble, to the tune of *A cobbler there was, etc.*, and the triumph of our hero was complete. Neither was his whole time devoted to the riotous extravagancies of youth. He enjoyed many lucid intervals; during which he contracted a more intimate acquaintance with the classics, applied himself to the reading of history, improved his taste for painting and music, in which he made some progress; and, above all things, cultivated the study of natural philosophy. It was generally after a course of close attention to some of these arts and sciences, that his disposition broke out into those irregularities and wild sallies of a luxuriant imagination, for which he became so remarkable; and he was perhaps the only young man in Oxford who, at the same time, maintained an intimate and friendly intercourse with the most unthinking, as well as with the most sedate students at the university.

It is not to be supposed that a young man of Peregrine's vanity, inexperience, and profusion, could suit his expense to his allowance, liberal as it was; for he was not one of those fortunate people who are born economists, and knew not the art of withholding his purse when he saw his companion in difficulty. Thus naturally generous and expensive, he squandered away his money, and made a most splendid appearance upon the receipt of his quarterly appointment; but long before the third month was elapsed, his finances were consumed; and, as he could not stoop to ask an extraordinary supply, was too proud to borrow, and too haughty to run in debt with tradesmen, he devoted those periods of poverty to the prosecution of his studies, and shone forth again at the revolution of quarter-day.

In one of these irruptions, he and some of his companions went to Windsor, in order to see the royal apartments in the castle, whither they repaired in the afternoon; and, as Peregrine stood contemplating the picture of Hercules and Omphale, one of his fellow-students whispered in his ear, "Zounds, Pickle, there are two fine girls!" He turned instantly about, and in one of them recognised his almost forgotten Emilia. Her appearance acted upon his imagination like a spark of fire that falls among gunpowder; that passion which had lain dormant for the space of two years flashed up in a moment, and he was seized with an universal trepidation. She perceived and partook of his emotion; for their

souls, like unisons, vibrated with the same impulse. However, she called her pride and resentment to her aid, and found resolution enough to retire from such a dangerous scene. Alarmed at her retreat, he recollected all his assurance, and, impelled by love, which he could no longer resist, followed her into the next room, where, in the most disconcerted manner, he accosted her with "Your humble servant, Miss Gauntlet;" to which salutation she replied, with an affectation of indifference that did not, however, conceal her agitation, "Your servant, sir;" and immediately extending her finger towards the picture of Duns Scotus, which is fixed over one of the doors, asked her companion in a giggling tone, if she did not think he looked like a conjuror. Peregrine, nettled into spirits by this reception, answered for the other lady, "that it was an easy matter to be a conjuror in those times, when the simplicity of the age assisted his divination; but were he, or Merlin himself, to rise from the dead now, when such deceit and dissimulation prevail, they would not be able to earn their bread by the profession." "Oh! sir," said she, turning full upon him, "without doubt they would adopt new maxims; 'tis no disparagement in this enlightened age for one to alter one's opinion." "No, sure, madam," replied the youth, with some precipitation, "provided the change be for the better." "And, should it happen otherwise," retorted the nymph, with a flirt of her fan, "inconstancy will never want countenance from the practice of mankind." "True, madam," resumed our hero, fixing his eyes upon her, "examples of levity are everywhere to be met with." "O Lord! sir," cried Emilia, tossing her head, "you'll scarce ever find a fop without it." By this time his companion, seeing him engaged with one of the ladies, entered into conversation with the other; and, in order to favour his friend's gallantry, conducted her into the next apartment, on pretence of entertaining her with the sight of a remarkable piece of painting.

Peregrine, laying hold on this opportunity of being alone with the object of his love, assumed a most seducing tenderness of look, and, heaving a profound sigh, asked if she had utterly discarded him from her remembrance. Reddening at this pathetic question, which recalled the memory of the imagined slight he had put upon her, she answered in great confusion, "Sir, I believe I once had the pleasure of seeing you in a ball in Winchester." "Miss Emilia," said he, very gravely, "will you be so candid as to tell me what misbehaviour of mine you are pleased to punish, by restricting your remembrance to that single occasion?" "Mr. Pickle," she replied in the same tone, "it is neither my province nor inclination to judge your conduct; and therefore you misapply your question, when you ask such an explanation of me." "At least," resumed our lover, "give me the melancholy satisfaction to know for what offence of mine you refused to take the least notice of that letter which I had the honour to write from Winchester, by your own express permission?" "Your letter," said Miss, with great vivacity, "neither required, nor, in my opinion, deserved an answer; and, to be free with you, Mr. Pickle, it was but a shallow artifice to rid yourself of a correspondence you had deigned to solicit." Peregrine, confounded at this repartee, replied that, howsoever he might have failed in point of elegance or discretion, he was sure he had not been deficient in expressions of respect and devotion for those charms which it was his pride to adore. "As for the verses," said he, "I own they were unworthy of the theme, but I flattered myself that they would have merited your acceptance, though not your approbation, and been considered not so much the proof of my genius, as the genuine effusion of my love." "Verses!" cried Emilia, with an air of astonishment, "what verses? I really don't understand you." The young gentleman was thunderstruck at this exclamation, to which, after a long pause, he answered, "I begin to suspect, and heartily wish it may appear, that we have misunderstood each other from the beginning. Pray, Miss Gauntlet, did you not find a copy of verses enclosed in that unfortunate letter?" "Truly, sir," said the lady, "I am not so much of a connoisseur as to distinguish whether that facetious production, which you merrily style an unfortunate letter, was composed in verse or prose; but, methinks, the jest is a little too stale to be brought upon the carpet again." So saying, she tripped away to her companion, and left her lover in a most tumultuous suspense. He now perceived that her neglect of his addresses, when he was at Winchester, must have been owing to some mystery which he could not comprehend. And she began to suspect, and to hope, that the letter which she received was spurious, though she could not conceive how that could possibly happen, as it had been delivered to her by the hands of his own servant.

However, she resolved to leave the task of unravelling the affair to him, who, she knew, would infallibly exert himself for his own as well as her satisfaction. She was not deceived in her opinion. He went up to her again at the staircase, and, as they were unprovided with a male attendant, insisted upon squiring the ladies to their lodgings. Emilia saw his drift, which was no other than to know where she lived; and, though she approved of his contrivance, thought it was incumbent upon her, for the support of her own dignity, to decline the civility. She therefore thanked him for his polite offer, but would by no means consent to his giving himself such unnecessary trouble, especially as they had a very little way to walk. He was not repulsed by this refusal, the nature of which he perfectly understood; nor was she sorry to see him persevere in his determination. He therefore accompanied them in their return, and made divers efforts to speak with Emilia in particular. But she had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and, being determined to whet his impatience, artfully baffled all his endeavours, by keeping her companion continually engaged in the conversation, which turned upon the venerable appearance and imperial situation of the place. Thus tantalized, he lounged with them to the door of the house in which they lodged, when his mistress, perceiving by the countenance of her comrade, that she was on the point of desiring him to walk in, checked her intention with a frown; then turning to Mr. Pickle, dropped him a very formal curtsey, seized the other young lady by the arm, and saying, "Come, cousin Sophy," vanished in a moment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After sundry unsuccessful Efforts, he finds means to come to an Explanation with his Mistress; and a Reconciliation ensues.

PEREGRINE, disconcerted at their sudden disappearance, stood for some minutes gaping in the

street, before he could get the better of his surprise; and then deliberated with himself whether he should demand immediate admittance to his mistress, or choose some other method of application. Piqued at her abrupt behaviour, though pleased with her spirit, he set his invention to work, in order to contrive some means of seeing her; and, in a fit of musing, arrived at the inn, where he found his companions whom he had left at the Castle gate. They had already made inquiry about the ladies, in consequence of which he learnt that Miss Sophy was daughter of a gentleman in town, to whom his mistress was related; that an intimate friendship subsisted between the two young ladies; that Emilia had lived about a month with her cousin, and appeared at the last assembly, where she was universally admired; and that several young gentlemen of fortune had since that time teased her with addresses.

Our hero's ambition was flattered, and his passion inflamed with this intelligence; and he swore within himself, that he would not quit the spot until he should have obtained an undisputed victory over all his rivals.

That same evening he composed a most eloquent epistle, in which he earnestly entreated that she would favour him with an opportunity of vindicating his conduct; but she would neither receive his billet, nor see his messenger. Balked in this effort, he enclosed it in a new cover, directed by another hand, and ordered Pipes to ride next morning to London, on purpose to deliver it at the post-office, that, coming by such conveyance, she might have no suspicion of the author, and open it before she should be aware of the deceit.

Three days he waited patiently for the effect of this stratagem, and, in the afternoon of the fourth, ventured to hazard a formal visit, in quality of an old acquaintance. But here, too, he failed in his attempt; she was indisposed, and could not see company. These obstacles served only to increase his eagerness. He still adhered to his former resolution; and his companions, understanding his determination, left him next day to his own inventions. Thus relinquished to his own ideas, he doubled his assiduity, and practised every method his imagination could suggest in order to promote his plan.

Pipes was stationed all day long within sight of her door, that he might be able to give his master an account of her motions; but she never went abroad except to visit in the neighbourhood, and was always housed before Peregrine could be apprised of her appearance. He went to church with a view of attracting her notice, and humbled his deportment before her; but she was so mischievously devout as to look at nothing but her book, so that he was not favoured with one glance of regard. He frequented the coffee-house, and attempted to contract an acquaintance with Miss Sophy's father, who, he hoped, would invite him to his house; but this expectation was also defeated. That prudent gentleman looked upon him as one of those forward fortune-hunters who go about the country seeking whom they may devour, and warily discouraged all his advances. Chagrined by so many unsuccessful endeavours, he began to despair of accomplishing his aim; and, as the last suggestion of his art, paid off his lodging, took horse at noon, and departed, in all appearance, for the place from whence he had come. He rode, however, but a few miles, and in the dusk of the evening returned unseen, alighted at another inn, ordered Pipes to stay within doors, and, keeping himself incognito, employed another person as a sentinel upon Emilia.

It was not long before he reaped the fruits of his ingenuity. Next day, in the afternoon, he was informed by his spy that the two young ladies were gone to walk in the park, whither he followed them on the instant, fully determined to come to an explanation with his mistress, even in presence of her friend, who might possibly be prevailed upon to interest herself in his behalf.

When he saw them at such a distance that they could not return to town before he should have an opportunity of putting his resolution in practice, he mended his pace, and found means to appear before them so suddenly, that Emilia could not help expressing her surprise in a scream. Our lover putting on a mien of humility and mortification, begged to know if her resentment was implacable; and asked why she had so cruelly refused to grant him the common privilege that every criminal enjoyed? "Dear Miss Sophy," said he, addressing himself to her companion, "give me leave to implore your intercession with your cousin; I am sure you have humanity enough to espouse my cause, did you but know the justice of it; and I flatter myself that, by your kind interposition, I may be able to rectify that fatal misunderstanding which hath made me wretched." "Sir," said Sophy, "you appear like a gentleman, and I doubt not but your behaviour has been always suitable to your appearance; but you must excuse me from undertaking any such office in behalf of a person whom I have not the honour to know." "Madam," answered Peregrine, "I hope Miss Emy will justify my pretensions to that character, notwithstanding the mystery of her displeasure, which, upon my honour, I cannot for my soul explain." "Lord! Mr. Pickle," said Emilia, who had by this time recollected herself, "I never questioned your gallantry and taste, but I am resolved that you never shall have cause to exercise your talents at my expense; so that you tease yourself and me to no purpose. Come, Sophy, let us walk home again." "Good God, madam!" cried the lover with great emotion, "why will you distract me with such indifference? Stay, dear Emilia! I conjure you on my knees to stay and hear me. By all that is sacred! I was not to blame; you must have been imposed upon by some villain who envied my good fortune, and took some treacherous method to ruin my love."

Miss Sophy, who possessed a large stock of good nature, and to whom her cousin had communicated the cause of her reserve, seeing the young gentleman so much affected with that disdain which she knew to be feigned, laid hold on Emilia's sleeve, saying with a smile, "Not quite so fast, Emily; I begin to perceive that this is a love-quarrel, and therefore there may be hopes of a reconciliation, for I suppose both parties are open to conviction." "For my own part," cried Peregrine, with great eagerness, "I appeal to Miss Sophy's decision. But why do I say appeal? Though I am conscious of having committed no offence, I am ready to submit to any penance, let it be ever so rigorous, that my fair enslaver herself shall impose, provided it will entitle me to her favour and forgiveness at last." Emily, well-nigh overcome by this declaration, told him that as she taxed him with no guilt, she expected no atonement; and pressed her companion to return into town. But Sophy, who was too indulgent to her friend's real inclination to comply with her request, observed that the gentleman seemed so reasonable in his

concessions, she began to think her cousin was in the wrong, and felt herself disposed to act as umpire in the dispute.

Overjoyed at this condescension, Mr. Pickle thanked her in the most rapturous terms, and, in the transport of his expectation, kissed the hand of his kind mediatrix; a circumstance which had a remarkable effect on the countenance of Emilia, who did not seem to relish the warmth of his acknowledgment.

After many supplications on one hand, and pressing remonstrances on the other, she yielded at length, and turning to her lover, while her face was overspread with blushes, "Well, sir," said she, "supposing I were to put the difference on that issue, how could you excuse the ridiculous letter which you sent to me from Winchester?" This expostulation introduced a discussion of the whole affair, in which all the circumstances were canvassed; and Emilia still affirmed, with great heat, that the letter must have been calculated to affront her, for she could not suppose the author was so weak as to design it for any other purpose.

Peregrine, who still retained in his memory the substance of his unlucky epistle, as well as the verses which were enclosed, could recollect no particular expression which could have justly given the least umbrage; and therefore, in the agonies of perplexity, begged that the whole might be submitted to the judgment of Miss Sophy, and faithfully promised to stand to her award.

In short, this proposal was, with seeming reluctance, embraced by Emilia, and an appointment made to meet next day, in the same place, whither both parties were desired to come, provided with their credentials, according to which definitive sentence would be pronounced.

Our lover having succeeded thus far, overwhelmed Sophy with acknowledgments on account of her generous mediation, and in the course of their walk, which Emilia was now in no hurry to conclude, whispered a great many tender protestations in the ear of his mistress, who nevertheless continued to act upon the reserve until her doubts should be more fully resolved.

Mr. Pickle having found means to amuse them in the fields till the twilight, was obliged to wish them good evening, after having obtained a solemn repetition of their promise to meet him at the appointed time and place; and then retreated to his apartment, where he spent the whole night in various conjectures on the subject of this letter, the Gordian knot of which he could by no means untie.

One while he imagined that some wag had played a trick upon his messenger, in consequence of which Emilia had received a supposititious letter; but upon further reflection he could not conceive the practicability of any such deceit. Then he began to doubt the sincerity of his mistress, who perhaps had only made that an handle for discarding him, at the request of some favoured rival; but his own integrity forbade him to harbour this mean suspicion, and therefore he was again involved in the labyrinth of perplexity. Next day he waited on the rack of impatience for the hour of five in the afternoon, which no sooner struck than he ordered Pipes to attend him, in case there should be occasion for his evidence, and repaired to the place of rendezvous, where he had not tarried five minutes before the ladies appeared. Mutual compliments being passed, and the attendant stationed at a convenient distance, Peregrine persuaded them to sit down upon the grass, under the shade of a spreading oak, that they might be more at their ease; while he stretched himself at their feet, and desired that the paper on which his doom depended might be examined. It was accordingly put into the hands of his fair arbitress, who read it immediately with an audible voice. The first two words of it were no sooner pronounced than he started with great emotion, and raised himself on his hand and knee, in which posture he listened to the rest of the sentence; then sprung upon his feet in the utmost astonishment, and glowing with resentment at the same time, exclaimed, "Hell and the devil! what's all that? Sure, you make a jest of me, madam." "Pray, sir," said Sophy, "give me the hearing for a few moments, and then urge what you shall think proper in your own defence." Having thus cautioned him, she proceeded; but before she had finished one-half of the performance, her gravity forsook her, and she was seized with a violent fit of laughter, in which neither of the lovers could help joining, notwithstanding the resentment which at that instant prevailed in the breasts of both. The judge, however, in a little time resumed her solemnity, and having read the remaining part of this curious epistle, all three continued staring at each other alternately for the space of half-a-minute, and then broke forth at the same instant into another paroxysm of mirth. From this unanimous convulsion, one would have thought that both parties were extremely well pleased with the joke; yet this was by no means the case.

Emilia imagined that, notwithstanding his affected surprise, her lover, in spite of himself, had renewed the laugh at her expense, and in so doing applauded his own unmannerly ridicule. This supposition could not fail of raising and reviving her indignation, while Peregrine highly resented the indignity with which he supposed himself treated, in her attempting to make him the dupe of such a gross and ludicrous artifice. This being the situation of their thoughts, their mirth was succeeded by a mutual gloominess of aspect; and the judge, addressing herself to Mr. Pickle, asked if he had anything to offer why sentence should not be pronounced? "Madam," answered the culprit, "I am sorry to find myself so low in the opinion of your cousin as to be thought capable of being deceived by such a shallow contrivance." "Nay, sir," said Emilia, "the contrivance is your own; and I cannot help admiring your confidence in imputing it to me." "Upon my honour, Miss Emily," resumed our hero, "you wrong my understanding as well as my love, in accusing me of having written such a silly impertinent performance, the very appearance and address of it is so unlike the letter which I did myself the honour to write, that I dare say my man, even at this distance of time, will remember the difference." So saying, he extended his voice and beckoned to Pipes, who immediately drew near. His mistress seemed to object to the evidence, by observing that, to be sure, Mr. Pipes had his cue; when Peregrine, begging she would spare him the mortification of considering him in such a dishonourable light, desired his valet to examine the outside of the letter, and recollect if it was the same which he had delivered to Miss Gauntlet about two years ago. Pipes having taking a superficial view of it, pulled up his breeches, saying, "Mayhap it is, but we have made so many trips, and been in so many creeks and corners since that time, that I can't pretend to be certain; for I neither keep journal nor log-book of our proceedings." Emilia

commended him for his candour, at the same time darting a sarcastic look at his master, as if she thought he had tampered with his servant's integrity in vain; and Peregrine began to rave and to curse his fate for having subjected him to such mean suspicion, attesting heaven and earth in the most earnest manner that, far from having composed and conveyed that stupid production, he had never seen it before, nor been privy to the least circumstance of the plan.

Pipes, now for the first time, perceived the mischief which he had occasioned, and, moved with the transports of his master, for whom he had a most inviolable attachment, frankly declared he was ready to make oath that Mr. Pickle had no hand in the letter which he delivered. All three were amazed at this confession, the meaning of which they could not comprehend. Peregrine, after some pause, leaped upon Pipes, and seizing him by the throat, exclaimed in an ecstasy of rage, "Rascal! tell me this instant what became of the letter I intrusted to your care?" The patient valet, half-strangled as he was, squirted a collection of tobacco-juice out of one corner of his mouth, and with great deliberation replied, "Why, burnt it; you wouldn't have me give the young woman a thing that shook all in the wind in tatters, would you?" The ladies interposed in behalf of the distressed squire, from whom, by dint of questions, which he had neither art nor inclination to evade, they extorted an explanation of the whole affair.

Such ridiculous simplicity and innocence of intention appeared in the composition of his expedient, that even the remembrance of all the chagrin which it had produced, could not rouse their indignation, or enable them to resist a third eruption of laughter, which they forthwith underwent.

Pipes was dismissed with many menacing injunctions to beware of such conduct for the future; Emilia stood with a confusion of joy and tenderness in her countenance; Peregrine's eyes kindled into rapture, and when Miss Sophy pronounced the sentence of reconciliation, advanced to his mistress, saying, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail;" then clasping her in his arms, very impudently ravished a kiss, which she had not power to refuse. Nay, such was the impulse of his joy, that he took the same freedom with the lips of Sophy, calling her his kind mediatrix and guardian angel, and behaved with such extravagance of transport as plainly evinced the fervour and sincerity of his love.

I shall not pretend to repeat the tender protestations that were uttered on one side, or describe the bewitching glances of approbation with which they were received on the other; suffice it to say, that the endearing intimacy of their former connexion was instantly renewed, and Sophy, who congratulated them upon the happy termination of their quarrel, favoured with their mutual confidence. In consequence of this happy pacification, they deliberated upon the means of seeing each other often; and as he could not, without some previous introduction, visit her openly at the house of her relation, they agreed to meet every afternoon in the park till the next assembly, at which he would solicit her as a partner, and she be unengaged, in expectation of his request. By this connexion he would be entitled to visit her next day, and thus an avowed correspondence would of course commence. This plan was actually put in execution, and attended with a circumstance which had well-nigh produced some mischievous consequence, had not Peregrine's good fortune been superior to his discretion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

He achieves an Adventure at the Assembly, and quarrels with his Governor.

At the assembly were no fewer than three gentlemen of fortune who rivalled our lover in his passion for Emilia, and who had severally begged the honour of dancing with her upon that occasion. She had excused herself to each, on pretence of a slight indisposition that she foresaw would detain her from the ball, and desired they would provide themselves with other partners. Obliged to admit her excuse, they accordingly followed her advice; and after they had engaged themselves beyond the power of retracting, had the mortification to see her there unclaimed.

They in their turn made up to her, and expressed their surprise and concern at finding her in the assembly unprovided, after she had declined their invitation; but she told them that her cold had forsaken her since she had the pleasure of seeing them, and that she would rely upon accident for a partner. Just as she pronounced these words to the last of the three, Peregrine advanced as an utter stranger, bowed with great respect, told her he understood she was unengaged, and would think himself highly honoured in being accepted as her partner for the night; and he had the good fortune to succeed in his application.

As they were by far the handsomest and best accomplished couple in the room, they could not fail of attracting the notice and admiration of the spectators, which inflamed the jealousy of his three competitors, who immediately entered into a conspiracy against this gaudy stranger, whom, as their rival, they resolved to affront in public. Pursuant to the plan which they projected for this purpose, the first country dance was no sooner concluded, than one of them, with his partner, took the place of Peregrine and his mistress, contrary to the regulation of the ball. Our lover, imputing his behaviour to inadvertency, informed the gentleman of his mistake, and civilly desired he would rectify his error. The other told him, in an imperious tone, that he wanted none of his advice, and bade him mind his own affairs. Peregrine answered with some warmth, and insisted upon his right; a dispute commenced, high words ensued, in the course of which our impetuous youth, hearing himself reviled with the appellation of scoundrel, pulled off his antagonist's periwig, and flung it in his face. The ladies immediately shrieked, the gentlemen interposed, Emilia was seized with a fit of trembling, and conducted to her seat by her youthful admirer, who begged pardon for having discomposed her, and vindicated what he had done, by representing the necessity he was under to resent the provocation he had received.

Though she could not help owning the justice of his plea, she was not the less concerned at the dangerous situation in which he had involved himself, and, in the utmost consternation and anxiety, insisted upon going directly home. He could not resist her importunities; and her cousin being determined to accompany her, he escorted them to their lodgings, where he wished them good-night, after having, in order to quiet their apprehensions, protested that, if his opponent was satisfied, he should never take any step towards the prosecution of the quarrel. Mean-

while the assembly-room became a scene of tumult and uproar. The person who conceived himself injured, seeing Peregrine retire, struggled with his companions, in order to pursue and take satisfaction of our hero, whom he loaded with terms of abuse, and challenged to single combat.

The director of the ball held a consultation with all the subscribers who were present; and it was determined, by a majority of votes, that the two gentlemen who had occasioned the disturbance should be desired to withdraw. This resolution being signified to one of the parties then present, he made some difficulty of complying, but was persuaded to submit by his two confederates, who accompanied him to the street-door, where he was met by Peregrine on his return to the assembly.

This choleric gentleman, who was a country squire, no sooner saw his rival, than he began to brandish his cudgel in a menacing posture, when our adventurous youth stepping back with one foot, laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which he drew half way out of the scabbard. This attitude, and the sight of the blade, which glistened by moonlight in his face, checked, in some sort, the ardour of his assailant, who desired he would lay aside his toaster, and take a bout with him at equal arms. Peregrine, who was an expert cudgel-player, accepted the invitation; then, exchanging weapons with Pipes, who stood behind him, put himself in a posture of defence, and received the attack of his adversary, who struck at random, without either skill or economy. Pickle could have beaten the cudgel out of his hand at the first blow; but as, in that case, he would have been obliged in honour to give immediate quarter, he resolved to discipline his antagonist without endeavouring to disable him, until he should be heartily satisfied with the vengeance he had taken. With this view he returned the salute, and raised such a clatter about the squire's pate, that one who had heard, without seeing the application, would have mistaken the sound for that of a salt-box in the hand of a dexterous merry-andrew belonging to one of the booths at Bartholomew Fair. Neither was this salutation confined to his head; his shoulders, arms, thighs, ankles, and ribs were visited with amazing rapidity, while Tom Pipes souuded the charge through his fist. Peregrine, tired with this exercise, which had almost bereft his enemy of sensation, at last struck the decisive blow, in consequence of which the squire's weapon flew out of his grasp, and he allowed our hero to be the better man. Satisfied with this acknowledgment, the victor walked up-stairs, with such elevation of spirits and insolence of mien, that nobody chose to intimate the resolution which had been taken in his absence. There having amused himself for some time in beholding the country dances, he retreated to his lodging, where he indulged himself all night in the contemplation of his own success.

Next day, in the forenoon, he went to visit his partner; and the gentleman at whose house she lived, having been informed of his family and condition, received him with great courtesy, as the acquaintance of his cousin Gauntlet, and invited him to dinner that same day.

Emilia was remarkably well pleased when she understood the issue of his adventure, which began to make some noise in town, even though it deprived her of a wealthy admirer. The squire having consulted an attorney about the nature of the dispute, in hopes of being able to prosecute Peregrine for an assault, found little encouragement to go to law. He therefore resolved to pocket the insult and injury he had undergone, and to discontinue his addresses to her who was the cause of both.

Our lover being told by his mistress that she proposed to stay a fortnight longer at Windsor, he determined to enjoy her company all that time, and then to give her a convoy to the house of her mother, whom he longed to see. In consequence of this plan, he every day contrived some fresh party of pleasure for the ladies, to whom he had by this time free access, and entangled himself so much in the snares of love, that he seemed quite enchanted by Emilia's charms, which were now indeed almost irresistible. While he thus heedlessly roved in the flowery paths of pleasure, his governor at Oxford, alarmed at the unusual duration of his absence, went to the young gentlemen who had accompanied him in his excursion, and very earnestly entreated them to tell him what they knew concerning his pupil. They accordingly gave him an account of the rencounter that happened between Peregrine and Miss Emily Gauntlet in the castle, and mentioned circumstances sufficient to convince him that his charge was very dangerously engaged.

Far from having an authority over Peregrine, Mr. Jolter durst not even disoblige him; therefore, instead of writing to the commodore, he took horse immediately, and that same night reached Windsor, where he found his stray sheep very much surprised at his unexpected arrival.

The governor desiring to have some serious conversation with him, they shut themselves up in an apartment, when Jolter, with great solemnity, communicated the cause of his journey, which was no other than his concern for his pupil's welfare, and very gravely undertook to prove, by mathematical demonstration, that this intrigue, if farther pursued, would tend to the young gentleman's ruin and disgrace. This singular proposition raised the curiosity of Peregrine, who promised to yield all manner of attention, and desired him to begin without further preamble.

The governor, encouraged by this appearance of candour, expressed his satisfaction in finding him so open to conviction, and told him he would proceed upon geometrical principles. Then, hemming thrice, he observed, that no mathematical inquiries could be carried on except upon certain *data*, or concession to truths, that were self-evident, and therefore he must crave his assent to a few axioms, which he was sure Mr. Pickle would see no reason to dispute. "In the first place, then," said he, "you will grant, I hope, that youth and discretion are, with respect to each other, as two parallel lines, which, though infinitely produced, remain still equidistant, and will never coincide; and then you must allow, that passion acts upon the human mind in a ratio compounded of the acuteness of sense and constitutional heat; and, thirdly, you will not deny that the angle of remorse is equal to that of precipitation. The *postulata* being admitted," added he, taking pen, ink, and paper, and drawing a parallelogram, "let youth be represented by the right line A B, and discretion by another right line C D, parallel to the former. Complete the parallelogram A B C D, and let the point of intersection, B, represent perdition. Let passion, represented under the letter C, have a motion in the direction C A. At the same time, let another motion be communicated to it, in the direction C D, it will proceed in the diagonal C B, and describe it in the same time that it would have described the side C A by the first motion, or the side C D by the second. To understand the demonstration of this corollary, we must premise

this obvious principle, that when a body is acted upon by a motion of power parallel to a right line given in position, this power, or motion, has no effect to cause the body to approach towards that line, or recede from it, but to move in a line parallel to a right line only, as appears from the second law of motion; therefore C A being parallel to D B—"

His pupil having listened to him thus far, could contain himself no longer, but interrupted the investigation with a loud laugh, and told him that his *postulata* put him in mind of a certain learned and ingenious gentleman, who undertook to disprove the existence of natural evil, and asked no other *datum* on which to found his demonstration but an acknowledgment that *everything that is is right.* "You may therefore," said he, in a peremptory tone, "spare yourself the trouble of torturing your invention; for, after all, I am pretty certain that I shall want capacity to comprehend the discussion of your lemma, and consequently be obliged to refuse my assent to your deduction."

Mr. Jolter was disconcerted at this declaration, and so much offended at Peregrine's disrespect, that he could not help expressing his displeasure, by telling him flatly, that he was too violent and headstrong to be reclaimed by reason and gentle means; that he (the tutor) must be obliged, in the discharge of his duty and conscience, to inform the commodore of his pupil's imprudence; that, if the laws of this realm were effectual, they would take cognizance of the gipsy who had led him astray; and observed, by way of contrast, that, if such a preposterous intrigue had happened in France, she would have been clapped up in a convent two years ago.

Our lover's eyes kindled with indignation when he heard his mistress treated with such irreverence. He could scarce refrain from inflicting manual chastisement on the blasphemer, whom he reproached in his wrath as an arrogant pedant, without either delicacy or sense; and cautioned him against using any such impertinent freedoms with his affairs for the future, on pain of incurring more severe effects of his resentment.

Mr. Jolter, who entertained very high notions of that veneration to which he thought himself entitled by his character and qualifications, had not bore, without repining, his want of influence and authority over his pupil, against whom he cherished a particular grudge ever since the adventure of the painted eye; and therefore, on this occasion, his politic forbearance had been overcome by the accumulated motives of his disgust. Indeed, he would have resigned his charge with disdain, had he not been encouraged to persevere, by the hopes of a good living which Trunnion had in his gift, or known how to dispose of himself for the present to better advantage.

CHAPTER XXV.

He receives a Letter from his Aunt—Breaks with the Commodore, and disobliges the Lieutenant, who, nevertheless, undertakes his Cause.

MEANWHILE he quitted the youth in high dudgeon, and that same evening despatched a letter for Mrs. Trunnion, which was dictated by the first transports of his passion, and of course replete with severe animadversions on the misconduct of his pupil.

In consequence of this complaint, it was not long before Peregrine received an epistle from his aunt, wherein she commemorated all the circumstances of the commodore's benevolence towards him, when he was helpless and forlorn, deserted and abandoned by his own parents, upbraided him for his misbehaviour and neglect of his tutor's advice, and insisted upon his breaking off all intercourse with that girl who had seduced his youth, as he valued the continuance of her affection and her husband's regard.

As our lover's own ideas of generosity were extremely refined, he was shocked at the indelicate insinuations of Mrs. Trunnion, and felt all the pangs of an ingenuous mind that labours under obligations to a person whom it contemns. Far from obeying her injunction, or humbling himself by a submissive answer to her reprehension, his resentment buoyed him up above every selfish consideration; he resolved to attach himself to Emilia, if possible, more than ever; and although he was tempted to punish the officiousness of Jolter, by recriminating upon his life and conversation, he generously withstood the impulse of his passion, because he knew that his governor had no other dependence than the good opinion of the commodore. He could not, however, digest in silence the severe expostulations of his aunt; to which he replied by the following letter, addressed to her husband:—

"SIR,—Though my temper could never stoop to offer, nor, I believe, your disposition deign to receive, that gross incense which the illiberal only expect, and none but the base-minded condescend to pay, my sentiments have always done justice to your generosity, and my intention scrupulously adhered to the dictates of my duty. Conscious of this integrity of heart, I cannot but severely feel your lady's unkind (I will not call it ungenerous) recapitulation of the favours I have received; and, as I take it for granted, that you knew and approved of her letter, I must beg leave to assure you, that, far from being swayed by menaces and reproach, I am determined to embrace the most abject extremity of fortune, rather than submit to such a dishonourable compulsion. When I am treated in a more delicate and respectful manner, I hope I shall behave as becomes,—Sir, your obliged,

"P. PICKLE."

The commodore, who did not understand those nice distinctions of behaviour, and dreaded the consequence of Peregrine's amour, against which he was strangely prepossessed, seemed exasperated at the insolence and obstinacy of his adopted son; to whose epistle he wrote the following answer, which was transmitted by the hands of Hatchway, who had orders to bring the delinquent along with him to the garrison:—

"HEARK YE, CHILD,—You need not bring your fine speeches to bear upon me. You only expend your ammunition to no purpose. Your aunt told you nothing but truth; for it is always fair and honest to be above board, d'ye see. I am informed as how you are in chase of a painted galley, which will decoy you upon the flats of destruction, unless you keep a better look-out and a surer reckoning than you have hitherto done; and I have sent Jack Hatchway to see how the land lies, and warn you of your danger. If so be as you will put about ship, and let him steer you into this harbour, you shall meet with a safe berth and friendly reception; but if you refuse to alter your course, you cannot expect any further assistance from yours, as you behave, HAWSER TRUNNION."

Peregrine was equally piqued and disconcerted at the receipt of this letter, which was quite different from what he had expected, and declared in a resolute tone to the lieutenant, who brought it, that he might return as soon as he pleased, for he was determined to consult his own inclination, and remain for some time longer where he was.

Hatchway endeavoured to persuade him, by all the arguments which his sagacity and friendship

could supply, to show a little more deference for the old man, who was by this time rendered fretful and peevish by the gout, which now hindered him from enjoying himself as usual, and who might, in his passion, take some step very much to the detriment of the young gentleman, whom he had hitherto considered as his own son. Among other remonstrances, Jack observed that mayhaps Peregrine had got under Emilia's hatches, and did not choose to set her adrift; and if that was the case, he himself would take charge of the vessel, and see her cargo safely delivered; for he had a respect for the young woman, and his needle pointed towards matrimony; and as, in all probability, she could not be much the worse for the wear, he would make shift to scud through life with her under an easy sail.

Our lover was deaf to all his admonitions, and having thanked him for this last instance of his complaisance, repeated his resolution of adhering to his first purpose. Hatchway having profited so little by mild exhortations, assumed a more peremptory aspect, and plainly told him he neither could nor would go home without him; so he had best make immediate preparations for the voyage.

Peregrine made no other reply to this declaration than by a contemptuous smile, and rose from his seat in order to retire; upon which the lieutenant started up, and posting himself by the door, protested, with some menacing gestures, that he would not suffer him to run ahead neither. The other, incensed at his presumption, in attempting to detain him by force, tripped up his wooden leg, and laid him on his back in a moment; then walked deliberately towards the park, in order to indulge his reflection, which at that time teemed with disagreeable thoughts. He had not proceeded two hundred steps, when he heard something blowing and stamping behind him; and, looking back, perceived the lieutenant at his heels, with rage and indignation in his countenance. This exasperated seaman, impatient of the affront he had received, and forgetting all the circumstances of their former intimacy, advanced with great eagerness to his old friend, saying, "Look ye, brother, you're a saucy boy, and if you was at sea, I would have your backside brought to the davit for your disobedience; but as we are on shore, you and I must crack a pistol at one another; here is a brace, you shall take which you please."

Peregrine, upon recollection, was sorry for having been laid under the necessity of disobliging honest Jack, and very frankly asked his pardon for what he had done. But this condescension was misinterpreted by the other, who refused any other satisfaction but that which an officer ought to claim; and with some irreverent expressions, asked if Perry was afraid of his bacon. The youth, inflamed at this unjust insinuation, darted a ferocious look at the challenger, told him he had paid but too much regard to his infirmities, and bid him walk forward to the park, where he would soon convince him of his error, if he thought his concession proceeded from fear.

About this time, they were overtaken by Pipes, who having heard the lieutenant's fall, and seen him pocket his pistols, suspected that there was a quarrel in the case, and followed him with a view of protecting his master. Peregrine seeing him arrive, and guessing his intention, assumed an air of serenity, and pretending that he had left his handkerchief at the inn, ordered his man to go thither and fetch it to him in the park, where he would find them at his return. This command was twice repeated before Tom would take any other notice of the message, except by shaking his head; but being urged with many threats and curses to obedience, he gave them to understand that he knew their drift too well to trust them by themselves. "As for you, Lieutenant Hatchway," said he, "I have been your shipmate, and know you to be a sailor, that's enough; and as for master, I know him to be as good a man as ever stepped betwixt stem and stern, whereby, if you have anything to say to him, I am your man, as the saying is. Here's my sapling, and I don't value your crackers of a rope's end." This oration, the longest that ever Pipes was known to make, he concluded with a flourish of his cudgel, and enforced with such determined refusals to leave them, that they found it impossible to bring the cause to mortal arbitrament at that time, and strolled about the park in profound silence; during which, Hatchway's indignation subsiding, he all of a sudden thrust out his hand as an advance to reconciliation, which being cordially shaken by Peregrine, a general pacification ensued; and was followed by a consultation about the means of extricating the youth from his present perplexity. Had his disposition been like that of most other young men, it would have been no difficult task to overcome his difficulties; but such was the obstinacy of his pride, that he deemed himself bound in honour to resent the letters he had received; and, instead of submitting to the pleasure of the commodore, expected an acknowledgment from him, without which he would listen to no terms of accommodation. "Had I been his own son," said he, "I should have bore his reproof, and sued for forgiveness; but knowing myself to be on the footing of an orphan, who depends entirely upon his benevolence, I am jealous of every thing that can be construed into disrespect, and insist upon being treated with the most punctual regard. I shall now make application to my father, who is obliged to provide for me by the ties of nature, as well as the laws of the land; and if he shall refuse to do me justice, I can never want employment while men are required for his Majesty's service.

The lieutenant, alarmed at this intimation, begged he would take no new step until he should hear from him; and that very evening set out for the garrison, where he gave Trunnion an account of the miscarriage of his negotiation, told him how highly Peregrine was offended at the letter, communicated the young gentleman's sentiments and resolution, and, finally, assured him, that unless he should think proper to ask pardon for the offence he had committed, he would, in all appearance, never more behold the face of his godson.

The old commodore was utterly confounded at this piece of intelligence; he had expected all the humility of obedience and contrition from the young man; and, instead of that, received nothing but the most indignant opposition, and even found himself in the circumstances of an offender, obliged to make atonement, or forfeit all correspondence with his favourite. These insolent conditions at first threw him into an agony of wrath, and he vented execrations with such rapidity, that he left himself no time to breathe, and had almost been suffocated with his choler. He inveighed bitterly against the ingratitude of Peregrine, whom he mentioned with opprobrious epithets, and swore that he ought to be keel-hauled for his presumption; but when he began to reflect more coolly upon the spirit

of the young gentleman, which had already manifested itself on many occasions, and listened to the suggestions of Hatchway, whom he had always considered as an oracle in his way, his resentment abated, and he determined to take Perry into favour again; this placability being not a little facilitated by Jack's narrative of our hero's intrepid behaviour at the assembly, as well as in the contest with him in the park. But still this plaguy amour occurred like a bugbear to his imagination; for he held it as an infallible maxim, that woman was an eternal source of misery to man. Indeed, this apothegm he seldom repeated since his marriage, except in the company of a very few intimates, to whose secrecy and discretion he could trust. Finding Jack himself at a nonplus in the affair of Emilia, he consulted Mrs. Trunnion, who was equally surprised and offended, when she understood that her letter did not produce the desired effect; and, after having imputed the youth's obstinacy to his uncle's unseasonable indulgence, had recourse to the advice of the parson, who, still with an eye to his friend's advantage, counselled them to send the young gentleman on his travels, in the course of which he would, in all probability, forget the amusements of his greener years. The proposal was judicious, and immediately approved, when Trunnion, going into his closet, after divers efforts, produced the following billet, with which Jack departed for Windsor that same afternoon :—

"My good Lad,—If I gave offence in my last letter, I'm sorry for't, d'ye see; I thought it was the likeliest way to bring you up; but, in time to come, you shall have a larger swing of cable. When you can spare time, I shall be glad if you will make a short trip and see your aunt, and him who is—Your loving godfather and humble servant,

"Hawser Trunnion.

"*P.S.*—If you want money, you may draw upon me payable at sight."

CHAPTER XXVI.

He becomes melancholy and despondent—Is favoured with a condescending Letter from his Uncle—Reconciles himself to his Governor, and sets out with Emilia and her Friend for Mrs. Gauntlet's house.

Peregrine, fortified as he was with pride and indignation, did not fail to feel the smarting suggestions of his present situation. After having lived so long in an affluent and imperious manner, he could ill brook the thoughts of submitting to the mortifying exigencies of life. All the gaudy schemes of pomp and pleasure, which his luxuriant imagination had formed, began to dissolve; a train of melancholy ideas took possession of his thoughts, and the prospect of losing Emilia was not the least part of his affliction. Though he endeavoured to suppress the chagrin that preyed upon his heart, he could not conceal the disturbance of his mind from the penetration of that amiable young lady, who sympathized with him in her heart, though she could not give her tongue the liberty of asking the cause of his disorder; for, notwithstanding all the ardour of his addresses, he never could obtain from her the declaration of a mutual flame; because, though he had hitherto treated her with the utmost reverence and respect, he had never once mentioned the final aim of his passion. However honourable she supposed it to be, she had discernment enough to foresee that vanity or interest, co-operating with the levity of youth, might one day deprive her of her lover, and she was too proud to give him any handle of exulting at her expense. Although he was received by her with the most distinguished civility, and even an intimacy of friendship, all his solicitations could never extort from her an acknowledgment of love. On the contrary, being of a gay disposition, she sometimes coquetted with other admirers, that his attention, thus whetted, might never abate, and that he might see she had other resources, in case he should flag in his affection.

This being the prudential plan on which she acted, it cannot be supposed that she would condescend to inquire into the state of his thoughts, when she saw him thus affected; but she, nevertheless, imposed that task on her cousin and confidant, who, as they walked together in the park, observed that he seemed to be out of humour. When this is the case, such a question generally increases the disease; at least it had that effect upon Peregrine, who replied, somewhat peevishly, "I assure you, madam, you never was more mistaken in your observations." "I think so too," said Emilia, "for I never saw Mr. Pickle in higher spirits."—This ironical encomium completed his confusion; he affected to smile, but it was a smile of anguish, and in his heart he cursed the vivacity of both. He could not for his soul recollect himself so as to utter one connected sentence; and the suspicion that they observed every circumstance of his behaviour, threw such a damp on his spirits, that he was quite overwhelmed with shame and resentment, when Sophy, casting her eyes towards the gate, said, "Yonder is your servant, Mr. Pickle, with another man who seems to have a wooden leg." Peregrine started at this intelligence, and immediately underwent sundry changes of complexion, knowing that his fate in a great measure depended upon the information he would receive from his friend.

Hatchway advancing to the company, after a brace of sea bows to the ladies, took the youth aside, and put the commodore's letter into his hand, which threw him into such an agitation, that he could scarce pronounce "Ladies, will you give me leave?" When, in consequence of their permission, he attempted to open the billet, he fumbled with such manifest disorder, that his mistress, who watched his motions, began to think there was something very interesting in the message; and so much was she affected with his concern, that she was fain to turn her head another way, and wipe the tears from her lovely eyes.

Meanwhile, Peregrine no sooner read the first sentence, than his countenance, which before was overcast with a deep gloom, began to be lighted up, and every feature unbending by degrees, he recovered his serenity. Having perused the letter, his eyes sparkling with joy and gratitude, he hugged the lieutenant in his arms, and presented him to the ladies as one of his best friends. Jack met with a most gracious reception, and shook Emilia by the hand, telling her, with the familiar appellation of *old acquaintance*, that he did not care how soon he was master of such another clean-going frigate as herself.

The whole company partook of this favourable change that evidently appeared in our lover's recollection, and enlivened his conversation with such an uncommon flow of sprightliness and good humour, as even made an impression on the iron countenance of Pipes himself, who actually smiled with satisfaction as he walked behind them.

The evening being pretty far advanced, they

directed their course homeward; and, while the valet attended Hatchway to the inn, Peregrine escorted the ladies to their lodgings, where he owned the justness of Sophy's remark, in saying he was out of humour, and told them he had been extremely chagrined at a difference which had happened between him and his uncle, to whom, by the letter which they had seen him receive, he now found himself happily reconciled.

Having received their congratulations, and declined staying to sup with them, on account of the longing desire he had to converse with his friend Jack, he took his leave, and repaired to the inn, where Hatchway informed him of everything that had happened in the garrison upon his representations. Far from being disgusted, he was perfectly well pleased with the prospect of going abroad, which flattered his vanity and ambition, gratified his thirst after knowledge, and indulged that turn for observation, for which he had been remarkable from his most tender years. Neither did he believe a short absence would tend to the prejudice of his love, but, on the contrary, enhance the value of his heart, because he should return better accomplished, and consequently a more welcome offering to his mistress. Elevated with these sentiments, his heart dilated with joy, and the sluices of his natural benevolence being opened by this happy turn of his affairs, he sent his compliments to Mr. Jolter, to whom he had not spoken during a whole week, and desired he would favour Mr. Hatchway and him with his company at supper.

The governor was not weak enough to decline this invitation; in consequence of which he forthwith appeared, and was cordially welcomed by the relenting pupil, who expressed his sorrow for the misunderstanding which had prevailed between them, and assured him that, for the future, he would avoid giving him any just cause of complaint. Jolter, who did not want affection, was melted by this acknowledgment, which he could not have expected, and earnestly protested that his chief study had always been, and ever should be, to promote Mr. Pickle's interest and happiness.

The best part of the night being spent in the circulation of a cheerful glass, the company broke up; and next morning Peregrine went out with a view of making his mistress acquainted with his uncle's intention of sending him out of the kingdom for his improvement, and of saying everything which he thonght necessary for the interest of his love. He found her at breakfast with her cousin; and, as he was very full of the subject of his visit, had scarce fixed himself in his seat, when he brought it upon the carpet, by asking with a smile, if the ladies had any commands for Paris? Emilia at this question began to stare, and her confidant desired to know who was going thither. He no sooner gave them to understand that he himself intended in a short time to visit that capital, than his mistress, with great precipitation, wished him a good journey, and affected to talk with indifference about the pleasures he would enjoy in France. But when he seriously assured Sophy, who asked if he was in earnest, that his uncle actually insisted upon his making a short tour, the tears gushed in poor Emilia's eyes, and she was at great pains to conceal her concern, by observing that the tea was so scalding hot as to make her eyes water. This pretext was too thin to impose upon her lover, or even deceive the observation of her friend Sophy, who, after breakfast, took an opportunity of quitting the room.

Thus left by themselves, Peregrine imparted to her what he had learned of the commodore's intention, without, however, mentioning a syllable of his being offended at their correspondence, and accompanied his information with such fervent vows of eternal constancy, and solemn promises of a speedy return, that Emilia's heart, which had been invaded by a suspicion that this scheme of travelling was the effect of her lover's inconstancy, began to be more at ease; and she could not help signifying her approbation of his design.

This affair being amicably compromised, he asked how soon she proposed to set out for her mother's house; and understanding that her departure was fixed for next day but one, and that her cousin Sophy intended to accompany her in her father's chariot, he repeated his intention of attending her. In the meantime he dismissed his governor and the lieutenant to the garrison, with his compliments to his aunt and the commodore, and a faithful promise of his being with them in six days at farthest.

These previous measures being taken, he, attended by Pipes, set out with the ladies; and they had also a convoy for twelve miles from Sophy's father, who at parting recommended them piously to the care of Peregrine, with whom, by this time, he was perfectly well acquainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

They meet with a dreadful alarm on the Road—Arrive at their Journey's end—Peregrine is introduced to Emily's Brother—These two young Gentlemen misunderstand each other—Pickle departs for the Garrison.

As they travelled at an easy rate, they had performed something more than one half of their journey, when they were benighted near an inn, at which they resolved to lodge. The accommodation was very good; they supped together with great mirth and enjoyment, and it was not till after he had been warned by the yawns of the ladies, that he conducted them to their apartment; where wishing them good-night, he retired to his own, and went to rest.

The house was crowded with country people who had been at a neighbouring fair, and now regaled themselves with ale and tobacco in the yard; so that their consideration, which at any time was but slender, being now overwhelmed by this debauch, they staggered into their respective kennels, and left a lighted candle sticking to one of the wooden pillars that supported the gallery. The flame in a little time laid hold on the wood, which was as dry as tinder, and the whole gallery was on fire, when Peregrine suddenly awaked, and found himself almost suffocated. He sprung up in an instant, slipped on his breeches, and, throwing open the door of his chamber, saw the whole entry in a blaze.

Heavens! what were the emotions of his soul, when he beheld the volumes of flame and smoke rolling towards the room where his dear Emilia lay! Regardless of his own danger, he darted himself through the thickest of the gloom, when, knocking hard, and calling at the same time to the ladies, with the most anxious entreaty to be admitted, the door was opened by Emilia in her shift, who asked, with the utmost trepidation, what was the matter? He made no reply, but snatching her up in his arms, like another Æneas, bore her through the flames to a place of safety; where leaving her before she could recollect herself,

or pronounce one word, but, "Alas! my cousin Sophy!" he flew back to the rescue of that young lady, and found her already delivered by Pipes, who, having been alarmed by the smell of fire, had got up, rushed immediately to the chamber where he knew these companions lodged, and (Emily being saved by her lover) brought off Miss Sophy with the loss of his own shock head of hair, which was singed off in his retreat.

By this time the whole inn was alarmed; every lodger, as well as servant, exerted himself in order to stop the progress of this calamity; and there being a well replenished horse-pond in the yard, in less than an hour the fire was totally extinguished, without having done any other damage than that of consuming about two yards of the wooden gallery.

All this time our young gentleman closely attended his fair charge, each of whom had swooned with apprehension; but as their constitutions were good, and their spirits not easily dissipated, when upon reflection they found themselves and their company safe, and that the flames were happily quenched, the tumult of their fears subsided, they put on their clothes, recovered their good humour, and began to rally each other on the trim in which they had been secured. Sophy observed, that now Mr. Pickle had an indisputable claim to her cousin's affection; and therefore she ought to lay aside all affected reserve for the future, and frankly avow the sentiments of her heart. Emily retorted the argument, putting her in mind, that, by the same claim, Mr. Pipes was entitled to the like return from her. Her friend admitted the force of the conclusion, provided she could not find means of satisfying her deliverer in another shape; and turning to the valet, who happened to be present, asked if his heart was not otherwise engaged? Tom, who did not conceive the meaning of the question, stood silent according to custom; and the interrogation being repeated, answered, with a grin, "Heart-whole as a biscuit, I'll assure you, mistress." "What?" said Emilia, "have you never been in love, Thomas?" "Yes, forsooth," replied the valet without hesitation, "sometimes of a morning." Peregrine could not help laughing, and his mistress looked a little disconcerted at this blunt repartee; while Sophy, slipping a purse into his hand, told him there was something to purchase a periwig. Tom, having consulted his master's eyes, refused the present, saying, "No, thank ye as much as if I did." And though she insisted upon his putting it in his pocket, as a small testimony of her gratitude, he could not be prevailed upon to avail himself of her generosity; but, following her to the other end of the room, thrust it into her sleeve without ceremony, exclaiming, "I'll be damn'd to hell if I do." Peregrine having checked him for his boorish behaviour, sent him out of the room, and begged that Miss Sophy would not endeavour to debauch the morals of his servant, who, rough and uncultivated as he was, had sense enough to perceive that he had no pretension to any such acknowledgment. But she argued with great vehemence, that she should never be able to make an acknowledgment adequate to the service he had done her, and that she should never be perfectly easy in her own mind, until she found some opportunity of manifesting the sense she had of the obligation. "I do not pretend," said she, "to reward Mr. Pipes; but I shall be absolutely unhappy, unless I am allowed to give him some token of my regard."

Peregrine, thus earnestly solicited, desired that, since she was bent upon displaying her generosity, she would not bestow upon him any pecuniary gratification, but honour him with some trinket, as a mark of consideration; because he himself had such a particular value for the fellow, on account of his attachment and fidelity, that he should be sorry to see him treated on the footing of a common mercenary domestic.

There was not one jewel in the possession of this grateful young lady, that she would not have gladly given as a recompense, or badge of distinction to her rescuer; but his master pitched upon a seal ring of no great value, that hung at her watch, and Pipes being called in, had permission to accept that testimony of Miss Sophy's favour. Tom received it accordingly with sundry scrapes, and, having kissed it with great devotion, put it on his little finger, and strutted off, extremely proud of his acquisition.

Emilia, with a most enchanting sweetness of aspect, told her lover, that he had instructed her how to behave towards him; and, taking a diamond ring from her finger, desired he would wear it for her sake. He received the pledge as became him, and presented another in exchange, which she at first refused, alleging, that it would destroy the intent of her acknowledgment; but Peregrine assured her he had accepted her jewel, not as a proof of her gratitude, but as the mark of her love; and that, if she refused a mutual token, he should look upon himself as the object of her disdain. Her eyes kindled, and her cheeks glowed with resentment at this impudent intimation, which she considered as an unseasonable insult; and the young gentleman perceiving her emotion, stood corrected for his temerity, and asked pardon for the liberty of his remonstrance, which he hoped she would ascribe to the prevalence of that principle alone which he had always taken pride in avowing.

Sophy, seeing him disconcerted, interposed in his behalf, and chid her cousin for having practised such unnecessary affectation; upon which Emilia, softened into compliance, held out her finger as a signal of her condescension. Peregrine put on the ring with great eagerness, mumbled her soft white hand in an ecstasy which would not allow him to confine his embraces to that limb, but urged him to seize her by the waist, and snatch a delicious kiss from her love-pouting lips; nor would he leave her a butt to the ridicule of Sophy, on whose mouth he instantly committed a rape of the same nature; so that the two friends, countenanced by each other, reprehended him with such gentleness of rebuke, that he was almost tempted to repeat the offence.

The morning being now lighted up, and the servants of the inn on foot, he ordered some chocolate for breakfast, and, at the desire of the ladies, sent Pipes to see the horses fed, and the chariot prepared, while he went to the bar, and discharged the bill.

These measures being taken, they set out about five o'clock, and having refreshed themselves and their cattle at another inn on the road, proceeded in the afternoon. Without meeting with any other accident, they safely arrived at the place of their destination, where Mrs. Gauntlet expressed her joy at seeing her old friend Mr. Pickle, whom, however, she kindly reproached for the long discontinuance of his regard. Without explaining the cause of that interruption, he protested that his love and esteem had never been discontinued, and that, for the future, he should omit no occasion of

testifying how much he had her friendship at heart. She then made him acquainted with her son, who at that time was in the house, being excused from his duty by furlough.

This young man, whose name was Godfrey, was about the age of twenty, of a middling size, vigorous make, remarkably well shaped, and the scars of the small-pox, of which he bore a good number, added a peculiar manliness to the air of his countenance. His capacity was good, and his disposition naturally frank and easy; but he had been a soldier from his infancy, and his education was altogether in the military style. He looked upon taste and letters as mere pedantry, beneath the consideration of a gentleman; and every civil station of life as mean, when compared with the profession of arms. He had made great progress in the gymnastic sciences of dancing, fencing, and riding, played perfectly well on the German flute, and, above all things, valued himself upon a scrupulous observance of all the points of honour.

Had Peregrine and he considered themselves upon equal footing, in all probability they would have immediately entered into a league of intimacy and friendship. But this sufficient soldier looked upon his sister's admirer as a young student, raw from the university, and utterly ignorant of mankind; while Squire Pickle beheld Godfrey in the light of a needy volunteer, greatly inferior to himself in fortune, as well as every other accomplishment. This mutual misunderstanding could not fail of producing animosities. The very next day after Peregrine's arrival, some sharp repartees passed between them in presence of the ladies, before whom each endeavoured to assert his own superiority. In these contests our hero never failed of obtaining the victory, because his genius was more acute, and his talents better cultivated than those of his antagonist, who therefore took umbrage at his success, became jealous of his reputation, and began to treat him with marks of scorn and disrespect.

His sister saw, and dreading the consequence of his ferocity, not only took him to task in private for his impolite behaviour, but also entreated her lover to make allowances for the roughness of her brother's education. He kindly assured her, that, whatever pains it might cost him to vanquish his own impetuous temper, he would for her sake endure all the mortifications to which her brother's arrogance might expose him; and, after having stayed with her two days, and enjoyed several private interviews, during which he acted the part of a most passionate lover, he took his leave of Mrs. Gauntlet over night, and told the young ladies he would call early next morning to bid them farewell. He did not neglect this piece of duty, and found the two friends and breakfast already prepared in the parlour. All three being extremely affected with the thoughts of parting, a most pathetic silence for some time prevailed, till Peregrine put an end to it, by lamenting his fate, in being obliged to exile himself so long from the dear object of his most interesting wish. He begged, with the most earnest supplications, that she would now, in consideration of the cruel absence he must suffer, give him the consolation which she had hitherto refused, namely, that of knowing he possessed a place within her heart. The confidant seconded his request, representing that it was now no time to disguise her sentiments, when her lover was about to leave the kingdom, and might be in danger of contracting other connexions, unless he was confirmed in his constancy, by knowing how far he could depend upon her love; and, in short, she was plied with such irresistible importunities, that she answered, in the utmost confusion, "Though I have avoided literal acknowledgments, methinks the circumstances of my behaviour might have convinced Mr. Pickle that I do not regard him as a common acquaintance." "My charming Emily!" cried the impatient lover, throwing himself at her feet, "why will you deal out my happiness in such scanty portions? Why will you thus mince the declaration which would overwhelm me with pleasure, and cheer my lonely reflection, while I sigh amid the solitude of separation?" His fair mistress, melted by this image, replied, with the tears gushing from her eyes, "I'm afraid I shall feel that separation more severely than you imagine." Transported at this flattering confession, he pressed her to his breast, and, while her head reclined upon his neck, mingled his tears with hers in great abundance, breathing the most tender vows of eternal fidelity. The gentle heart of Sophy could not bear this scene unmoved; she wept with sympathy, and encouraged the lovers to resign themselves to the will of fate, and support their spirits with the hope of meeting again on happier terms. Finally, after mutual promises, exhortations, and endearments, Peregrine took his leave, his heart being so full, that he could scarce pronounce the word *Adieu!* and, mounting his horse at the door, set out with Pipes for the garrison.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Peregrine is overtaken by Mr. Gauntlet, with whom he fights a Duel, and contracts an intimate Friendship—He arrives at the Garrison, and finds his Mother as implacable as ever—He is insulted by his Brother Gam, whose Preceptor he disciplines with a Horse-whip.

In order to expel the melancholy images that took possession of his fancy, at parting from his mistress, he called in the flattering ideas of those pleasures he expected to enjoy in France; and, before he had rode ten miles, his imagination was effectually amused.

While he thus prosecuted his travels by anticipation, and indulged himself in all the insolence of hope, at the turning of a lane he was all of a sudden overtaken by Emilia's brother on horseback, who told him he was riding the same way, and should be glad of his company.

This young gentleman, whether prompted by personal pique, or actuated with zeal for the honour of his family, had followed our hero, with a view of obliging him to explain the nature of his attachment to his sister. Peregrine returned his compliment with such disdainful civility, as gave him room to believe that he suspected his errand; and therefore, without further preamble, he declared his business in these words: "Mr. Pickle, you have carried on a correspondence with my sister for some time, and I should be glad to know the nature of it." To this question our lover replied, "Sir, I should be glad to know what title you have to demand that satisfaction." "Sir," answered the other, "I demand it in the capacity of a brother, jealous of his own honour, as well as of his sister's reputation; and, if your intentions are honourable, you will not refuse it." "Sir," said Peregrine, "I am not at present disposed to appeal to your opinion for the rectitude of my intentions; and

I think you assume a little too much importance, in pretending to judge my conduct." "Sir," replied the soldier, "I pretend to judge the conduct of every man who interferes with my concerns, and even to chastise him, if I think he acts amiss." "Chastise!" cried the youth, with indignation in his looks, "sure you dare not apply that term to me!" "You are mistaken," said Godfrey; "I dare do anything that becomes the character of a gentleman." "Gentleman, God wot!" replied the other, looking contemptuously at his equipage, which was none of the most superb; "a very pretty gentleman, truly!" The soldier's wrath, was inflamed by this ironical repetition, the contempt of which his conscious poverty made him feel; and he called his antagonist Presumptuous Boy! Insolent Upstart! with other epithets, which Perry retorted with great bitterness. A formal challenge having passed between them, they alighted at the first inn, and walked into the next field, in order to decide their quarrel by the sword. Having pitched upon the spot, helped to pull off each other's boots, and laid aside their coats and waistcoats, Mr. Gauntlet told his opponent that he himself was looked upon in the army as an expert swordsman; and that, if Mr. Pickle had not made that science his particular study, they should be upon a more equal footing in using pistols. Peregrine was too much incensed to thank him for his plain dealing, and too confident of his own skill, to relish the other's proposal, which he accordingly rejected. Then, drawing his sword, he observed, that, were he to treat Mr. Gauntlet according to his deserts, he would order his man to punish his audacity with a horse-whip. Exasperated at this expression, which he considered as an indelible affront, he made no reply, but attacked his adversary with equal ferocity and address. The youth parried his first and second thrust, but received the third in the outside of his sword arm. Though the wound was superficial, he was transported with rage at the sight of his own blood, and returned the assault with such fury and precipitation, that Gauntlet, loth to take advantage of his unguarded heat, stood upon the defensive. In the second lunge, Peregrine's weapon entering a kind of net-work in the shell of Godfrey's sword, the blade snapped in two and left him at the mercy of the soldier, who, far from making an insolent use of the victory he had gained, put up his Toledo with great deliberation, like a man who had been used to that kind of rencounters, and observed that such a blade as Peregrine's was not be trusted with a man's life. Then, advising the owner to treat a gentleman in distress with more respect for the future, he slipped on his boots, and, with sullen dignity of demeanour, stalked back to the inn.

Though Pickle was extremely mortified at his miscarriage in this adventure, he was also struck with the behaviour of his antagonist, which affected him the more, as he understood that Godfrey's *fierté* had proceeded from the jealous sensibility of a gentleman declined into the vale of misfortune. Gauntlet's valour and moderation induced him to put a favourable construction on all those circumstances of that young soldier's conduct which had before given him disgust. Though, in any other case, he would have industriously avoided the least appearance of submission, he followed his conqueror to the inn, with a view of thanking him for his generous forbearance, and of soliciting his friendship and correspondence.

Godfrey had his foot in the stirrup to mount, when Peregrine coming up to him, desired he would defer his departure for a quarter of an hour, and favour him with a little private conversation. The soldier, who mistook the meaning of the request, immediately quitted his horse, and followed Pickle into a chamber, where he expected to find a brace of pistols loaded on the table; but he was very agreeably deceived when our hero, in the most respectful terms, acknowledged his noble deportment in the field, owned that till then he had misunderstood his character, and begged that he would honour him with his intimacy and correspondence.

Gauntlet, who had seen undoubted proofs of Peregrine's courage, which had considerably raised him in his esteem, and had sense enough to perceive that this concession was not owing to any sordid or sinister motive, embraced his offer with demonstrations of infinite satisfaction. When he understood the terms on which Mr. Pickle was with his sister, he proffered his service in turn, either as agent, mediator, or confidant. Nay, to give his new friend a convincing proof of his sincerity, he disclosed to him a passion which he had for some time entertained for his cousin Miss Sophy, though he durst not reveal his sentiments to her father, lest he should be offended at his presumption, and withdraw his protection from the family.

Peregrine's generous heart was wrung with anguish when he understood that this young gentleman, who was the only son of a distinguished officer, had carried arms for the space of five years, without being able to obtain a subaltern's commission, though he had always behaved with remarkable regularity and spirit, and acquired the friendship and esteem of all the officers under whom he had served.

He would at that time, with the utmost pleasure, have shared his finances with him; but, as he would not run the risk of offending the young soldier's delicacy of honour by a premature exertion of his liberality, he resolved to insinuate himself into an intimacy with him, before he would venture to take such freedoms; and with that view pressed Mr. Gauntlet to accompany him to the garrison, where he did not doubt of having influence enough to make him a welcome guest. Godfrey thanked him very courteously for his invitation, which he said he could not immediately accept; but promised, if he would favour him with a letter, and fix the time at which he proposed to set out for France, he would endeavour to visit him at the commodore's habitation, and from thence give him a convoy to Dover. This new treaty being settled, and a dossil of lint with a snip of plaster applied to our adventurer's wound, he parted from the brother of his dear Emilia, to whom and his friend Sophy he sent his kindest wishes; and having lodged one night upon the road, arrived next day in the afternoon at the garrison, where he found all his friends in good health, and overjoyed at his return.

The commodore, who was by this time turned of seventy, and altogether crippled by the gout, seldom went abroad; and as his conversation was not very entertaining, had but little company within doors; so that his spirits must have quite stagnated had they not been kept in motion by the conversation of Hatchway, and received at different times a wholesome fillip from the discipline of his spouse, who, by the force of pride, religion, and cogniac, had erected a most terrible tyranny in the house. There was such a quick circulation of domestics in the family that every suit of livery had been worn

by figures of all dimensions. Trunnion himself had, long before this time, yielded to the torrent of her arbitrary sway, though not without divers obstinate efforts to maintain his liberty; and now that he was disabled by his infirmities, when he used to hear his empress singing the loud Orthyan song among the servants below, he would often, in whispers, communicate to the lieutenant hints of what he would do, if so be as how he was not deprived of the use of his precious limbs. Hatchway was the only person whom the temper of Mrs. Trunnion respected, either because she dreaded his ridicule or looked upon his person with eyes of affection. This being the situation of things in the garrison, it is not to be doubted that the old gentleman highly enjoyed the presence of Peregrine, who found means to ingratiate himself so effectually with his aunt, that, while he remained at home, she seemed to have exchanged the disposition of a tigress for that of a gentle kid. But he found his own mother as implacable, and his father as much henpecked as ever.

Gamaliel, who now very seldom enjoyed the conversation of his old friend the commodore, had some time ago entered into an amicable society, consisting of the barber, apothecary, attorney, and exciseman of the parish, among whom he used to spend the evening at Tunley's, and listen to their disputes upon philosophy and politics with great comfort and edification, while his sovereign lady domineered at home as usual, visited with great pomp in the neighbourhood, and employed her chief care in the education of her darling son Gam, who was now in the fifteenth year of his age, and so remarkable for his perverse disposition, that, in spite of his mother's influence and authority, he was not only hated, but also despised, both at home and abroad. She had put him under the tuition of the curate, who lived in the family, and was obliged to attend him in all his exercises and excursions. This governor was a low-bred fellow, who had neither experience nor ingenuity, but possessed a large fund of adulation and servile complaisance, by which he had gained the good graces of Mrs. Pickle, and presided over all her deliberations, in the same manner as his superior managed those of Mrs. Trunnion.

He had one day rode out to take the air with his pupil, who, as I have already observed, was odious to the poor people, for having killed their dogs and broken their enclosures, and, on account of his hump, was distinguished by the title of My Lord, when in a narrow lane they chanced to meet Peregrine on horseback.

The young squire no sooner perceived his elder brother, against whom he had been instructed to bear the most inveterate grudge, than he resolved to insult him *en passant*, and actually rode against him full gallop. Our hero, guessing his aim, fixed himself in his stirrups, and, by a dexterous management of the reins, avoided the shock in such a manner, as that their legs only should encounter, by which means my lord was tilted out of his saddle, and, in a twinkling, laid sprawling in the dirt. The governor, enraged at the disgrace of his charge, advanced with great insolence and fury, and struck at Peregrine with his whip. Nothing could be more agreeable to our young gentleman than this assault, which furnished him with an opportunity of chastising an officious wretch, whose petulance and malice he had longed to punish. He, therefore, spurring up his horse towards his antagonist, overthrew him in the middle of a hedge. Before he had time to recollect himself from the confusion of the fall, Pickle alighted in a trice, and exercised his horse-whip with such agility, about the curate's face and ears, that he was fain to prostrate himself before his enraged conqueror, and implore his forbearance in the most abject terms. While Peregrine was thus employed, his brother Gam had made shift to rise and attack him in the rear; for which reason, when the tutor was quelled, the victor faced about, snatched the weapon out of his hand, and, having broken it to pieces, remounted his horse, and rode off, without deigning to honour him with any other notice.

The condition in which they returned produced infinite clamour against the conqueror, who was represented as a ruffian who had lain in ambush to make away with his brother, in whose defence the curate was said to have received those cruel stripes, that hindered him from appearing for three whole weeks in the performance of his duty at church.

Complaints were made to the commodore, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the affair, approved of what his nephew had done; adding, with many oaths, that, provided Peregrine had been out of the scrape, he wished Crook-back had broke his neck in the fall.

CHAPTER XXIX.

He projects a Plan of Revenge, which is executed against the Curate.

Our hero, exasperated at the villany of the curate in the treacherous misrepresentation he had made of this rencounter, determined to practise upon him a method of revenge, which should be not only effectual, but also unattended with any bad consequence to himself. For this purpose he and Hatchway, to whom he imparted his plan, went to the ale-house one evening, and called for an empty room, knowing there was no other but that which they had chosen for the scene of action. This apartment was a sort of parlour that fronted the kitchen, with a window towards the yard; where, after they had sat some time, the lieutenant found means to amuse the landlord in discourse, while Peregrine, stepping out into the yard, by the talent of mimicry, which he possessed in a surprising degree, counterfeited a dialogue between the curate and Tunley's wife. This reaching the ears of the publican, for whose hearing it was calculated, inflamed his naturally jealous disposition to such a degree that he could not conceal his emotion, but made an hundred efforts to quit the room, while the lieutenant, smoking his pipe with great gravity, as if he neither heard what passed, nor took notice of the landlord's disorder, detained him on the spot by a succession of questions which he could not refuse to answer, though he stood sweating with agony all the time, stretching his neck every instant towards the window through which the voices were conveyed, scratching his head, and exhibiting sundry other symptoms of impatience and agitation. At length, the supposed conversation came to such a pitch of amorous complaisance, that the husband, quite frantic with his imaginary disgrace, rushed out at the door, crying, "Coming, sir." But, as he was obliged to make a circuit round one-half of the house, Peregrine had got in by the window before Tunley arrived in the yard.

According to the feigned intelligence he had received, he ran directly to the barn, in expecta-

tation of making some very extraordinary discovery; and having employed some minutes in rummaging the straw to no purpose, returned in a state of distraction to the kitchen, just as his wife chanced to enter at the other door. The circumstance of her appearance confirmed him in the opinion that the deed was done. As the disease of being henpecked was epidemic in the parish, he durst not express the least hint of his uneasiness to her, but resolved to take vengeance on the libidinous priest, who, he imagined, had corrupted the chastity of his spouse.

The two confederates, in order to be certified that their scheme had taken effect, as well as to blow up the flame which they had kindled, called for Tunley, in whose countenance they could easily discern his confusion. Peregrine, desiring him to sit down and drink a glass with them, began to interrogate him about his family, and, among other things, asked him how long he had been married to that handsome wife. This question, which was put with an arch significance of look, alarmed the publican, who began to fear that Pickle had overheard his dishonour; and this suspicion was not at all removed, when the lieutenant, with a sly regard, pronounced, "Tunley, wan't you noosed by the curate?" "Yes, I was," replied the landlord, with an eagerness and perplexity of tone, as if he thought the lieutenant knew that *thereby hung a tale;* and Hatchway supported this suspicion, by answering, "Nay, as for that matter, the curate may be a very sufficient man in his way." This transition from his wife to the curate, convinced him that his shame was known to his guests; and, in the transport of his indignation, he pronounced with great emphasis, "A sufficient man! odds heart! I believe they are all wolves in sheep's clothing. I wish to God I could see the day, master, when there shall not be a priest, an exciseman, or a custom-house officer in this kingdom. As for that fellow of a curate, if I do catch him— It don't signify talking— But, by the Lord!— Gentlemen, my service to you."

The associates being satisfied, by these abrupt insinuations, that they had so far succeeded in their aim, waited with impatience two or three days, in expectation of hearing that Tunley had fallen upon some method of being revenged for this imaginary wrong; but finding that either his invention was too shallow, or his inclination too languid, to gratify their desire of his own accord, they determined to bring the affair to such a crisis, that he should not be able to withstand the opportunity of executing his vengeance. With this view, they one evening hired a boy to run to Mr. Pickle's house, and tell the curate that Mrs. Tunley being taken suddenly ill, her husband desired he would come immediately, and pray with her. Meanwhile, they had taken possession of a room in the house; and Hatchway engaging the landlord in conversation, Peregrine, in his return from the yard, observed, as if by accident, that the parson was gone into the kitchen, in order, as he supposed, to catechise Tunley's wife.

The publican started at this intelligence, and, under pretence of serving another company in the next room, went out to the barn, where, arming himself with a flail, he repaired to a lane through which the curate was under a necessity of passing in his way home. There he lay in ambush with fell intent; and when the supposed author of his shame arrived, greeted him in the dark with such a salutation, as forced him to stagger backward three paces at least. If the second application had taken effect, in all probability that spot would have been the boundary of the parson's mortal peregrination; but, luckily for him, his antagonist was not expert in the management of his weapon, which, by a twist of the thong that connected the legs, instead of pitching upon the head of the astonished curate, descended in an oblique direction on his own pate, with such a swing, that the skull actually rung like an apothecary's mortar, and ten thousand lights seemed to dance before his eyes. The curate, recollecting himself during the respite he obtained from this accident, and believing his aggressor to be some thief who lurked in that place for prey, resolved to make a running fight, until he should arrive within cry of his habitation. With this design he raised up his cudgel for the defence of his head, and, betaking himself to his heels, began to roar for help with the lungs of a Stentor. Tunley, throwing away the flail, which he durst no longer trust with the execution of his revenge, pursued the fugitive with all the speed he could exert; and the other, either unnerved by fear, or stumbling over a stone, was overtaken before he had run an hundred paces. He no sooner felt the wind of the publican's fist that whistled round his ears, than he fell flat upon the earth at full length, and the cudgel flew from his unclasping hand; when Tunley, springing like a tiger upon his back, rained such a shower of blows upon his carcass, that he imagined himself under the discipline of ten pair of fists at least; yet the imaginary cuckold, not satisfied with annoying the priest in this manner, laid hold on one of his ears with his teeth, and bit so unmercifully, that the curate was found almost entranced with pain by two labourers, at whose approach the assailant retreated unperceived.

The lieutenant had posted himself at the window, in order to see the landlord at his first return; and no sooner perceived him enter the yard, than he called him into the apartment, impatient to learn the effects of their stratagem. Tunley obeyed the summons, and appeared before his guests in all the violence of rage, disorder, and fatigue; his nostrils were dilated more than one-half beyond their natural capacity, his eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, he snored in breathing as if he had been oppressed by the nightmare, and streams of sweat flowed down each side of his forehead.

Peregrine, affecting to start at the approach of such an uncouth figure, asked if he had been wrestling with a spirit; upon which he answered, with great vehemence, "Spirit! No, no, master, I have had a roll and tumble with the flesh. A dog! I'll teach him to come a caterwauling about my doors." Guessing from this reply that his aim was accomplished, and curious to know the particulars of the rencounter, "Well, then," said the youth, "I hope you have prevailed against the flesh, Tunley?" "Yes, yes," answered the publican, "I have cooled his capissens, as the saying is: I have played such a tune about his ears, that I'll be bound he shan't long for music this month. A goatish ram-faced rascal! Why, he's a perfect parish bull, as I hope to live."

Hatchway, observing that he seemed to have made a stout battle, desired he would sit down and recover wind; and after he had swallowed a brace of bumpers, his vanity prompted him to expatiate upon his own exploit in such a manner, that the confederates, without seeming to know the curate was his antagonist, became acquainted with every circumstance of the ambuscade.

Tunley had scarce got the better of his agitation, when his wife, entering the room, told them,

by way of news, that some waggish body had sent Mr. Sackbut the curate to pray with her. This name inflamed the husband's choler anew; and, forgetting all his complaisance for his spouse, he replied, with a rancorous grin, "Add rabbit him! I doubt not but you found his admonitions deadly comfortable!" The landlady, looking at her vassal with a sovereign aspect, "What crotchets," said she, "have you got in your fool's head, I trow? I know no business you have to sit here like a gentleman with your arms akimbo, when there's another company in the house to be served." The submissive husband took the hint, and, without further expostulation, sneaked out of the room.

Next day it was reported that Mr. Sackbut had been waylaid, and almost murdered by robbers, and an advertisement was pasted upon the church door, offering a reward to any person that should discover the assassin; but he reaped no satisfaction from this expedient, and was confined to his chamber a whole fortnight by the bruises he had received.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Sackbut and his Pupil conspire against Peregrine, who, being apprised of their Design by his Sister, takes Measures for counterworking their Scheme, which is executed by mistake upon Mr. Gauntlet—This young Soldier meets with a cordial Reception from the Commodore, who generously decoys him into his own Interest.

When he considered the circumstances of the ambuscade, he could not persuade himself that he had been assaulted by a common thief, because it was not to be supposed that a robber would have amused himself in pummeling rather than in rifling his prey. He therefore ascribed his misfortune to the secret enmity of some person who had a design upon his life; and, upon mature deliberation, fixed his suspicion upon Peregrine, who was the only man on earth from whom he thought he deserved such treatment. He communicated his conjecture to his pupil, who readily adopted his opinion, and advised him strenuously to revenge the wrong by a like contrivance, without seeking to make a narrower inquiry, lest his enemy should be thereby put upon his guard.

This proposal being relished, they in concert revolved the means of retorting the ambush with interest, and actually laid such a villanous plan for attacking our hero in the dark, that, had it been executed according to their intention, the young gentleman's scheme of travelling would have been effectually marred. But their machinations were overheard by Miss Pickle, who was now in the seventeenth year of her age, and, in spite of the prejudice of education, entertained in secret a most sisterly affection for her brother Perry, though she had never spoke to him, and was deterred by the precepts, vigilance, and menaces of her mother, from attempting any means of meeting him in private. She was not, however, insensible to his praise, which was loudly sounded forth in the neighbourhood, and never failed of going to church, and every other place, where she thought she might have an opportunity of seeing this amiable brother. With these sentiments, it cannot be supposed that she would hear the conspiracy without emotion. She was shocked at the treacherous barbarity of Gam, and shuddered at the prospect of the danger to which Peregrine would be exposed from their malice. She durst not communicate this plot to her mother, because she was afraid that lady's unaccountable aversion for her first-born would hinder her from interposing in his behalf, and consequently render her a sort of accomplice in the guilt of his assassins. She therefore resolved to warn Peregrine of the conspiracy, an account of which she transmitted to him in an affectionate letter, by means of a young gentleman in that neighbourhood, who made his addresses to her at that time, and who, at her request, offered his service to our hero, in defeating the projects of his adversaries.

Peregrine was startled when he read the particulars of their scheme, which was no other than an intention to sally upon him when he should be altogether unprovided against such an attack, cut off his ears, and otherwise mutilate him in such a manner, that he should have no cause to be vain of his person for the future.

Incensed as he was against the brutal disposition of his own father's son, he could not help being moved at the integrity and tenderness of his sister, of whose inclinations towards him he had been hitherto kept in ignorance. He thanked the gentleman for his honourable dealing, and expressed a desire of being better acquainted with his virtues; told him that, now he was cautioned, he hoped there would be no necessity for giving him any further trouble; and wrote by him a letter of acknowledgment to his sister, for whom he expressed the utmost love and regard, beseeching her to favour him with an interview before his departure, that he might indulge his fraternal fondness, and be blessed with the company and countenance of one at least belonging to his own family.

Having imparted this discovery to his friend Hatchway, they came to a resolution of countermining the plan of their enemies. As they did not choose to expose themselves to the insinuations of slander, which would have exerted itself at their expense, had they, even in defending themselves, employed any harsh means of retaliation, they invented a method of disappointing and disgracing their foes, and immediately set Pipes at work to forward the preparations.

Miss Pickle having described the spot which the assassins had pitched upon for the scene of their vengeance, our triumvirate intended to have placed a sentinel among the corn, who should come and give them intelligence when the ambuscade was laid; and, in consequence of that information, they would steal softly towards the place, attended by three or four of the domestics, and draw a large net over the conspirators, who, being entangled in the toil, should be disarmed, fettered, heartily scourged, and suspended between two trees in the snare, as a spectacle to all passengers that should chance to travel that way.

The plan being thus digested, and the commodore made acquainted with the whole affair, the spy was sent upon duty, and everybody within doors prepared to go forth upon the first notice. One whole evening did they spend in the most impatient expectation; but, on the second, the scout crept into the garrison, and assured them that he had perceived three men skulking behind the hedge, on the road that led to the public-house, from which Peregrine and the lieutenant used every night to return about that hour. Upon this intelligence, the confederates set out immediately with all their implements. Approaching the scene with as little noise as possible, they heard the sound of blows, and, though the night was dark, perceived a sort

of tumultuous conflict on the very spot which the conspirators had possessed. Surprised at this occurrence, the meaning of which he could not comprehend, Peregrine ordered his myrmidons to halt and reconnoitre; and immediately his ears were saluted with an exclamation of "You shan't 'scape me, rascal!" The voice being quite familiar to him, he all at once divined the cause of that confusion which they had observed, and running up to the assistance of the exclaimer, found a fellow on his knees begging his life of Mr. Gauntlet, who stood over him with a naked hanger in his hand.

Pickle instantly made himself known to his friend, who told him that, having left his horse at Tunley's, he was, in his way to the garrison, set upon by three ruffians, one of whom, being the very individual person now in his power, had come behind him, and struck with a bludgeon at his head, which, however, he missed, and the instrument descended on his left shoulder; that, upon drawing his hanger, and laying about him in the dark, the other two fled, leaving their companion, whom he had disabled, in the lurch.

Peregrine congratulated him upon his safety, and having ordered Pipes to secure the prisoner, conducted Mr. Gauntlet to the garrison, where he met with a very hearty reception from the commodore, to whom he was introduced as his nephew's intimate friend; not but that, in all likelihood, he would have abated somewhat of his hospitality, had he known that he was the brother of Perry's mistress; but her name the old gentleman had never thought of asking, when he inquired into the particulars of his godson's amour.

The captive being examined in presence of Trunnion and all his adherents, touching the ambuscade, owned that, being in the service of Gam Pickle, he had been prevailed upon, by the solicitations of his master and the curate, to accompany them in their expedition, and undertake the part which he had acted against the stranger, whom he and his employers mistook for Peregrine. In consideration of this frank acknowledgment, and a severe wound he had received in his right arm, they resolved to inflict no other punishment on this malefactor, than to detain him all night in the garrison, and next morning carry him before a justice of the peace, to whom he repeated all that he had said over night, and, with his own hand, subscribed his confession, copies of which were handed about the neighbourhood, to the unspeakable confusion and disgrace of the curate and his promising pupil.

Meanwhile Trunnion treated the young soldier with uncommon marks of respect, being prepossessed in his favour by this adventure, which he had so gallantly achieved, as well as by the encomiums that Peregrine bestowed upon his valour and generosity. He liked his countenance, which was bold and hardy, admired his Herculean limbs, and delighted in asking questions concerning the service he had seen.

The day after his arrival, while the conversation turned on this last subject, the commodore, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "I'll tell you what, brother," said he, "five-and-forty years ago, when I was third lieutenant of the Warwick man-of-war, there was a very stout young fellow on board, a subaltern officer of marines; his name was not unlike your own, d'ye see, being Guntlet, with a G. I remember he and I could not abide one another at first, because, d'ye see, I was a sailor and he a landsman, till we fell in with a Frenchman, whom we engaged for eight glasses, and at length boarded and took. I was the first man that stood on the enemy's deck, and should have come scurvily off, d'ye see, if Guntlet had not jumped to my assistance; but we soon cleared ship, and drove them to close quarters, so that they were obliged to strike; and from that day Guntlet and I were sworn brothers as long as he remained on board. He was exchanged into a marching regiment, and what became of him afterwards, Lord in heaven knows; but this I'll say of him, whether he be dead or alive, he feared no man that ever wore a head, and was, moreover, a very hearty messmate."

The stranger's breast glowed at this eulogium, which was no sooner pronounced, than he eagerly asked if the French ship was not the Diligence? The commodore replied with a stare, "The very same, my lad." "Then," said Gauntlet, "the person of whom you are pleased to make such honourable mention was my own father." "The devil he was!" cried Trunnion, shaking him by the hand, "I am rejoiced to see a son of Ned Guntlet in my house."

This discovery introduced a thousand questions, in the course of which the old gentleman learned the situation of his friend's family, and discharged innumerable execrations upon the ingratitude and injustice of the ministry, which had failed to provide for the son of such a brave soldier. Nor was his friendship confined to such ineffectual expressions; he that same evening signified to Peregrine a desire of doing something for his friend. This inclination was so much praised, encouraged, and promoted by his godson, and even supported by his counsellor Hatchway, that our hero was empowered to present him with a sum of money sufficient to purchase a commission.

Though nothing could be more agreeable to Pickle than this permission, he was afraid that Godfrey's scrupulous disposition would hinder him from subjecting himself to any such obligation, and therefore proposed that he should be decoyed into his own interest by a feigned story, in consequence of which he would be prevailed upon to accept of the money, as a debt which the commodore had contracted of his father at sea. Trunnion made wry faces at this expedient, the necessity of which he could not conceive, without calling in question the common sense of Gauntlet, as he took it for granted that such offers as those were not to be rejected on any consideration whatever. Besides, he could not digest an artifice by which he himself must own that he had lived so many years without manifesting the least intention of doing justice to his creditor. All these objections, however, were removed by the zeal and rhetoric of Peregrine, who represented that it would be impossible to befriend him on any other terms; that his silence hitherto would be imputed to his want of information, touching the circumstances and condition of his friend, and that his remembering and insisting upon discharging the obligation, after such an interval of time, when the whole affair was in oblivion, would be the greatest compliment he could pay to his own honour and integrity.

Thus persuaded, he took an opportunity of Gauntlet's being alone with him to broach the affair, telling the young man that his father had advanced a sum of money for him, when they sailed together, on account of the mess, as well as to stop the mouth of a clamorous creditor at Portsmouth, and that the said sum, with interest, amounted to about four hundred pounds, which he would now, with great thankfulness, repay.

Godfrey was amazed at this declaration, and, after a considerable pause, replied, that he had

never heard his parents mention any such debt, that no memorandum or voucher of it was found among his father's papers, and that, in all probability, it must have been discharged long ago, although the commodore, in such a long course of time, and hurry of occupation, might have forgot the repayment. He therefore desired to be excused from accepting what, in his own conscience, he believed was not his due, and complimented the old gentleman upon his being so scrupulously just and honourable.

The soldier's refusal, which was matter of astonishment to Trunnion, increased his inclination to assist him, and, on pretence of acquitting his own character, he urged his beneficence with such obstinacy that Gauntlet, afraid of disobliging him, was in a manner compelled to receive a draught for the money, for which he subscribed an ample discharge, and immediately transmitted the order to his mother, whom, at the same time, he informed of the circumstances by which they had so unexpectedly gained this accession of fortune.

Such a piece of news could not fail of being agreeable to Mrs. Gauntlet, who, by the first post, wrote a polite letter of acknowledgment to the commodore, another to her own son, importing that she had already sent the draught to a friend in London, with directions to deposit it in the hands of a certain banker, for the purchase of the first ensigncy to be sold; and she took the liberty of sending a third to Peregrine, couched in very affectionate terms, with a kind postscript, signed by Miss Sophy and his charming Emilia.

This affair being transacted to the satisfaction of all concerned, preparations were set on foot for the departure of our hero, on whom his uncle settled an annuity of eight hundred pounds, being little less than one-half of his whole income. By this time, indeed, the old gentleman could easily afford to alienate such a part of his fortune, because he entertained little or no company, kept few servants, and was remarkably plain and frugal in his housekeeping. Mrs. Trunnion being now some years on the wrong side of fifty, her infirmities began to increase, and though her pride had suffered no diminution, her vanity was altogether subdued by her avarice.

A Swiss valet-de-chambre, who had already made the tour of Europe, was hired for the care of Peregrine's own person; Pipes being ignorant of the French language, as well as otherwise unfit for the office of a fashionable attendant, it was resolved that he should remain in garrison, and his place was immediately supplied by a Parisian lacquey engaged at London for that purpose. Pipes did not seem to relish this disposition of things, and though he made no verbal objections to it, looked remarkably sour at his successor upon his first arrival; but this sullen fit seemed gradually to wear off, and, long before his master's departure, he had recovered his natural tranquillity and unconcern.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The two young Gentlemen display their Talents for Gallantry, in the course of which they are involved in a ludicrous circumstance of Distress, and afterwards take Vengeance on the Author of their Mishap.

MEANWHILE our hero and his new friend, together with honest Jack Hatchway, made daily excursions into the country, visited the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and frequently accompanied them to the chase; all three being exceedingly caressed on account of their talents, which could accommodate themselves with great facility to the tempers and turns of their entertainers. The lieutenant was a droll in his way, Peregrine possessed a great fund of sprightliness and good humour, and Godfrey, among his other qualifications, already recited, sung a most excellent song; so that the company of this triumvirate was courted in all parties, whether male or female; and if the hearts of our young gentlemen had not been pre-engaged, they would have met with opportunities in abundance of displaying their address in the art of love; not but that they gave loose to their gallantry without much interesting their affections, and amused themselves with little intrigues, which, in the opinion of a man of pleasure, do not affect his fidelity to the acknowledged sovereign of his soul.

In the midst of these amusements, our hero received an intimation from his sister, that she should be overjoyed to meet him next day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of her nurse, who lived in a cottage hard by her father's habitation, she being debarred from all opportunity of seeing him in any other place by the severity of her mother, who suspected her inclination.

He accordingly obeyed the summons, and went at the time appointed to the place of rendezvous, where he met this affectionate young lady, who, when he entered the room, ran towards him with all the eagerness of transport, flung her arms about his neck, and shed a flood of tears in his bosom before she could utter one word, except a repetition of "My dear, dear brother!" He embraced her with all the piety of fraternal tenderness, wept over her in his turn, assured her that this was one of the happiest moments of his life, and kindly thanked her for having resisted the example and disobeyed the injunctions of his mother's unnatural aversion.

He was ravished to find, by her conversation, that she possessed a great share of sensibility and prudent reflection; for she lamented the infatuation of her parents with the most filial regret, and expressed such abhorrence and concern at the villanous disposition of her younger brother, as a humane sister may be supposed to have entertained. He made her acquainted with all the circumstances of his own fortune, and as he supposed she spent her time very disagreeably at home, among characters which must be shockingly distressing, professed a desire of removing her into some other sphere, where she could live with more tranquillity and satisfaction.

She objected to this proposal, as an expedient that would infallibly subject her to the implacable resentment of her mother, whose favour and affection she at present enjoyed but in a very inconsiderable degree; and they had canvassed divers schemes of corresponding for the future, when the voice of Mrs. Pickle was heard at the door.

Miss Julia (that was the young lady's name), finding herself betrayed, was seized with a violent agitation of fear, and Peregrine scarce had time to encourage her with a promise of protection, before the door of the apartment being flung open, this irreconcilable parent rushed in, and, with a furious aspect, flew directly at her trembling daughter, when the son interposing, received the first discharge of her fury.

Her eyes gleamed with all the rage of indignation, which choked up her utterance, and seemed to convulse her whole frame; she twisted her left hand in his hair, and with the other buffeted

him about the face till the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth; while he defended his sister from the cruelty of Gam, who assaulted her from another quarter, seeing his brother engaged. This attack lasted several minutes with great violence, till at length Peregrine, finding himself in danger of being overpowered, if he should remain any longer on the defensive, laid his brother on his back; then he disentangled his mother's hand from his own hair, and, having pushed her gently out of the room, bolted the door on the inside; finally turning to Gam, he threw him out at the window, among a parcel of hogs that fed under it. By this time Julia was almost quite distracted with terror; she knew she had offended beyond all hope of forgiveness, and from that moment considered herself as an exile from her father's house. In vain did her brother strive to console her with fresh protestations of love and protection; she counted herself extremely miserable in being obliged to endure the eternal resentment of a parent with whom she had hitherto lived, and dreaded the censure of the world, which, from her mother's misrepresentation, she was sensible would condemn her unheard. That she might not, however, neglect any means in her power of averting this storm, she resolved to appease, if possible, her mother's wrath with humiliation, and even appeal to the influence of her father, weak as it was, before she would despair of being forgiven. But the good lady spared her this unnecessary application, by telling her, through the keyhole, that she must never expect to come within her father's door again; for from that hour she renounced her as unworthy of her affection and regard. Julia, weeping bitterly, endeavoured to soften the rigour of this sentence, by the most submissive and reasonable remonstrances; but as in her vindication she of necessity espoused her elder brother's cause, her endeavours, instead of soothing, served only to exasperate her mother to a higher pitch of indignation, which discharged itself in invectives against Peregrine, whom she reviled with the epithets of a worthless, abandoned reprobate.

The youth, hearing these unjust aspersions, trembled with resentment through every limb, assuring the upbraider that he considered her as an object of compassion; "for, without all doubt," said he, "your diabolical rancour must be severely punished by the thorns of your own conscience, which this very instant taxes you with the malice and falsehood of your reproaches. As for my sister, I bless God that you have not been able to infect her with your unnatural prejudice, which, because she is too just, too virtuous, too humane to imbibe, you reject her as an alien to your blood, and turn her out unprovided into a barbarous world. But even there your vicious purpose shall be defeated; that same Providence that screened me from the cruelty of your hate shall extend its protection to her, until I shall find it convenient to assert by law that right of maintenance which nature, it seems, hath bestowed upon us in vain. In the meantime, you will enjoy the satisfaction of paying an undivided attention to that darling son, whose amiable qualities have so long engaged and engrossed your love and esteem."

This freedom of expostulation exalted his mother's ire to mere frenzy; she cursed him with the bitterest imprecations, and raved like a bedlamite at the door, which she attempted to burst open. Her efforts were seconded by her favourite son, who denounced vengeance against Peregrine, made furious assaults against the lock, which resisted all their applications, until our hero, espying his friends Gauntlet and Pipes stepping over a stile that stood about a furlong from the window, called them to his assistance; giving them to understand how he was besieged, he desired they would keep off his mother, that he might the more easily secure his sister Julia's retreat. The young soldier entered accordingly, and, posting himself between Mrs. Pickle and the door, gave the signal to his friend, who, lifting up his sister in his arms, carried her safe without the clutches of this she-dragon, while Pipes with his cudgel kept young master at bay.

The mother being thus deprived of her prey, sprung upon Gauntlet like a lioness robbed of her whelps, and he must have suffered sorely in the flesh, had he not prevented her mischievous intent by seizing both her wrists, and so keeping her at due distance. In attempting to disengage herself from his grasp, she struggled with such exertion, and suffered such agony of passion at the same time, that she actually fell into a severe fit, during which she was put to bed, and the confederates retired without further molestation.

In the meantime, Peregrine was not a little perplexed about the disposal of his sister whom he had rescued. He could not endure the thoughts of saddling the commodore with a new expense; and he was afraid of undertaking the charge of Julia, without his benefactor's advice and direction; for the present, however, he carried her to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose lady was her godmother, where she was received with great tenderness and condolence; and he purposed to inquire for some creditable house, where she might be genteelly boarded in his absence, resolving to maintain her from the savings of his own allowance, which he thought might very well bear such deduction. But this intention was frustrated by the publication of the whole affair, which was divulged next day, and soon reached the ears of Trunnion, who chid his godson for having concealed the adventure; and, with the approbation of his wife, ordered him to bring Julia forthwith to the garrison. The young gentleman, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, explained his design of maintaining her at his own expense, and earnestly begged that he might not be deprived of that satisfaction. But his uncle was deaf to all his entreaties, and insisted upon her living in the garrison, though for no other reason than that of being company to her aunt, who, he observed, was lost for want of conversation.

Julia was accordingly brought home, and settled under the tuition of Mrs. Trunnion, who, whatever face she might put on the matter, could have dispensed with the society of her niece; though she was not without hope of gratifying her pique to Mrs. Pickle, by the intelligence she would receive from the daughter of that lady's economy and domestic behaviour. The mother herself seemed conscious of this advantage which her sister-in-law had now gained over her, being as much chagrined at the news of Julia's reception in the garrison, as if she had heard of her own husband's death. She even tortured her invention to propagate calumnies against the reputation of her own daughter, whom she slandered in all companies; she exclaimed against the commodore as an old ruffian, who spirited up a rebellion among her children, and imputed the hospitality of his wife, in countenancing them, to nothing else but her inveterate enmity to their mother whom they had disobliged. She now insisted in the most peremptory terms, upon her husband's renouncing all commerce with the old lad of the castle and his adherents; and Mr.

Gamaliel, having by this time contracted other friendships, readily submitted to her will, nay, even refused to communicate with the commodore one night, when they happened to meet by accident at the public-house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Commodore sends a Challenge to Gamaliel, and is imposed upon by a waggish Invention of the Lieutenant, Peregrine, and Gauntlet.

This affront Trunnion could by no means digest. He advised with the lieutenant upon the subject; and the result of their consultation was a defiance which the old commander sent to Pickle, demanding that he would meet him at such a place on horseback with a brace of pistols, and give satisfaction for the slight he had put upon him.

Nothing could have afforded more pleasure to Jack than the acceptance of this challenge, which he delivered verbally to Mr. Gamaliel, who was called out from the club at Tunley's for that purpose. The nature of this message had an instantaneous effect upon the constitution of the pacific Pickle, whose bowels yearned with apprehension, and underwent such violent agitation on the spot, that one would have thought the operation proceeded from some severe joke of the apothecary which he had swallowed in his beer.

The messenger, despairing of a satisfactory answer, left him in this woful condition; and being loth to lose any opportunity of raising the laugh against the commodore, went immediately and communicated the whole affair to the young gentlemen, entreating them, for the love of God, to concert some means of bringing old Hannibal into the field. The two friends relished the proposal, and, after some deliberation, it was resolved that Hatchway should tell Trunnion his invitation was accepted by Gamaliel, who would meet him at the place appointed with his second, to-morrow in the twilight, because, if either should fall, the other would have the better chance for escaping in the dark; that Godfrey should personate old Pickle's friend, and Peregrine represent his own father, while the lieutenant should take care, in loading the pistols, to keep out the shot, so that no damage might be done in the rencontre.

These circumstances being adjusted, the lieutenant returned to his principal with a most thundering reply from his antagonist, whose courageous behaviour, though it could not intimidate, did not fail to astonish the commodore, who ascribed it to the spirit of his wife, which had inspired him. Trunnion that instant desired his counsellor to prepare his cartridge-box, and order the quietest horse in the stable to be kept ready saddled for the occasion; his eye seemed to lighten with alacrity and pleasure at the prospect of smelling gunpowder once more before his death; and when Jack advised him to make his will, in case of accident, he rejected his counsel with disdain, saying, "What! dost think that Hawser Trunnion, who has stood the fire of so many floating batteries, runs any risk from the lousy pops of a landman? Thou shalt see, thou shalt see how I shall make him lower his topsails." Next day Peregrine and the soldier provided themselves with horses at the public-house, from whence, at the destined hour, they rode to the field of battle, each of them being muffled in a great-coat, which, with the dimness of the light, effectually shielded them from the knowledge of the one-eyed commander, who, having taken horse on pretence of enjoying the fresh air, soon appeared with Hatchway in his rear. When they came within sight of each other, the seconds advanced, in order to divide the ground, and regulate the measures of the combat; when it was determined by mutual consent that two pistols should be discharged on each side, and that, if neither should prove decisive, recourse must be had to the broad swords, in order to ascertain the victory. These articles being settled, the opponents rode forward to their respective stations, when Peregrine, cocking his pistol, and presenting, counterfeited his father's voice, bidding Trunnion take care of his remaining eye. The commodore took his advice, being unwilling to hazard his day-light, and very deliberately opposed the patched side of his face to the muzzle of his antagonist's piece, desiring him to do his duty without further jaw. The young man accordingly fired, and the distance being small, the wad of his pistol took place with a smart stroke on the forehead of Trunnion, who, mistaking it for a ball, which he thought was lodged in his brain, spurred up his steed in a state of desperation towards his antagonist, and holding his piece within two yards of his body, let it off without any regard to the laws of battle. Surprised and enraged to see that it had made no impression, he hallooed in a terrible tone, "O damn ye, you have got your netting stuffed, I see;" and advancing, discharged his second pistol so near his godson's head, that, had he not been defended by his great-coat, the powder must have scorched his face. Having thus thrown away his fire, he remained at the mercy of Peregrine, who, clapping the piece he had in reserve to his head, commanded him to beg his life, and ask pardon for his presumption. The commodore made no reply to this imperious injunction, but dropping his pistol, and unsheathing his broad sword in a instant, attacked our hero with such incredible agility, that, if he had not made shift to ward off the stroke with his piece, the adventure, in all likelihood, would have turned out a very tragical joke. Peregrine, finding it would be in vain for him to think of drawing his weapon, or of standing on the defensive against this furious aggressor, very fairly clapped spurs to his nag, and sought his safety in flight. Trunnion pursued him with infinite eagerness, and his steed being the better of the two, would have overtaken the fugitive to his peril, had he not been unfortunately encountered by the boughs of a tree, that happened to stand on his blind side, and incommoded him so much, that he was fain to quit his sword, and lay hold on the mane, in order to maintain his seat. Perry perceiving his disaster, wheeled about, and now finding leisure to produce his weapon, returned upon his disarmed foe, brandishing his Ferrara, threatening to make him shorter by the head, if he would not immediately crave quarter and yield. There was nothing farther from the intention of the old gentleman than such submission, which he flatly refused to pay, alleging that he had already compelled his enemy to clap on all his sails, and that his own present misfortune was owing to accident, all one as if a ship should be attacked, after she had been obliged to heave her guns overboard in a storm.

Before Peregrine had time to answer this remonstrance, the lieutenant interposed, and, taking cognizance of the case, established a truce, until he and the other second should discuss and

decide upon the merits of the cause. They accordingly retired to a small distance, and, after having conferred a few minutes, Hatchway returned, and pronounced the commodore vanquished by the chance of war.

Never was rage more transported than that which took possession of old Hannibal when he heard the sentence. It was some time before he could utter aught, except the reproachful expression, *You lie!*—which he repeated more than twenty times, in a sort of delirious insensibility. When he recovered the further use of speech, he abused the arbitrators with such bitter invectives, renouncing their sentence, and appealing to another trial, that the confederates began to repent of having carried the joke so far; and Peregrine, in order to appease his choler, owned himself overcome.

This acknowledgment calmed the tumult of his wrath, though he could not for some days forgive the lieutenant; and the two young gentlemen rode back to Tunley's, while Hatchway, taking the commodore's horse by the bridle, reconducted him to his mansion, growling all the way to Jack for his unjust and unfriendly decree; though he could not help observing, as how he had made his words good in making his adversary strike his topsails: "And yet," said he, "before God! I think the fellow's head is made of a woolpack; for my shot rebounded from his face like a wad of spun yarn from the side of a ship. But if so be that son of a bitch of a tree hadn't come athwart my weather-bow, d'ye see, I'll be damn'd if I hadn't snapt his main-yard in the slings, and mayhap let out his bulge-water into the bargain." He seemed particularly vain of this exploit, which dwelt upon his imagination, and was cherished as the child of his old age; for though he could not with decency rehearse it to the young men, and his wife, at supper, he gave shrewd hints of his own manhood, even at these years, and attested Hatchway as a voucher for his mettle; while the triumvirate, diverted by his vanity, enjoyed in secret the success of their imposition.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Peregrine takes his leave of his Aunt and Sister—Sets out from the Garrison—Parts with his Uncle and Hatchway on the Road, and, with his Governor, arrives in safety at Dover.

This, however, was the last effort of invention which they practised upon him; and everything being now prepared for the departure of his godson, that hopeful youth, in two days, took leave of all his friends in the neighbourhood. He was closeted two whole hours with his aunt, who enriched him with many pious advices, recapitulated all the benefits which, through her means, had been conferred upon him since his infancy, cautioned him against the temptations of lewd women, who bring many a man to a morsel of bread; laid strict injunctions upon him to live in the fear of the Lord, and the true Protestant faith, to eschew quarrels and contentions, to treat Mr. Jolter with reverence and regard, and, above all things, to abstain from the beastly sin of drunkenness, which exposed a man to the scorn and contempt of his fellow-creatures, and, by divesting him of reason and reflection, rendered him fit for all manner of vice and debauchery. She recommended to him economy, and the care of his health—bade him remember the honour of his family; and, in all the circumstances of his behaviour, assured him that he might always depend upon the friendship and generosity of the commodore. Finally, presenting him with her own picture, set in gold, and a hundred guineas from her privy purse, she embraced him affectionately, and wished him all manner of happiness and prosperity.

Being thus kindly dismissed by Mrs. Trunnion, he locked himself up with his sister Julia, whom he admonished to cultivate her aunt with the most complaisant and respectful attention, without stooping to any circumstance of submission that she should judge unworthy of her practice; he protested that his chief study should be to make her amends for the privilege she had forfeited by her affection for him; entreated her to enter into no engagement without his knowledge and approbation; put into her hand the purse which he had received from his aunt, to defray her pocket expenses in his absence, and parted from her, not without tears, after she had for some minutes hung about his neck, kissing him, and weeping in the most pathetic silence.

Having performed these duties of affection and consanguinity over night, he went to bed, and was, by his own direction, called at four o'clock in the morning, when he found the post-chaise, coach, and riding horses, ready at the gate, his friends Gauntlet and Hatchway on foot, the commodore himself almost dressed, and every servant in the garrison assembled in the yard to wish him a good journey. Our hero shook each of these humble friends by the hand, tipping them at the same time with marks of his bounty; and was very much surprised when he could not perceive his old attendant Pipes among the number. When he expressed his wonder at this disrespectful omission of Tom, some of those present ran to his chamber, in order to give him a call, but his hammock and room were both deserted; and they soon returned with an account of his having eloped. Peregrine was disturbed at this information, believing that the fellow had taken some desperate course in consequence of his being dismissed from his service, and began to wish that he had indulged his inclination by retaining him still about his person. However, as there was now no other remedy, he recommended him strenuously to the particular favour and distinction of his uncle and Hatchway, in case he should appear again; and, as he went out of the gate, was saluted with three cheers by all the domestics in the family. The commodore, Gauntlet, lieutenant, Peregrine, and Jolter, went into the coach together, that they might enjoy each other's conversation as much as possible, resolving to breakfast at an inn upon the road, where Trunnion and Hatchway intended to bid our adventurer farewell; the valet-de-chambre got into the post-chaise, the French lacquey rode one horse, and led another; one of the valets of the garrison mounted at the back of the coach, and thus the cavalcade set out on the road to Dover. As the commodore could not bear the fatigue of jolting, they travelled at an easy pace during the first stage, so that the old gentleman had an opportunity of communicating his exhortations to his godson, with regard to his conduct abroad; he advised him, now that he was going into foreign parts, to be upon his guard against the fair weather of the French politesse, which was no more to be trusted than a whirlpool at sea. He observed, that many young men had gone to Paris with good cargoes of sense, and returned with a great deal of canvas, and no ballast at all; whereby they became crank all

the days of their lives, and sometimes carried their keels above water. He desired Mr. Jolter to keep his pupil out of the clutches of those sharking priests, who lie in wait to make converts of all young strangers; and, in a particular manner, cautioned the youth against carnal conversation with the Parisian dames, who, he understood, were no better than gaudy fireships, ready primed with death and destruction.

Peregrine listened with great respect, thanking him for his kind admonitions, which he faithfully promised to observe. They halted and breakfasted at the end of the stage, where Jolter provided himself with a horse; and the commodore settled the method of corresponding with his nephew. The minute of parting being arrived, the old commander wrung his godson by the hand, saying, "I wish thee a prosperous voyage, and good cheer, my lad; my timbers are now a little crazy, d' ye see; and God knows if I shall keep afloat till such time as I see thee again; but howsomever, hap what will, thou wilt find thyself in a condition to keep in the line with the best of thy fellows." He then reminded Gauntlet of his promise to call at the garrison in his return from Dover, and imparted something in a whisper to the governor, while Jack Hatchway, unable to speak, pulled his hat over his eyes, and, squeezing Peregrine by the hand, gave him an iron pistol of curious workmanship, as a memorial of his friendship. Our youth, who was not unmoved on this occasion, received the pledge, which he acknowledged with the present of a silver tobacco-box, bought for that purpose; and the two lads of the castle getting into the coach, were driven homewards in a state of silent dejection.

Godfrey and Peregrine seated themselves in the post-chaise, and Jolter, the valet-de-chambre, and lacquey, bestriding their beasts, they proceeded for the place of their destination, at which they arrived in safety that same night, and bespoke a passage in the packet-boat, which was to sail next day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He adjusts the method of his Correspondence with Gauntlet; meets by Accident with an Italian Charlatan, and a certain Apothecary, who proves to be a noted Character.

THERE the two friends adjusted the articles of their future correspondence; and Peregrine having written a letter to his mistress, wherein he renewed his former vows of eternal fidelity, it was intrusted to the care of her brother; while Mr. Jolter, at the desire of his pupil, provided an elegant supper, and some excellent Burgundy, that they might spend this eve of his departure with the greater enjoyment.

Things being thus disposed, and a servant employed in laying the cloth, their ears were of a sudden invaded by a strange tumultous noise in the next room, occasioned by the overthrow of tables, chairs, and glasses, with odd unintelligible exclamations in broken French, and a jargon of threats in the Welsh dialect. Our young gentlemen ran immediately into the apartment from whence this clamour seemed to proceed, and found a thin, meagre, swarthy figure, gasping in all the agony of fear, under the hands of a squat, thick, hard-featured man, who collared him with great demonstrations of wrath, saying, "If you was as mighty a magician as Owen Glendower, or the witch of Entor, look you, ay, or as Paul Beor himself, I will meke pold, by the assistance of Got, and in his Majesty's naam, to seize and secure, and confine and confront you, until such time as you suffer and endure and undergo the pains and penalties of the law, for your diabolical practices. Shentlements," added he, turning to our adventurers, "I take you to witness that I protest and assert and avow, that this person is as pig a necromancer as you would desire to behold; and I supplicate and beseech and entreat of you, that he may be prought pefore his petters, and compelled to give an account of his compact and commerce with the imps of darkness, look you; for as I am a Christian soul, and hope for joyful resurrection, I have this plessed evening seen him perform such things as could not be done without the aid and instruction and connivance of the tevil."

Gauntlet seemed to enter into the sentiments of this Welsh reformer, and actually laid hold on the delinquent's shoulder, crying, "Damn the rascal! I'll lay any wager that he's a Jesuit, for none of his order travel without a familiar." But Peregrine, who looked upon the affair in another point of view, interposed in behalf of the stranger, whom he freed from his aggressors, observing that there was no occasion to use violence, and asked in French what he had done to incur the censure of the informer. The poor foreigner, more dead than alive, answered that he was an Italian charlatan, who had practised with some reputation in Padua, until he had the misfortune to attract the notice of the inquisition, by exhibiting certain wonderful performances by his skill in natural knowledge, which that tribunal considered as the effects of sorcery, and persecuted him accordingly; so that he had been fain to make a precipitate retreat into France, where, not finding his account in his talents, he was now arrived in England, with a view of practising his art in London; and that, in consequence of a specimen which he had given to a company below, the choleric gentleman had followed him up-stairs to his own apartment, and assaulted him in that inhospitable manner. He therefore earnestly begged that our hero would take him under his protection; and if he entertained the least suspicion of his employing preternatural means in the operations of his art, he would freely communicate all the secrets in his possession.

The youth dispelled his apprehension, by assuring him that he was in no danger of suffering for his art in England, where, if ever he should be questioned by the zeal of superstitious individuals, he had nothing to do but appeal to the next justice of the peace, who would immediately quit him of the charge, and punish his accusers for their impertinence and indiscretion.

He then told Gauntlet and the Welshman that the stranger had a good action against them for an assault, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, which makes it criminal for any person to accuse another of sorcery and witchcraft, these idle notions being now justly exploded by all sensible men. Mr. Jolter, who had by this time joined the company, could not help signifying his dissent from this opinion of his pupil, which he endeavoured to invalidate by the authority of Scripture, quotations from the Fathers, and the confession of many wretches who suffered death for having carried on correspondence with evil spirits, together with the evidence of Satan's Invisible World, and Moreton's History of Witchcraft.

The soldier corroborated these testimonies by facts that had happened within the sphere of his

own knowledge; and, in particular, mentioned the case of an old woman in the parish in which he was born, who used to transform herself into the shapes of sundry animals, and was at last killed by small shot in the character of a hare. The Welshman, thus supported, expressed his surprise at hearing that the legislature had shown such tenderness for criminals of so dark a hue; and offered to prove, by undeniable instances, that there was not a mountain in Wales which had not been in his memory the scene of necromancy and witchcraft. "Wherefore," said he, "I am assuredly more than apove astonished and confounded and concerned, that the Parliament of Great Pritain should in their great wisdoms, and their prudence, and their penetration, give countenance and encouragement, look you, to the works of darkness and the empire of Pelzepup; ofer and apove the evidence of Holy Writ, and those writers who have been quoted by that aggurate and learned shentleman, we are informed by profane history of the pribbles, and pranks of the old serpent, in the bortents and oracles of antiquity; as you will find in that most excellent historian Bolypius, and Titus Lisius; ay, and moreofer, in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar himself, who, as the 'ole world knows, was a most famous, and a most faliant, and a most wise, and a most prudent, and a most fortunate chiftan, and a most renowned orator; ay, and a most elegant writer to boot."

Peregrine did not think proper to enter the lists of dispute with three such obstinate antagonists; but contented himself with saying, that he believed it would be no difficult matter to impugn the arguments they had advanced, though he did not find himself at all disposed to undertake the task, which must of course break in upon the evening's entertainment. He therefore invited the Italian to supper, and asked the same favour of his accuser, who seemed to have something curious and characteristic in his manner and disposition, resolving to make himself an eyewitness of those surprising feats, which had given offence to the choleric Briton. This scrupulous gentleman thanked our hero for his courtesy, but declined communicating with the stranger, until his character should be further explained; upon which his inviter, after some conversation with the charlatan, assured him that he would himself undertake for the innocence of his art; and then he was prevailed upon to favour them with his company.

In the course of the conversation, Peregrine learned that the Welshman was a surgeon of Canterbury, who had been called into a consultation at Dover, and, understanding that his name was Morgan, took the liberty of asking if he was not the person so respectfully mentioned in the Adventures of Roderick Random. Mr. Morgan assumed a look of gravity and importance at this interrogation, and, screwing up his mouth, answered, "Mr. Rantum, my goot sir, I believe upon my conscience and salfation, is my very goot friend and well-wisher; and he and I have been companions, and messmates, and fellow-sufferers, look you; but nevertheless, for all that, peradventure he hath not pehaved with so much complaisance, and affability, and respect, as I might have expected from him; pecause he hath revealed, and tivulged, and published our private affairs, without my knowledge, and privity, and consent; but as Got is my Saviour, I think he had no evil intention in his pelly: and though there be certain persons, look you, who, as I am told, take upon them to laugh at his descriptions of my person, deportment, and conversation, I do affirm and maintain, and insist with my heart, and my ploot, and my soul, that those persons are no petter than ignorant asses, and that they know not how to discern, and distinguish, and define true ridicule, or, as Aristotle calls it, the *to geloion*, no more, look you, than a herd of mountain goats; for I will make pold to observe, and I hope this goot company will be of the same opinion, that there is nothing said of me in that performance which is unworthy of a Christian and a shentleman."

Our young gentleman and his friends acquiesced in the justness of his observation. Peregrine particularly assured him, that, from reading the book, he had conceived the utmost regard and veneration for his character; and that he thought himself extremely fortunate in having this opportunity of enjoying his conversation. Morgan, not a little proud of such advances from a person of Peregrine's appearance, returned the compliment with a profusion of civility, and, in the warmth of acknowledgment, expressed a desire of seeing him and his company at his house in Canterbury. "I will not pretend or presume, kind sir," said he, "to entertain you according to your merits and deserts: but you shall be as welcome to my poor cottage, and my wife and family, as the Prince of Wales himself; and it shall go hard, if, one way or other, I do not find ways and means of making you confess that there is some goot fellowship in an ancient Priton. For, though I am no petter than a simple apothecary, I have as goot plood circulating in my veins as any he in the country, and I can describe, and delineate, and demonstrate my pedigree to the satisfaction of the 'ole 'orld; and moreover, by Got's goot providence and assistance, I can afford to treat my friend with a joint of goot mutton, and a pottle of excellent wine, and no tradesman can peard me with a bill." He was congratulated on his happy situation, and assured that our youth would visit him on his return from France, provided he should take Canterbury on his route. As Peregrine manifested an inclination of being acquainted with the state of his affairs, he very complaisantly satisfied his curiosity, by giving him to know, that his spouse had left off breeding, after having blessed him with two boys and a girl, who were still alive and well; that he lived in good esteem with his neighbours, and by his practice, which was considerably extended immediately after the publication of Roderick Random, had saved some thousand pounds. He had begun to think of retiring among his own relations in Glamorganshire, though his wife had made objections to this proposal, and opposed the execution of it with such obstinacy, that he had been at infinite pains in asserting his own prerogative, by convincing her, both from reason and example, that he was king and priest in his own family, and that she owed the most implicit submission to his will. He likewise informed the company that he had lately seen his friend Roderick, who had come from London on purpose to visit him, after having gained his law-suit with Mr. Topehall, who was obliged to pay Narcissa's fortune; that Mr. Random, in all appearance, led a very happy life in the conversation of his father and bedfellow, by whom he enjoyed a son and daughter; and that Morgan had received, in a present from him, a piece of very fine linen, of his wife's own making, several kits of salmon, and two casks of pickled pork, the most delicate he had ever tasted, together with a barrel of excellent herrings for salmagundy, which he knew to be his favourite dish.

This topic of conversation being discussed, the Italian was desired to exhibit a specimen of his art, and in a few minutes conducted the company into the next room, where, to their great astonishment and affright, they beheld a thousand serpents winding along the ceiling. Morgan, struck with this phenomenon, which he had not seen before, began to utter exorcisms with great devotion; Mr. Jolter ran terrified out of the room; Gauntlet drew his hanger, and Peregrine himself was disconcerted. The operator perceiving their confusion, desired them to retire, and calling them back in an instant, there was not a viper to be seen. He raised their admiration by sundry other performances, and the Welshman's former opinion and abhorrence of his character began to recur, when, in consideration of the civility with which he had been treated, this Italian imparted to them all the methods by which he had acted such wonders, that were no other than the effects of natural causes curiously combined; so that Morgan became a convert to his skill, asked pardon for the suspicion he had entertained, and invited the stranger to pass a few days with him at Canterbury. The scruples of Godfrey and Jolter were removed at the same time, and Peregrine testified his approbation by a handsome gratuity which he bestowed upon their entertainer.

The evening being spent in this sociable manner, every man retired to his respective chamber, and next morning they breakfasted together, when Morgan declared he would stay till he should see our hero fairly embarked, that he might have the pleasure of Mr. Gauntlet's company to his own habitation. Meanwhile, by the skipper's advice, the servants were ordered to carry a store of wine and provision on board, in case of accident; and, as the packet-boat could not sail before one o'clock, the company walked up hill to visit the castle, where they saw the sword of Julius Cæsar, and Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, repeated Shakespeare's description, while they surveyed the chalky cliffs on each side, and cast their eyes towards the city of Calais, that was obscured by a thick cloud, which did not much regale their eyesight, because it seemed to portend foul weather.

Having viewed everything remarkable in this place, they returned to the pier, where, after the compliments of parting, and an affectionate embrace between the two young gentlemen, Peregrine and his governor stepped aboard, the sails were hoisted, and they went to sea with a fair wind, while Godfrey, Morgan, and the conjuror walked back to the inn, from whence they set out for Canterbury, before dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV.

He embarks for France—Is overtaken by a Storm—Is surprised with the appearance of Pipes—Lands at Calais, and has an Affray with the Officers of the Custom-house.

SCARCE had the vessel proceeded two leagues on the passage, when the wind shifting, blew directly in their teeth; so that they were obliged to haul upon a wind, and alter their course. The sea running pretty high at the same time, our hero, who was below in his cabin, began to be squeamish, and, in consequence of the skipper's advice, went upon the deck for the comfort of his stomach; while the governor, experienced in these disasters, slipt into bed, where he lay at his ease, amusing himself with a treatise on the cycloid, with algebraical demonstrations, which never failed to engage his imagination in the most agreeable manner.

In the meantime the wind increased to a very hard gale, the vessel pitched with great violence, the sea washed over the decks, the master was alarmed, the crew were confounded, the passengers were overwhelmed with sickness and fear, and universal distraction ensued. In the midst of this uproar, Peregrine, holding fast by the taffrail, and looking ruefully ahead, the countenance of Pipes presented itself to his astonished view, rising as it were from the hold of the ship. At first he imagined it was a fear-formed shadow of his own brain, though he did not remain long in this error, but plainly perceived that it was no other than the real person of Thomas, who, jumping on the quarter-deck, took charge of the helm, and dictated to the sailors with as much authority as if he had been commander of the ship. The skipper looked upon him as an angel sent to his assistance, and the crew, soon discovering him to be a thoroughbred seamen, notwithstanding his livery frock, obeyed his orders with such alacrity, that in a little time the confusion vanished, and every necessary step was taken to weather the gale.

Our young gentleman immediately conceived the meaning of Tom's appearance on board, and, when the tumult was a little subsided, went up, and encouraged him to exert himself for the preservation of the ship, promising to take him again into his service, from which he should never be dismissed, except at his own desire. This assurance had a surprising effect upon Pipes, who, though he made no manner of reply, thrust the helm into the master's hand, saying, "Here, you old bumboat woman, take hold of the tiller, and keep her thus, boy, thus;" and skipped about the vessel, trimming the sails, and managed the ropes with such agility and skill, that everybody on deck stood amazed at his dexterity.

Mr. Jolter was far from being unconcerned at the uncommon motion of the vessel, the singing of the wind, and the uproar which he heard above him; he looked towards the cabin door with the most fearful expectation, in hope of seeing some person who could give some account of the weather, and what was doing upon deck; but not a soul appeared, and he was too well acquainted with the disposition of his own bowels to make the least alteration in his attitude. When he had lain a good while in all the agony of suspense, the boy tumbled headlong into his apartment with such noise, that he believed the mast had gone by the board, and starting upright in his bed, asked, with all the symptoms of horror, what was the cause of that disturbance? The boy, half stunned by his fall, answered in a dolorous tone, "I'm come to put up the dead-lights." At the mention of dead-lights, the meaning of which he did not understand, the poor governor's heart died within him, and he shivered with despair. His recollection forsaking him, he fell upon his knees in the bed, and fixing his eyes upon the book which was in his hand, began to pronounce aloud with great fervour, "The time of a complete oscillation in the cycloid, is to the time in which a body would fall through the axis of the cycloid DV, as the circumference of a circle to its diameter." He would in all likelihood have proceeded with the demonstration of this proposition, had he not been seized with such a qualm, as compelled him to drop the book, and accommodate himself to the emergency of his distemper; he therefore stretched himself at full

length, and, putting up ejaculations to Heaven, began to prepare himself for his latter end, when all of a sudden the noise above was intermitted; and, as he could not conceive the cause of this tremendous silence, he imagined that either the men were washed overboard, or that, despairing of safety, they had ceased to oppose the tempest. While he was harrowed by this miserable uncertainty, which, however, was not altogether unenlightened by some scattered rays of hope, the master entered the cabin; then he asked, with a voice half extinguished by fear, how matters went upon deck; and the skipper, with a large bottle of brandy applied to his mouth, answered in a hollow tone, "All 's over now, master." Upon which Mr. Jolter, giving himself over for lost, exclaimed with the utmost horror, "Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" and repeated this supplication as it were mechanically, until the master undeceived him, by explaining the meaning of what he had said, and assuring him that the squall was over.

Such a sudden transition from fear to joy occasioned a violent agitation both in his mind and body; and it was a full quarter of an hour before he recovered the right use of his organs. By this time the weather cleared up, the wind began to blow again from the right corner, and the spires of Calais appeared at the distance of five leagues; so that the countenances of all on board were lighted up with joyous expectation; and Peregrine, venturing to go down into the cabin, comforted his governor with an account of the happy turn of their affairs.

Jolter, transported with the thoughts of a speedy landing, began to launch out in praise of that country for which they were bound. He observed that France was the land of politeness and hospitality, which were conspicuous in the behaviour of all ranks and degrees, from the peer to the peasant; that a gentleman and a foreigner, far from being insulted and imposed upon by the lower class of people, as in England, was treated with the utmost reverence, candour, and respect; that their fields were fertile, their climate pure and healthy, their farmers rich and industrious, and the subjects in general the happiest of men. He would have prosecuted this favourite theme still farther, had not his pupil been obliged to run upon deck, in consequence of certain warnings he received from his stomach.

The skipper seeing his condition, very honestly reminded him of the cold ham and fowls, with a basket of wine, which he had ordered to be sent on board, and asked if he would have the cloth laid below. He could not have chosen a more seasonable opportunity of manifesting his own disinterestedness. Peregrine made wry faces at the mention of food, bidding him, for Christ's sake, talk no more on that subject. He then descended into the cabin, and put the same question to Mr. Jolter, who, he knew, entertained the same abhorrence for his proposal; and, meeting with the like reception from him, went between decks, and repeated his courteous proffer to the valet-de-chambre and lacquey, who lay sprawling in all the pangs of a double evacuation, and rejected his civility with the most horrible loathing. Thus baffled in all his kind endeavours, he ordered his boy to secure the provision in one of his own lockers, according to the custom of the ship.

It being low-water when they arrived on the French coast, the vessel could not enter the harbour, and they were obliged to bring to, and wait for a boat, which in less than half an hour came alongside from the shore. Mr. Jolter now came upon deck, and snuffing up the French air with symptoms of infinite satisfaction, asked of the boatmen (with the friendly appellation of *Mes enfans*) what they demanded for transporting him and his pupil, with their baggage, to the pier. But how was he disconcerted, when those polite, candid, reasonable watermen demanded a louis d'or for that service! Peregrine, with a sarcastic sneer, observed, that he already began to perceive the justice of his encomiums on the French; and the disappointed governor could say nothing in his own vindication, but that they were debauched by their intercourse with the inhabitants of Dover. His pupil, however, was so much offended at their extortion, that he absolutely refused to employ them, even when they abated one half in their demand, and swore he would stay on board till the packet should be able to enter the harbour, rather than encourage such imposition.

The master, who, in all probability, had some sort of fellow-feeling with the boatmen, in vain represented that he could not with safety lie to, or anchor upon a lee-shore; our hero having consulted Pipes, answered, that he had hired his vessel to transport him to Calais, and that he would oblige him to perform what he had undertaken.

The skipper, very much mortified at this peremptory reply, which was not over and above agreeable to Mr. Jolter, dismissed the boat, notwithstanding the solicitations and condescension of the watermen. Running a little farther in shore, they came to an anchor, and waited till there was water enough to float them over the bar. Then they stood into the harbour, and our gentleman, with his attendants and baggage, were landed on the pier by the sailors, whom he liberally rewarded for their trouble.

He was immediately plied by a great number of porters, who, like so many hungry wolves, laid hold on his luggage, and began to carry it off piecemeal, without his order or direction. Incensed at this officious insolence, he commanded them to desist, with many oaths and opprobrious terms that his anger suggested; and, perceiving that one of them did not seem to pay any regard to what he said, but marched off with his burden, he snatched a cudgel out of his lacquey's hand, and, overtaking the fellow in a twinkling, brought him to the ground with one blow. He was instantly surrounded by the whole congregation of this *canaille*, who resented the injury which their brother had sustained, and would have taken immediate satisfaction of the aggressor, had not Pipes, seeing his master involved, brought the whole crew to his assistance, and exerted himself so manfully, that the enemy were obliged to retreat with many marks of defeat, and menaces of interesting the commandant in their quarrel. Jolter, who knew and dreaded the power of the French governor, began to shake with apprehension, when he heard their repeated threats; but they durst not apply to this magistrate, who, upon a fair representation of the case, would have punished them severely for their rapacious and insolent behaviour. Peregrine, without further molestation, availed himself of his own attendants, who shouldered his baggage, and followed him to the gate, where they were stopped by the sentinels, until their names should be registered.

Mr. Jolter, who had undergone this examination before, resolved to profit by his experience, and cunningly represented his pupil as a young English lord. This intimation, supported by the appearance of his equipage, was no sooner communicated to the officer, than he turned out

the guard, and ordered his soldiers to rest upon their arms, while his lordship passed in great state to the *Lion d'Argent*, where he took up his lodgings for the night, resolving to set out for Paris next morning in a post-chaise.

The governor triumphed greatly in this piece of complaisance and respect with which they had been honoured, and resumed his beloved topic of discourse, in applauding the method and subordination of the French government, which was better calculated for maintaining order, and protecting the people, than any constitution upon earth. Of their courteous attention to strangers, there needed no other proof than the compliment which had been paid to them, together with the governor's connivance at Peregrine's employing his own servants in carrying the baggage to the inn, contrary to the privilege of the inhabitants.

While he expatiated with a remarkable degree of self-indulgence on this subject, the valet-de-chambre coming into the room, interrupted his harangue, by telling his master that their trunks and portmanteaus must be carried to the custom-house, in order to be searched, and sealed with lead, which must remain untouched until their arrival at Paris.

Peregrine made no objection to this practice, which was in itself reasonable enough; but when he understood that the gate was besieged by another multitude of porters, who insisted upon their right of carrying the goods, and also of fixing their own price, he absolutely refused to comply with their demand. Nay, he chastised some of the most clamorous among them with his foot, and told them that if their custom-house officers had a mind to examine his baggage, they might come to the inn for that purpose. The valet-de-chambre was abashed at this boldness of his master's behaviour, which the lacquey, shrugging up his shoulders, observed, was *bien à l'Anglaise;* while the governor represented it as an indignity to the whole nation, and endeavoured to persuade his pupil to comply with the custom of the place. But Peregrine's natural haughtiness of disposition hindered him from giving ear to Jolter's wholesome advice; and, in less than half-an-hour, they observed a file of musketeers marching up to the gate. At sight of this detachment the tutor trembled, the valet grew pale, and the lacquey crossed himself; but our hero, without exhibiting any other symptoms than those of indignation, met them on the threshold, and, with a ferocious air, demanded their business. The corporal, who commanded the file, answered with great deliberation, that he had orders to convey his baggage to the custom-house; and seeing the trunks standing in the entry, placed his men between them and the owner, while the porters that followed took them up, and proceeded to the Douane without opposition.

Pickle was not mad enough to dispute the authority of this message; but, in order to gall, and specify his contempt for those who brought it, he called aloud to his valet, desiring him, in French, to accompany his things, and see that none of his linens and effects should be stolen by the searchers. The corporal, mortified at this satirical insinuation, darted a look of resentment at the author, as if he had been interested for the glory of his nation, and told him that he could perceive he was a stranger in France, or else he would have saved himself the trouble of such a needless precaution.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He makes a fruitless Attempt in Gallantry—Departs for Boulogne, where he spends the Evening with certain English Exiles.

Having thus yielded to the hand of power, he inquired if there was any other English company in the house; when, understanding that a gentleman and lady lodged in the next apartment, and had bespoke a post-chaise for Paris, he ordered Pipes to ingratiate himself with their footman, and, if possible, learn their names and condition, while he and Mr. Jolter, attended by the lacquey, took a turn round the ramparts, and viewed the particulars of the fortification.

Tom was so very successful in his inquiry, that, when his master returned, he was able to give him a satisfactory account of his fellow-lodgers, in consequence of having treated his brother with a bottle of wine. The people in question were a gentleman and his lady, lately arrived from England, in their way to Paris. The husband was a man of good fortune, who had been a libertine in his youth, and a professed declaimer against matrimony. He wanted neither sense nor experience, and piqued himself in particular upon his art of avoiding the snares of the female sex, in which he pretended to be deeply versed. But, notwithstanding all his caution and skill, he had lately fallen a sacrifice to the attractions of an oyster wench, who had found means to decoy him into the bands of wedlock; and, in order to evade the compliments and congratulations of his friends and acquaintance, he had come so far on a tour to Paris, where he intended to initiate his spouse in the beau monde. In the meantime he chose to live upon the reserve, because her natural talents had as yet received but little cultivation; and he had not the most implicit confidence in her virtue and discretion, which, it seems, had like to have yielded to the addresses of an officer at Canterbury, who had made shift to insinuate himself into her acquaintance and favour.

Peregrine's curiosity being inflamed by this information, he lounged about the yard, in hopes of seeing the dulcinea who had captivated the old bachelor; and at length, observing her at a window, took the liberty of bowing to her with great respect. She returned the compliment with a curtsey, and appeared so decent in her dress and manner, that, unless he had been previously informed of her former life and conversation, he never would have dreamed that her education was different from that of other ladies of fashion; so easy is it to acquire that external deportment on which people of condition value themselves so much. Not but that Mr. Pickle pretended to distinguish a certain vulgar audacity in her countenance, which in a lady of birth and fortune, would have passed for an agreeable vivacity that enlivens the aspect, and gives poignancy to every feature; but as she possessed a pair of fine eyes, and a clear complexion, overspread with the glow of health, which never fails of recommending the owner, he could not help gazing at her with desire, and forming the design of making a conquest of her heart. With this view, he sent his compliments to her husband, whose name was Hornbeck, with an intimation that he proposed to set out next day for Paris, and as he understood that he was resolved upon the same journey, he should be extremely glad of his company on the road, if he was not better engaged. Hornbeck, who in all probability did

not chose to accommodate his wife with a squire of our hero's appearance, sent a civil answer to his message, professing infinite mortification at his being unable to embrace the favour of this kind offer, by reason of the indisposition of his wife, who, he was afraid, would not be in a condition for some days to bear the fatigue of travelling. This rebuff, which Peregrine ascribed to the husband's jealousy, stifled his project in embryo; he ordered his French servant to take a place for himself in the diligence, where all his luggage was stowed, except a small trunk with some linen and other necessaries, that was fixed upon the post-chaise which they hired of the landlord; and early next morning he and Mr. Jolter departed from Calais, attended by his valet-de-chambre and Pipes on horseback. They proceeded without any accident as far as Boulogne, where they breakfasted, and visited old Father Graham, a Scottish gentleman of the governor's acquaintance, who had lived as a Capuchin in that place for the space of threescore years, and during that period conformed to all the austerities of the order with the most rigorous exactness; being equally remarkable for the frankness of his conversation, the humanity of his disposition, and the simplicity of his manners. From Boulogne they took their departure about noon, and as they proposed to sleep that night at Abbeville, commanded the postillion to drive with extraordinary speed. Perhaps it was well for his cattle that the axle-tree gave way, and the chaise of course overturned, before they had travelled one-third part of the stage.

This accident compelled them to return to the place from whence they had set out, and as they could not procure another convenience, they found themselves under the necessity of staying till their chaise could be refitted. Understanding that this operation would detain them a whole day, our young gentleman had recourse to his patience, and demanded to know what they would have for dinner; the garçon or waiter thus questioned, vanished in a moment, and immediately they were surprised with the appearance of a strange figure, which, from the extravagance of its dress and gesticulation, Peregrine mistook for a madman of the growth of France. This phantom, which, by the bye, happened to be no other than the cook, was a tall, long-legged, meagre, swarthy fellow, that stooped very much; his cheek-bones were remarkably raised, his nose bent into the shape and size of a powder-horn, and the sockets of his eyes as raw round the edges, as if the skin had been pared off. On his head he wore an handkerchief, which had once been white, and now served to cover the upper part of a black periwig, to which was attached a bag at least a foot square, with a solitaire and rose that stuck up on each side to his ear; so that he looked like a criminal on the pillory. His back was accommodated with a linen waistcoat, his hands adorned with long ruffles of the same piece, his middle was girded by an apron tucked up, that it might not conceal his white silk stockings rolled; and at his entrance he brandished a bloody weapon full three feet in length. Peregrine, when he first saw him approach in this menacing attitude, put himself upon his guard; but being informed of his quality, perused his bill of fare, and having bespoke three or four things for dinner, walked out with Mr. Jolter to view both towns, which they had not leisure to consider minutely before. In their return from the harbour, they met with four or five gentlemen, all of whom seemed to look with an air of dejection, and, perceiving our hero and his governor to be English by their dress, bowed with great respect as they passed. Pickle, who was naturally compassionate, felt an emotion of sympathy; and seeing a person, who by his habit he judged to be one of their servants, accosted him in English, and asked who the gentlemen were. The lacquey gave him to understand that they were his own countrymen, exiled from their native homes, in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause; and that they were gone to the sea-side, according to their daily practice, in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they must never more approach.

Though our young gentleman differed widely from them in point of political principles, he was not one of those enthusiasts who look upon every schism from the established articles of faith as damnable, and exclude the sceptic from every benefit of humanity and Christian forgiveness. He could easily comprehend how a man of the most unblemished morals might, by the prejudice of education, or indispensable attachments, be engaged in such a blameworthy and pernicious undertaking; and thought that they already suffered severely for their imprudence. He was affected with the account of their diurnal pilgrimage to the sea-side, which he considered as a pathetic proof of their affliction, and invested Mr. Jolter with the agreeable office of going to them with a compliment in his name, and begging the honour of drinking a glass with them in the evening. They accepted the proposal with great satisfaction and respectful acknowledgment, and in the afternoon waited upon the kind inviter, who treated them with coffee, and would have detained them to supper; but they entreated the favour of his company at the house which they frequented, so earnestly, that he yielded to their solicitations, and with his governor was conducted by them to the place, where they had provided an elegant repast, and regaled them with some of the best claret in France.

It was easy for them to perceive that their principal guest was no favourer of their state maxims, and therefore they industriously avoided every subject of conversation which could give the least offence; not but that they lamented their own situation, which cut them off from all their dearest connexions, and doomed them to perpetual banishment from their families and friends; but they did not, even by the most distant hint, impeach the justice of that sentence by which they were condemned; although one of them, who seemed to be about the age of thirty, wept bitterly over his misfortune, which had involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress, and, in the impatience of his grief, cursed his own fate with frantic imprecations. His companions, with a view of beguiling his sorrow, and manifesting their own hospitality at the same time, changed the topic of discourse, and circulated the bumpers with great assiduity; so that all their cares were overwhelmed and forgotten, several French drinking catches were sung, and mirth and good fellowship prevailed.

In the midst of this elevation, which commonly unlocks the most hidden sentiment, and dispels every consideration of caution and constraint, one of the entertainers, being more intoxicated than his fellows, proposed a toast, to which Peregrine with some warmth excepted, as an unmannerly insult. The other maintained his proposition with indecent heat; and the dispute beginning to grow very serious, the company

interposed, and gave judgment against their friend, who was so keenly reproached and rebuked for this impolite behaviour, that he retired in high dudgeon, threatening to relinquish their society, and branding them with the appellation of apostates from the common cause. Mortified at the behaviour of their companion, those that remained were earnest in their apologies to their guests, whom they besought to forgive his intemperance, assuring them with great confidence, that he would, upon the recovery of his reflection, wait upon them in person, and ask pardon for the umbrage he had given. Pickle was satisfied with their remonstrances, resumed his good humour, and the night being pretty far advanced, resisted all their importunities with which he was entreated to see another bottle go round, and was escorted to his own lodgings more than half-seas over. Next morning, about eight o'clock, he was waked by his valet-de-chambre, who told him that two of the gentlemen with whom he had spent the evening were in the house, and desired the favour of being admitted into his chamber. He could not conceive the meaning of this extraordinary visit, and, ordering his man to show them into his apartment, beheld the person who had affronted him enter, with the gentleman who had reprehended his rudeness.

He who had given the offence, after having made an apology for disturbing Mr. Pickle, told him that his friend there present had been with him early that morning, and proposed the alternative of either fighting with him immediately, or coming to beg pardon for his unmannerly deportment over night; that, though he had courage enough to face any man in the field in a righteous cause, he was not so brutal as to disobey the dictates of his own duty and reflection in consequence of which, and not out of any regard to the other's menaces, which he despised, he had now taken the liberty of interrupting his repose, that he might, as soon as possible, atone for the injury he had done him, which he protested was the effect of intoxication alone, and begged his forgiveness accordingly. Our hero accepted of this acknowledgment very graciously, thanked the other gentleman for the gallant part he had acted in his behalf; and, perceiving that his companion was a little irritated at his officious interposition, effected a reconciliation, by convincing him that what he had done was for the honour of the company. He then kept them to breakfast, expressed a desire of seeing their situation altered for the better; and, the chaise being repaired, took leave of his entertainers, who came to wish him a good journey, and with his attendants left Boulogne for the second time.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Proceeds for the Capital—Takes up his Lodgings at Bernay, where he is overtaken by Mr. Hornbeck, whose Head he longs to fortify.

During this day's expedition, Mr. Jolter took an opportunity of imparting to his pupil the remarks he had made upon the industry of the French, as an undeniable proof of which he bade him cast his eyes around, and observe with what care every spot of ground was cultivated; and, from the fertility of that province, which is reckoned the poorest in France, conceive the wealth and affluence of the nation in general. Peregrine, amazed as well as disgusted at this infatuation, answered, that what he ascribed to industry was the effect of mere wretchedness; the miserable peasants being obliged to plough up every inch of ground to satisfy their oppressive landlords, while they themselves and their cattle looked like so many images of famine; that their extreme poverty was evident from the face of the country, on which there was not one enclosure to be seen, or any other object, except scanty crops of barley and oats, which could never reward the toil of the husbandman; that their habitations were no better than paltry huts; that, in twenty miles of extent, not one gentleman's house appeared; that nothing was more abject and forlorn than the attire of their country people; that the equipage of their travelling chaises was infinitely inferior to that of a dung-cart in England; and that the postillion, who then drove their carriage, had neither stockings to his legs nor a shirt to his back.

The governor, finding his charge so untractable, resolved to leave him in the midst of his own ignorance and prejudice, and reserve his observations for those who would pay more deference to his opinion. And indeed this resolution he had often made, and as often broke, in the transports of his zeal, that frequently hurried him out of the plan of conduct which in his cooler moments he had laid down. They halted for a refreshment at Montreuil, and about seven in the evening arrived at a village called Bernay, where, while they waited for fresh horses, they were informed by the landlord that the gates of Abbeville were shut every night punctually at eight o'clock, so that it would be impossible for them to get admittance. He said there was not another place of entertainment on the road where they could pass the night, and therefore, as a friend, he advised them to stay at his house, where they would find the best of accommodation, and proceed upon their journey betimes in the morning.

Mr. Jolter, though he had travelled on that road before, could not recollect whether or not mine host spoke truth; but his remonstrance being very plausible, our hero determined to follow his advice, and, being conducted into an apartment, asked what they could have for supper. The landlord mentioned everything that was eatable in the house, and the whole being engrossed for the use of him and his attendants, he amused himself till such time as it should be dressed, in strolling about the house, which stands in a very rural situation. While he thus loitered away the time that hung heavy on his hands, another chaise arrived at the inn; and, upon inquiry, he found that the new comers were Mr. Hornbeck and his lady. The landlord, conscious of his inability to entertain this second company, came and begged with great humiliation, that Mr. Pickle would spare them some part of the victuals he had bespoke; but he refused to part with so much as the wing of a partridge, though, at the same time, he sent his compliments to the strangers, and, giving them to understand how ill the house was provided for their reception, invited them to partake of his supper. Mr. Hornbeck, who was not deficient in point of politeness, and extremely well disposed for a relishing meal, which he had reason to expect from the savoury steam that issued from the kitchen, could not resist this second instance of our young gentleman's civility, which he acknowledged by a message, importing that he and his wife would do themselves the pleasure of profiting by his courteous offer. Peregrine's cheeks glowed when he found himself on the eve of being acquainted with

Mrs. Hornbeck, of whose heart he had already made a conquest in imagination, and he forthwith set his invention at work to contrive some means of defeating her husband's vigilance.

When supper was ready, he in person gave notice to his guest, and leading the lady into his apartment, seated her in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table, squeezing her hand, and darting a most insidious glance at the same time. This abrupt behaviour he practised, on the presumption that a lady of her breeding was not to be addressed with the tedious forms that must be observed in one's advances to a person of birth and genteel education. In all probability his calculation was just, for Mrs. Hornbeck gave no signs of discontent at this sort of treatment, but, on the contrary, seemed to consider it as a proof of the young gentleman's regard ; and though she did not venture to open her mouth three times during the whole repast, she showed herself particularly well satisfied with her entertainer, by sundry sly and significant looks, while her husband's eyes were directed another way, and divers loud peals of laughter, signifying her approbation of the sallies which he uttered in the course of their conversation. Her spouse began to be very uneasy at the frank demeanour of his yoke-fellow, whom he endeavoured to check in her vivacity by assuming a severity of aspect ; but whether she obeyed the dictates of her own disposition, which perhaps was merry and unreserved, or wanted to punish Mr. Hornbeck for his jealousy of temper, certain it is, her gaiety increased to such a degree, that her husband was grievously alarmed and incensed at her conduct, and resolved to make her sensible of his displeasure, by treading in secret upon her toes. He was, however, so disconcerted by his indignation, that he mistook his mark, and applied the sharp heel of his shoe to the side of Mr. Jolter's foot, comprehending his little toe, that was studded with an angry corn, which he invaded with such a sudden jerk that the governor, unable to endure the torture in silence, started up, and, dancing on the floor, roared hideously with repeated bellowings, to the unspeakable enjoyment of Peregrine and the lady, who laughed themselves almost into convulsions at the joke. Hornbeck, confounded at the mistake he had committed, begged pardon of the injured tutor with great contrition, protesting that the blow he had so unfortunately received was intended for an ugly cur which he thought had posted himself under the table. It was lucky for him that there was actually a dog in the room, to justify this excuse, which Jolter admitted with the tears running over his cheeks; and the economy of the table was recomposed.

As soon, however, as the strangers could with decency withdraw, this suspicious husband took his leave of the youth, on pretence of being fatigued with his journey, after having, by way of compliment, proposed that they should travel together next day, and Peregrine handed the lady to her chamber, where he wished her good-night with another warm squeeze, which she returned. This favourable hint made his heart bound with a transport of joy ; he lay in wait for an opportunity of declaring himself, and seeing the husband go down into the yard with a candle, glided softly into his apartment, where he found her almost undressed. Impelled by the impetuosity of his passion, which was still more inflamed by her present luscious appearance, and encouraged by the approbation she had already expressed, he ran towards her with eagerness, crying, "Zounds! madam, your charms are irresistible!" and without further ceremony, would have clasped her in his arms, had she not begged him, for the love of God, to retire, for should Mr. Hornbeck return and find him there, she would be undone for ever. He was not so blinded by his passion, but that he saw the reasonableness of her fear, and as he could not pretend to crown his wishes at that interview, he avowed himself her lover, assured her that he would exhaust his whole invention in finding a proper opportunity for throwing himself at her feet ; and in the meantime he ravished sundry small favours, which she, in the hurry of her fright, could not withhold from his impudence of address. Having thus happily settled the preliminaries, he withdrew to his own chamber, and spent the whole night in contriving stratagems to elude the jealous caution of his fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

They set out in company, breakfast at Abbeville, dine at Amiens, and about Eleven o'clock arrive at Chantilly, where Peregrine executes a Plan which he had concerted upon Hornbeck.

THE whole company, by agreement, rose and departed before day, and breakfasted at Abbeville, where they became acquainted with the finesse of their Bernay landlord, who had imposed upon them, in affirming that they would not have been admitted after the gates were shut. From thence they proceeded to Amiens, where they dined, and were pestered by begging friars ; and the roads being deep, it was eleven o'clock at night before they reached Chantilly, where they found supper already dressed, in consequence of having despatched the valet-de-chambre before them on horseback.

The constitution of Hornbeck being very much impaired by a life of irregularity, he found himself so fatigued with his day's journey, which amounted to upwards of an hundred miles, that, when he sat down at table, he could scarcely sit upright, and in less than three minutes began to nod in his chair. Peregrine, who had foreseen and provided for this occasion, advised him to exhilarate his spirits with a glass of wine ; and the proposal being embraced, tipped his valet-de-chambre the wink, who, according to the instructions he had received, qualified the Burgundy with thirty drops of laudanum, which this unfortunate husband swallowed in one glass. The dose co-operating with his former drowsiness, lulled him so fast asleep, as it were instantaneously, that it was found necessary to convey him to his own chamber, where his footman undressed and put him to bed. Nor was Jolter, naturally of a sluggish disposition, able to resist his propensity to sleep, without suffering divers dreadful yawns, which encouraged his pupil to administer the same dose to him, which had operated so successfully upon the other Argus. This cordial had not such a gentle effect upon the rugged organs of Jolter, as upon the more delicate nerves of Hornbeck, but discovered itself in certain involuntary startings, and convulsive motions in the muscles of his face ; and when his nature at length yielded to the power of this medicine, he sounded the trumpet so loud through his nostrils, that our adventurer was afraid the noise would wake his other patient, and consequently prevent the accomplishment of his aim. The governor was therefore committed to the care of Pipes, who lugged him into the next room, and having stripped off his clothes, tumbled him into his

nest, while the two lovers remained at full liberty to indulge their mutual passion.

Peregrine, in the impatience of his inclination, would have finished the fate of Hornbeck immediately, but his inamorata disapproved of his intention, and represented that their being together by themselves for any length of time would be observed by her servant, who was kept as a spy upon her actions; so that they had recourse to another scheme, which was executed in this manner:—He conducted her into her own apartment, in presence of her footman, who lighted them thither, and, wishing her good rest, returned to his own chamber, where he waited till everything was quiet in the house, then, stealing softly to her door, which had been left open for his admission in the dark, he found the husband still secure in the embraces of sleep, and the lady in a loose gown ready to seal his happiness. He conveyed her to his own chamber, but his guilty passion was not gratified.

The opium which had been given to Jolter, together with the wine he had drank, produced such a perturbation in his fancy, that he was visited with horrible dreams, and, among other miserable situations, imagined himself in danger of perishing in the flames, which he thought had taken hold on his apartment. This vision made such an impression upon his faculties, that he alarmed the whole house with the repeated cries of *fire! fire!* and even leaped out of his bed, though he still continued fast asleep. The lovers were very disagreeably disturbed by this dreadful exclamation, and Mrs. Hornbeck, running in great confusion to the door, had the mortification to see the footman, with a light in his hand, enter her husband's chamber, in order to give him notice of this accident. She knew that she would be instantly missed, and could easily divine the consequence, unless her invention could immediately trump up some plausible excuse for her absence.

Women are naturally fruitful of expedients in cases of such emergency; she employed but a few seconds in recollection, and rushing directly towards the apartment of the governor, who still continued to hollo in the same note, exclaimed, in a screaming tone, "Lord have mercy upon us! —where?—where?" By this time all the servants were assembled in strange attire; Peregrine burst into Jolter's room, and seeing him stalking in his shirt, with his eyes shut, bestowed such a slap upon his back, as in a moment dissolved his dream, and restored him to the use of his senses. He was astonished and ashamed at being discovered in such an indecent attitude; and taking refuge under the clothes, asked pardon of all present for the disturbance he had occasioned, soliciting, with great humility, the forgiveness of the lady, who, to a miracle, counterfeited the utmost agitation of terror and surprise. Meanwhile, Hornbeck being awakened by the repeated efforts of his man, no sooner understood that his wife was missing, than all the chimeras of jealousy taking possession of his imagination, he started up in a sort of frenzy, and snatching his sword, flew straight to Peregrine's chamber, where, though he found not that which he looked for, he unluckily perceived an under petticoat, which his wife had forgot in the hurry of her retreat. This discovery added fuel to the flame of his resentment. He seized the fatal proof of his dishonour, and meeting his spouse in her return to bed, presented it to her view, saying, with a most expressive countenance, "Madam, you have dropped your under-petticoat in the next room." Mrs. Hornbeck, who inherited from nature a most admirable presence of mind, looked earnestly at the object in question, and with incredible serenity of countenance, affirmed that the petticoat must belong to the house, for she had none such in her possession. Peregrine, who walked behind her, hearing this asseveration, immediately interposed, and pulling Hornbeck by the sleeve into his chamber, "Gads zooks!" said he, "what business had you with that petticoat? Can't you let a young fellow enjoy a little amour with an innkeeper's daughter, without exposing his infirmities to your wife? Pshaw! that 's so malicious, because you have quitted these adventures yourself, to spoil the sport of other people." The poor husband was so confounded at the effrontery of his wife, and this cavalier declaration of the young man, that his faith began to waver; he distrusted his own conscious diffidence of temper, which, that he might not expose, he expressed no doubts of Peregrine's veracity, but, asking pardon for the mistake he had committed, retired. He was not yet satisfied with the behaviour of his ingenious helpmate, but, on the contrary, determined to inquire more minutely into the circumstances of this adventure, which turned out so little to his satisfaction, that he ordered his servant to get everything ready for his departure by break of day; and when our adventurer rose next morning, he found that his fellow-travellers were gone above three hours, though they had agreed to stay all the forenoon, with a view of seeing the Prince of Condé's palace, and to proceed all together for Paris in the afternoon.

Peregrine was a little chagrined when he understood that he was so suddenly deprived of this untasted morsel; and Jolter could not conceive the meaning of their abrupt and uncivil disappearance, which, after many profound conjectures, he accounted for by supposing that Hornbeck was some sharper who had run away with an heiress, whom he found it necessary to conceal from the inquiry of her friends.

The pupil, who was well assured of the true motive, allowed his governor to enjoy the triumph of his own penetration, and consoled himself with the hope of seeing his dulcinea again at some of the public places in Paris, which he proposed to frequent. Thus comforted, he visited the magnificent stables and palace of Chantilly, and immediately after dinner they set out for Paris, where they arrived in the evening, and hired apartments at an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germaine, not far from the playhouse.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

He is involved in an Adventure at Paris, and taken Prisoner by the City-guard—Becomes acquainted with a French Nobleman, who introduces him in the Beau Monde.

THEY were no sooner settled in these lodgings than our hero wrote to his uncle an account of their safe arrival, and sent another letter to his friend Gauntlet, with a very tender billet enclosed for his dear Emilia, to whom he repeated all his former vows of constancy and love.

The next care that engrossed him was that of bespeaking several suits of clothes suitable to the French mode; and, in the meantime, he never appeared abroad, except in the English coffee-house, where he soon became acquainted with some of his own countrymen, who were at Paris on the same footing with himself. The third even-

ing after his journey, he was engaged in a party of those young sparks at the house of a noted traiteur, whose wife was remarkably handsome, and otherwise extremely well qualified for alluring customers to her house. To this lady our young gentleman was introduced as a stranger fresh from England; and he was charmed with her personal accomplishments, as well as with the freedom and gaiety of her conversation. Her frank deportment persuaded him that she was one of those kind creatures who granted favours to the best bidder. On this supposition he began to be so importunate in his addresses, that the fair bourgeoise was compelled to cry aloud in defence of her own virtue. Her husband ran immediately to her assistance, and, finding her in a very alarming situation, flew upon her ravisher with such fury, that he was fain to quit his prey, and turn against the exasperated traiteur, whom he punished without mercy for his impudent intrusion. The lady, seeing her yoke-fellow treated with so little respect, espoused his cause, and, fixing her nails in his antagonist's face, scarified all one side of his nose. The noise of this encounter brought all the servants of the house to the rescue of their master, and Peregrine's company opposing them, a general battle ensued, in which the French were totally routed, the wife insulted, and the husband kicked down-stairs.

The publican, enraged at the indignity which had been offered to him and his family, went out into the street, and implored the protection of the guet or city-guard, which, having heard his complaint, fixed their bayonets and surrounded the door, to the number of twelve or fourteen. The young gentlemen, flushed with their success, and considering the soldiers as so many London watchmen, whom they had often put to flight, drew their swords, and sallied out, with Peregrine at their head. Whether the guard respected them as foreigners, or inexperienced youths intoxicated with liquor, they opened to right and left, and gave them room to pass without opposition. This complaisance, which was the effect of compassion, being misinterpreted by the English leader, he, out of mere wantonness, attempted to trip up the heels of the soldier that stood next him, but failed in the execution, and received a blow on his breast with the butt end of his fusil, that made him stagger several paces backward. Incensed at this audacious application, the whole company charged the detachment sword in hand, and, after an obstinate engagement, in which divers wounds were given and received, every soul of them was taken, and conveyed to the main-guard. The commanding officer, being made acquainted with the circumstances of the quarrel, in consideration of their youth and national ferocity, for which the French make large allowances, set them all at liberty, after having gently rebuked them for the irregularity and insolence of their conduct; so that all our hero acquired by his gallantry and courage, was a number of scandalous marks upon his visage, that confined him a whole week to his chamber. It was impossible to conceal this disaster from Mr. Jolter, who, having obtained intelligence of the particulars, did not fail to remonstrate against the rashness of the adventure, which, he observed, must have been fatal to them, had their enemies been other than Frenchmen, who, of all people under the sun, most rigorously observe the laws of hospitality.

As the governor's acquaintance lay chiefly among Irish and English priests, and a set of low people who live by making themselves necessary to strangers, either in teaching the French language, or executing small commissions with which they are intrusted, he was not the most proper person in the world for regulating the taste of a young gentleman who travelled for improvement, in expectation of making a figure one day in his own country. Being conscious of his own incapacity, he contented himself with the office of a steward, and kept a faithful account of all the money that was disbursed in the course of their family expense; not but that he was acquainted with all the places which were visited by strangers on their first arrival at Paris; and he knew to a liard what was commonly given to the Swiss of each remarkable hotel; though, with respect to the curious painting and statuary that everywhere abound in that metropolis, he was more ignorant than the domestic that attends for a livre a day.

In short, Mr. Jolter could give a very good account of the stages on the road, and save the expense of Antonini's detail of the curiosities in Paris. He was a connoisseur in ordinaries, from twelve to five-and-thirty livres, knew all the rates of a fiacre and a remise, could dispute with a taileur or a traiteur upon the articles of his bill, and scold the servants in tolerable French. But the laws, customs, and genius of the people, the characters of individuals, and scenes of polished life, were subjects which he had neither opportunities to observe, inclination to consider, nor discernment to distinguish. All his maxims were the suggestions of pedantry and prejudice; so that his perception was obscured, his judgment biassed, his address awkward, and his conversation absurd and unentertaining. Yet such as I have represented this tutor, is the greatest part of those animals who lead raw boys about the world, under the denomination of travelling governors. Peregrine, therefore, being perfectly well acquainted with the extent of Mr. Jolter's abilities, never dreamed of consulting him in the disposition of his conduct, but parcelled out his time according to the dictates of his own reflection, and the information and direction of his companions, who had lived longer in France, and consequently were better acquainted with the pleasures of the place.

As soon as he was in a condition to appear à la Française, he hired a genteel chariot by the month, made the tour of the Luxembourg gallery, Palais Royal, all the remarkable hotels, churches, and celebrated places in Paris; visited St. Cloud, Marli, Versailles, Trianon, St. Germaine, and Fontainebleau; enjoyed the opera, masquerades, Italian and French comedy; and seldom failed of appearing in the public walks, in hopes of meeting with Mrs. Hornbeck, or some adventure suited to his romantic disposition. He never doubted that his person would attract the notice of some distinguished inamorata, and was vain enough to believe that few female hearts were able to resist the artillery of his accomplishments, should he once find an opportunity of planting it to advantage. He presented himself, however, at all the spectacles for many weeks, without reaping the fruits of his expectation; and began to entertain a very indifferent idea of French discernment, which had overlooked him so long, when one day, in his way to the opera, his chariot was stopped by an embarras in the street, occasioned by two peasants, who, having driven their carts against each other, quarrelled, and went to loggerheads on the spot. Such a rencounter is so uncommon in France, that the people shut up their shops, and from their windows threw cold water upon the combatants, with a view of putting an end to the battle, which was maintained with great fury and very little skill, until

one of them receiving an accidental fall, the other took the advantage of this misfortune, and fastening upon him as he lay, began to thump the pavement with his head. Our hero's equipage being detained close by the field of this contention, Pipes could not bear to see the laws of boxing so scandalously transgressed, and, leaping from his station, pulled the offender from his antagonist, whom he raised up, and, in the English language, encouraged to a second essay, instructing him at the same time, by clenching his fists according to art, and putting himself in a proper attitude. Thus confirmed, the enraged carman sprung upon his foe, and in all appearance would have effectually revenged the injury he had sustained, if he had not been prevented by the interposition of a lacquey belonging to a nobleman, whose coach was obliged to halt in consequence of the dispute. This footman, who was distinguished by a cane, descending from his post, without the least ceremony or expostulation, began to employ his weapon upon the head and shoulders of the peasant who had been patronized by Pipes; upon which Thomas, resenting such ungenerous behaviour, bestowed such a stomacher upon the officious intermeddler, as discomposed the whole economy of his entrails, and obliged him to discharge the interjection Ah! with demonstrations of great anguish and amazement. The other two footmen who stood behind the coach, seeing their fellow-servant so insolently assaulted, flew to his assistance, and rained a most disagreeable shower upon the head of his aggressor, who had no means of diversion or defence. Peregrine, though he did not approve of Tom's conduct, could not bear to see him so roughly handled, especially as he thought his own honour concerned in the fray, and therefore, quitting his machine, came to the rescue of his attendant, and charged his adversaries sword in hand. Two of them no sooner perceived this reinforcement, than they betook themselves to flight; and Pipes, having twisted the cane out of the hands of the third, belaboured him so unmercifully, that our hero thought proper to interpose his authority in his behalf. The common people stood aghast at this unprecedented boldness of Pickle, who, understanding that the person whose servants he had disciplined was a general and prince of the blood, went up to the coach, and asked pardon for what he had done, imputing his own behaviour to his ignorance of the other's quality. The old nobleman accepted of his apology with great politeness, thanking him for the trouble he had taken to reform the manners of his domestics; and guessing from our youth's appearance that he was some stranger of condition, very courteously invited him into the coach, on the supposition that they were both going to the opera. Pickle gladly embraced this opportunity of becoming acquainted with a person of such rank, and ordering his own chariot to follow, accompanied the count to his loge, where he conversed with him during the whole entertainment.

He soon perceived that Peregrine was not deficient in spirit or sense, and seemed particularly pleased with his engaging manner and easy deportment, qualifications for which the English nation is by no means remarkable in France, and therefore the more conspicuous and agreeable in the character of our hero, whom the nobleman carried home that same evening, and introduced to his lady and several persons of fashion, who supped at his house. Peregrine was quite captivated by their affable behaviour and the vivacity of their discourse; and, after having been honoured with particular marks of consideration, took his leave, fully determined to cultivate such a valuable acquaintance.

His vanity suggested, that now the time was come when he should profit by his talents among the fair sex, on whom he resolved to employ his utmost art and address. With this view he assiduously engaged in all parties to which he had access by means of his noble friend, who let slip no opportunity of gratifying his ambition. He, for some time, shared in all his amusements, and was entertained in many of the best families of France; but he did not long enjoy that elevation of hope which had flattered his imagination. He soon perceived that it would be impossible to maintain the honourable connexions he had made, without engaging every day at quadrille, or, in other words, losing his money; for every person of rank, whether male or female, was a professed gamester, who knew and practised all the finesse of the art, of which he was entirely ignorant. Besides, he began to find himself a mere novice in French gallantry, which is supported by an amazing volubility of tongue, an obsequious and incredible attention to trifles, a surprising facility of laughing out of pure complaisance, and a nothingness of conversation, which he could never attain. In short, our hero, who, among his own countrymen, would have passed for a sprightly entertaining fellow, was considered in the brilliant assemblies of France as a youth of a very phlegmatic disposition. No wonder then that his pride was mortified at his own want of importance, which he did not fail to ascribe to their defect in point of judgment and taste. He conceived a disgust at the mercenary conduct, as well as the shallow intellects, of the ladies; and, after he had spent some months, and a round sum of money, in fruitless attendance and addresses, he fairly quitted the pursuit, and consoled himself with the conversation of a merry *fille de joie*, whose good graces he acquired by an allowance of twenty louis per month. That he might the more easily afford this expense, he dismissed his chariot and French lacquey at the same time.

He then entered himself in a noted academy in order to finish his exercises, and contracted an acquaintance with a few sensible people, whom he distinguished at the coffee-house and ordinary to which he resorted, and who contributed not a little to the improvement of his knowledge and taste. For, prejudice apart, it must be owned that France abounds with men of consummate honour, profound sagacity, and the most liberal education. From the conversation of such, he obtained a distinct idea of their government and constitution; and though he could not help admiring the excellent order and economy of their police, the result of all his inquiries was self-congratulation on his title to the privileges of a British subject. Indeed, this invaluable birthright was rendered conspicuous by such flagrant occurrences, which fell every day almost under his observation, that nothing but the grossest prejudice could dispute its existence.

CHAPTER XL.

Acquires a distinct Idea of the French Government—Quarrels with a Mousquetaire, whom he afterwards fights and vanquishes, after having punished him for interfering in his Amorous Recreations.

Among many other instances of the same nature, I believe it will not be amiss to exhibit a few

specimens of their administration, which happened during his abode at Paris, that those who have not the opportunity of observing for themselves, or are in danger of being influenced by misrepresentation, may compare their own condition with that of their neighbours, and do justice to the constitution under which they live.

A lady of distinguished character having been lampooned by some obscure scribbler, who could not be discovered, the ministry, in consequence of her complaint, ordered no fewer than five-and-twenty abbés to be apprehended and sent to the Bastile, on the maxim of Herod, when he commanded the innocents to be murdered, hoping that the principal object of his cruelty would not escape in the general calamity; and the friends of those unhappy prisoners durst not even complain of the unjust persecution, but shrugged up their shoulders, and, in silence, deplored their misfortune, uncertain whether or not they should ever set eyes on them again.

About the same time a gentleman of family, who had been oppressed by a certain powerful duke that lived in the neighbourhood, found means to be introduced to the king, who, receiving his petition very graciously, asked in what regiment he served; and, when the memorialist answered, that he had not the honour of being in the service, returned the paper unopened, and refused to hear one circumstance of his complaint; so that, far from being redressed, he remained more than ever exposed to the tyranny of his oppressor. Nay, so notorious is the discouragement of all those who presume to live independent of court favour and connexions, that one of the gentlemen whose friendship Peregrine cultivated, frankly owned he was in possession of a most romantic place in one of the provinces, and deeply enamoured of a country life; and yet he durst not reside upon his own estate, lest, by slackening in his attendance upon the great, who honoured him with their protection, he should fall a prey to some rapacious intendant.

As for the common people, they are so much inured to the scourge and insolence of power, that every shabby subaltern, every beggarly cadet of the noblesse, every low retainer to the court, insults and injures them with impunity. A certain écuyer, or horse-dealer, belonging to the king, being one day under the hands of a barber, who happened to cut the head of a pimple on his face, he started up, and drawing his sword, wounded him desperately in the shoulder. The poor tradesman, hurt as he was, made an effort to retire, and was followed by this barbarous assassin, who, not contented with the vengeance he had taken, plunged his sword a second time into his body, and killed him on the spot. Having performed this inhuman exploit, he dressed himself with great deliberation, and, going to Versailles, immediately obtained a pardon for what he had done; triumphing in his brutality with such insolence, that the very next time he had occasion to be shaved, he sat with his sword ready drawn, in order to repeat the murder, in case the barber should commit the same mistake. Yet so tamed are those poor people to subjection, that when Peregrine mentioned this assassination to his own trimmer, with expressions of horror and detestation, the infatuated wretch replied, that without all doubt it was a misfortune, but it proceeded from the gentleman's passion; and observed, by way of encomium on the Government, that such vivacity is never punished in France.

A few days after this outrage was committed, our youth, who was a professed enemy to all oppression, being in one of the first loges at the comedy, was eyewitness of an adventure which filled him with indignation. A tall ferocious fellow, in the parterre, without the least provocation, but prompted by the mere wantonness of pride, took hold of the hat of a very decent young man, who happened to stand before him, and twirled it round upon his head. The party thus offended turned to the aggressor, and civilly asked the reason of such treatment, but he received no answer; and when he looked the other way, the insult was repeated. Upon which he expressed his resentment as became a man of spirit, and desired the offender to walk out with him. No sooner did he thus signify his intention, than his adversary, swelling with rage, cocked his hat fiercely in his face, and, fixing his hands in his sides, pronounced with the most imperious tone, "Hark ye, Mr. Round Periwig, you must know that I am a mousquetaire." Scarce had this awful word escaped from his lips, when the blood forsook the lips of the poor challenger, who, with the most abject submission, begged pardon for his presumption, and with difficulty obtained it, on condition that he should immediately quit the place. Having thus exercised his authority, he turned to one of his companions, and, with an air of disdainful ridicule, told him he was like to have had an affair with a bourgeois; adding, by way of heightening the irony, "Egad! I believe he's a physician."

Our hero was so much shocked and irritated at this licentious behaviour, that he could not suppress his resentment, which he manifested, by saying to this Hector, "Sir, a physician may be a man of honour." To this remonstrance, which was delivered with a very significant countenance, the mousquetaire made no other reply, but that of echoing his assertion with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his confederates. Peregrine, glowing with resentment, called him a *fanfaron*, and withdrew in expectation of being followed into the street. The other understood the hint, and a rencounter must have ensued, had not the officer of the guard, who overheard what passed, prevented their meeting, by putting the mousquetaire immediately under arrest. Our young gentleman waited at the door of the parterre, until he was informed of this interposition, and then went home very much chagrined at his disappointment; for he was an utter stranger to fear and diffidence on those occasions, and had set his heart upon chastising the insolence of this bully, who had treated him with such disrespect.

This adventure was not so private but that it reached the ears of Mr. Jolter, by the canal of some English gentlemen who were present when it happened; and the governor, who entertained a most dreadful idea of the mousquetaires, being alarmed at a quarrel, the consequence of which might be fatal to his charge, waited on the British ambassador, and begged he would take Peregrine under his immediate protection. His excellency, having heard the circumstances of the dispute, sent one of his gentlemen to invite the youth to dinner; and, after having assured him that he might depend upon his countenance and regard, represented the rashness and impetuosity of his conduct so much to his conviction, that he promised to act more circumspectly for the future, and drop all thoughts of the mousquetaire from that moment.

A few days after he had taken this laudable resolution, Pipes, who had carried a billet to his mistress, informed him that he had perceived a

laced hat lying upon a marble slab in her apartment; and that, when she came out of her own chamber to receive the letter, she appeared in manifest disorder.

From these hints of intelligence, our young gentleman suspected, or rather made no doubt of, her infidelity; and being by this time well-nigh cloyed with possession, was not sorry to find that she had given him cause to renounce her correspondence. That he might therefore detect her in the very breach of duty, and at the same time punish the gallant who had the presumption to invade his territories, he concerted with himself a plan, which was executed in this manner. During his next interview with his dulcinea, far from discovering the least sign of jealousy or discontent, he affected the appearance of extraordinary fondness; and, after having spent the afternoon with the show of uncommon satisfaction, told her he was engaged in a party for Fontainebleau, and would set out from Paris that same evening; so that he should not have the pleasure of seeing her again for some days.

The lady, who was very well versed in the arts of her occupation, pretended to receive this piece of news with great affliction, and conjured him, with such marks of real tenderness, to return as soon as possible to her longing arms, that he went away almost convinced of her sincerity. Determined, however, to prosecute his scheme, he actually departed from Paris with two or three gentlemen of his acquaintance, who had hired a remise for a jaunt to Versailles; and, having accompanied them as far as the village of Passe, returned in the dusk of the evening on foot.

He waited patiently till midnight, and then arming himself with a case of pocket pistols, and attended by trusty Tom, with a cudgel in his hand, repaired to the lodgings of his suspected inamorata. Having given Pipes his cue, he knocked gently at the door, which was no sooner opened by the lacquey, than he bolted in, before the fellow could recollect himself from the confusion occasioned by his unexpected appearance; and, leaving Tom to guard the door, ordered the trembling valet to light him up-stairs into his lady's apartment. The first object that presented itself to his view, when he entered the antechamber, was a sword upon the table, which he immediately seized, exclaiming in a loud and menacing voice, that his mistress was false, and then in bed with another gallant, whom he would instantly put to death. This declaration, confirmed by many terrible oaths, he calculated for the hearing of his rival, who, understanding his sanguinary purpose, started up in great trepidation, and, naked as he was, dropped from the balcony into the street, while Peregrine thundered at the door for admittance, and, guessing his design, gave him an opportunity of making this precipitate retreat. Pipes, who stood sentinel at the door, observing the fugitive descend, attacked him with his cudgel, and sweating him from one end of the street to the other, at last committed him to the guet, by whom he was conveyed to the officer on duty in a most disgraceful and deplorable condition.

Meanwhile, Peregrine having burst open the chamber door, found the lady in the utmost dread and consternation, and the spoils of her favourite scattered about the room; but his resentment was doubly gratified, when he learnt upon inquiry, that the person who had been so disagreeably interrupted, was no other than that individual mousquetaire with whom he had quarrelled at the comedy. He upbraided the nymph with her perfidy and ingratitude, and, telling her that she must not expect the continuance of his regard, or the appointments which she had hitherto enjoyed from his bounty, went home to his own lodgings, overjoyed at the issue of the adventure.

The soldier, exasperated at the disgrace he had undergone, as well as at the outrageous insult of the English valet, whom he believed his master had tutored for that purpose, no sooner extricated himself from the opprobrious situation he had incurred, than, breathing vengeance against the author of the affront, he came to Peregrine's apartment, and demanded satisfaction upon the ramparts next morning before sunrise. Our hero assured him he would not fail to pay his respects to him at the time and place appointed; and, foreseeing that he might be prevented from keeping this engagement by the officious care of his governor, who saw the mousquetaire come in, he told Mr. Jolter that the Frenchman had visited him in consequence of an order he had received from his superiors, to make an apology for his rude behaviour to him in the playhouse, and that they had parted good friends. This assurance, together with Pickle's very tranquil and unconcerned behaviour through the day, quieted the terrors which had begun to take possession of his tutor's imagination; so that the youth had an opportunity of giving him the slip at night, when he betook himself to the lodgings of a friend, whom he engaged as his second, and with whom he immediately took the field, in order to avoid the search which Jolter, upon missing him, might set on foot.

This was a necessary precaution; for, as he did not appear at supper, and Pipes, who usually attended him in his excursions, could give no account of his motions, the governor was dreadfully alarmed at his absence, and ordered his man to run in quest of his master to all the places which he used to frequent, while he himself went to the commissaire, and, communicating his suspicions, was accommodated with a party of the horse-guards, who patrolled round all the environs of the city, with a view of preventing the rencounter. Pipes might have directed them to the lady, by whose information they could have learnt the name and lodging of the mousquetaire, and, if he had been apprehended, the duel would not have happened; but he did not choose to run the risk of disobliging his master, by intermeddling in the affair, and was moreover very desirous that the Frenchman should be humbled; for he never doubted that Peregrine was more than a match for any two men in France. In this confidence, therefore, he sought his master with great diligence, not with a view of disappointing his intention, but in order to attend him to the battle, that he might stand by him and see justice done.

While this inquiry was carried on, our hero and his companion concealed themselves among some weeds that grew on the edge of the parapet, a few yards from the spot where he had agreed to meet the mousquetaire; and scarce had the morning rendered objects distinguishable, when they perceived their men advancing boldly to the place. Peregrine, seeing them approach, sprung forward to the ground, that he might have the glory of anticipating his antagonist; and, swords being drawn, all four were engaged in a twinkling. Pickle's eagerness had well-nigh cost him his life; for, without minding his footing, he flew directly to his opposite, and, stumbling over a stone, was wounded on one side of his head,

before he could recover his attitude. Far from being dispirited at this check, it served only to animate him the more. Being endowed with uncommon agility, he retrieved his posture in a moment, and, having parried a second thrust, returned the lunge with such incredible speed, that the soldier had not time to resume his guard, but was immediately run through the bend of his right arm, and, the sword dropping out of his hand, our hero's victory was complete.

Having despatched his own business, and received the acknowledgment of his adversary, who, with a look of infinite mortification, observed that his was the fortune of the day, he ran to part the seconds, just as the weapon was twisted out of his companion's hand; upon which he took his place, and, in all likelihood, an obstinate dispute would have ensued, had they not been interrupted by the guard, at sight of whom the two Frenchmen scampered off. Our young gentleman and his friend allowed themselves to be taken prisoners by the detachment which had been sent out for that purpose, and were carried before the magistrate, who, having sharply reprimanded them for presuming to act in contempt of the laws, set them at liberty, in consideration of their being strangers; cautioning them, at the same time, to beware of such exploits for the future.

When Peregrine returned to his own lodgings, Pipes, seeing the blood trickling down upon his master's neckcloth and solitaire, gave evident tokens of surprise and concern, not for the consequences of the wound, which he did not suppose dangerous, but for the glory of Old England, which he was afraid had suffered in the engagement; for he could not help saying, with an air of chagrin, as he followed the youth into his chamber, "I do suppose as how you gave that lubberly Frenchman as good as he brought."

CHAPTER XLI.

Mr. Jolter threatens to leave him on account of his Misconduct, which he promises to rectify; but his Resolution is defeated by the impetuosity of his Passions—He meets accidentally with Mrs. Hornbeck, who elopes with him from her Husband, but is restored by the interposition of the British Ambassador.

THOUGH Mr. Jolter was extremely well pleased at the safety of his pupil, he could not forgive him for the terror and anxiety he had undergone on his account; and roundly told him that, notwithstanding the inclination and attachment he had to his person, he would immediately depart for England, if ever he should hear of his being involved in such another adventure; for it could not be expected, that he would sacrifice his own quiet to an unrequited regard for one who seemed determined to keep him in continued uneasiness and apprehension.

To this declaration Pickle made answer, that Mr. Jolter, by this time, ought to be convinced of the attention he had always paid to his ease and satisfaction; since he well knew that he had ever looked upon him in the light of a friend, rather than as a counsellor or tutor, and desired his company in France, with a view of promoting his interest, not from any emolument he could expect from his instruction. This being the case, he was at liberty to consult his own inclinations, with regard to going or staying; though he could not help owning himself obliged by the concern he expressed for his safety, and would endeavour, for his own sake, to avoid giving him any cause of disturbance in time to come.

No man was more capable of moralizing upon Peregrine's misconduct than himself; his reflections were extremely just and sagacious, and attended with no other disadvantage but that of occurring too late. He projected a thousand salutary schemes of deportment, but, like other projectors, he never had interest enough with the ministry of his passions to bring any one of them to bear. He had, in the heyday of his gallantry, received a letter from his friend Gauntlet, with a kind postscript from his charming Emilia; but it arrived at a very unseasonable juncture, when his imagination was engrossed by conquests that more agreeably flattered his ambition; so that he could not find leisure and inclination from that day to honour the correspondence which he himself had solicited. His vanity had, by this time, disapproved of the engagement he had contracted in the rawness and inexperience of youth, suggesting that he was born to make such an important figure in life as ought to raise his ideas above the consideration of any such middling connexions, and fix his attention upon objects of the most sublime attraction. These dictates of ridiculous pride had almost effaced the remembrance of his amiable mistress; or, at least, so far warped his morals and integrity, that he actually began to conceive hopes of her altogether unworthy of his own character, and her deserts.

Meanwhile, being destitute of a toy for the dalliance of his idle hours, he employed several spies, and almost every day made a tour of the public places in person, with a view of procuring intelligence of Mr. Hornbeck, with whose wife he longed to have another interview. In this course of expectation had he exercised himself a whole fortnight, when, chancing to be at the hospital of invalids with a gentleman lately arrived from England, he no sooner entered the church, than he perceived this lady, attended by her spouse, who, at sight of our hero, changed colour, and looked another way, in order to discourage any communication between them. But the young man, who was not so easily repulsed, advanced with great assurance to his fellow-traveller, and, taking him by the hand, expressed his satisfaction at this unexpected meeting, kindly upbraiding him for his precipitate retreat from Chantilly. Before Hornbeck could make any reply, he went up to his wife, whom he complimented in the same manner, assuring her, with some significant glances, he was extremely mortified that she had put it out of his power to pay his respects to her on his first arrival at Paris; and then, turning to her husband, who thought proper to keep close to him in this conference, begged to know where he could have the honour of waiting upon him; observing, at the same time, that he himself lived à l'Académie de Palfrenier.

Mr. Hornbeck, without making any apology for his elopement on the road, thanked Mr. Pickle for his complaisance in a very cool and disobliging manner, saying, that as he intended to shift his lodgings in a day or two, he could not expect the pleasure of seeing him until he should be settled, when he would call at the academy, and conduct him to his new habitation.

Pickle, who was not unacquainted with the sentiments of this jealous gentleman, did not put much confidence in his promise, and therefore made divers efforts to enjoy a little private conversation with his wife; but he was baffled in all his attempts by the indefatigable vigilance of her

keeper, and reaped no other immediate pleasure from this accidental meeting than that of a kind squeeze while he handed her into the coach. However, as he had been witness to some instances of her invention, and was no stranger to the favourable disposition of her heart, he entertained some faint hopes of profiting by her understanding, and was not deceived in his expectations; for, the very next afternoon, a Savoyard called at the academy, and put the following billet into his hand:—

"Coind Sur,—Heaving the playsure of meating with you at the ofspital of anvilheads, I take this lubbertea of latin you know, that I lotch at the Hottail de May cong dangle rouy Doghouseten, with two postis at the gait, naytheir of um very hole, ware I shall be at the windore, if in kais you will be so good as to pass that way at sicks a cloak in the heavening, when Mr. Hornbeck goes to the Calf hay de Contea. Prey for the loaf of Geesus keep this from the nolegs of my hussban, ells he will make me leed a hell upon urth. Being all from, deer Sur, your most umbel servan wile Deborah Hornbeck."

Our young gentleman was ravished at the receipt of this elegant epistle, which was directed, "A Monsr. Monsr. Pickhell, a la Gaddamme de Paul Freny," and did not fail to obey the summons at the hour of assignation; when the lady, true to her appointment, beckoned him up-stairs, and he had the good fortune to be admitted unseen.

After the first transports of their mutual joy at meeting, she told him that her husband had been very surly and cross ever since the adventure at Chantilly, which he had not yet digested; that he had laid severe injunctions upon her to avoid all commerce with Pickle, and even threatened to shut her up in a convent for life, if ever she should discover the least inclination to renew that acquaintance; that she had been cooped up in her chamber since her arrival at Paris, without being permitted to see the place, or, indeed, any company, except that of her landlady, whose language she did not understand; so that, her spirit being broke, and her health impaired, he was prevailed upon, some days ago, to indulge her in a few airings, during which she had seen the gardens of the Luxembourg, the Tuilleries, and Palais Royal, though at those times when there was no company in the walks; and that it was in one of those excursions she had the happiness of meeting with him. Finally, she gave him to understand that, rather than continue longer under such confinement with the man whom she could not love, she would instantly give him the slip, and put herself under the protection of her lover.

Rash and unthinking as this declaration might be, the young gentleman was so much of a gallant, that he would not balk the lady's inclinations, and too infatuated by his passion to foresee the consequences of such a dangerous step. He therefore, without hesitation, embraced the proposal, and, the coast being clear, they sallied into the street, where Peregrine called a fiacre, and ordered the coachman to drive them to a tavern. But, knowing it would not be in his power to conceal her from the search of the lieutenant de police, if she should remain within the walls of Paris, he hired a remise, and carried her that same evening to Villejuif, about four leagues from town, where he stayed with her all night; and having boarded her on a genteel pension, and settled the economy of his future visits, returned next day to his own lodgings.

While he thus enjoyed his success, her husband endured the tortures of the damned. When he returned from the coffee-house, and understood that his wife had eloped, without being perceived by any person in the family, he began to rave and foam with rage and jealousy, and, in the fury of distraction, accused the landlady of being an accomplice in her escape, threatening to complain of her to the commissaire. The woman could not conceive how Mrs. Hornbeck, who she knew was an utter stranger to the French language, and kept no sort of company, could elude the caution of her husband, and find any refuge in a place where she had no acquaintance; and began to suspect the lodger's emotion was no other than an affected passion to conceal his own practices upon his wife, who had perhaps fallen a sacrifice to his jealous disposition. She therefore spared him the trouble of putting his menaces into execution, by going to the magistrate without any farther deliberation, and giving an account of what she knew concerning this mysterious affair, with certain insinuations against Hornbeck's character, which she represented as peevish and capricious to the last degree.

While she thus anticipated the purpose of the plaintiff, her information was interrupted by the arrival of the party himself, who exhibited his complaint with such evident marks of perturbation, anger, and impatience, that the commissaire could easily perceive that he had no share in the disappearance of his wife; and directed him to the lieutenant de police, whose province it is to take cognizance of such occurrences. This gentleman, who presides over the city of Paris, having heard the particulars of Hornbeck's misfortune, asked if he suspected any individual person as the seducer of his yoke-fellow; and, when he mentioned Peregrine as the object of his suspicion, granted a warrant, and a detachment of soldiers, to search for and retrieve the fugitive.

The husband conducted them immediately to the academy, where our hero lodged, and having rummaged the whole place, to the astonishment of Mr. Jolter, without finding either his wife or the supposed ravisher, accompanied them to all the public-houses in the Faubourg; which having examined also without success, he returned to the magistrate in a state of despair, and obtained a promise of his making such an effectual inquiry, that, in three days, he should have an account of her, provided she was alive, and within the walls of Paris.

Our adventurer, who had foreseen all this disturbance, was not at all surprised when his governor told him what had happened; and conjured him to restore the woman to the right owner, with many pathetic remonstrances touching the heinous sin of adultery, the distraction of the unfortunate husband, and the danger of incurring the resentment of an arbitrary government, which, upon application being made, would not fail of espousing the cause of the injured. He denied, with great effrontery, that he had the least concern in the matter, pretended to resent the deportment of Hornbeck, whom he threatened to chastise for his scandalous suspicion, and expressed his displeasure at the credulity of Jolter, who seemed to doubt the veracity of his asseveration.

Notwithstanding this confident behaviour, Jolter could not help entertaining doubts of his sincerity; and, visiting the disconsolate swain, begged he would, for the honour of his country, as well as for the sake of his own reputation, discontinue his addresses to the lieutenant de police, and apply to the British ambassador, who, by dint of friendly admonitions, would certainly prevail upon Mr. Pickle to do him all

the justice in his power, if he was really the author of the injury he had sustained. The governor urged this advice with the appearance of so much sympathy and concern, promising to co-operate with all his influence in his behalf, that Hornbeck embraced the proposal, communicated his purpose to the magistrate, who commended the resolution as the most decent and desirable expedient he could use, and then waited upon his excellency, who readily espoused his cause, and, sending for the young gentleman that same evening, read him such a lecture in private, as extorted a confession of the whole affair. Not that he assailed him with sour and supercilious maxims, or severe rebuke, because he had penetration enough to discern that Peregrine's disposition was impregnable to all such attacks; but he first of all rallied him upon his intriguing genius, then in an humorous manner described the distraction of the poor cuckold, who, he owned, was justly punished for the absurdity of his conduct; and, lastly, upon the supposition that it would be no great effort in Pickle to part with such a conquest, especially after it had been for some time possessed, he represented the necessity and expediency of restoring her, not only out of regard to his own character, and that of his nation, but also with a view to his ease, which would in a little time be very much invaded by such an encumbrance, that in all probability would involve him in a thousand difficulties and disgusts. Besides, he assured him, that he was already, by order of the lieutenant de police, surrounded with spies, who would watch all his motions, and immediately discover the retreat in which he had disposed of his prize. These arguments, and the frank familiar manner in which they were delivered, but, above all, the last consideration, induced the young gentleman to disclose the whole of his proceedings to the ambassador, and promised to be governed by his direction, provided the lady should not suffer for the step she had taken, but be received by her husband with due reverence and respect. These stipulations being agreed to, he undertook to produce her in eight-and-forty hours; and, taking coach immediately, drove to the place of her residence, where he spent a whole day and a night in convincing her of the impossibility of their enjoying each other in that manner. Then, returning to Paris, he delivered her into the hands of the ambassador, who, having assured her that she might depend upon his friendship and protection, in case she should find herself aggrieved by the jealous temper of Mr. Hornbeck, restored her to her legitimate lord, whom he counselled to exempt her from that restraint which in all probability had been the cause of her elopement, and endeavour to conciliate her affection by tender and respectful usage.

The husband behaved with great humility and compliance, protesting that his chief study should be to contrive parties for her pleasure and satisfaction. But no sooner did he regain possession of his stray sheep, than he locked her up more closely than ever; and, after having revolved various schemes for her reformation, determined to board her in a convent, under the inspection of a prudent abbess, who should superintend her morals, and recall her to the paths of virtue, which she had forsaken. With this view he consulted an English priest of his acquaintance, who advised him to settle her in a monastery at Lisle, that she might be as far as possible from the machinations of her lover; and gave him a letter of recommendation to the superior of a certain convent in that place, for which Mr. Hornbeck set out in a few days with his troublesome charge.

CHAPTER XLII.

Peregrine resolves to return to England; is diverted with the odd Characters of two of his Countrymen, with whom he contracts an Acquaintance in the Apartments of the Palais Royal.

In the meantime our hero received a letter from his aunt, importing that the commodore was in a very declining way, and longed much to see him at the garrison; and, at the same time, he heard from his sister, who gave him to understand, that the young gentleman who had for some time made his addresses to her, was become very pressing in his solicitations, so that she wanted to know in what manner she should answer his repeated entreaties. These two considerations determined the young gentleman to return to his native country, a resolution that was far from being disagreeable to Jolter, who knew that the incumbent on a living which was in the gift of Trunnion, was extremely old, and that it would be his interest to be upon the spot at the said incumbent's decease.

Peregrine, who had resided about fifteen months in France, thought he was now sufficiently qualified for eclipsing most of his contemporaries in England, and therefore prepared for his departure with infinite alacrity, being moreover inflamed with the most ardent desire of revisiting his friends, and renewing his connexions, particularly with Emilia, whose heart he, by this time, thought he was able to reduce on his own terms.

As he proposed to make the tour of Flanders and Holland in his return to England, he resolved to stay at Paris a week or two after his affairs were settled, in hope of finding some agreeable companion disposed for the same journey, and, in order to refresh his memory, made a second circuit round all the places in that capital, where any curious production of art is to be seen. In the course of this second examination, he chanced to enter the Palais Royal just as two gentlemen alighted from a fiacre at the gate, and all three being admitted at the same time, he soon perceived that the strangers were of his own country. One of them was a young man, in whose air and countenance appeared all the uncouth gravity and supercilious self-conceit of a physician piping hot from his studies; while the other, to whom his companion spoke by the appellation of Mr. Pallet, displayed at first sight a strange composition of levity and assurance. Indeed, their characters, dress, and address, were strongly contrasted. The doctor wore a suit of black, and a huge tie-wig, neither suitable to his own age, nor the fashion of the country where he then lived; whereas the other, though seemingly turned of fifty, strutted in a gay summer dress of the Parisian cut, with a bag to his own grey hair, and a red feather in his hat, which he carried under his arm. As these figures seemed to promise something entertaining, Pickle entered into conversation with them immediately, and soon discovered that the old gentleman was a painter from London, who had stole a fortnight from his occupation, in order to visit the remarkable paintings of France and Flanders; and that the doctor had taken the opportunity of accompanying him in his

tour. Being extremely talkative, he not only communicated these particulars to our hero in a very few minutes after their meeting, but also took occasion to whisper in his ear, that his fellow-traveller was a man of vast learning, and, beyond all doubt, the greatest poet of the age. As for himself, he was under no necessity of making his own eulogium; for he soon gave such specimens of his taste and talents, as left Pickle no room to doubt of his capacity.

While they stood considering the pictures in one of the first apartments, which are by no means the most masterly compositions, the Swiss, who sets up for a connoisseur, looking at a certain piece, pronounced the word *magnifique!* with a note of admiration; upon which Mr. Pallet, who was not at all a critic in the French language, replied with great vivacity, "*manufac*, you mean, and a very indifferent piece of manufacture it is; pray, gentlemen, take notice, there is no keeping in those heads upon the background, nor no relief in the principal figure. Then you'll observe the shadings are harsh to the last degree; and—come a little closer this way—don't you perceive that the foreshortening of that arm is monstrous—agad, sir, there is an absolute fracture in the limb. Doctor, you understand anatomy: don't you think that muscle evidently misplaced? Hark ye, Mr. what d'ye call um," turning to the attendant, "what is the name of the dauber who painted that miserable performance?" The Swiss, imagining that he was all this time expressing his satisfaction, sanctioned his supposed commendation, by exclaiming *sans prix*. "Right," cried Pallet, "I could not recollect his name, though his manner is quite familiar to me. We have a few pieces in England done by that same Sangpree; but there they are in no estimation; we have more taste among us than to relish the productions of such a miserable gout. A'n't he an ignorant coxcomb, doctor?" The physician, ashamed of his companion's blunder, thought it was necessary, for the honour of his own character, to take notice of it before the stranger, and therefore answered his question, by repeating this line from Horace,

"Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

The painter, who was rather more ignorant of Latin than of French, taking it for granted that this quotation of his friend conveyed an assent to his opinion, "Very true," said he, "*Potatoe domine date*, this piece is not worth a single potato." Peregrine was astonished at this surprising perversion of the words and meaning of a Latin line, which, at first, he could not help thinking was a premeditated joke; but, upon second thoughts, he saw no reason to doubt that it was the extemporaneous effect of sheer pertness and ignorance, at which he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Pallet, believing that the gentleman's mirth was occasioned by his arch animadversion upon the work of Sangpree, underwent the same emotion in a much louder strain, and endeavoured to heighten the jest by more observations of the same nature; while the doctor, confounded at his impudence and want of knowledge, reprimanded him in these words of Homer:—

"Siga me tis allos Achaion touton akouse muthon."

This rebuke, the reader will easily perceive, was not calculated for the meridian of his friend's intellects, but uttered with a view of raising his own character in the opinion of Mr. Pickle, who retorted this parade of learning in three verses from the same author, being part of the speech of Polydamas to Hector, importing that it is impossible for one man to excel in everything. The self-sufficient physician, who did not expect such a repartee from a youth of Peregrine's appearance, looked upon his reply as a fair challenge, and instantly rehearsed forty or fifty lines of the Iliad in a breath. Observing that the stranger made no effort to match this effusion, he interpreted his silence into submission; then, in order to ascertain his victory, insulted him with divers fragments of authors, whom his supposed competitor did not even know by name; while Mr. Pallet stared with admiration at the profound scholarship of his companion. Our young gentleman, far from repining at this superiority, laughed within himself at the ridiculous ambition of the pedantic doctor. He rated him in his own mind as a mere index-hunter, who held the eel of science by the tail, and foresaw an infinite fund of diversion in his solemnity and pride, if properly extracted by means of his fellow-traveller's vanity and assurance. Prompted by these considerations, he resolved to cultivate their acquaintance, and, if possible, amuse himself at their expense in his journey through Flanders, understanding that they were determined upon the same route. In this view he treated them with extraordinary attention, and seemed to pay particular deference to the remarks of the painter, who with great intrepidity pronounced judgment upon every picture in the palace, or, in other words, exposed his own nakedness in every sentence that proceeded from his mouth.

When they came to consider the Murder of the Innocents, by Le Brun, the Swiss observed that it was *un beau morceau*; and Mr. Pallet replied, "Yes, yes, one may see with half an eye that it can be the production of no other; for Bomorso's style, both in colouring and drapery, is altogether peculiar; then his design is tame, and his expression antic and unnatural. Doctor, you have seen my Judgment of Solomon; I think I may without presumption—but I don't choose to make comparisons; I leave that odious task to other people, and let my works speak for themselves. France, to be sure, is rich in the arts; but what is the reason? The king encourages men of genius with honour and rewards; whereas, in England, we are obliged to stand upon our own feet, and combat the envy and malice of our brethren—agad! I have a good mind to come and settle here in Paris; I should like to have an apartment in the Louvre, with a snug pension of so many thousand livres." In this manner did Pallet proceed with an eternal rotation of tongue, floundering from one mistake to another, until it was the turn of Poussin's Seven Sacraments to be examined. Here again the Swiss, out of the abundance of his zeal, expressed his admiration, by saying these pieces were *impayable*; when the painter, turning to him with an air of exultation, "Pardon me, friend, there you happen to be mistaken; these are none of Impayable's, but done by Nicholas Pouseen. I have seen prints of them in England; so that none of your tricks upon travellers, Mr. Swiss, or Swash, or what's your name." He was very much elated by this imaginary triumph of his understanding, which animated him to persevere in his curious observations upon all the other pieces of that celebrated collection, but, perceiving that the doctor manifested no signs of pleasure and satisfaction, but rather beheld them with a silent air of disdain, he could not digest his indifference, and asked with a waggish sneer,

if ever he had seen such a number of masterpieces before? The physician, eyeing him with a look of compassion, mingled with contempt, observed, that there was nothing there which deserved the attention of any person acquainted with the ideas of the ancients; and that the author of the finest piece now in being was unworthy to clean the brushes of one of those great masters who are celebrated by the Greek and Roman writers. "O lud! O lud!" exclaimed the painter, with a loud laugh, "you have fairly brought yourself into a dilemma at last, dear doctor, for it is well known that your ancient Greek and Roman artists knew nothing at all of the matter, in comparison with our modern masters; for this good reason, because they had but three or four colours, and knew not how to paint with oil. Besides, which of all your old fusty Grecians would you put upon a footing with the divine Raphael, the most excellent Michael Angelo, Bona Roti, the graceful Guido, the bewitching Titian, and, above all others, the sublime Rubens, the—" He would have proceeded with a long catalogue of names which he had got by heart for the purpose, without retaining the least idea of their several qualifications, had not he been interrupted by his friend, whose indignation being kindled by the irreverence with which he mentioned the Greeks, he called him blasphemer, Goth, Bœotian, and, in his turn, asked with great vehemence which of those puny moderns could match with Panænus of Athens, and his brother Phidias, Polycletus of Sicyon, Polygnotus the Thasian, Parrhasius of Ephesus, surnamed Abrodiaitos, or *the Beau*, and Apelles, the prince of painters? He challenged him to show any portrait of these days that could vie with the Helen of Xeuxis the Heraclean, or any composition equal to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Timanthes the Sicyonian; not to mention the twelve gods of Asclepiadorus the Athenian, for which Mnason, tyrant of Elatea, gave him about three hundred pounds apiece; or Homer's Hell, by Nicias, who refused sixty talents, amounting to upwards of eleven thousand pounds, and generously made a present of it to his own country. He desired him to produce a collection equal to that in the Temple of Delphos, mentioned in the Ion of Euripides, where Hercules and his companion Iolaus are represented in the act of killing the Lernæan hydra, with golden sickles, *kruseais harpais*, where Bellerophon appears on his winged steed, vanquishing the fire-breathing chimera, *tan puripneousan*, and the War of the Giants is described—here Jupiter stands wielding the red-hot thunderbolt, *Keraunon amphipuron;* there Pallas, dreadful to the view, *Gorgopon*, brandisheth her spear against the huge Enceladus; and Bacchus, with slender ivy rods, defeats and slays the *gas teknon*, or mighty son of earth. The painter was astonished and confounded at this rhapsody of names and instances, which was uttered with surprising eagerness and rapidity, and suspected at first that the whole was the creation of his own brain. But when Pickle, with a view of flattering the doctor's self-conceit, espoused his side of the question, and confirmed the truth of everything he advanced, Mr. Pallet changed his opinion, and in emphatic silence adored the immensity of his friend's understanding. In short, Peregrine easily perceived that they were false enthusiasts, without the smallest pretensions to taste and sensibility, and pretended to be in raptures with they knew not what, the one thinking it was incumbent upon him to express transports on seeing the works of those who had been most eminent in his profession, whether they did or did not really raise his admiration; and the other, as a scholar, deeming it his duty to magnify the ancients above all competition, with an affected fervour, which the knowledge of their excellencies never inspired. Indeed, our young gentleman so successfully accommodated himself to the dispositions of each, that, long before their review was finished, he was become a particular favourite with both.

From the Palais Royal he accompanied them to the cloisters of the Carthusians, where they considered the history of St. Bruno, by Le Sieur, whose name being utterly unknown to the painter, he gave judgment against the whole composition as pitiful and paltry, though, in the opinion of all good judges, it is a most masterly performance.

Having satisfied their curiosity in this place, Peregrine asked them to favour him with their company at dinner; but whether out of caution against the insinuations of one whose character they did not know, or by reason of a prior engagement, they declined his invitation, on pretence of having an appointment at a certain ordinary, though they expressed a desire of being farther acquainted with him; and Mr. Pallet took the freedom of asking his name, which he not only declared, but promised, as they were strangers in Paris, to wait upon them next day in the forenoon, in order to conduct them to the Hotel de Toulouse, and the houses of several other noblemen, remarkable for paintings or curious furniture. They thankfully embraced his proposal, and that same day made inquiry among the English gentlemen about the character of our hero, which they found so much to their satisfaction, that, upon their second meeting, they courted his good graces without reserve; and, as they had heard of his intended departure, begged earnestly to have the honour of accompanying him through the Low Countries. He assured them that nothing could be more agreeable to him than the prospect of having such fellow-travellers; and they immediately appointed a day for setting out on that tour.

CHAPTER XLIII.

He introduces his new Friends to Mr. Jolter, with whom the Doctor enters into a Dispute upon Government, which had well-nigh terminated in open War.

MEANWHILE, he not only made them acquainted with everything worth seeing in town, but attended them in their excursions to all the king's houses within a day's journey of Paris; and, in the course of these parties, treated them with an elegant dinner at his own apartments, where a dispute arose between the doctor and Mr. Jolter, which had well-nigh terminated in an irreconcilable animosity. These gentlemen, with an equal share of pride, pedantry, and saturnine disposition, were, by the accidents of education and company, diametrically opposite in political maxims; the one, as we have already observed, being a bigoted high churchman, and the other a rank republican. It was an article of the governor's creed, that the people could not be happy, nor the earth yield its fruits in abundance, under a restricted clergy and limited government; whereas, in the doctor's opinion, it was an eternal truth, that no constitution was so perfect as the democracy, and that no country

could flourish but under the administration of the mob.

These considerations being premised, no wonder that they happened to disagree in the freedom of an unreserved conversation, especially as their entertainer took all opportunities of encouraging and inflaming the contention. The first source of their difference was an unlucky remark of the painter, who observed that the partridge, of which he was then eating, had the finest relish of any he had ever tasted. His friend owned that the birds were the best of the kind he had seen in France; but affirmed that they were neither so plump nor delicious as those that were caught in England. The governor, considering this observation as the effect of prejudice and inexperience, said, with a sarcastical smile, "I believe, sir, you are very well disposed to find everything here inferior to the productions of your own country." "True, sir," answered the physician, with a certain solemnity of aspect, "and not without good reason, I hope." "And pray," resumed the tutor, "why may not the partridges of France be as good as those of England?" "For a very plain reason," replied the other, "because they are not so well fed. The iron hand of oppression is extended to all animals within the French dominions, even to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. *Kunessin oionoisi te pasi.*" "Egad!" cried the painter, "that is a truth not to be controverted; for my own part, I am none of your tit-bits, one would think, but yet there's a freshness in the English complexion, a *ginseekye*, I think you call it, so inviting to a hungry Frenchman, that I have caught several in the very act of viewing me with an eye of extreme appetite as I passed; and as for their curs, or rather their wolves, whenever I set eyes on one of 'em, Ah! your humble servant, Mr. son of a bitch; I am upon my guard in an instant. The doctor can testify that their very horses, or more properly their live carrion, that drew our chaise, used to reach back their long necks, and smell at us, as a couple of delicious morsels." This sally of Mr. Pallet, which was received with a general laugh of approbation, would, in all probability, have stifled the dispute in embryo, had not Mr. Jolter, with a self-applauding simper, ironically complimented the strangers on their talking like true Englishmen. The doctor, affronted at the insinuation, told him, with some warmth, that he was mistaken in his conjecture, his affections and ideas being confined to no particular country, for he considered himself as a citizen of the world. He owned himself more attached to England than to any other kingdom, but this preference was the effect of reflection, and not of prejudice; because the British constitution approached nearer than any other to that perfection of government, the democracy of Athens, which he hoped one day to see revived. He mentioned the death of Charles the First, and the expulsion of his son, with raptures of applause, inveighed with great acrimony against the kingly name, and, in order to strengthen his opinion, repeated forty or fifty lines from one of the Philippics of Demosthenes. Jolter, hearing him speak so disrespectfully of the higher powers, glowed with indignation. He said his doctrines were detestable, and destructive of all right, order, and society; that monarchy was of divine institution, therefore indefeasible by any human power; and, of consequence, those events in the English history, which he had so liberally commended, were no other than flagrant instances of sacrilege, perfidy, and sedition; that the democracy of Athens was a most absurd constitution, productive of anarchy and mischief, which must always happen when the government of a nation depends upon the caprice of the ignorant hair-brained vulgar; that it was in the power of the most profligate member of the commonwealth, provided he was endowed with eloquence, to ruin the most deserving, by a desperate exertion of his talents upon the populace, who had been often persuaded to act in the most ungrateful and imprudent manner against the greatest patriots that their country had produced; and, finally, he averred, that the liberal arts and sciences had never flourished so much in a republic as under the encouragement and protection of absolute power; witness the Augustan age, and the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth; nor was it to be supposed that genius and merit could ever be so amply recompensed by the individuals or distracted councils of a commonwealth, as by the generosity and magnificence of one who had the whole treasures at his own command.

Peregrine, who was pleased to find the contest grow warm, observed that there seemed to be a good deal of truth in what Mr. Jolter advanced; and the painter, whose opinion began to waver, looked with a face of expectation at his friend, who, modelling his features into an expression of exulting disdain, asked of his antagonist, if he did not think that very power of rewarding merit enabled an absolute prince to indulge himself in the most arbitrary license over the lives and fortunes of his people? Before the governor had time to answer this question, Pallet broke forth into an exclamation of "By the Lord! that is certainly fact, egad! that was a home-thrust, doctor." When Mr. Jolter, chastising this shallow intruder with a contemptuous look, affirmed, that though supreme power furnished a good prince with the means of exerting his virtues, it would not support a tyrant in the exercise of cruelty and oppression; because in all nations the genius of the people must be consulted by their governors, and the burden proportioned to the shoulders on which it is laid.—"Else, what follows?" said the physician. "The consequence is plain," replied the governor, "insurrection, revolt, and his own destruction; for it is not to be supposed that the subjects of any nation would be so abject and pusillanimous as to neglect the means which Heaven had put in their power for their own preservation." "Gadzooks, you 're in the right, sir," cried Pallet, "that I grant you must be confessed. Doctor, I'm afraid we have got into the wrong box." This son of Pæan, however, far from being of his friend's opinion, observed, with an air of triumph, that he would not only demonstrate the sophistry of the gentleman's last allegation by arguments and facts, but even confute him with his own words. Jolter's eyes kindling at this presumptuous declaration, he told his antagonist, while his lip quivered with resentment, that, if his arguments were no better than his breeding, he was sure he would make very few converts to his opinion; and the doctor, with all the insolence of triumph, advised him to beware of disputes for the future, until he should have made himself more master of his subject.

Peregrine both wished and hoped to see the disputants proceed to arguments of more weight and conviction; and the painter, dreading the same issue, interposed with the usual exclamation of "For God's sake, gentlemen!" when the governor rose from table in great dudgeon, and left the room, muttering some ejaculation, of which the word coxcomb only could be distinctly heard. The physician, being thus left master of the field of battle, was complimented on his vic-

tory by Peregrine, and so elevated by his success, that he declaimed a full hour on the absurdity of Jolter's proposition, and the beauty of the democratic administration, canvassed the whole scheme of Plato's republic, with many quotations from that ideal author touching the *to kalon ;* from thence he made a transition to the moral sense of Shaftesbury, and concluded his harangue with the greatest part of that frothy writer's rhapsody, which he repeated with all the violence of enthusiastic agitation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of his entertainer, and the unutterable admiration of Pallet, who looked upon him as something supernatural and divine. So intoxicated was this vain young man with the ironical praises of Pickle, that he forthwith shook off all reserve, and, having professed a friendship for our hero, whose taste and learning he did not fail to extol, intimated, in plain terms, that he was the only person in these latter ages who possessed that sublime genius, that portion of the divinity of *Ti Theion*, which immortalized the Grecian poets ; that as Pythagoras affirmed the spirit of Euphorbus had transmigrated into his body, he, the doctor, was strangely possessed with the opinion that he himself was inspired by the soul of Pindar, because, making allowance for the difference of languages in which they wrote, there was a surprising affinity between his own works and those of that celebrated Theban ; and, as a confirmation of this truth, he immediately produced a sample of each, which, though in spirit and versification as different as the Odes of Horace and our present Poet Laureate, Peregrine did not scruple to pronounce altogether congenial, notwithstanding the violence he by this sentence offered to his own conscience, and a certain alarm of his pride, that was weak enough to be disturbed by the physician's ridiculous vanity and presumption, which, not contented with displaying his importance in the world of taste and polite literature, manifested itself in arrogating certain material discoveries in the province of physic, which could not fail to advance him to the highest pinnacle of that profession, considering the recommendation of his other talents, together with a liberal fortune which he inherited from his father.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Doctor prepares an Entertainment in the manner of the Ancients, which is attended with divers ridiculous Circumstances.

In a word, our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension ; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet ; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste ; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design ; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art ; and that although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged, on his knees, to be released from the agreement he had made ; but finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered, for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice, that exclaimed in French, "For the love of God ! dear sir ! for the passion of Jesus Christ ! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil !" Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when, the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant, coming into the room, announced dinner ; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff ; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature ; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth ; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner.

The marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of each other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern, though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude, stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation that his feet, suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling, while his own skull, at the same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his periwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief in his mouth; for the bareheaded German asked pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitted his apology with such rueful complaisance, as were sufficient to awake the mirth of a Quietist.

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: "This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of veal boiled with fennel and carraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hachis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?" The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed, with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer, "Altogether excellent, upon my honour!" And the painter being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone, than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maitre, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged in point of honour to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair, at his desire, being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and, in particular, excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German got up, and was under the hands of his own lacquey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground,

and, in High Dutch, cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who, all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him, that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine, and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies—one of dormice, liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a dessert; and the other, composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and, with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced, "A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies! —Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!" His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hachis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes, which, among the ancients, had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent. "That which smokes in the middle," said he, "is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left, is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end, next Mr. Pallet, are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Appicius."

The painter, who had, by wry faces, testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder, "Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!" That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and, when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprang away, with an exclamation of "Lord Jesus!" and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormice pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck. And as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return, and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and *assafœtida*, and the sauce, consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated *garum* of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the *scombri*, which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the *silurus*, or shad fish; nay, he observed that there was a third kind, called *garum hæmaticon*, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the *thynnus*.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile, he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alieus*, or fish-meals of the ancients—such as the *jus diabaton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the *cornuta*, or gurnard, described by Pliny, in his Natural History, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed, that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mœcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,—

"Affertur squillos inter murena natantes," etc.

and told them that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expense, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared; and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives, in salt and water. But what the master of the feast valued himself upon was, a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the *hypotrimma* of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied *assafœtida*, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the *laser Syriacum*, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took

his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, as God was his Saviour, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that, in a short time, the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

CHAPTER XLV.

The Painter is persuaded to accompany Pickle to a Masquerade in Woman's Apparel—Is engaged in a troublesome Adventure, and, with his Companion, conveyed to the Bastile.

THE painter, at the request of Pickle, who had a design upon the count's sense of hearing, favoured the company with the song of *Bumper Squire Jones*, which yielded infinite satisfaction, to the baron; but affected the delicate ears of the Italian in such a manner, that his features expressed astonishment and disquiet; and, by his sudden and repeated journeys to the door, it plainly appeared that he was in the same predicament with those who, as Shakspeare observes, when the bagpipe sings in the nose, cannot contain their urine for affection.

With a view, therefore, of vindicating music from such a barbarous taste, Mr. Pallet had no sooner performed his task, than the count honoured his friends with some favourite airs of his own country, which he warbled with infinite grace and expression, though they had not energy sufficient to engage the attention of the German, who fell fast asleep upon his couch, and snored so loud as to interrupt and totally annul this ravishing entertainment; so that they were fain to have recourse again to the glass, which made such innovation upon the brain of the physician, that he sang divers odes of Anacreon, to a tune of his own composing, and held forth upon the music and recitative of the ancients with great erudition; while Pallet, having found means to make the Italian acquainted with the nature of his profession, harangued upon painting with wonderful volubility, in a language which it was well for his own credit the stranger did not understand.

At length the doctor was seized with such a qualm that he begged Peregrine to lead him to his chamber; and the baron being waked, retired with the count.

Peregrine, being rendered frolicsome with the wine he had drank, proposed that he and Pallet should go to a masquerade, which he recollected was to be given that night. The painter did not want curiosity and inclination to accompany him, but expressed his apprehension of losing him in the ball, an accident which could not fail to be very disagreeable, as he was an utter stranger to the language and the town. To obviate this objection, the landlady, who was of their counsel, advised him to appear in a woman's dress, which would lay his companion under the necessity of attending him with more care, as he could not with decency detach himself from the lady whom he should introduce; besides, such a supposed connexion would hinder the ladies of pleasure from accosting and employing their seducing arts upon a person already engaged.

Our young gentleman, foreseeing the abundance of diversion in the execution of this project, seconded the proposal with such importunity and address, that the painter allowed himself to be habited in a suit belonging to the landlady, who also procured for him a mask and domino, while Pickle provided himself with a Spanish dress. In this disguise, which they put on about eleven o'clock, did they, attended by Pipes, set out in a fiacre for the ball-room, into which Pickle led this supposititious female, to the astonishment of the whole company, who had never seen such an uncouth figure in the appearance of a woman.

After they had taken a view of all the remarkable masks, and the painter had been treated with a glass of liquor, his mischievous companion gave him the slip, and, vanishing in an instant, returned with another mask and a domino over his habit, that he might enjoy Pallet's perplexity, and be at hand to protect him from insult.

The poor painter, having lost his guide, was almost distracted with anxiety, and stalked about the room in quest of him, with such huge strides and oddity of gesture, that he was followed by a whole multitude, who gazed at him as a preternatural phenomenon. This attendance increased his uneasiness to such a degree, that he could not help uttering a soliloquy aloud, in which he cursed his fate for having depended upon the promise of such a wag; and swore that, if once he was clear of this scrape, he would not bring himself into such a premunire again for the whole kingdom of France.

Divers petit-maitres, understanding the mask was a foreigner, who, in all probability, could not speak French, made up to him in their turns, in order to display their wit and address, and teased him with several arch questions, to which he made no other answer than "No *parly Francy*. Damn your chattering! Go about your business, can't ye!" Among the masks was a nobleman, who began to be very free with the supposed lady, and attempted to plunge his hand into her bosom. But the painter was too modest to suffer such indecent treatment; and, when the gallant repeated his efforts in a manner still more indelicate, lent him such a box on the ear as made the lights dance before him, and created such a suspicion of Pallet's sex, that the Frenchman swore he was either a male or hermaphrodite, and insisted upon a scrutiny, for the sake of his own honour, with such obstinacy of resentment, that the fictitious nymph was in imminent danger, not only of being exposed, but also of undergoing severe chastisement, for having made so free with the prince's ear; when Peregrine, who saw and overheard everything that passed, thought it was high time to interpose; and accordingly asserted his pretensions to the insulted lady, who was overjoyed at this proof of his protection.

The affronted gallant persevered in demanding to know who she was, and our hero as strenuously refused to give him that satisfaction; so that high words ensued; and the prince, threatening to punish his insolence, the young gentleman, who was not supposed to know his quality, pointed to the place where his own sword used to hang; and snapping his fingers in his face, laid hold on the painter's arm, and led him to another part of the room, leaving his antagonist to the meditations of his own revenge.

Pallet, having chid his conductor for his barbarous desertion, made him acquainted with the difficulty in which he had been involved, and flatly telling him he would not put it in his power to give him the slip again, held fast by his arm during the remaining part of the entertainment, to the no small diversion of the company, whose attention was altogether engrossed in the contemplation of such an awkward, ungainly, stalking apparition. At last, Pickle being tired of exhibiting this raree-show, complied with the repeated desires of his companion, and handed her into the coach; which he himself had no sooner entered, than they were surrounded by a file of musketeers, commanded by an exempt, who, ordering the coach-door to be opened, took his place with great deliberation, while one of his detachment mounted the box, in order to direct the driver.

Peregrine at once conceived the meaning of this arrest, and it was well for him he had no weapon wherewith to stand upon his defence; for such was the impetuosity and rashness of his temper, that, had he been armed, he would have run all risks rather than surrender himself to any odds whatever; but Pallet, imagining that the officer was some gentleman who had mistaken their carriage for his own, desired his friend to undeceive the stranger; and, when he was informed of the real state of their condition, his knees began to shake, his teeth to chatter, and he uttered a most doleful lamentation, importing his fear of being carried to some hideous dungeon of the Bastile, where he should spend the rest of his days in misery and horror, and never see the light of God's sun, nor the face of a friend, but perish in a foreign land, far removed from his family and connexions. Pickle damned him for his pusillanimity; and the exempt hearing a lady bemoan herself so piteously, expressed his mortification at being the instrument of giving her such pain, and endeavoured to console them by representing the lenity of the French government, and the singular generosity of the prince by whose order they were apprehended.

Peregrine, whose discretion seemed to forsake him on all such occasions, exclaimed with great bitterness against the arbitrary administration of France, and inveighed, with many expressions of contempt, against the character of the offended prince, whose resentment (far from being noble, he said), was pitiful, ungenerous, and unjust. To this remonstrance the officer made no reply, but shrugged up his shoulders in silent astonishment at the *hardiesse* of the prisoner, and the fiacre was just on the point of setting out, when they heard the noise of a scuffle at the back of the coach, and the voice of Tom Pipes pronouncing, "I'll be damned if I do." This trusty attendant had been desired by one of the guard to descend from his station in the rear, but, as he resolved to share his master's fate, he took no notice of their entreaties, until they were seconded by force; and that he endeavoured to repel with his heel, which he applied with such energy to the jaws of the soldier who first came in contact with him, that they emitted a crashing sound like a dried walnut between the grinders of a templar in the pit. Exasperated at this outrage, the other saluted Tom's posteriors with his bayonet, which incommoded him so much, that he could no longer keep his post, but, leaping upon the ground, gave his antagonist a chuck under the chin, which laid him upon his back, and then skipping over him with infinite agility, absconded among the crowd of coaches, till he saw the guard mount before and behind upon his master's fiacre, which no sooner set forward than he followed at a small distance, to reconnoitre the place where Peregrine should be confined.

After having proceeded slowly through many windings and turnings, to a part of Paris in which Pipes was an utter stranger, the coach stopped at a great gate, with a wicket in the middle, which being opened at the approach of the carriage, the prisoners were admitted; and the guard returning with the fiacre, Tom determined to watch in that place all night, that in the morning he might make such observations as might be conducive to the enlargement of his master.

CHAPTER XLVI.

By the Fidelity of Pipes, Jolter is informed of his Pupil's Fate—Confers with the Physician—Applies to the Ambassador, who, with great difficulty, obtains the Discharge of the Prisoners, on certain Conditions.

THIS plan he executed, notwithstanding the pain of his wound, and the questions of the city guard, both horse and foot, to which he could make no other answer than "*Anglais, Anglais;*" and as soon as it was light, taking an accurate survey of the castle (for such it seemed to be) into which Peregrine and Pallet had been conveyed, together with its situation in respect to the river, he went home to their lodgings, and waking Mr. Jolter, gave him an account of the adventure. The governor wrung his hands in the utmost grief and consternation, when he heard this unfortunate piece of news. He did not doubt that his pupil was imprisoned in the Bastile for life; and, in the anguish of his apprehension, cursed the day on which he had undertaken to superintend the conduct of such an imprudent young man, who had, by reiterated insults, provoked the vengeance of such a mild forbearing administration. That he might not, however, neglect any means in his power to extricate him from his present misfortune, he despatched Thomas to the doctor, with an account of his companion's fate, that they might join their interest in behalf of the captives; and the physician being informed of what had happened, immediately dressed himself, and repaired to Jolter, whom he accosted in these words:—"Now, sir, I hope you are convinced of your error, in asserting that oppression can never be the effect of arbitrary power. Such a calamity as this could never have happened under the Athenian democracy. Nay, even when the tyrant Pisistratus got possession of that commonwealth, he durst not venture to rule with such absolute and unjust dominion. You shall see now that Mr. Pickle and my friend Pallet will fall a sacrifice to the tyranny of lawless power; and, in my opinion, we shall be accessary to the ruin of this poor enslaved people, if we bestir ourselves in demanding or imploring the release of our unhappy countrymen; as we may thereby prevent the commission of a

flagrant crime, which would fill up the vengeance of Heaven against the perpetrators, and perhaps be the means of restoring a whole nation to the unspeakable fruition of freedom. For my own part, I should rejoice to see the blood of my father spilt in such a glorious cause, provided such a victim would furnish me with the opportunity of dissolving the chains of slavery, and vindicating that liberty which is the birthright of man. Then would my name be immortalized among the patriot heroes of antiquity, and my memory, like that of Harmodius and Aristogiton, be honoured by statues erected at the public expense." This rhapsody, which was delivered with great emphasis and agitation, gave so much offence to Jolter, that, without speaking one word, he retired in great wrath to his own chamber, and the republican returned to his lodging, in full hope of his prognostic being verified in the death and destruction of Peregrine and the painter, which must give rise to some renowned revolution, wherein he himself would act a principal part. But the governor, whose imagination was not quite so warm and prolific, went directly to the ambassador, whom he informed of his pupil's situation, and besought to interpose with the French ministry, that he and the other British subject might obtain their liberty.

His excellency asked if Jolter could guess at the cause of his imprisonment, that he might be the better prepared to vindicate or excuse his conduct; but neither he nor Pipes could give the smallest hint of intelligence on that subject; though he furnished himself from Tom's own mouth with a circumstantial account of the manner in which his master had been arrested, as well as of his own behaviour, and the disaster he had received on that occasion. His lordship never doubted that Pickle had brought this calamity upon himself by some unlucky prank he had played at the masquerade; especially when he understood that the young gentleman had drank freely in the afternoon, and been so whimsical as to go thither with a man in woman's apparel; and he, that same day, waited on the French minister, in full confidence of obtaining his discharge; but met with more difficulty than he expected, the court of France being extremely punctilious in everything that concerns a prince of the blood. The ambassador was therefore obliged to talk in very high terms; and though the present circumstances of the French politics would not allow them to fall out with the British administration for trifles, all the favour he could procure was a promise that Pickle should be set at liberty, provided he would ask pardon of the prince to whom he had given offence. His excellency thought this was but a reasonable condescension, supposing Peregrine to have been in the wrong; and Jolter was admitted to him, in order to communicate and reinforce his lordship's advice, which was, that he should comply with the terms proposed. The governor, who did not enter this gloomy fortress without fear and trembling, found his pupil in a dismal apartment, void of all furniture but a stool and truckle-bed; the moment he was admitted, he perceived the youth whistling with great unconcern, and working with his pencil at the bare wall, on which he had delineated a ludicrous figure, labelled with the name of the nobleman whom he had affronted, and an English mastiff with his leg lifted up, in the attitude of making water in his shoe. He had been even so presumptuous as to explain the device with satirical inscriptions in the French language, which, when Jolter perused, his hair stood on end with affright. The very turnkey was confounded and overawed by the boldness of his behaviour, which he had never seen matched by any inhabitant of that place; and actually joined his friend in persuading him to submit to the easy demand of the minister. But our hero, far from embracing the counsel of this advocate, handed him to the door with great ceremony, and dismissed him with a kick on the breech; and to all the supplications and even tears of Jolter, made no other reply than that he would stoop to no condescension, because he had committed no crime; but would leave his case to the cognizance and exertion of the British court, whose duty it was to see justice done to its own subjects. He desired, however, that Pallet, who was confined in another place, might avail himself of his own disposition, which was sufficiently pliable. But when the governor desired to see his fellow-prisoner, the turnkey gave him to understand that he had received no orders relating to the lady, and therefore could not admit him into her apartment; though he was complaisant enough to tell him that she seemed very much mortified at her confinement, and at certain times behaved as if her brain was not a little disordered. Jolter, thus baffled in all his endeavours, quitted the Bastile with a heavy heart, and reported his fruitless negotiation to the ambassador, who could not help breaking forth into some acrimonious expressions against the obstinacy and insolence of the young man, who, he said, deserved to suffer for his folly. Nevertheless, he did not desist from his representations to the French ministry, which he found so unyielding, that he was obliged to threaten in plain terms to make it a national concern; and not only write to his court for instructions, but even advise the council to make reprisals, and send some French gentlemen in London to the Tower.

This intimation had an effect upon the ministry at Versailles, who, rather than run the risk of incensing a people whom it was neither their interest nor inclination to disoblige, consented to discharge the offenders, on condition that they should leave Paris in three days after their enlargement. This proposal was readily agreed to by Peregrine, who was now a little more tractable, and heartily tired of being cooped up in such an uncomfortable abode for the space of three long days, without any sort of communication or entertainment, but that which his own imagination suggested.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Peregrine makes himself merry at the expense of the Painter, who curses his Landlady, and breaks with the Doctor.

As he could easily conceive the situation of his companion in adversity, he was unwilling to leave the place until he had reaped some diversion from his distress, and with that view repaired to the dungeon of the afflicted painter, to which he had by this time free access. When he entered, the first object that presented itself to his eye was so uncommonly ridiculous, that he could scarce preserve that gravity of countenance which he had affected in order to execute the joke he had planned. The forlorn Pallet sat upright in his bed, in a dishabille that was altogether extraordinary. He had laid aside his monstrous hoop, together with his stays, gown, and petticoat, wrapped his lappets about his head by way of night-cap, and wore his domino as a loose morn-

ing-dress; his grizzled locks hung down about his lack-lustre eyes and tawny neck, in all the disorder of negligence; his grey beard bristled about half an inch through the remains of the paint with which his visage had been bedaubed, and every feature of his face was lengthened to the most ridiculous expression of grief and dismay. Seeing Peregrine come in, he started up in a sort of frantic ecstasy, and, running towards him with open arms, no sooner perceived the woful appearance into which our hero had modelled his physiognomy, than he stopped short all of a sudden, and the joy which had begun to take possession of his heart was in a moment dispelled by the most rueful presages; so that he stood in a most ludicrous posture of dejection, like a malefactor at the Old Bailey, when sentence is about to be pronounced. Pickle, taking him by the hand, heaved a profound sigh, and after having protested that he was extremely mortified at being pitched upon as the messenger of bad news, told him, with an air of sympathy and infinite concern, that the French court having discovered his sex, had resolved, in consideration of the outrageous indignity he offered in public to a prince of the blood, to detain him in the Bastile a prisoner for life; and that this sentence was a mitigation obtained by the importunities of the British ambassador, the punishment ordained by law being no other than breaking alive upon the wheel. These tidings aggravated the horrors of the painter to such a degree, that he roared aloud, and skipped about the room in all the extravagance of distraction; taking God and man to witness that he would rather suffer immediate death than endure one year's imprisonment in such a hideous place; and cursing the hour of his birth, and the moment in which he departed from his own country. "For my own part," said his tormentor, in a hypocritical tone, "I was obliged to swallow the bitter pill of making submission to the prince, who, as I had not presumed to strike him, received acknowledgments, in consequence of which I shall be this day set at liberty; and there is even one expedient left for the recovery of your freedom. It is, I own, a disagreeable remedy; but one had better undergo a little mortification, than be for ever wretched. Besides, upon second thoughts, I begin to imagine that you will not for such a trifle sacrifice yourself to the unceasing horrors of a solitary dungeon, especially as your condescension will in all probability be attended with advantages which you could not otherwise enjoy." Pallet, interrupting him with great eagerness, begged for the love of God that he would no longer keep him in the torture of suspense, but mention that same remedy, which he was resolved to swallow, let it be never so unpalatable.

Peregrine, having thus played upon his passions of fear and hope, answered that, as the offence was committed in the habit of a woman, which was a disguise unworthy of the other sex, the French court was of opinion that the delinquent should be reduced to the neuter gender; so that there was an alternative at his own option, by which he had it in his power to regain immediate freedom. "What!" cried the painter in despair, "become a singer? Gadzooks! and the devil and all that, I'll rather lie still where I am, and let myself be devoured by vermin." Then thrusting out his throat, "Here is my windpipe," said he, "be so good, my dear friend, as to give it a slice or two; if you don't, I shall one of these days be found dangling in my garters. What an unfortunate rascal I am! What a blockhead, and a beast, and a fool was I to trust myself among such a barbarous ruffian race! Lord forgive you, Mr. Pickle, for having been the immediate cause of my disaster; if you had stood by me from the beginning, according to your promise, I should not have been teased by that coxcomb who has brought me to this pass. And why did I put on this damn'd unlucky dress? Lard curse that chattering Jezebel of a landlady, who advised such a preposterous disguise! a disguise which hath not only brought me to this pass, but also rendered me abominable to myself and frightful to others; for when I this morning signified to the turnkey that I wanted to be shaved, he looked at my beard with astonishment, and, crossing himself, muttered his Paternoster, believing me, I suppose, to be a witch, or something worse. And Heaven confound that loathsome banquet of the ancients, which provoked me to drink too freely, that I might wash away the taste of that accursed sillikicaby."

Our young gentleman having heard his lamentation to an end, excused himself for his conduct, by representing that he could not possibly foresee the disagreeable consequences that attended it; and, in the meantime, strenuously counselled him to submit to the terms of his enlargement. He observed, that he was now arrived at that time of life when the lusts of the flesh should be entirely mortified within him, and his greatest concern ought to be the health of his soul, to which nothing could more effectually contribute than the amputation which was proposed; that his body, as well as his mind, would profit by the change, because he would have no dangerous appetite to gratify, and no carnal thoughts to divert him from the duties of his profession; and his voice, which was naturally sweet, would improve to such a degree, that he would captivate the ears of all the people of fashion and taste, and in a little time be celebrated under the appellation of the English Senesino.

These arguments did not fail to make an impression upon the painter, who, nevertheless, started two objections to his compliance; namely, the disgrace of the punishment, and the dread of his wife. Pickle undertook to obviate these difficulties, by assuring him that the sentence would be executed so privately as never to transpire; and that his wife could not be so unconscionable, after so many years of cohabitation, as to take exceptions to an expedient, by which she would not only enjoy the conversation of her husband, but even the fruits of those talents which the knife would so remarkably refine.

Pallet shook his head at this last remonstrance, as if he thought it would not be altogether convincing to his spouse; but yielded to the proposal, provided her consent could be obtained. Just as he signified this condescension, the gaoler entered, and, addressing himself to the supposed lady, expressed his satisfaction in having the honour to tell her that she was no longer a prisoner. As the painter did not understand one word of what he said, Peregrine undertook the office of interpreter, and made his friend believe the gaoler's speech was no other than an intimation that the ministry had sent a surgeon to execute what was proposed, and that the instruments and dressings were prepared in the next room. Alarmed and terrified at this sudden appointment, he flew to the other end of the room, and snatching up an earthen chamber-pot, which was the only offensive weapon in the place, put himself in a posture of defence, and, with many oaths, threatened to try the temper of the barber's skull, if he should presume to set his nose within the apartment.

The gaoler, who little expected such a recep-

tion, concluded that the poor gentlewoman had actually lost her wits, and retreated with precipitation, leaving the door open as he went out. Upon which, Pickle, gathering up the particulars of his dress with great despatch, crammed them into Pallet's arms, and, taking notice that now the coast was clear, exhorted him to follow his footsteps to the gate, where a hackney-coach stood for his reception. There being no time for hesitation, the painter took his advice, and, without quitting the utensil, which in his hurry he forgot to lay down, sallied out in the rear of our hero, with all that wildness of terror and impatience which may be reasonably supposed to take possession of a man who flies from perpetual imprisonment. Such was the tumult of his agitation, that his faculty of thinking was for the present utterly overwhelmed, and he saw no object but his conductor, whom he followed by a sort of instinctive impulse, without regarding the keepers and sentinels, who, as he passed, with his clothes under one arm, and his chamber-pot brandished above his head, were confounded, and even dismayed, at the strange apparition.

During the whole course of this irruption, he ceased not to cry, with great vociferation, "Drive, coachman, drive, in the name of God!" And the carriage had proceeded the length of a whole street, before he manifested the least sign of reflection, but stared like the Gorgon's head, with his mouth wide open, and each particular hair crawling and twining like an animated serpent. At length, however, he began to recover the use of his senses, and asked if Peregrine thought him out of all danger of being retaken. This unrelenting wag, not yet satisfied with the affliction he had imposed upon the sufferer, answered, with an air of doubt and concern, that he hoped they would not be overtaken, and prayed to God they might not be retarded by a stop of carriages. Pallet fervently joined in this supplication, and they advanced a few yards further, when the noise of a coach at full speed behind them invaded their ears; and Pickle having looked out of the window, withdrew his head in seeming confusion, and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon us! I wish that may not be a guard sent after us. Methinks I saw the muzzle of a fusil sticking out of the coach." The painter, hearing these tidings, that instant thrust himself half out at the window, with his helmet still in his hand, bellowing to the coachman, as loud as he could roar, "Drive, damn ye, drive! to the gates of Jericho and ends of the earth! Drive, you raggamuffin, you rascallion, you hellhound! drive us to the pit of hell, rather than we should be taken."

Such a phantom could not pass without attracting the curiosity of the people, who ran to the doors and windows, in order to behold this object of admiration. With the same view, that coach, which was supposed to be in pursuit of him, stopped just as the windows of each happened to be opposite; and Pallet looking behind, and seeing three men standing upon the foot-board, armed with canes, which his fear converted into fusils, never doubted that his friend's suspicion was just; but, shaking his jordan at the imaginary guard, swore he would sooner die than part with his precious ware. The owner of the coach, who was a nobleman of the first quality, mistook him for some unhappy woman deprived of her senses; and, ordering his coachman to proceed, convinced the fugitive, to his infinite joy, that this was no more than a false alarm. He was not, for all that, freed from anxiety and trepidation; but our young gentleman, fearing his brain would not bear a repetition of the same joke, permitted him to gain his own lodgings without further molestation.

His landlady, meeting him on the stair, was so affected at his appearance, that she screamed aloud, and betook herself to flight; while he, cursing her with great bitterness, rushed into the apartment of the doctor, who, instead of receiving him with cordial embraces, and congratulating him upon his deliverance, gave evident tokens of umbrage and discontent; and even plainly told him, he hoped to have heard that he and Mr. Pickle had acted the glorious part of Cato—an event which would have laid the foundation of such noble struggles, as could not fail to end in happiness and freedom; and that he had already made some progress in an ode that would have immortalized their names, and inspired the flame of liberty in every honest breast.—"There," said he, "I would have proved, that great talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other; and illustrated my assertions with such notes and quotations from the Greek writers, as would have opened the eyes of the most blind and unthinking, and touched the most callous and obdurate heart. *O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind must grasp whatever yonder stars survey*—[1]Pray, Mr. Pallet, what is your opinion of that image of the mind's grasping the whole universe? For my own part, I can't help thinking it the most happy conception that ever entered my imagination."

The painter, who was not such a flaming enthusiast in the cause of liberty, could not brook the doctor's reflections, which he thought savoured a little too much of indifference and deficiency in point of private friendship; and therefore seized the present opportunity of mortifying his pride, by observing, that the image was, without all doubt, very grand and magnificent; but that he had been obliged for the idea to Mr. Bayes, in the Rehearsal, who values himself upon the same figure, conveyed in these words, *But all these clouds, when by the eye of reason grasp'd*, etc. Upon any other occasion, the painter would have triumphed greatly in this detection; but such was the flutter and confusion of his spirits, under the apprehension of being retaken, that, without further communication, he retreated to his own room, in order to resume his own dress, which he hoped would alter his appearance in such a manner as to baffle all search and examination; while the physician remained ashamed and abashed, to find himself convicted of bombast by a person of such contemptible talents. He was offended at this proof of his memory, and so much enraged at his presumption in exhibiting it, that he could never forgive his want of reverence, and took every opportunity of exposing his ignorance and folly in the sequel. Indeed, the ties of private affection were too weak to engage the heart of this republican, whose zeal for the community had entirely swallowed up his concern for individuals. He looked upon particular friendship as a passion unworthy of his ample soul, and was a professed admirer of L. Manlius, Junius Brutus, and those later patriots of the same name, who shut their ears against the cries of nature, and resisted all the dictates of gratitude and humanity.

[1] See Akenside's Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon, III. 3, vers. 5, 6.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Pallet conceives a hearty Contempt of his Fellow-Traveller, and attaches himself to Pickle, who, nevertheless, persecutes him with his mischievous Talent upon the Road to Flanders.

In the meantime, his companion having employed divers pails full of water in cleansing himself from the squalor of a jail, submitted his face to the barber, tinged his eyebrows with a sable hue, and, being dressed in his own clothes, ventured to visit Peregrine, who was still under the hands of his valet-de-chambre, and who gave him to understand that his escape had been connived at, and that the condition of their deliverance was their departure from Paris in three days.

The painter was transported with joy, when he learnt that he ran no risk of being retaken; and, far from repining at the terms of his enlargement, would have willingly set out on his return to England that same afternoon; for the Bastile had made such an impression upon him, that he started at the sound of every coach, and turned pale at sight of a French soldier. In the fulness of his heart, he complained of the doctor's indifference, and related what had passed at their meeting with evident marks of resentment and disrespect; which were not at all diminished when Jolter informed him of the physician's behaviour, when he sent for him to confer about the means of abridging their confinement. Pickle himself was incensed at his want of bowels; and, perceiving how much he had sunk in the opinion of his fellow-traveller, resolved to encourage these sentiments of disgust, and occasionally foment the division to a downright quarrel, which he foresaw would produce some diversion, and perhaps expose the poet's character in such a light as would effectually punish him for his arrogance and barbarity. With this view, he levelled several satirical jokes at the doctor's pedantry and taste, which had appeared so conspicuous in the quotations he had got by heart from ancient authors; in his affected disdain of the best pictures in the world, which, had he been endowed with the least share of discernment, he could not have beheld with such insensibility; and, lastly, in his ridiculous banquet, which none but an egregious coxcomb, devoid of all elegance and sense, would have prepared, or presented to rational beings. In a word, our young gentleman played the artillery of his wit against him with such success, that the painter seemed to wake from a dream, and went home with the most hearty contempt for the person he had formerly adored.

Instead of using the privilege of a friend, to enter his apartment without ceremony, he sent in his servant with a message, importing, that he intended to set out from Paris next day, in company with Mr. Pickle, and desiring to know whether or not he was or would be prepared for the journey. The doctor, struck with the manner, as well as the matter of this intimation, went immediately to Pallet's room, and demanded to know the cause of such a sudden determination, without his privity or concurrence; and, when he understood the necessity of their affairs, rather than travel by himself, he ordered his baggage to be packed up, and signified his readiness to conform to the emergency of the case; though he was not at all pleased with the cavalier behaviour of Pallet, to whom he threw out some hints of his own importance, and the immensity of his condescension, in favouring him with such marks of regard. But by this time these insinuations had lost their effect upon the painter, who told him, with an arch sneer, that he did not at all question his learning and abilities, and particularly his skill in cookery, which he should never forget while his palate retained its function; but nevertheless advised him, for the sake of the degenerate eaters of these days, to spare a little of his sal-ammoniac in the next sillykickaby he should prepare; and bate somewhat of the devil's dung, which he had so plentifully crammed into the roasted fowls, unless he had a mind to convert his guests into patients, with a view of licking himself whole for the expense of the entertainment.

The physician, nettled at these sarcasms, eyed him with a look of indignation and disdain; and, being unwilling to express himself in English, lest, in the course of the altercation, Pallet should be so much irritated as to depart without him, he vented his anger in Greek. The painter, though by the sound he supposed this quotation to be Greek, complimented his friend upon his knowledge in the Welsh language, and found means to rally him quite out of temper; so that he retired to his own chamber in the utmost wrath and mortification, and left his antagonist exulting over the victory he had won.

While those things passed between these originals, Peregrine waited upon the ambassador, whom he thanked for his kind interposition, acknowledging the indiscretion of his own conduct, with such appearance of conviction, and promises of reformation, that his excellency freely forgave him for all the trouble he had been put to on his account, fortified him with sensible advices, and, assuring him of his continual favour and friendship, gave him, at parting, letters of introduction to several persons of quality belonging to the British court.

Thus distinguished, our young gentleman took leave of all his French acquaintance, and spent the evening with some of those who had enjoyed the greatest share of his intimacy and confidence; while Jolter superintended his domestic concerns, and, with infinite joy, bespoke a post-chaise and horses, in order to convey him from a place where he lived in continual apprehension of suffering by the dangerous disposition of his pupil. Everything being adjusted according to their plan, they and their fellow-travellers next day dined together, and, about four in the afternoon, took their departure in two chaises, escorted by the valet-de-chambre, Pipes and the doctor's lacquey on horseback, well furnished with arms and ammunition, in case of being attacked by robbers on the road.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when they arrived at Senlis, which was the place at which they proposed to lodge, and where they were obliged to knock up the people of the inn, before they could have their supper prepared. All the provision in the house was but barely sufficient to furnish one indifferent meal. However, the painter consoled himself for the quantity with the quality of the dishes, one of which was a fricassee of rabbit, a preparation which he valued above all the dainties that ever smoked upon the table of the sumptuous Heliogabalus.

He had no sooner expressed himself to this effect than our hero, who was almost incessantly laying traps for diversion at his neighbour's expense, laid hold on the declaration; and, recollecting the story of Scipio and the muleteer in Gil Blas, resolved to perpetrate a joke upon the

stomach of Pallet, which seemed particularly well disposed to an hearty supper. He accordingly digested his plan; and, the company being seated at table, affected to gaze with peculiar eagerness at the painter, who had helped himself to a large portion of the fricassee, and began to swallow it with infinite relish. Pallet, notwithstanding the keenness of his appetite, could not help taking notice of Pickle's demeanour; and, making a short pause in the exercise of his grinders, "You are surprised," said he, "to see me make so much despatch; but I was extremely hungry, and this is one of the best fricassees I ever tasted. The French are very expert in these dishes, that I must allow; and, upon my conscience, I would never desire to eat a more delicate rabbit than this that lies upon my plate."

Peregrine made no other reply to this encomium, than the repetition of the word "rabbit!" with a note of admiration, and such a significant shake of the head, as effectually alarmed the other, who instantly suspended the action of his jaws, and, with the morsel half chewed in his mouth, stared round him with a certain solidity of apprehension, which is easier conceived than described, until his eyes encountered the countenance of Thomas Pipes, who, being instructed, and posted opposite to him for the occasion, exhibited an arch grin, that completed the painter's disorder. Afraid of swallowing his mouthful, and ashamed to dispose of it any other way, he sat some time in a most distressed state of suspense, and, being questioned by Mr. Jolter touching his calamity, made a violent effort of the muscles of his gullet, which with difficulty performed their office, and then, with great confusion and concern, asked if Mr. Pickle suspected the rabbit's identity. The young gentleman, assuming a mysterious air, pretended ignorance of the matter, observing, that he was apt to suspect all dishes of that kind, since he had been informed of the tricks which were commonly played at inns in France, Italy, and Spain, and recounted that passage in Gil Blas, which we have hinted at above, saying, he did not pretend to be a connoisseur in animals, but the legs of the creature which composed that fricassee did not, in his opinion, resemble those of the rabbits he had usually seen. This observation had an evident effect upon the features of the painter, who, with certain signs of loathing and astonishment, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus!" and appealed to Pipes for a discovery of the truth, by asking if he knew anything of the affair. Tom very gravely replied that he did suppose the food was wholesome enough, for he had seen the skin and feet of a special ram-cat, new flayed, hanging upon the door of a small pantry adjoining to the kitchen.

Before this sentence was uttered, Pallet's belly seemed to move in contact with his back-bone, his colour changed, no part but the whites of his eyes were to be seen, he dropped his lower jaw, and fixing his hands in his sides, retched with such convulsive agonies, as amazed and disconcerted the whole company; and what augmented his disorder was the tenacious retention of his stomach, which absolutely refused to part with its contents, notwithstanding all the energy of his abhorrence, which threw him into a cold sweat, and almost into a swoon.

Pickle, alarmed at his condition, assured him it was a genuine rabbit, and that he had tutored Pipes to say otherwise for the joke's sake. But this confession he considered as a friendly artifice of Pickle's compassion, and, therefore, it had little effect upon his constitution. By the assistance, however, of a large bumper of brandy, his spirits were recruited, and his recollection so far recovered, that he was able to declare, with divers contortions of face, that the dish had a particular rankness of taste, which he had imputed partly to the nature of the French cony, and partly to the composition of their sauces. Then he inveighed against the infamous practices of French publicans, attributing such imposition to their oppressive government, which kept them so necessitous, that they were tempted to exercise all manner of knavery upon their unwary guests.

Jolter, who could not find in his heart to let slip any opportunity of speaking in favour of the French, told him, "that he was a very great stranger to their police, else he would know that if, upon information to the magistrate, it should appear, that any traveller, native or foreigner, had been imposed upon or ill-treated by a publican, the offender would be immediately obliged to shut up his house; and, if his behaviour had been notorious, he himself would be sent to the galleys without the least hesitation. And as for the dish which has been made the occasion of your present disorder," said he, "I will take upon me to affirm it was prepared of a genuine rabbit, which was skinned in my presence; and, in confirmation of what I assert, though such fricassees are not the favourites of my taste, I will eat a part of this without scruple." So saying, he swallowed several mouthfuls of the questioned cony, and Pallet seemed to eye it again with inclination; nay, he even resumed his knife and fork, and, being just on the point of applying them, was seized with another qualm of apprehension, that broke out in an exclamation of, "After all, Mr. Jolter, if it should be a real ram-cat— Lord have mercy upon me! here is one of the claws!" With these words, he presented the tip of a toe, of which Pipes had snipped off five or six from a duck that was roasted, and purposely scattered them in the fricassee; and the governor could not behold this testimonial without symptoms of uneasiness and remorse; so that he and the painter sat silenced and abashed, and made faces at each other, while the physician, who hated them both, exulted over their affliction, bidding them be of good cheer, and proceed with their meal; for he was ready to demonstrate that the flesh of a cat was as nourishing and delicious as veal or mutton, provided they could prove that the said cat was not of the boar kind, and had fed chiefly on vegetable diet, or even confined its carnivorous appetite to rats and mice, which he affirmed to be dainties of exquisite taste and flavour. He said it was a vulgar mistake to think that all flesh-devouring creatures were unfit to be eaten; witness the consumption of swine and ducks, animals that delight in carnage, as well as fish, which prey upon each other, and feed on bait and carrion; together with the demand for bear, of which the best hams in the world are made. He then observed that the negroes on the coast of Guinea, who are healthy and vigorous people, prefer cats and dogs to all other fare, and mentioned from history several sieges, during which the inhabitants, who were blocked up, lived upon these animals, and had recourse even to human flesh, which, to his certain knowledge, was in all respects preferable to pork, for, in the course of his studies, he had, for the experiment's sake, eaten a steak cut from the buttock of a person who had been hanged.

This dissertation, far from composing, increased the disquiet in the stomachs of the governor and painter, who, hearing the last illustration, turned their eyes upon the orator at the same instant

with looks of horror and disgust; and, the one muttering the term *cannibal*, and the other pronouncing the word *abomination*, they rose from table in a great hurry, and, running towards another apartment, jostled with such violence in the passage, that both were overturned by the shock, which also contributed to the effect of their nausea, that mutually defiled them as they lay.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Nor is the Physician sacred from his Ridicule—They reach Arras, where our Adventurer engages in Play with two French Officers, who next morning give the Landlord an interesting Proof of their Importance.

THE doctor remained sullen and dejected during the whole journey; not but that he attempted to recover his importance, by haranguing upon the Roman highways, when Mr. Jolter desired the company to take notice of the fine pavement upon which they travelled from Paris into Flanders; but Pallet, who thought he had now gained the ascendency over the physician, exerted himself in maintaining the superiority he had acquired, by venting various sarcasms upon his self-conceit and affectation of learning, and even uttering puns and conundrums upon the remarks which the republican retailed. When he talked of the Flaminian Way, the painter questioned if it was a better pavement than the Fleminian way on which they travelled. And the doctor having observed that this road was made for the convenience of drawing the French artillery into Flanders, which was often the seat of war, his competitor in wit replied, with infinite vivacity, "There are more great guns than the French king knows of drawn along this causeway, doctor!"

Encouraged by the success of these efforts, which tickled the imagination of Jolter, and drew smiles, as he imagined, of approbation from our hero, he sported in many other equivoques of the same nature, and, at dinner, told the physician that he was like the root of the tongue, as being cursedly down in the mouth.

By this time, such was the animosity subsisting between these quondam friends, that they never conversed together, except with a view of exposing each other to the ridicule or contempt of their fellow-travellers. The doctor was at great pains to point out the folly and ignorance of Pallet in private to Peregrine, who was often conjured in the same manner by the painter to take notice of the physician's want of manners and taste. Pickle pretended to acquiesce in the truth of their mutual severity, which, indeed, was extremely just; and, by malicious insinuations, blew up their contention, with a view of bringing it to open hostility. But both seemed so averse to deeds of mortal purpose, that, for a long time, his arts were baffled, and he could not spirit them up to any pitch of resentment higher than scurrilous repartee.

Before they reached Arras, the city gates were shut, so that they were obliged to take up their lodging at an indifferent house in the suburbs, where they found a couple of French officers, who had also rode post from Paris so far on their way to Lisle. These gentlemen were about the age of thirty, and their deportment distinguished by such an air of insolence as disgusted our hero, who, nevertheless, accosted them politely in the yard, and proposed that they should sup together. They thanked him for the honour of his invitation, which, however, they declined, upon pretence of having ordered something for themselves, but promised to wait upon him and his company immediately after their repast.

This they accordingly performed; and, after having drank a few glasses of Burgundy, one of them asked if the young gentleman would, for pastime, take a hand at quadrille. Peregrine easily divined the meaning of this proposal, which was made with no other view than that of fleecing him and his fellow-travellers, for he well knew to what shifts a subaltern in the French service is reduced, in order to maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and had reason to believe that most of them were sharpers from their youth; but, as he depended a good deal upon his own penetration and address, he gratified the stranger's desire, and a party was instantly formed of the painter, the physician, the proposer, and himself, the other officer having professed himself utterly ignorant of the game; yet, in the course of the play, he took his station at the back of Pickle's chair, which was opposite to his friend, on pretence of amusing himself with seeing his manner of conducting the cards. The youth was not such a novice but that he perceived the design of this palpable piece of behaviour, which notwithstanding he overlooked for the present, with a view of flattering their hopes in the beginning, that they might be the more effectually punished by their disappointment in the end.

The game was scarce begun, when, by the reflection of a glass, he discerned the officer at his back making signs to his companion, who, by these preconcerted gestures, was perfectly informed of the contents of Peregrine's hand, and of consequence fortunate in the course of the play.

Thus they were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their dexterity, until their money amounted to some louis, when our young gentleman, thinking it high time to do himself justice, signified in very polite terms to the gentleman who stood behind him, that he could never play with ease and deliberation when he was overlooked by any bystander, and begged that he would have the goodness to be seated.

As this was a remonstrance which the stranger could not with any show of breeding resist, he asked pardon, and retired to the chair of the physician, who frankly told him that it was not the fashion of his country for one to submit his hand to the perusal of a spectator; and when, in consequence of this rebuff, he wanted to quarter himself upon the painter, he was refused by a wave of the hand, and shake of the head, with an exclamation of *Pardonnez moi!* which was repeated with such emphasis as discomposed his effrontery, and he found himself obliged to sit down in a state of mortification.

The odds being thus removed, fortune proceeded in her usual channel; and though the Frenchman, deprived of his ally, endeavoured to practice divers strokes of finesse, the rest of the company observed him with such vigilance and caution as baffled all his attempts, and in a very little time he was compelled to part with his winning. But having engaged in the match with an intention of taking all advantages, whether fair or unfair, that his superior skill should give him over the Englishman, the money was not refunded without a thousand disputes, in the course of which he essayed to intimidate his antagonist with high words, which were retorted by our hero with such interest as convinced him that he had mistaken his man, and persuaded him to make his retreat in quiet. Indeed, it was not without

cause that they repined at the bad success of their enterprise, because, in all likelihood, they had nothing to depend upon for the present but their own industry, and knew not how to defray their expenses on the road, except by some acquisition of this kind.

Next morning they rose at day-break, and resolving to anticipate their fellow-lodgers, bespoke post-horses as soon as they could be admitted into the city; so that, when our company appeared, their beasts were ready in the yard, and they only waited to discuss the bill, which they had ordered to be made out. The landlord of the inn presented his carte with fear and trembling to one of those ferocious cavaliers, who no sooner cast his eye upon the sum total than he discharged a volley of dreadful oaths, and asked if the king's officers were to be treated in that manner? The poor publican protested, with great humility, that he had the utmost respect for his majesty, and everything that belonged to him; and that far from consulting his own interest, all that he desired was to be barely indemnified for the expense of their lodging.

This condescension seemed to have no other effect than that of encouraging their arrogance. They swore his extortion should be explained to the commandant of the town, who would, by making him a public example, teach other innkeepers how to behave towards men of honour; and threatened with such confidence of indignation, that the wretched landlord, dreading the consequence of their wrath, implored pardon in the most abject manner, begging, with many supplications, that he might have the pleasure of lodging them at his own charge. This was a favour which he with great difficulty obtained; they chid him severely for his imposition, exhorted him to have more regard for his own conscience, as well as for the convenience of his guests; and cautioning him in particular touching his behaviour to the gentlemen of the army, mounted their horses, and rode off in great state, leaving him very thankful for having so successfully appeased the choler of two officers, who wanted either inclination or ability to pay their bill; for experience had taught him to be apprehensive of all such travellers, who commonly lay the landlord under contribution, by way of atonement for the extravagance of his demands, even after he has professed his willingness to entertain them on their own terms.

CHAPTER L.

Peregrine moralizes upon their Behaviour, which is condemned by the Doctor, and defended by the Governor—They arrive in safety at Lisle—Dine at an Ordinary—Visit the Citadel—The Physician quarrels with a North Briton, who is put in Arrest.

THESE honourable adventurers being gone, Peregrine, who was present during the transaction, informed himself of the particulars from the mouth of the innkeeper himself, who took God and the saints to witness, that he should have been a loser by their custom, even if the bill had been paid; because he was on his guard against their objections, and had charged every article at an under price. But such was the authority of officers in France, that he durst not dispute the least circumstance of their will; for, had the case come under the cognizance of the magistrate, he must in course have suffered by the maxims of their government, which never fail to abet the oppression of the army; and besides run the risk of incurring their future resentment, which would be sufficient to ruin him from top to bottom.

Our hero boiled with indignation at this instance of injustice and arbitrary power; and, turning to his governor, asked if this too was a proof of the happiness enjoyed by the French people. Jolter replied that every human constitution must in some things be imperfect; and owned that in this kingdom gentlemen were more countenanced than the vulgar, because it was to be presumed that their own sentiments of honour and superior qualifications would entitle them to this pre-eminence, which had also a retrospective view to the merit of their ancestors, in consideration of which they were at first ennobled. But he affirmed that the innkeeper had misrepresented the magistracy, which in France never failed to punish flagrant outrages and abuse, without respect of persons.

The painter approved of the wisdom of the French government, in bridling the insolence of the mob, by which, he assured them, he had often suffered in his own person; having been often bespattered by hackney-coachmen, jostled by draymen and porters, and reviled in the most opprobrious terms by the watermen of London, where he had once lost his bag and a considerable quantity of hair, which had been cut off by some rascal in his passage through Ludgate, during the Lord Mayor's procession. On the other hand, the doctor, with great warmth, alleged that those officers ought to suffer death, or banishment at least, for having plundered the people in this manner, which was so impudent and barefaced, as plainly to prove they were certain of escaping with impunity, and that they were old offenders in the same degree of delinquency. He said that the greatest man in Athens would have been condemned to perpetual exile, and seen his estate confiscated for public use, had he dared, in such a licentious manner, to violate the rights of a fellow-citizen; and as for the little affronts to which a man may be subject from the petulance of the multitude, he looked upon them as glorious indications of liberty, which ought not to be repressed, and would at any time rejoice to find himself overthrown in a kennel by the insolence of a son of freedom, even though the fall should cost him a limb; adding, by way of illustration, that the greatest pleasure he ever enjoyed was in seeing a dustman wilfully overturn a gentleman's coach, in which two ladies were bruised, even to the danger of their lives. Pallet, shocked at the extravagance of this declaration, "If that be the case," said he, "I wish you may see every bone in your body broke by the first carman you meet in the streets of London."

This argument being discussed, and the reckoning discharged without any deduction, although the landlord, in stating the articles, had an eye to the loss he had sustained by his own countrymen, they departed from Arras, and arrived in safety at Lisle, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

They had scarce taken possession of their lodgings, in a large hotel in the Grande Place, when the innkeeper gave them to understand that he kept an ordinary below, which was frequented by several English gentlemen who resided in town, and that dinner was then upon the table. Peregrine, who seized all opportunities of observing new characters, persuaded his company to dine in public; and they were accordingly conducted to the place, where they found a

mixture of Scotch and Dutch officers, who had come from Holland to learn their exercises at the academy, and some gentlemen in the French service, who were upon garrison-duty in the citadel. Among these last was a person about the age of fifty, of a remarkably genteel air and polite address, dignified with a Maltese cross, and distinguished by the particular veneration of all those who knew him. When he understood that Pickle and his friends were travellers, he accosted the youth in English, which he spoke tolerably well; and, as they were strangers, offered to attend them in the afternoon to all the places worth seeing in Lisle. Our hero thanked him for his excess of politeness, which, he said, was peculiar to the French nation; and, struck with his engaging appearance, industriously courted his conversation, in the course of which he learnt that this chevalier was a man of good sense and great experience, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the greatest part of Europe, had lived some years in England, and was no stranger to the constitution and genius of that people.

Having dined, and drank to the healths of the English and French kings, two fiacres were called, in one of which the knight, with one of his companions, the governor, and Peregrine, seated themselves, the other being occupied by the physician, Pallet, and two Scottish officers, who proposed to accompany them in their circuit. The first place they visited was the citadel, round the ramparts of which they walked, under the conduct of the knight, who explained with great accuracy the intention of every particular fortification belonging to that seemingly impregnable fortress; and when they had satisfied their curiosity, took coach again, in order to view the arsenal, which stands in another quarter of the town; but, just as Pickle's carriage had crossed the promenade, he heard his own name bawled aloud by the painter; and, ordering the fiacre to stop, saw Pallet with one-half of his body thrust out of the window of the other coach, crying with a terrified look, "Mr. Pickle, Mr. Pickle, for the love of God! halt, and prevent bloodshed, else here will be carnage and cutting of throats." Peregrine, surprised at this exclamation, immediately alighted, and, advancing to the other vehicle, found one of their military companions standing upon the ground, at the further side of the coach, with his sword drawn, and fury in his countenance; and the physician, with a quivering lip and haggard aspect, struggling with the other, who had interposed in the quarrel, and detained him in his place.

Our young gentleman, upon inquiry, found that this animosity had sprung from a dispute that happened upon the ramparts, touching the strength of the fortification, which the doctor, according to custom, undervalued, because it was a modern work; saying that, by the help of the military engines used among the ancients, and a few thousands of pioneers, he would engage to take it in less than ten days after he should sit down before it. The North Briton, who was as great a pedant as the physician, having studied fortification, and made himself master of Cæsar's Commentaries and Polybius, with the observations of Folard, affirmed that all the methods of besieging practised by the ancients would be utterly ineffectual against such a plan as that of the citadel of Lisle; and began to compare the *vineæ, aggeres, arietes, scorpiones*, and *catapultæ*, of the Romans, with the trenches, mines, batteries, and mortars, used in the present art of war. The republican, finding himself attacked upon what he thought his strong side, summoned all his learning to his aid; and describing the famous siege of Platæa, happened to misquote a passage of Thucydides, in which he was corrected by the other, who, having been educated for the church, was also a connoisseur in the Greek language. The doctor, incensed at being detected in such a blunder in presence of Pallet, who, he knew would promulgate his shame, told the officer, with great arrogance, that his objection was frivolous, and that he must not pretend to dispute on these matters with one who had considered them with the utmost accuracy and care. His antagonist, piqued at this supercilious insinuation, replied with great heat, that, for aught he knew, the doctor might be a very expert apothecary, but that in the art of war, and knowledge in the Greek tongue, he was no other than an ignorant pretender. This asseveration produced an answer full of virulence, including a national reflection upon the soldier's country; and the contention rose to mutual abuse, when it was suppressed by the admonitions of the other two, who begged they would not expose themselves in a strange place, but behave themselves like fellow-subjects and friends. They accordingly ceased reviling each other, and the affair was seemingly forgot; but after they had resumed their places in the coach, the painter unfortunately asked the meaning of the word Tortoise, which he had heard them mention among the Roman implements of war. This question was answered by the physician, who described the nature of this expedient so little to the satisfaction of the officer, that he contradicted him flatly in the midst of his explanation; a circumstance which provoked the republican to such a degree that, in the temerity of his passion, he uttered the epithet *impertinent scoundrel;* which was no sooner pronounced than the Caledonian made manual application to his nose, and, leaping out of the coach, stood waiting for him on the plain; while he, the physician, made feeble efforts to join him, being easily retained by the other soldier; and Pallet, dreading the consequence in which he himself might be involved, bellowed aloud for prevention.

Our hero endeavoured to quiet the commotion, by representing to the Scot that he had already taken satisfaction for the injury he had received, and telling the doctor that he had deserved the chastisement which was inflicted upon him. But the officer, encouraged perhaps by the confusion of his antagonist, insisted upon his asking pardon for what he had said; and the doctor, believing himself under the protection of his friend Pickle, far from agreeing to such concession, breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. So that the chevalier, in order to prevent mischief, put the soldier under arrest, and sent him to his lodgings, under the care of the other French gentleman and his own companion; they being also accompanied by Mr. Jolter, who, having formerly seen all the curiosities of Lisle, willingly surrendered his place to the physician.

CHAPTER LII.

Pickle engages with a Knight of Malta in a Conversation upon the English Stage, which is followed by a Dissertation on the Theatres of the Ancients, by the Doctor.

THE rest of the company proceeded to the arsenal, which, having viewed, together with some re-

markable churches, they, in their return, went to the comedy, and saw the Cid of Corneille tolerably well represented. In consequence of this entertainment, the discourse at supper turned upon dramatic performances; and all the objections of Mons. de Scudery to the piece they had seen acted, together with the decision of the French academy, were canvassed and discussed. The knight was a man of letters and taste, and particularly well acquainted with the state of the English stage, so that, when the painter boldly pronounced sentence against the French manner of acting, on the strength of having frequented a Covent Garden club of critics, and been often admitted by virtue of an order into the pit, a comparison immediately ensued, not between the authors, but the actors of both nations, to whom the chevalier and Peregrine were no strangers. Our hero, like a good Englishman, made no scruple of giving the preference to the performers of his own country, who, he alleged, obeyed the genuine impulses of nature, in exhibiting the passions of the human mind; and entered so warmly into the spirit of their several parts, that they often fancied themselves the very heroes they represented; whereas, the action of the Parisian players, even in their most interesting characters, was generally such an extravagance in voice and gesture, as is nowhere to be observed but on the stage. To illustrate this assertion, he availed himself of his talent, and mimicked the manner and voice of all the principal performers, male and female, belonging to the French comedy, to the admiration of the chevalier, who, having complimented him upon this surprising modulation, begged leave to dissent in some particulars from the opinion he had avowed. "That you have good actors in England," said he, "it would be unjust and absurd in me to deny; your theatre is adorned by one woman, whose sensibility and sweetness of voice is such as I have never observed on any other stage; she has, besides, an elegance of person and expression of features, that wonderfully adapt her for the most engaging characters of your best plays; and I must freely own that I have been as highly delighted and as deeply affected by a Monimia and Belvidera at London, as ever I was by a Cornelia and Cleopatra at Paris. Your favourite actor is a surprising genius. You can, moreover, boast of several comic actors, who are perfect masters of buffoonery and grimace; though, to be free with you, I think, in these qualifications, you are excelled by the players of Amsterdam. Yet one of your gratiosos I cannot admire in all the characters he assumes. His utterance is a continual sing-song, like the chanting of vespers, and his action resembles that of heaving ballast into the hold of a ship. In his outward deportment, he seems to have confounded the ideas of dignity and insolence of mien; acts the crafty, cool, designing Crookback, as a loud, shallow, blustering Hector; in the character of the mild patriot Brutus, he loses all temper and decorum; nay, so ridiculous is the behaviour of him and Cassius at their interview, that, setting foot to foot, and grinning at each other, with the aspect of two cobblers enraged, they thrust their left sides together with repeated shocks, that the hilts of their swords may clash for the entertainment of the audience, as if they were a couple of merry-andrews, endeavouring to raise the laugh of the vulgar, on some scaffold at Bartholomew Fair. The despair of a great man, who falls a sacrifice to the infernal practices of a subtle traitor, that enjoyed his confidence, this English Æsopus represents, by beating his own forehead, and bellowing like a bull; and indeed, in almost all his most interesting scenes, performs such strange shakings of the head, and other antic gesticulations, that, when I first saw him act, I imagined the poor man laboured under that paralytical disorder which is known by the name of St. Vitus's dance. In short, he seems to be a stranger to the more refined sensations of the soul; consequently his expression is of the vulgar kind, and he must often sink under the idea of the poet; so that he has recourse to such violence of affected agitation, as imposes upon the undiscerning spectator, but, to the eye of taste, evinces him a mere player of that class whom your admired Shakspeare justly compares to nature's journeyman tearing a passion to rags. Yet this man, in spite of all these absurdities, is an admirable Falstaff, exhibits the character of the eighth Henry to the life, is reasonably applauded in the Plain Dealer, excels in the part of Sir John Brute, and would be equal to many humorous situations in low comedy, which his pride will not allow him to undertake. I should not have been so severe upon this actor, had I not seen him extolled by his partisans with the most ridiculous and fulsome manifestations of praise, even in those very circumstances wherein, as I have observed, he chiefly failed."

Pickle, not a little piqued to hear the qualifications of such a celebrated actor in England treated with such freedom and disrespect, answered with some asperity, that the chevalier was a true critic, more industrious in observing the blemishes, than in acknowledging the excellence of those who fell under his examination.

It was not to be supposed that one actor could shine equally in all characters; and though his observations were undoubtedly very judicious, he himself could not help wondering that some of them had always escaped his notice, though he had been an assiduous frequenter of the playhouse. "The player in question," said he, "has, in your own opinion, considerable share of merit in the characters of comic life; and as to the manners of the great personages in tragedy, and the operation of the grand passions of the soul, I apprehend they may be variously represented, according to the various complexion and cultivation of different men. A Spaniard, for example, though impelled by the same passion, will express it very differently from a Frenchman; and what is looked upon as graceful vivacity and address by the one, would be considered as impertinence and foppery by the other. Nay, so opposite is your common deportment from that of some other nations, that one of your own countrymen, in the relation of his travels, observes, that the Persians, even of this age, when they see any man perform unnecessary gestures, say he is either a fool or a Frenchman. The standard of demeanour being thus unsettled, a Turk, a Moor, an Indian, or inhabitant of any country whose customs and dress are widely different from ours, may, in his sentiments, possess all the dignity of the human heart, and be inspired by the noblest passion that animates the soul, and yet excite the laughter rather than the respect of an European spectator.

"When I first beheld your famous Parisian stage heroine in one of her principal parts, her attitudes seemed so violent, and she tossed her arms around with such extravagance, that she put me in mind of a windmill under the agitation of a hard gale; while her voice and features exhibited the lively representation of an English scold. The action of your favourite male performer was,

in my opinion, equally unnatural; he appeared with the affected airs of a dancing-master; at the most pathetic junctures of his fate he lifted up his hands above his head, like a tumbler going to vault, and spoke as if his throat had been obstructed by a hairbrush; yet, when I compared their manners with those of the people before whom they performed, and made allowance for that exaggeration which obtains on all theatres, I was insensibly reconciled to their method of performance, and I could distinguish abundance of merit beneath that oddity of appearance."

The chevalier, perceiving Peregrine a little irritated at what he had said, asked pardon for the liberty he had taken in censuring the English players, assuring him that he had an infinite veneration for the British learning, genius, and taste, which were so justly distinguished in the world of letters; and that, notwithstanding the severity of his criticism, he thought the theatre of London much better supplied with actors than that of Paris. The young gentleman thanked him for his polite condescension, at which Pallet exulted, saying, with a shake of the head, "I believe so, too, Monsieur;" and the physician, impatient of the dispute in which he had borne no share, observed with a supercilious air, that the modern stage was altogether beneath the notice of one who had an idea of ancient magnificence and execution; that plays ought to be exhibited at the expense of the state, as those of Sophocles were by the Athenians; and that proper judges should be appointed for receiving or rejecting all such performances as are offered to the public.

He then described the theatre at Rome, which contained eighty thousand spectators, gave them a learned disquisition into the nature of the *persona*, or mask, worn by the Roman actors, which, he said, was a machine that covered the whole head, furnished on the inside with a brazen concavity, that, by reverberating the sound as it issued from the mouth, raised the voice, so as to render it audible to such an extended audience. He explained the difference between the *saltator* and *declamator*, one of whom acted, while the other rehearsed the part; and from thence took occasion to mention the perfections of their pantomimes, who were so amazingly distinct in the exercise of their art, that a certain prince of Pontus, being at the court of Nero, and seeing one of them represent a story, begged him of the emperor, in order to employ him as an interpreter among barbarous nations, whose language he did not understand. Nay, divers cynic philosophers, who had condemned this entertainment unseen, when they chanced to be eye-witnesses of their admirable dexterity, expressed their sorrow for having so long debarred themselves of such rational enjoyment.

He dissented, however, from the opinion of Peregrine, who, as a proof of their excellence, had advanced that some of the English actors fancied themselves the very thing they represented, and recounted a story from Lucian, of a certain celebrated pantomime, who, in acting the part of Ajax in his frenzy, was transported into a real fit of delirium, during which he tore to pieces the clothes of that actor who stalked before him, beating the stage with iron shoes, in order to increase the noise, snatched an instrument from one of the musicians, and broke it over the head of him who represented Ulysses; and, running to the consular bench, mistook a couple of senators for the sheep which were to be slain. The audience applauded him to the skies; but so conscious was the mimic of his own extravagance, when he recovered the use of his reason, that he actually fell sick with mortification; and, being afterwards desired to react the piece, flatly refused to appear in any such character, saying that the shortest follies were the best, and that it was sufficient for him to have been a madman once in his life.

CHAPTER LII.

An Adventure happens to Pipes, in consequence of which he is dismissed from Peregrine's Service—The whole Company set out for Ghent in the Diligence—Our Hero is captivated by a Lady in that Carriage—Interests her Spiritual Director in his behalf.

THE doctor, being fairly engaged on the subject of the ancients, would have proceeded the Lord knows how far, without hesitation, had not he been interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Jolter, who, in great confusion, told them, that Pipes, having affronted a soldier, was then surrounded in the street, and would certainly be put to death, if some person of authority did not immediately interpose in his behalf.

Peregrine no sooner learned the danger of his trusty squire, than, snatching up his sword, he ran down-stairs, and was followed by the chevalier, entreating him to leave the affair to his management. Within ten yards of the door they found Tom with his back to a wall, defending himself manfully with a mopstick against the assault of three or four soldiers, who, at sight of the Maltese cross, desisted from the attack, and were taken into custody by order of the knight. One of the aggressors, being an Irishman, begged to be heard with great importunity, before he should be sent to the guard; and, by the mediation of Pickle, was accordingly brought into the hotel, with his companions, all three bearing upon their heads and faces evident marks of their adversary's prowess and dexterity. The spokesman, being confronted with Pipes, informed the company that, having by accident met with Mr. Pipes, whom he considered as his countryman, though fortune had disposed of them in different services, he invited him to drink a glass of wine, and accordingly carried him to a cabaret, where he introduced him to his comrades; but, in the course of the conversation, which turned upon the power and greatness of the kings of France and England, Mr. Pipes had been pleased to treat his most Christian Majesty with great disrespect; and when he, the entertainer, expostulated with him in a friendly manner about his impolite behaviour, observing that he, being in the French service, would be under the necessity of resenting his abuse, if he did not put a stop to it before the other gentlemen of the cloth should comprehend his meaning, he had set them all three at defiance, dishonoured him in particular with the opprobrious epithet of *rebel to his native king and country*, and even drank, in broken French, to the perdition of Louis and all his adherents! that, compelled by this outrageous conduct, he, as the person who had recommended him to their society, had, in vindication of his own character, demanded satisfaction of the delinquent, who, on pretence of fetching a sword, had gone to his lodging, from whence he all of a sudden sallied upon them with the mopstick, which he employed in the annoyance of them all without distinction, so

that they were obliged to draw in their own defence.

Pipes, being questioned by his master with regard to the truth of this account, owned that every circumstance was justly represented; saying, he did not value their cheese-toasters a pinch of oakum; and that, if the gentleman had not shot in betwixt them, he would have trimmed them to such a tune, that they should not have had a whole yard to square. Peregrine reprimanded him sharply for his unmannerly behaviour, and insisted upon his asking pardon of those he had injured, upon the spot. But no consideration was efficacious enough to produce such concession. To this command he was both deaf and dumb, and the repeated threats of his master had no more effect than if they had been addressed to a marble statue. At length our hero, incensed at his obstinacy, started up, and would have chastised him with manual operation, had not he been prevented by the chevalier, who found means to moderate his indignation so far, that he contented himself with dismissing the offender from his service; and after having obtained the discharge of the prisoners, gave them a louis to drink by way of recompense for the disgrace and damage they had sustained.

The knight, perceiving our young gentleman very much ruffled at this accident, and reflecting upon the extraordinary deportment and appearance of his valet, whose hair had by this time adopted a grizzled hue, imagined he was some favourite domestic, who had grown grey in the service of his master's family, and that of consequence he was uneasy at the sacrifice he had made. Swayed by this conjecture, he earnestly solicited in his behalf; but all he could obtain was a promise of re-admitting him into favour on the terms already proposed, or at least on condition that he should make his acknowledgment to the chevalier, for his want of reverence and respect for the French monarch.

Upon this condescension the culprit was called up-stairs, and made acquainted with the mitigation of his fate; upon which he said, he would down on his marrowbones to his own master, but would be damned before he would ask pardon of e'er a Frenchman in Christendom. Pickle, exasperated at this blunt declaration, ordered him out of his presence, and charged him never to appear before his face again; while the officer in vain employed all his influence and address to appease his resentment, and about midnight took his leave with marks of mortification at his want of success.

Next day the company agreed to travel through Flanders in the diligence, by the advice of Peregrine, who was not without hope of meeting with some adventure or amusement in that carriage; and Jolter took care to secure places for them all; it being resolved that the valet-de-chambre and the doctor's man should attend the vehicle on horseback. And as for the forlorn Pipes, he was left to reap the fruits of his own stubborn disposition, notwithstanding the united efforts of the whole triumvirate, who endeavoured to procure his pardon.

Every previous measure being thus taken, they set out from Lisle about six in the morning, and found themselves in the company of a female adventurer, a very handsome young lady, a Capuchin, and a Rotterdam Jew. Our young gentleman, being the first of this society that entered, surveyed the strangers with an attentive eye, and seated himself immediately behind the beautiful unknown, who at once attracted his attention. Pallet, seeing another lady unengaged, in imitation of his friend, took possession of her neighbourhood; the physician paired with the priest, and Jolter sat down by the Jew.

The machine had not proceeded many furlongs, when Pickle, accosting the fair incognita, congratulated himself upon his happiness in being a fellow-traveller of so charming a lady. She, without the least reserve or affectation, thanked him for his compliment, and replied with a sprightly air, that now they were embarked in one common bottom, they must club their endeavours to make one another as happy as the nature of their situation would permit them to be. Encouraged by this frank intimation, and captivated by her fine black eyes and easy behaviour, he attached himself to her from that moment; and, in a little time, the conversation became so particular, that the Capuchin thought proper to interfere in the discourse, in such a manner as gave the youth to understand that he was there on purpose to superintend her conduct. He was doubly rejoiced at this discovery, in consequence of which he hoped to profit in his addresses, not only by the young lady's restraint, that never fails to operate in behalf of the lover, but also by the corruptibility of her guardian, whom he did not doubt of rendering propitious to his cause. Flushed with these expectations, he behaved with uncommon complacency to the father, who was charmed with the affability of his carriage, and on the faith of his generosity, abated of his vigilance so much, that our hero carried on his suit without further molestation; while the painter, in signs and loud bursts of laughter, conversed with his dulcinea, who was perfectly well versed in these simple expressions of satisfaction, and had already found means to make a dangerous invasion upon his heart.

Nor were the governor and physician unemployed while their friends interested themselves in this agreeable manner. Jolter no sooner perceived the Hollander was a Jew, than he entered into an investigation of the Hebrew tongue, in which he was a connoisseur; and the doctor at the same time attacked the mendicant on the ridiculous maxims of his order, together with the impositions of priestcraft in general, which, he observed, prevailed so much among those who profess the Roman Catholic religion.

Thus coupled, each committee enjoyed their own conversation apart, without any danger of encroachment; and all were so intent upon their several topics, that they scarce allowed themselves a small interval in viewing the desolation of Menin, as they passed through that ruined frontier. About twelve o'clock they arrived at Courtray, where the horses are always changed, and the company halt an hour for refreshment. Here Peregrine handed his charmer into an apartment, where she was joined by the other lady; and, on pretence of seeing some of the churches in town, put himself under the direction of the Capuchin, from whom he learned that the young lady was wife to a French gentleman, to whom she had been married about a year, and that she was now on her journey to visit her mother, who lived in Brussels, and who at that time laboured under a lingering distemper, which, in all probability, would soon put a period to her life. He then launched out in praise of her daughter's virtue and conjugal affection; and lastly told him that he was her father confessor, and pitched upon to be her conductor through Flanders, by her husband, who, as well as his wife, placed the utmost confidence in his prudence and integrity.

Pickle easily comprehended the meaning of this insinuation, and took the hint accordingly. He

tickled the priest's vanity, with extraordinary encomiums upon the disinterested principles of his order, which were detached from all worldly pursuits, and altogether devoted to the eternal salvation of mankind. He applauded their patience, humility, and learning, and lavished a world of praise upon their talent in preaching, which, he said, had more than once operated so powerfully upon him, that, had he not been restrained by certain considerations which he could not possibly waive, he should have embraced their tenets, and begged admission into their fraternity. But, as the circumstances of his fate would not permit him to take such a salutary measure for the present, he entreated the good father to accept a small token of his love and respect, for the benefit of that convent to which he belonged. So saying, he pulled out a purse of ten guineas, which the Capuchin observing, turned his head another way, and, lifting up his arm, displayed a pocket almost as high as his collar-bone, in which he deposited the money.

This proof of affection for the order produced a sudden and surprising effect upon the friar. In the transport of his zeal he wrung this semi-convert's hand, showered a thousand benedictions upon his head, and exhorted him, with the tears flowing from his eyes, to perfect the great work which the finger of God had begun in his heart; and as an instance of his concern for the welfare of his precious soul, the holy brother promised to recommend him strenuously to the pious admonitions of the young woman under his care, who was a perfect saint upon earth, and endowed with a peculiar gift of mollifying the hearts of obdurate sinners. "O father!" cried the hypocritical projector, who by this time perceived that his money was not thrown away, "if I could be favoured but for one half hour with the private instruction of that inspired devotee, my mind presages that I should be a strayed sheep brought back into the fold, and that I should find easy entrance at the gates of heaven! There is something supernatural in her aspect; I gaze upon her with the most pious fervour, and my whole soul is agitated with tumults of hope and despair!" Having pronounced this rhapsody with transport half natural and half affected, the priest assured him that these were operations of the spirit, which must not be repressed; and comforted him with the hope of enjoying the blessed interview which he desired, protesting that, as far as his influence extended, his wish should be that very evening indulged. The gracious pupil thanked him for his benevolent concern, which he swore should not be squandered upon an ungrateful object; and the rest of the company interrupting the conversation, they returned in a body to the inn, where they dined all together, and the ladies were persuaded to be our hero's guests.

As the subjects on which they had been engaged before dinner were not exhausted, each brace resumed their former theme when they were replaced in the diligence. The painter's mistress finished her conquest, by exerting her skill in the art of ogling, accompanied by frequent bewitching sighs, and some tender French songs, that she sung with such pathetic expression as quite melted the resolution of Pallet, and utterly subdued his affection. And he, to convince her of the importance of her victory, gave a specimen of his own talents, by entertaining her with that celebrated English ditty, the burden of which begins with, *The pigs they lie with their arses bare.*

CHAPTER LIII.

He makes some Progress in her Affections—Is interrupted by a Dispute between Jolter and the Jew—Appeases the Wrath of the Capuchin, who procures for him an Interview with his fair Enslaver, in which he finds himself deceived.

PEREGRINE, meanwhile, employed all his insinuation and address in practising upon the heart of the Capuchin's fair charge. He had long ago declared his passion, not in the superficial manner of a French gallant, but with all the ardour of an enthusiast. He had languished, vowed, flattered, kissed her hand by stealth, and had no reason to complain of his reception. Though, by a man of a less sanguine disposition, her particular complaisance would have been deemed equivocal, and perhaps nothing more than the effect of French breeding and constitutional vivacity, he gave his own qualifications credit for the whole, and with these sentiments carried on the attack with such unabating vigour, that she was actually prevailed upon to accept a ring, which he presented as a token of his esteem; and everything proceeded in a most prosperous train, when they were disturbed by the governor and Israelite, who in the heat of disputation raised their voices, and poured forth such effusions of gutturals, as set our lover's teeth on edge. As they spoke in a language unknown to every one in the carriage but themselves, and looked at each other with mutual animosity and rancour, Peregrine desired to know the cause of their contention. Upon which Jolter exclaimed in a furious tone, "This learned Levite, forsooth, has the impudence to tell me that I don't understand Hebrew; and affirms that the word *Benoni* signifies *child of joy;* whereas I can prove, and indeed have already said enough to convince any reasonable man, that in the Septuagint it is rightly translated into *son of my sorrow.*" Having thus explained himself to his pupil, he turned to the priest, with intention to appeal to his determination; but the Jew pulled him by the sleeve with great eagerness, saying, "For the love of God be quiet, the Capuchin will discover who we are!" Jolter, offended at this conjunction, echoed, "Who we are!" with great emphasis; and repeating *nos poma natamus,* asked ironically to which of the tribes the Jew thought he belonged. The Levite, affronted at his comparing him to a ball of horse-dung, replied, with a most significant grin, "To the tribe of Issachar." His antagonist, taking the advantage of his unwillingness to be known by the friar, and prompted by revenge for the freedom he had used, answered in the French language, that the judgment of God was still manifest upon their whole race, not only in their being in the state of exiles from their native land, but also in the spite of their hearts and pravity of their dispositions, which demonstrate them to be the genuine offspring of those who crucified the Saviour of the world.

His expectation was, however, defeated; the priest himself was too deeply engaged to attend to the debates of other people. The physician, in the pride and insolence of his learning, had undertaken to display the absurdity of the Christian faith; having already, as he thought, confuted the Capuchin, touching the points of belief in which the Roman Catholics differ from the rest of the world. But not contented with the imagined victory he had gained, he began to strike at the fundamentals of religion; and the father, with incredible forbearance, suffered him

to make very free with the doctrine of the Trinity. But, when he levelled the shafts of his ridicule at the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, the good man's patience forsook him, his eyes seemed to kindle with indignation, he trembled in every joint, and uttered with a loud voice, "You are an abominable— I will not call thee heretic, for thou art worse, if possible, than a Jew; you deserve to be enclosed in a furnace seven times heated, and I have a good mind to lodge an information against you with the governor of Ghent, that you may be apprehended and punished as an impious blasphemer."

This menace operated like a charm on all present. The doctor was confounded, the governor dismayed; the Levite's teeth chattered, the painter was astonished at the general confusion, the cause of which he could not comprehend; and Pickle himself, not a little alarmed, was obliged to use all his interest and assiduity in appeasing this son of the church, who at length, in consideration of the friendship he professed for the young gentleman, consented to forgive what had passed, but absolutely refused to sit in contact with such a profane wretch, whom he looked upon as a fiend of darkness sent by the enemy of mankind to poison the minds of weak people; so that after having crossed himself, and muttered certain exorcisms, he insisted upon the doctor's changing places with the Jew, who approached the offended ecclesiastic in an agony of fear.

Matters being thus compromised, the conversation flowed in a more general channel; and without the intervention of any other accident, or bone of contention, the carriage arrived at the city of Ghent about seven in the evening. Supper being bespoke for the whole company, our adventurer and his friends went out to take a superficial view of the place, leaving his new mistress to the pious exhortations of her confessor, whom, as we have already observed, he had secured in his interest. This zealous mediator spoke so warmly in his commendation, and interested her conscience so much in the affair, that she could not refuse her helping hand to the great work of his conversion, and promised to grant the interview he desired.

This agreeable piece of intelligence, which the Capuchin communicated to Peregrine at his return, elevated his spirits to such a degree, that he shone at supper with uncommon brilliance, in a thousand sallies of wit and pleasantry, to the admiration and delight of all present, especially of his fair Fleming, who seemed quite captivated by his person and behaviour.

The evening being thus spent to the satisfaction of all parties, the company broke up, and retired to their several apartments, when our lover, to his unspeakable mortification, learned that the two ladies were obliged to lie in the same room, all the other chambers of the inn being pre-occupied. When he imparted this difficulty to the priest, that charitable father, who was very fruitful in expedients, assured him that his spiritual concerns should not be obstructed by such a slender impediment; and accordingly availed himself of his prerogative, by going into his daughter's chamber when she was almost undressed, and leading her into his own, on pretence of administering salutary food for her soul. Having brought the two votaries together, he prayed for success to the operations of grace, and left them to their mutual meditations, after having conjured them in the most solemn manner to let no impure sentiments, or temptations of the flesh, interfere with the hallowed design of their meeting.

The reverend intercessor being gone, and the door fastened on the inside, the pseudo-convert, transported with his passion, threw himself at Amanda's feet; and begging she would spare him the tedious form of addresses, which the nature of their interview would not permit him to observe, began with all the impetuosity of love to make the most by the occasion. But whether she was displeased by the intrepidity and assurance of his behaviour, thinking herself entitled to more courtship and respect, or was really better fortified with chastity than he or his procurer had supposed her to be, certain it is, she expressed resentment and surprise at his boldness and presumption, and upbraided him with having imposed upon the charity of the friar. The young gentleman was really as much astonished at this rebuff, as she pretended to be at his declaration, and earnestly entreated her to consider how precious the moments were, and for once sacrifice superfluous ceremony to the happiness of one who adored her with such a flame, as could not fail to consume his vitals, if she would not deign to bless him with her favour. Notwithstanding all his tears, vows, and supplications, his personal accomplishments, and the tempting opportunity, all that he could obtain was an acknowledgment of his having made an impression upon her heart, which she hoped the dictates of her duty would enable her to erase. This confession he considered as a delicate consent; and, obeying the impulse of his love, snatched her up in his arms, with an intention of seizing that which she declined to give; when this French Lucretia, unable to defend her virtue any other way, screamed aloud; and the Capuchin, setting his shoulder to the door, forced it open, and entered in an affected ecstasy of amazement. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and pretended to be thunderstruck at the discovery he had made; then, in broken exclamations, professed his horror at the wicked intention of our hero, who had covered such a damnable scheme with the mask of religion.

In short, he performed his cue with such dexterity, that the lady, believing him in earnest, begged he would forgive the stranger, on account of his youth and education, which had been tainted by the errors of heresy; and he was on these considerations content to accept the submission of our hero, who, far from renouncing his expectations, notwithstanding this mortifying repulse, confided so much in his own talents, and the confession which his mistress had made, that he resolved to make another effort, to which nothing could have prompted him but the utmost turbulence of unruly desire.

CHAPTER LIV

He makes another Effort towards the Accomplishment of his Wish, which is postponed by a strange Accident.

He directed his valet-de-chambre, who was a thorough-paced pimp, to kindle some straw in the yard, and then pass by the door of her apartment, crying, with a loud voice, that the house was on fire. This alarm brought both ladies out of their chamber in a moment; and Peregrine, taking the advantage of their running to the street door, entered the room, and concealed himself under a large table that stood in an unobserved corner. The nymphs, as soon as they understood the cause of his Mercury's supposed

affright, returned to their apartment, and, having said their prayers, undressed themselves, and went to bed. This scene, which fell under the observation of Pickle, did not at all contribute to the cooling of his concupiscence, but, on the contrary, inflamed him to such a degree, that he could scarce restrain his impatience, until by her breathing deep, he concluded the fellow-lodger of his Amanda was asleep. This welcome note no sooner saluted his ears, than he crept to his charmer's bedside, and, placing himself on his knees, gently laid hold on her white hand, and pressed it to his lips. She had just begun to close her eyes, and enjoy the agreeable oppression of slumber, when she was roused by this rape, at which she started, pronouncing, in a tone of surprise and dismay, "My God! who's that?" The lover, with the most insinuating humility, besought her to hear him; vowing that his intention in approaching her thus, was not to violate the laws of decency, or that indelible esteem which she had engraven on his heart, but to manifest his sorrow and contrition for the umbrage he had given, to pour forth the overflowings of his soul, and tell her that he neither could nor would survive her displeasure. These, and many other pathetic protestations, accompanied with sighs and tears, and other expressions of grief, which our hero had at command, could not fail to melt the tender heart of the amiable Fleming, already prepossessed in favour of his qualifications. She sympathized so much with his affliction as to weep in her turn, when she represented the impossibility of her rewarding his passion; and he, seizing the favourable moment, reinforced his solicitations with such irresistible transports, that her resolution gave way, she began to breathe quick, expressed her fear of being overheard by the other lady, and, with an ejaculation of "O Heavens! I'm undone," suffered him, after a faint struggle, to make a lodgement upon the covered way of her bed. Her honour, however, was secured for the present, by a strange sort of knocking upon the wainscot, at the other end of the room, hard by the bed in which the female adventurer lay.

Surprised at this circumstance, the lady begged him for heaven's sake to retreat, or her reputation would be ruined for ever. But when he represented to her that her character would run a much greater risk if he should be detected in withdrawing, she consented with great trepidation to his stay; and they listened in silence to the sequel of the noise that alarmed them. This was no other than an expedient of the painter to awaken his dulcinea, with whom he had made an assignation, or at least interchanged such signals as he thought amounted to a firm appointment. His nymph being disturbed in her first sleep, immediately understood the sound, and, true to the agreement, rose, and unbolting the door as softly as possible, gave him admittance, leaving it open for his more commodious retreat.

While this happy gallant was employed in disengaging himself from the dishabille in which he had entered, the Capuchin, suspecting that Peregrine would make another attempt upon his charge, had crept silently to the apartment, in order to reconnoitre, lest the adventure should be achieved without his knowledge; a circumstance that would deprive him of the profits he might expect from his privity and concurrence. Finding the door unlatched, his suspicion was confirmed, and he made no scruple of creeping into the chamber on all four; so that the painter, having stripped himself to the shirt, in groping about for his dulcinea's bed, chanced to lay his hand upon the shaven crown of the father's head, which, by a circular motion, the priest began to turn round in his grasp, like a ball in a socket, to the surprise and consternation of poor Pallet, who, having neither penetration to comprehend the case, nor resolution to withdraw his fingers from this strange object of his touch, stood sweating in the dark, and venting ejaculations with great devotion. The friar, tired with this exercise, and the painful posture in which he stooped, raised himself gradually upon his feet, heaving up at the same time the hand of the painter, whose terror and amazement increased to such a degree at this unaccountable elevation, that his faculties began to fail; and his palm, in the confusion of his fright, sliding over the priest's forehead, one of his fingers happened to slip into his mouth, and was immediately secured between the Capuchin's teeth, with as firm a fixture as if it had been screwed in a blacksmith's vice. The painter was so much disordered by this sudden snap, which tortured him to the bone, that, forgetting all other considerations, he roared aloud, "Murder! a fire! a trap, a trap! help, Christians, for the love of God, help!" Our hero, confounded by these exclamations, which he knew would soon fill the room with spectators, and incensed at his own mortifying disappointment, was obliged to quit the untasted banquet, and approaching the cause of his misfortune, just as his tormentor had thought proper to release his finger, discharged such a hearty slap between his shoulders, as brought him to the ground with hideous bellowing; then retiring unperceived to his own chamber, was one of the first who returned with a light, on pretence of having been alarmed with his cries. The Capuchin had taken the same precaution, and followed Peregrine into the room, pronouncing *Benedicite*, and crossing himself with many marks of astonishment. The physician and Jolter appearing at the same time, the unfortunate painter was found lying naked on the floor, in all the agony of horror and dismay, blowing upon his left hand, that hung dangling from the elbow. The circumstance of his being found in that apartment, and the attitude of his affliction, which was extremely ridiculous, provoked the doctor to a smile, and produced a small relaxation in the severity of the governor's countenance; while Pickle, testifying surprise and concern, lifted him from the ground, and inquired into the cause of his present situation. Having, after some recollection, and fruitless endeavours to speak, recovered the use of his tongue, he told them that the house was certainly haunted by evil spirits, by which he had been conveyed, he knew not how, into that apartment, and afflicted with all the tortures of hell. That one of them had made itself sensible to his feeling, in the shape of a round ball of smooth flesh, which turned round under his hand like an astronomer's globe, and then rising up to a surprising height, was converted into a machine that laid hold on his finger by a snap, and having pinned him to the spot, he continued for some moments in unspeakable agony. At last he said the engine seemed to melt away from his finger, and he received a sudden thwack upon his shoulders, as if discharged by the arm of a giant, which overthrew him in an instant upon the floor. The priest, hearing this strange account, pulled out of one of his pouches a piece of consecrated candle, which he lighted immediately, and muttered certain mysterious conjurations. Jolter, imagining that Pallet was drunk, shook his head, saying, he believed the spirit was nowhere but

in his own brain. The physician for once condescended to be a wag, and looking towards one of the beds, observed that, in his opinion, the painter had been misled by the flesh, and not by the spirit. The fair Fleming lay in silent astonishment and affright; and her fellow-lodger, in order to acquit herself of all suspicion, exclaimed with incredible volubility against the author of this uproar, who, she did not doubt, had concealed himself in the apartment, with a view of perpetrating some wicked attempt upon her precious virtue, and was punished and prevented by the immediate interposition of Heaven. At her desire, therefore, and at the earnest solicitation of the other lady, he was conducted to his own bed, and the chamber being evacuated, they locked their door, fully resolved to admit no more visitants for that night. While Peregrine, mad with seeing the delicious morsel snatched, as it were, from his very lip, stalked through the passage like a ghost, in hope of finding some opportunity of re-entering, till, the day beginning to break, he was obliged to retire, cursing the idiotical conduct of the painter, which had so unluckily interfered with his delight.

CHAPTER LV.

They depart from Ghent—Our Hero engages in a Political Dispute with his Mistress, whom he offends, and pacifies with Submission—He practises an Expedient to detain the Carriage at Alost, and confirms the Priest in his Interest.

NEXT day, about one o'clock, after having seen everything remarkable in town, and been present at the execution of two youths, who were hanged for ravishing a whore, they took their departure from Ghent, in the same carriage which had brought them thither; and the conversation turning upon the punishment they had seen inflicted, the Flemish beauty expressed great sympathy and compassion for the unhappy sufferers, who, as she had been informed, had fallen victims to the malice of the accuser. Her sentiments were espoused by all the company, except the French lady of pleasure, who, thinking the credit of the sisterhood concerned in the affair, bitterly inveighed against the profligacy of the age, and particularly the base and villanous attempts of man upon the chastity of the weaker sex; saying, with a look of indignation, directed to the painter, that, for her own part, she should never be able to manifest the acknowledgment she owed to Providence, for having protected her last night from the wicked aims of unbridled lust. This observation introduced a series of jokes, at the expense of Pallet, who hung his ears, and sat with a silent air of dejection, fearing that, through the malevolence of the physician, his adventure might reach the ears of his wife. Indeed, though we have made shift to explain the whole transaction to the reader, it was an inextricable mystery to every individual in the diligence. Because the part which was acted by the Capuchin was known to himself alone; and even he was utterly ignorant of Pickle's being concerned in the affair; so that the greatest share of the painter's sufferings were supposed to be the exaggerations of his own extravagant imagination.

In the midst of their discourse on this extraordinary subject, the driver told them that they were now on the very spot where a detachment of the allied army had been intercepted and cut off by the French; and, stopping the vehicle, entertained them with a local description of the battle of Melle. Upon this occasion, the Flemish lady, who, since her marriage, had become a keen partisan for the French, gave a minute detail of all the circumstances, as they had been represented to her by her husband's brother, who was in the action. This account, which sunk the number of the French to sixteen, and raised that of the allies to twenty thousand men, was so disagreeable to truth, as well as to the laudable partiality of Peregrine, that he ventured to contradict her assertions, and a fierce dispute commenced, that not only regarded the present question, but also comprehended all the battles in which the Duke of Marlborough had commanded against Louis the Fourteenth. In the course of these debates, she divested the great general of all the glory he had acquired, by affirming, that every victory he gained was purposely lost by the French generals, in order to bring the schemes of Madame de Maintenon into discredit; and, as a particular instance, alleged, that while the citadel of Lisle was besieged, Louis said, in presence of the Dauphin, that, if the allies should be obliged to raise the siege, he would immediately declare his marriage with that lady; upon which the son sent private orders to Marshal Boufflers to surrender the place. This strange allegation was supported by the asseverations of the priest and the courtezan, and admitted as truth by the governor, who pretended to have heard it from good authority; while the doctor sat neutral, as one who thought it scandalous to know the history of such modern events. The Israelite, being a true Dutchman, lifted himself under the banners of our hero, who, in attempting to demonstrate the absurdity and improbability of what they had advanced, raised such a hue and cry against himself, and being insensibly heated in the altercation, irritated his Amanda to such a degree, that her charming eyes kindled with fury, and he saw great reason to think, that, if he did not fall upon some method to deprecate her wrath, she would in a twinkling sacrifice all her esteem for him to her zeal for the glory of the French nation. Moved by this apprehension, his ardour cooled by degrees, and he insensibly detached himself from the argument, leaving the whole care of supporting it on the Jew, who, finding himself deserted, was fain to yield at discretion; so that the French remained masters of the field, and their young heroine resumed her good humour.

Our hero having prudently submitted to the superior intelligence of his fair enslaver, began to be harassed with the fears of losing her for ever, and set his invention at work, to contrive some means of indemnifying himself for his assiduities, presents, and the disappointments he had already undergone. On pretence of enjoying a free air, he mounted the box, and employed his elocution and generosity with such success, that the driver undertook to disable the diligence from proceeding beyond the town of Alost for that day; and, in consequence of his promise, gently overturned it when they were but a mile short of that baiting-place. He had taken his measures so discreetly, that this accident was attended with no other inconvenience than a fit of fear that took possession of the ladies, and the necessity to which they were reduced by the declaration of the coachman, who, upon examining the carriage, assured the company that the axle-tree had given way, and ad-

vised them to walk forward to the inn, while he would jog after them at a slow pace, and do his endeavour the damage should be immediately repaired. Peregrine pretended to be very much concerned at what had happened, and even cursed the driver for his inadvertency, expressing infinite impatience to be at Brussels, and wishing that this misfortune might not detain them another night upon the road; but when his understrapper, according to his instructions, came afterwards to the inn, and gave them to understand, that the workman he had employed could not possibly refit the machine in less than six hours, the crafty youth affected to lose all temper, stormed at his emissary, whom he reviled in the most opprobrious terms, and threatened to cane for his misconduct. The fellow protested, with great humility, that their being overturned was owing to the failure of the axletree, and not to his want of care or dexterity in driving; though, rather than be thought the cause of incommoding him, he would inquire for a post-chaise, in which he might depart for Brussels immediately. This expedient Pickle rejected, unless the whole company could be accommodated in the same manner; and he had been previously informed by the driver that the town could not furnish more than one vehicle of that sort. His governor, who was quite ignorant of his scheme, represented that one night would soon be passed, and exhorted him to bear this small disappointment with a good grace, especially as the house seemed to be well provided for their entertainment, and the company so much disposed to be sociable. The Capuchin, who had found his account in cultivating the acquaintance of the young stranger, was not ill pleased at this event, which might, by protracting the term of their intercourse, yield him some opportunity of profiting still further by his liberality. He therefore joined Mr. Jolter in his admonitions, congratulating himself upon the prospect of enjoying his conversation a little longer than he had expected. Our young gentleman received a compliment to the same purpose from the Hebrew, who had that day exercised his gallantry upon the French coquette, and was not without hope of reaping the fruits of his attention; his rival, the painter, being quite disgraced and dejected by the adventure of last night. As for the doctor, he was too much engrossed in the contemplation of his own importance, to interest himself in the affair, or its consequences, further than by observing that the European powers ought to establish public games, like those that were celebrated of old in Greece; in which case, every state would be supplied with such dexterous charioteers, as would drive a machine at full speed, within a hair's-breadth of a precipice, without any danger of its being overthrown. Peregrine could not help yielding to their remonstrances and united complaisance, for which he thanked them in very polite terms, and his passion seeming to subside, proposed that they should amuse themselves in walking round the ramparts. He hoped to enjoy some private conversation with his admired Fleming, who had this whole day behaved with remarkable reserve. The proposal being embraced, he, as usual, handed her into the street, and took all opportunities of promoting his suit; but they were attended so closely by her father confessor, that he foresaw it would be impracticable to accomplish his aim without the connivance of that ecclesiastic. This he was obliged to purchase with another purse, which he offered, and was accepted as a charitable atonement for his criminal behaviour during the interview which the friar had procured for the good of his soul. The benefaction was no sooner made, than the pious mendicant edged off by little and little, till he joined the rest of the company, leaving his generous patron at full liberty to prosecute his purpose. It is not to be doubted that our adventurer made a good use of this occasion. He practised a thousand flowers of rhetoric, and actually exhausted his whole address, in persuading her to have compassion upon his misery, and indulge him with another private audience, without which he should run distracted, and be guilty of extravagances which, in the humanity of her disposition, she would weep to see. But, instead of complying with his request, she chid him severely for his presumption, in persecuting her with his vicious addresses. She assured him, that although she had secured a chamber for herself in this place, because she had no ambition to be better acquainted with the other lady, he would be in the wrong to disturb her with another nocturnal visit; for she was determined to deny him admittance. The lover was comforted by this hint, which he understood in the true acceptation, and his passion being inflamed by the obstacles he had met with, his heart beat high with the prospect of possession. These raptures of expectation produced an inquietude, which disabled him from bearing that share of the conversation for which he used to be distinguished. His behaviour at supper was a vicissitude of startings and reveries. The Capuchin, imputing this disorder to a second repulse from his charge, began to be invaded with the apprehension of being obliged to refund, and, in a whisper, forbade our hero to despair.

CHAPTER LVI.

The French Coquette entraps the Heart of the Jew, against whom Pallet enters into a Conspiracy; by which Peregrine is again disappointed, and the Hebrew's Incontinence exposed.

MEANWHILE the French siren, balked in her design upon her English cully, who was so easily disheartened, and hung his ears in manifest despondence, rather than run the risk of making a voyage that should be altogether unprofitable, resolved to practise her charms upon the Dutch merchant. She had already made such innovations upon his heart, that he cultivated her with peculiar complacency, gazed upon her with a most libidinous stare, and unbended his aspect into a grin that was truly Israelitish. The painter saw, and was offended at this correspondence, which he considered as an insult upon his misfortune, as well as an evident preference of his rival; and, conscious of his own timidity, swallowed an extraordinary glass, that his invention might be stimulated, and his resolution raised to the contrivance and execution of some scheme of revenge. The wine, however, failed in the expected effect, and, without inspiring him with the plan, served only to quicken his desire of vengeance; so that he communicated his purpose to his friend Peregrine, and begged his assistance. But our young gentleman was too intent upon his own affair to mind the concerns of any other person, and he, declining to be engaged in the project, Pallet had recourse to the genius of Pickle's valet-de-chambre, who readily embarked in the undertaking, and invented a plan, which was executed accordingly.

The evening being pretty far advanced, and the company separated into their respective apartments, Pickle repaired, in all the impatience of youth and desire, to the chamber of his charmer, and, finding the door unbolted, entered in a transport of joy. By the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he was conducted to her bed, which he approached in the utmost agitation, and, perceiving her to all appearance asleep, essayed to wake her with a gentle kiss; but this method proved ineffectual, because she was determined to save herself the confusion of being an accomplice in his guilt. He repeated the application, murmured a most passionate salutation in her ear, and took such other gentle methods of signifying his presence, as persuaded him that she was resolved to sleep, in spite of all his endeavours. Flushed with this agreeable supposition, he locked the door, in order to prevent interruption, and stealing himself under the clothes, set fortune at defiance, while he held the fair creature circled in his arms.

Nevertheless, near as he seemed to be to the happy accomplishment of his desire, his hope was again frustrated with a frightful noise, which in a moment awaked his Amanda in a fright, and, for the present, engaged all his attention. His valet-de-chambre, whom Pallet had consulted as a confederate in his revenge against the lady of pleasure and her Jewish gallant, had hired of certain Bohemians, who chanced to lodge at the inn, a jack-ass adorned with bells, which, when everybody was retired to rest, and the Hebrew supposed to be bedded with his mistress, they led upstairs into a long thoroughfare, from which the chambers were detached on each side. The painter, perceiving the lady's door ajar, according to his expectation, mounted this animal, with intention to ride into the room, and disturb the lovers in the midst of their mutual endearments; but the ass, true to its kind, finding himself bestrid by an unknown rider, instead of advancing in obedience to his conductor, retreated backwards to the other end of the passage, in spite of all the efforts of the painter, who spurred, and kicked, and pummelled, to no purpose. It was the noise of this contention between Pallet and the ass which invaded the ears of Peregrine and his mistress, neither of whom could form the least rational conjecture about the cause of such strange disturbance, which increased as the animal approached the apartment. At length, the bourrique's retrograde motion was obstructed by the door, which it forced open in a twinkling, with one kick, and entered with such complication of sound, as terrified the lady almost into a fit, and threw her lover into the utmost perplexity and confusion. The painter, finding himself thus violently intruded into the bed-chamber of he knew not whom, and dreading the resentment of the possessor, who might discharge a pistol at him, as a robber who had broke into his apartment, was overwhelmed with consternation, and redoubled his exertion to accomplish a speedy retreat, sweating all the time with fear, and putting up petitions to Heaven for his safety; but his obstinate companion, regardless of his situation, instead of submitting to his conduct, began to turn round like a mill-stone, the united sound of his feet and bells producing a most surprising concert. The unfortunate rider, whirling about in this manner, would have quitted his seat, and left the beast to his own amusement, but the rotation was so rapid, that the terror of a severe fall hindered him from attempting to dismount; and, in the desperation of his heart, he seized one of its ears, which he pinched so unmercifully that the creature set up his throat, and brayed aloud. This hideous exclamation was no sooner heard by the fair Fleming, already chilled by panic, and prepared with superstition, than, believing herself visited by the devil, who was permitted to punish her for her infidelity to the marriage-bed, she uttered a scream, and began to repeat her Paternoster with a loud voice. Her lover, finding himself under the necessity of retiring, started up, and, stung with the most violent pangs of rage and disappointment, ran directly to the spot whence this diabolical noise seemed to proceed. There, encountering the ass, he discharged such a volley of blows at him and his rider, that the creature carried him off at a round trot, and they roared in unison all the way. Having thus cleared the room of such disagreeable company, he went back to his mistress, and, assuring her that this was only some foolish prank of Pallet, took his leave, with a promise of returning after the quiet of the inn should be re-established.

In the meantime, the noise of the bourrique, the cries of the painter, and the lady's scream, had alarmed the whole house; and the ass, in the precipitation of his retreat, seeing people with lights before him, took shelter in the apartment for which he was at first designed, just as the Levite, aroused at the uproar, had quitted his dulcinea, and was attempting to recover his own chamber unperceived. Seeing himself opposed by such an animal, mounted by a tall, meagre, lantern-jawed figure, half naked, with a white nightcap upon his head, which added to the natural paleness of his complexion, the Jew was sorely troubled in mind, and believing it to be an apparition of Balaam and his ass, fled backward with a nimble pace, and crept under the bed, where he lay concealed. Mr. Jolter and the priest, who were the foremost of those who had been aroused by the noise, were not unmoved when they saw such a spectacle rushing into the chamber, from whence the lady of pleasure began to shriek. The governor made a full halt, and the Capuchin discovered no inclination to proceed. They were, however, by the pressure of the crowd that followed them, thrust forward to the door through which the vision entered; and there Jolter, with great ceremony, complimented his reverence with the pass, beseeching him to walk in. The mendicant was too courteous and humble to accept this pre-eminence, and a very earnest dispute ensued, during which the ass, in the course of his circuit, showed himself and rider, and, in a trice, decided the contest; for, struck with this second glimpse, both at one instant sprung back with such force as overturned the next men, who communicated the impulse to those that stood behind them, and these again to others; so that the whole passage was strewed with a long file of people, that lay in a line like the sequel and dependence of a pack of cards. In the midst of this havoc, our hero returned from his own room with an air of astonishment, asking the cause of this uproar. Receiving such hints of intelligence as Jolter's consternation would permit him to give, he snatched the candle out of his hand, and advanced into the haunted chamber without hesitation, being followed by all present, who broke forth into a long and loud peal of laughter, when they perceived the ludicrous source of their disquiet. The painter himself made an effort to join their mirth, but he had been so harrowed by fear, and smarted so much with the pain of the discipline he had received from Pickle, that he could not, with all his endeavour, vanquish the ruefulness of his countenance. His attempt served only to increase the

awkwardness of his situation, which was not at all mended by the behaviour of the coquette, who, furious with her disappointment, slipped on a petticoat and bed-gown, and, springing upon him like another Hecuba, with her nails deprived all one side of his nose of the skin, and would not have left him an eye to see through, if some of the company had not rescued him from her unmerciful talons. Provoked at this outrage, as well as by her behaviour to him in the diligence, he publicly explained his intention in entering her chamber in this equipage, and, missing the Hebrew among the spectators, assured them that he must have absconded somewhere in the apartment. In pursuance of this intimation, the room was immediately searched, and the mortified Levite pulled by the heels from his lurking-place; so that Pallet had the good fortune at last to transfer the laugh from himself to his rival and the French inamorata, who accordingly underwent the ridicule of the whole audience.

CHAPTER LVII.

Pallet, endeavouring to unravel the Mystery of the Treatment he had received, falls out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.

NEVERTHELESS, Pallet was still confounded and chagrined by one consideration, which was no other than that of his having been so roughly handled in the chamber belonging, as he found upon inquiry, to the handsome young lady who was under the Capuchin's direction. He recollected that the door was fast locked when his beast burst it open, and he had no reason to believe that any person followed him in his irruption. On the other hand, he could not imagine that such a gentle creature would either attempt to commit, or be able to execute, such a desperate assault as that which his body had sustained, and her demeanour was so modest and circumspect, that he durst not harbour the least suspicion of her virtue.

These reflections bewildered him in the labyrinth of thought. He rummaged his whole imagination, endeavouring to account for what had happened. At length he concluded that either Peregrine, or the devil, or both, must have been at the bottom of the whole affair, and determined, for the satisfaction of his curiosity, to watch our hero's motions, during the remaining part of the night, so narrowly, that his conduct, mysterious as it was, should not be able to elude his penetration.

With these sentiments he retired to his own room, after the ass had been restored to the right owners, and the priest had visited and confirmed his fair ward, who had been almost distracted with fear. Silence no sooner prevailed again, than he crawled darkling towards her door, and huddled himself up in an obscure corner, from whence he might observe the ingress or egress of any human creature. He had not long remained in this posture, when, fatigued with this adventure, and that of the preceding night, his faculties were gradually overpowered with slumber; and, falling fast asleep, he began to snore like a whole congregation of Presbyterians. The Flemish beauty, hearing this discordant noise in the passage, began to be afraid of some new alarm, and very prudently bolted her door; so that when her lover wanted to repeat his visit, he was not only surprised and incensed at this disagreeable serenade, the author of which he did not know, but when compelled by his passion, which was by this time wound to the highest pitch, he ventured to approach the entrance, he had the extreme mortification to find himself shut out. He durst not knock to signify his presence in any other manner, on account of the lady's reputation, which would have greatly suffered had the snorer been waked by his endeavours. Had he known that the person who thus thwarted his views was the painter, he would have taken some effectual step to remove him; but he could not conceive what should induce Pallet to take up his residence in that corner, nor could he use the assistance of a light to distinguish him, because there was not a candle burning in the house.

It is impossible to describe the rage and vexation of our hero, while he continued thus tantalized upon the brink of bliss, after his desire had been exasperated by the circumstances of his two former disappointments. He ejaculated a thousand execrations against his own fortune, cursed his fellow-travellers without exception, vowed revenge against the painter, who had twice confounded his most interesting scheme, and was tempted to execute immediate vengeance upon the unknown cause of his present miscarriage. In this agony of distraction did he sweat two whole hours in the passage, though not without some faint hopes of being delivered from his tormentor, who, he imagined, upon waking, would undoubtedly shift his quarters, and leave the field free to his designs; but when he heard the cock repeat his salutation to the morn, which began to open on the rear of night, he could no longer restrain his indignation. Going to his own chamber, he filled a basin with cold water, and, standing at some distance, discharged it full in the face of the gaping snorer, who, over and above the surprise occasioned by the application, was almost suffocated by the liquor that entered his mouth, and ran down into his windpipe. While he gasped like a person half drowned, without knowing the nature of his disaster, or remembering the situation in which he fell asleep, Peregrine retired to his own door, and, to his no small astonishment, from a long howl that invaded his ears, learned that the patient was no other than Pallet, who had now for the third time balked his good fortune.

Enraged at the complicated trespasses of this unfortunate offender, he rushed from his apartment with a horsewhip, and encountering the painter in his flight, overturned him in the passage. There he exercised the instrument of his wrath with great severity, on pretence of mistaking him for some presumptuous cur, which had disturbed the repose of the inn; nay, when he called aloud for mercy in a supplicating tone, and his chastiser could no longer pretend to treat him as a quadruped, such was the virulence of the young gentleman's indignation, that he could not help declaring his satisfaction, by telling Pallet he had richly deserved the punishment he had undergone, for his madness, folly, and impertinence, in contriving and executing such idle schemes, as had no other tendency than that of plaguing his neighbours.

Pallet protested, with great vehemence, that he was innocent as the child unborn of an intention to give umbrage to any person whatever, except the Israelite and his doxy, who he knew had incurred his displeasure. "But, as God is my Saviour," said he, "I believe I am persecuted with witchcraft, and begin to think that damned priest is an agent of the devil; for he hath been but two nights in our company, during which I have not closed an eye, but, on the contrary,

have been tormented by all the fiends of hell." Pickle peevishly replied that his torments had been occasioned by his own foolish imagination; and asked him how he came to howl in that corner. The painter, who did not think proper to own the truth, said that he had been transported thither by some preternatural conveyance, and soused in water by an invisible hand. The youth, in hope of profiting by his absence, advised him to retire immediately to his bed, and by sleep strive to comfort his brain, which seemed to be not a little disordered by the want of that refreshment. Pallet himself began to be very much of the same way of thinking; and, in compliance with such wholesome counsel, betook himself to rest, muttering prayers all the way for the recovery of his own understanding.

Pickle attended him to his chamber, and locking him up, put the key in his own pocket, that he might not have it in his power to interrupt him again; but, in his return he was met by Mr. Jolter and the doctor, who had been a second time alarmed by the painter's cries, and come to inquire about this new adventure. Half frantic with such a series of disappointments, he cursed them in his heart for their unseasonable appearance. When they questioned him about Pallet, he told them he had found him stark staring mad, howling in a corner, and wet to the skin, and conducted him to his room, where he was now abed. The physician hearing this circumstance, made a merit of his vanity; and, under pretence of concern for the patient's welfare, desired he might have an opportunity of examining the symptoms of his disorder, without loss of time; alleging that many diseases might have been stifled in the birth, which afterwards baffled all the endeavours of the medical art. The young gentleman accordingly delivered the key, and once more withdrew into his own chamber, with a view of seizing the first occasion that should present itself of renewing his application to his Amanda's door; while the doctor, in his way to Pallet's apartment, hinted to the governor his suspicion that the patient laboured under that dreadful symptom called the *hydrophobia*, which, he observed, had sometimes appeared in persons who were not previously bit by a mad dog. This conjecture he founded upon the howl he uttered when he was soused with water, and began to recollect certain circumstances of the painter's behaviour for some days past, which now he could plainly perceive had prognosticated some such calamity. He then ascribed the distemper to the violent frights he had lately undergone; affirmed that the affair of the Bastile had made such a violent encroachment upon his understanding, that his manner of thinking and speaking was entirely altered. By a theory of his own invention, he explained the effect of fear upon a loose system of nerves, and demonstrated the modus in which the animal spirits operate upon the ideas and power of imagination.

This disquisition, which was communicated at the painter's door, might have lasted till breakfast, had not Jolter reminded him of his own maxim, *Venienti occurrite morbo;* upon which he put the key to immediate use, and they walked softly towards the bed, where the patient lay extended at full length in the arms of sleep. The physician took notice of his breathing hard, and his mouth being open; and from these diagnostics declared that the *liquidum nervosum* was intimately affected, and the *saliva* impregnated with the spiculated particles of the *virus*, howsoever contracted. This sentence was still farther confirmed by the state of his pulse, which, being full and slow, indicated an oppressed circulation, from a loss of elasticity in the propelling arteries. He proposed that he should immediately suffer a second aspersion of water, which would not only contribute to the cure, but also certify them beyond all possibility of doubt with regard to the state of the disease; for it would evidently appear, from the manner in which he would bear the application, whether or not his horror of water amounted to a confirmed hydrophobia. Mr. Jolter, in compliance with this proposal, began to empty a bottle of water, which he found in the room, in a basin; when he was interrupted by the prescriber, who advised him to use the contents of the chamber-pot, which, being impregnated with salt, would operate more effectually than pure element. Thus directed, the governor lifted up the vessel, which was replete with medicine, and with one turn of his hand discharged the whole healing inundation upon the ill-omen'd patient, who, waking in the utmost distraction of horror, yelled most hideously, just at the time when Peregrine had brought his mistress to a parley, and entertained hopes of being admitted into her chamber.

Terrified at this exclamation, she instantly broke off the treaty, beseeching him to retire from the door, that her honour might receive no injury from his being found in that place; and he had just enough of recollection left to see the necessity of obeying the order; in conformity to which he retreated, well-nigh deprived of his senses, and almost persuaded that so many unaccountable disappointments must have proceeded from some supernatural cause, of which the idiot Pallet was no more than the involuntary instrument.

Meanwhile, the doctor having ascertained the malady of the patient, whose cries, interrupted by frequent sobs and sighs, he interpreted into the barking of a dog, and having no more salt water at hand, resolved to renew the bath with such materials as chance would afford. He actually laid hold of the bottle and basin; but by this time the painter had recovered the use of his senses so well as to perceive his drift; and, starting up like a frantic bedlamite, ran directly to his sword, swearing with many horrid imprecations that he would murder them both immediately, if he should be hanged before dinner. They did not choose to wait the issue of his threat, but retired with such precipitation, that the physician had almost dislocated his shoulder by running against one side of the entry. Jolter, having pulled the door after him, and turned the key, betook himself to flight, roaring aloud for assistance. His colleague seeing the door secured, valued himself upon his resolution, and exhorted him to return; declaring, that for his own part, he was more afraid of the madman's teeth than of his weapon, and admonishing the governor to re-enter, and execute what they had left undone. "Go in," said he, "without fear or apprehension, and if any accident shall happen to you, either from his slaver or his sword, I will assist you with my advice, which from this station I can more coolly and distinctly administer, than I should be able to supply, if my ideas were disturbed, or my attention engaged in any personal concern."

Jolter, who could make no objection to the justness of the conclusion, frankly owned that he had no inclination to try the experiment; observing, that self-preservation was the first law of nature; that his connexions with the unhappy lunatic were but slight; and that it could not be

reasonably expected that he would run such risks for his service, as were declined by one who had set out with him from England on the footing of a companion. This insinuation introduced a dispute upon the nature of benevolence, and the moral sense, which, the republican argued, existed independent of any private consideration, and could never be affected by any contingent circumstance of time and fortune; while the other, who abhorred his principles, asserted the duties and excellence of private friendship, with infinite rancour of altercation.

During the hottest of the argument, they were joined by the Capuchin, who, being astonished to see them thus virulently engaged at the door, and to hear the painter bellowing within the chamber, conjured them in the name of God to tell him the cause of that confusion, which had kept the whole house in continual alarm during the best part of the night, and seemed to be the immediate work of the devil and his angels. When the governor gave him to understand that Pallet was visited with an evil spirit, he muttered a prayer of St. Antonio de Padua, and undertook to cure the painter, provided he could be secured so as that he might, without danger to himself, burn part of a certain relic under his nose, which he assured them was equal to the miraculous power of Eleazar's ring. They expressed great curiosity to know what this treasure was; and the priest was prevailed upon to tell them, in confidence, that it was a collection of the parings of the nails belonging to those two madmen whom Jesus purged of the legion of devils that afterwards entered the swine. So saying, he pulled from one of his pockets a small box, containing about an ounce of the parings of an horse's hoof; at sight of which the governor could not help smiling, on account of the grossness of the imposition. The doctor asked, with a supercilious smile, whether those maniacs, whom Jesus cured, were of the sorrel complexion, or dapple grey; for, from the texture of these parings, he could prove that the original owners were of the quadruped order, and even distinguished that their feet had been fortified with shoes of iron.

The mendicant, who bore an inveterate grudge against this son of Æsculapius, ever since he had made so free with the Catholic religion, replied, with great bitterness, that he was a wretch, with whom no Christian ought to communicate; that the vengeance of Heaven would one day overtake him on account of his profanity; and that his heart was shod with a metal much harder than iron, which nothing but hell-fire would be able to melt.

It was now broad day, and all the servants of the inn were afoot. Peregrine, seeing it would be impossible to obtain any sort of indemnification for the time he had lost, and the perturbation of his spirits hindering him from enjoying repose, which was, moreover, obstructed by the noise of Pallet and his attendants, put on his clothes at once, and, in exceeding ill humour, arrived at the spot where this triumvirate stood debating about the means of overpowering the furious painter, who still continued his song of oaths and execrations, and made sundry efforts to break open the door. Chagrined as our hero was, he could not help laughing when he heard how the patient had been treated; and his indignation changing into compassion, he called to him through the keyhole, desiring to know the reason of his distracted behaviour. Pallet no sooner recognised his voice, than, lowering his own to a whimpering tone, "My dear friend," said he, "I have at last detected the ruffians who have persecuted me so much. I caught them in the fact of suffocating me with cold water; and by the Lord I will be revenged, or may I never live to finish my Cleopatra. For the love of God open the door, and I will make that conceited pagan, that pretender to taste, that false devotee of the ancients, who poisons people with sillykickabies and devil's dung,—I say, I will make him a monument of my wrath, and an example to all the cheats and impostors of the faculty; and as for that thick-headed insolent pedant, his confederate, who emptied my own jordan upon me while I slept, he had better have been in his beloved Paris, botching schemes for his friend the Pretender, than incur the effects of my resentment. Gadsbodikins! I won't leave him a windpipe for the hangman to stop, at the end of another rebellion."

Pickle told him his conduct had been so extravagant as to confirm the whole company in the belief that he was actually deprived of his senses; on which supposition Mr. Jolter and the doctor had acted the part of friends, in doing that which they thought most conducive to his recovery; so that their concern merited his thankful acknowledgment, instead of his frantic menaces; that, for his own part, he would be the first to condemn him, as one utterly bereft of his wits, and give orders for his being secured as a madman, unless he would immediately give a proof of sanity, by laying aside his sword, composing his spirits, and thanking his injured friends for their care of his person.

This alternative quieted his transports in a moment; he was terrified at the apprehension of being treated like a bedlamite, being dubious of the state of his own brain; and, on the other hand, had conceived such a horror and antipathy for his tormentors, that, far from believing himself obliged by what they had done, he could not even think of them without the utmost rage and detestation. He therefore, in the most tranquil voice he could assume, protested that he never was less out of his senses than at present, though he did not know how long he might retain them, if he should be considered in the light of a lunatic; that, in order to prove his being *compos mentis*, he was willing to sacrifice the resentment he so justly harboured against those who, by their malice, had brought him to this pass; but as he apprehended it would be the greatest sign of madness he could exhibit, to thank them for the mischiefs they had brought upon him, he desired to be excused from making any such concession; and swore he would endure everything, rather than be guilty of such mean absurdity.

Peregrine held a consultation upon this reply, when the governor and physician strenuously argued against any capitulation with a maniac, and proposed that some method might be taken to seize, fetter, and convey him into a dark room, where he might be treated according to the rules of art. But the Capuchin, understanding the circumstances of the case, undertook to restore him to his former state, without having recourse to such violent measures. Pickle, who was a better judge of the affair than any person present, opened the door without further hesitation, and displayed the poor painter standing with a woful countenance, shivering in his shirt, which was as wet as if he had been dragged through the Dender: a spectacle which gave such offence to the chaste eyes of the Hebrew's mistress, who was by this time one of the spectators, that she turned her head another way, and withdrew to her own room, exclaiming against the indecent practices of men.

Pallet, seeing the young gentleman enter, ran to him, and, shaking him by the hand, called him his best friend, and said he had rescued him from those who had a design against his life. The priest would have produced his parings, and applied them to his nose, but was hindered by Pickle, who advised the patient to shift himself, and put on his clothes. This being done with great order and deliberation, Mr. Jolter, who, with the doctor, had kept a wary distance, in expectation of seeing some strange effects of his distraction, began to believe that he had been guilty of a mistake, and accused the physician of having misled him by his false diagnostic. The doctor still insisted upon his former declaration, assuring him that although Pallet enjoyed a short interval for the present, the delirium would soon recur, unless they would profit by this momentary calm, and ordered him to be blooded, blistered, and purged, with all imaginable despatch.

The governor, however, notwithstanding this caution, advanced to the injured party, and begged pardon for the share he had in giving him such disturbance. He declared, in the most solemn manner, that he had no other intention than that of contributing towards his welfare, and that his behaviour was the result of the physician's prescription, which he affirmed was absolutely necessary for the recovery of his health.

The painter, who had very little gall in his disposition, was satisfied with this apology; but his resentment, which was before divided, now glowed with double fire against his first fellow-traveller, whom he looked upon as the author of all the mischances he had undergone, and marked out for his vengeance accordingly. Yet the doors of reconciliation were not shut against the doctor, who, with great justice, might have transferred this load of offence from himself to Peregrine, who was, without doubt, the source of the painter's misfortune. But, in that case, he must have owned himself mistaken in his medical capacity; and he did not think the friendship of Pallet important enough to be retrieved by such condescension; so that he resolved to neglect him entirely, and gradually forget the former correspondence he had maintained with a person whom he deemed so unworthy of his notice.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Peregrine, almost distracted with his Disappointments, conjures the fair Fleming to permit his Visits at Brussels—She withdraws from his Pursuit.

THINGS being thus adjusted, and all the company dressed, they went to breakfast about five in the morning, and in less than an hour after were seated in the diligence, where a profound silence prevailed. Peregrine, who used to be the life of the society, was extremely pensive and melancholy on account of his mishap, the Israelite and his dulcinea dejected in consequence of their disgrace, the poet absorbed in lofty meditation, the painter in schemes of revenge, while Jolter, rocked by the motion of the carriage, made himself amends for the want of rest he had sustained, and the mendicant, with his fair charge, were infected by the cloudy aspect of our youth, in whose disappointment each of them, for different reasons, bore no inconsiderable share. This general languor and recess from all bodily exercise disposed them all to receive the gentle yoke of slumber; and, in half-an-hour after they had embarked, there was not one of them awake, except our hero and his mistress, unless the Capuchin was pleased to counterfeit sleep, in order to indulge our young gentleman with an opportunity of enjoying some private conversation with his beauteous ward.

Peregrine did not neglect the occasion; but, on the contrary, seized the first minute, and, in gentle murmurs, lamented his hard hap in being thus the sport of fortune. He assured her, and that with great sincerity, that all the cross accidents of his life had not cost him one-half of the vexation and keenness of chagrin which he had suffered last night; and that, now he was on the brink of parting from her, he should be overwhelmed with the blackest despair, if she would not extend her compassion so far as to give him an opportunity of sighing at her feet in Brussels, during the few days his affairs would permit him to spend in that city.

This young lady, with an air of mortification, expressed her sorrow for being the innocent cause of his anxiety; said she hoped last night's adventure would be a salutary warning to both their souls; for she was persuaded that her virtue was protected by the intervention of Heaven; that whatever impression it might have made upon him, she was enabled by it to adhere to that duty from which her passion had begun to swerve; and, beseeching him to forget her for his own peace, gave him to understand that neither the plan she had laid down for her own conduct, nor the dictates of her honour, would allow her to receive his visits, or carry on any other correspondence with him, while she was restricted by the articles of her marriage vow.

This explanation produced such a violent effect upon her admirer that he was for some minutes deprived of the faculty of speech; which he no sooner recovered, than he gave vent to the most unbridled transports of passion. He taxed her with barbarity and indifference; told her that she had robbed him of his reason and internal peace; that he would follow her to the ends of the earth, and cease to live sooner than cease to love her; that he would sacrifice the innocent fool who had been the occasion of all this disquiet, and murder every man whom he considered as an obstruction to his views. In a word, his passions, which had continued so long in a state of the highest fermentation, together with the want of that repose which calms and quiets the perturbation of the spirits, had wrought him up to a pitch of real distraction. While he uttered these delirious expressions, the tears ran down his cheeks; and he underwent such agitation, that the tender heart of the fair Fleming was affected with his condition; and, while her own face was bedewed with the streams of sympathy, she begged him, for Heaven's sake, to be composed; and promised, for his satisfaction, to abate somewhat of the rigour of her purpose. Consoled by this kind declaration, he recollected himself; and, taking out his pencil, gave her his address, when she had assured him that he should hear from her in four-and-twenty hours at furthest after their separation.

Thus soothed, he regained the empire of himself, and by degrees recovered his serenity. But this was not the case with his Amanda, who, from this sample of his disposition, dreaded the impetuosity of his youth, and was effectually

deterred from entering into any engagements that might subject her peace and reputation to the rash effects of such a violent spirit. Though she was captivated by his person and accomplishments, she had reflection enough to foresee that the longer she countenanced his passion, her own heart would be more and more irretrievably engaged, and the quiet of her life the more exposed to continual interruption. She therefore profited by these considerations, and a sense of religious honour, which helped her to withstand the suggestions of inclination, and resolved to amuse her lover with false hopes, until she should have it in her power to relinquish his conversation without running any risk of suffering by the inconsiderate sallies of his love. It was with this view that she desired he would not insist upon attending her to her mother's house when the diligence arrived at Brussels; and he, cajoled by her artifice, took a formal leave of her, together with the other strangers, fixing his habitation at the inn to which he and his fellow-travellers had been directed, in the impatient expectation of receiving a kind summons from her within the limited time.

Meanwhile, in order to divert his imagination, he went to see the stadthouse, park, and arsenal, took a superficial view of the bookseller's cabinet of curiosities, and spent the evening at the Italian opera, which was at that time exhibited for the entertainment of Prince Charles of Lorrain, then governor of the Low Countries. In short, the stated period was almost elapsed when Peregrine received a letter to this purpose:—

"SIR,—If you knew what violence I do my own heart in declaring that I have withdrawn myself for ever from your addresses, you would surely applaud the sacrifice I make to virtue, and strive to imitate this example of self-denial. Yes, sir, Heaven hath lent me grace to struggle with my guilty passion, and henceforth to avoid the dangerous sight of him who inspired it. I therefore conjure you, by the regard you ought to have for the eternal welfare of us both, as well as by the esteem and affection you profess, to war with your unruly inclination, and desist from all attempts of frustrating the laudable resolution I have made. Seek not to invade the peace of one who loves you, to disturb the quiet of a family that never did you wrong, and to alienate the thoughts of a weak woman from a deserving man, who, by the most sacred claim, ought to have the full possession of her heart."

This billet, without either date or subscription, banished all remains of discretion from the mind of our hero, who ran instantly to the landlord, in all the ecstasy of madness, and demanded to see the messenger who brought the letter, on pain of putting his whole family to the sword. The innkeeper, terrified by his looks and menaces, fell upon his knees, protesting, in the face of Heaven, that he was utterly ignorant and innocent of anything that could give him offence, and that the billet was brought by a person whom he did not know, and who retired immediately, saying it required no answer. He then gave utterance to his fury in a thousand imprecations and invectives against the writer, whom he dishonoured with the appellations of a coquette, a jilt, an adventurer, who, by means of a pimping priest, had defrauded him of his money. He denounced vengeance against the mendicant, whom he swore he would destroy if ever he set eyes on him again. The painter unluckily appearing during this paroxysm of rage, he seized him by the throat, saying he was ruined by his accursed folly; and, in all likelihood, poor Pallet would have been strangled, had not Jolter interposed in his behalf, beseeching his pupil to have mercy upon the sufferer, and, with infinite anxiety, desiring to know the cause of this violent assault. He received no answer but a string of incoherent curses. When the painter, with unspeakable astonishment, took God to witness that he had done nothing to disoblige him, the governor began to think, in sad earnest, that Peregrine's vivacity had at length risen to the transports of actual madness, and was himself almost distracted with this supposition. That he might the better judge what remedy ought to be applied, he used his whole influence, and practised all his eloquence upon the youth, in order to learn the immediate cause of his delirium. He employed the most pathetic entreaties, and even shed tears in the course of his supplication; so that Pickle, the first violence of the hurricane being blown over, was ashamed of his own imprudence, and retired to his chamber, in order to recollect his dissipated thoughts. There he shut himself up, and, for the second time, perusing the fatal epistle, began to waver in his opinion of the author's character and intention. He sometimes considered her as one of those nymphs who, under the mask of innocence and simplicity, practise upon the hearts and purses of unwary and inexperienced youths. This was the suggestion of his wrath, inflamed by disappointment; but, when he reflected upon the circumstances of her behaviour, and recalled her particular charms to his imagination, the severity of his censure gave way, and his heart declared in favour of her sincerity. Yet even this consideration aggravated the sense of his loss, and he was in danger of relapsing into his former distraction, when his passion was a little becalmed by the hope of seeing her again, either by accident, or in the course of a diligent and minute inquiry, which he forthwith resolved to set on foot. He had reason to believe that her own heart would espouse his cause, in spite of her virtue's determination, and did not despair of meeting with the Capuchin, whose good offices he knew he could at any time command. Comforted with these reflections, the tempest of his soul subsided. In less than two hours he joined his company, with an air of composure, and asked the painter's forgiveness for the freedom he had taken—the cause of which he promised hereafter to explain. Pallet was glad of being reconciled on any terms to one whose countenance supported him in equilibrio with his antagonist the doctor; and Mr. Jolter was rejoiced beyond measure at his pupil's recovery.

CHAPTER LIX.

Peregrine meets with Mrs. Hornbeck, and is consoled for his Loss—His Valet-de-chambre is embroiled with her Duenna, whom, however, he finds means to appease.

EVERYTHING having thus resumed its natural channel, they dined together in great tranquillity. In the afternoon, Peregrine, on pretence of staying at home to write letters, while his companions were at the coffee-house, ordered a coach to be called, and, with his valet-de-chambre, who was the only person acquainted with the present state of his thoughts, set out for the Promenade, to which all the ladies of fashion resort in the evening during the summer season, in hopes of seeing his fugitive among the rest.

Having made a circuit round the walk, and narrowly observed every female in the place, he

perceived at some distance the livery of Hornbeck upon a lacquey that stood at the back of a coach; upon which he ordered his man to reconnoitre the said carriage, while he pulled up his glasses, that he might not be discovered, before he should have received some intelligence, by which he might conduct himself on this unexpected occasion, that already began to interfere with the purpose of his coming thither, though it could not dispute his attention with the idea of his charming unknown.

His Mercury having made his observations, reported that there was nobody in the coach but Mrs. Hornbeck and an elderly woman, who had all the air of a duenna, and that the servant was not the same footman who had attended them in France. Encouraged by this information, our hero ordered himself to be driven close up to that side of their convenience on which his old mistress sat; and accosted her with the usual salutation. This lady no sooner beheld her gallant, than her cheeks reddened with a double glow, and she exclaimed, "Dear brother, I am overjoyed to see you! Pray come into our coach," He took the hint immediately, and, complying with her request, embraced this new sister with great affection.

Perceiving that her attendant was very much surprised and alarmed at this unexpected meeting, she, in order to banish her suspicion, and at the same time give her lover his cue, told him, that his brother (meaning her husband) was gone to the Spa for a few weeks, by the advice of physicians, on account of his ill state of health; and that, from his last letter, she had the pleasure to tell him, he was in a fair way of doing well. The young gentleman expressed his satisfaction at this piece of news; observing, with an air of fraternal concern, that if his brother had not made too free with his constitution, his friends in England would have had no occasion to repine at his absence and want of health, by which he was banished from his own country and connexions. He then asked, with an affectation of surprise, why she had not accompanied her spouse, and was given to understand that his tenderness of affection would not suffer him to expose her to the fatigues of the journey, which lay among rocks that were almost inaccessible.

The duenna's doubts being eased by this preamble of conversation, he changed the subject to the pleasures of the place; and among other such questions, inquired if she had as yet visited Versailles. This is a public-house, situated upon the canal, at the distance of about two miles from town, and accommodated with tolerable gardens for the entertainment of company. When she replied in the negative, he proposed to accompany her thither immediately; but the governante, who had hitherto sat silent, objected to this proposal; telling them, in broken English, that as the lady was under her care, she could not answer to Mr. Hornbeck for allowing her to visit such a suspicious place. "As for that matter, madam," said the confident gallant, "give yourself no trouble; the consequences shall be at my peril, and I will undertake to ensure you against my brother's resentment." So saying, he directed the coachman to the place, and ordered his own to follow, under the auspices of his valet-de-chambre, while the old gentlewoman, overruled by his assurance, quietly submitted to his authority.

Being arrived at the place, he handed the ladies from the coach, and then for the first time observed that the duenna was lame, a circumstance of which he did not scruple to take the advantage; for they had scarce alighted, and drank a glass of wine, when he advised his sister to enjoy a walk in the garden. And although the attendant made shift to keep them almost always in view, they enjoyed a detached conversation, in which Peregrine learned that the true cause of her being left behind at Brussels, whilst her husband proceeded to Spa, was his dread of the company and familiarities of that place, to which his jealousy durst not expose her; and that she had lived three weeks in a convent at Lisle, from which she was delivered by his own free motion, because, indeed, he could no longer exist without her company; and lastly, our lover understood that her governante was a mere dragon, who had been recommended to him by a Spanish merchant whose wife she attended to her dying day. But she very much questioned whether or not her fidelity was proof enough against money and strong waters. Peregrine assured her the experiment should be tried before parting; and they agreed to pass the night at Versailles, provided his endeavours should succeed.

Having exercised themselves in this manner, until the duenna's spirits were pretty much exhausted, that she might be the better disposed to recruit them with a glass of liquor, they returned to their apartment, and the cordial was recommended and received in a bumper. But as it did not produce such a visible alteration as the sanguine hopes of Pickle had made him expect, and the old gentlewoman observed that it began to be late, and that the gates would be shut in a little time, he filled up a parting glass, and pledged her in equal quantity. Her blood was too much chilled to be warmed even by this extraordinary dose, which made immediate innovation in the brain of our youth, who, in the gaiety of his imagination, overwhelmed this she Argus with such profusion his gallantry, that she was more intoxicated with the expressions than with the spirits she had drank. When, in the course of toying, he dropped a purse into her bosom, she seemed to forget how the night wore, and, with the approbation of her charge, assented to his proposal of having something for supper.

This was a great point which our adventurer had gained; and yet he plainly perceived that the governante mistook his meaning, by giving herself credit for all the passion he had professed. As this error could be rectified by no other means than those of plying her with the bottle, until her distinguishing faculties should be overpowered, he promoted a quick circulation. She did him justice, without any manifest signs of inebriation, so long, that his own eyes began to reel in the sockets; and he found that, before his scheme could be accomplished, he should be effectually unfitted for all the purposes of love. He therefore had recourse to his valet-de-chambre, who understood the hint as soon as it was given, and readily undertook to perform the part, of which his master had played the prelude. This affair being settled to his satisfaction, and the night at odds with morning, he took an opportunity of imparting to the ear of this aged dulcinea a kind whisper, importing a promise of visiting her when his sister should be retired to her own chamber, and an earnest desire of leaving her door unlocked.

This agreeable intimation being communicated, he conveyed a caution of the same nature to Mrs. Hornbeck, as he led her to her apartment; and darkness and silence no sooner prevailed in the house, than he and his trusty squire set out on their different voyages. Everything would have

succeeded according to their wish, had not the valet-de-chambre suffered himself to fall asleep at the side of his inamorata, and, in the agitation of a violent dream, exclaimed in a voice so unlike that of her supposed adorer, that she distinguished the difference at once. Waking him with a pinch and a loud shriek, she threatened to prosecute him for a rape, and reviled him with all the epithets her rage and disappointment could suggest.

The Frenchman, finding himself detected, behaved with great temper and address. He begged she would compose herself, on account of her own reputation, which was extremely dear to him; protesting, that he had a most inviolable esteem for her person. His representations had weight with the duenna, who, upon recollection, comprehended the whole affair, and thought it would be her interest to bring matters to an accommodation. She therefore admitted the apologies of her bedfellow, provided he would promise to atone by marriage for the injury she had sustained; and in this particular, he set her heart at ease by repeated vows, which he uttered with surprising volubility, though without any intention to perform the least tittle of their contents.

Peregrine, who had been alarmed by her exclamation, and run to the door with a view of interposing, according to the emergency of the case, overhearing the affair thus compromised, returned to his mistress, who was highly entertained with an account of what had passed, foreseeing that, for the future, she should be under no difficulty or restriction from the severity of her guard.

CHAPTER LX.

Hornbeck is informed of his Wife's Adventure with Peregrine, for whom he prepares a Stratagem, which is rendered ineffectual by the information of Pipes—The Husband is ducked for his intention, and our Hero apprehended by the Patrol.

THERE was another person, however, still ungained; and that was no other than her footman, whose secrecy our hero attempted to secure in the morning by a handsome present, which he received with many professions of gratitude and devotion to his service; yet this complaisance was nothing but a cloak used to disguise the design he harboured of making his master acquainted with the whole transaction. Indeed, this lacquey had been hired, not only as a spy upon his mistress, but also as a check on the conduct of the governante, with promise of ample reward, if ever he should discover any sinister or suspicious practices in the course of her behaviour. As for the footman whom they had brought from England, he was retained in attendance upon the person of his master, whose confidence he had lost, by advising him to gentle methods of reclaiming his lady, when her irregularities had subjected her to his wrath.

The Flemish valet, in consequence of the office he had undertaken, wrote to Hornbeck by the first post, giving an exact detail of the adventure at Versailles, with such a description of the pretended brother, as left the husband no room to think he could be any other person than his first dishonourer; and exasperated him to such a degree, that he resolved to lay an ambush for this invader, and at once disqualify him from disturbing his repose, by maintaining further correspondence with his wife.

Meanwhile the lovers enjoyed themselves without restraint, and Peregrine's plan of inquiry after his dear unknown was for the present postponed. His fellow-travellers were confounded at his mysterious motions, which filled the heart of Jolter with anxiety and terror. This careful conductor was fraught with such experience of his pupil's disposition, that he trembled with the apprehension of some sudden accident, and lived in continual alarm, like a man that walks under the wall of a nodding tower. Nor did he enjoy any alleviations of his fears when, upon telling the young gentleman that the rest of the company were desirous of departing for Antwerp, he answered that they were at liberty to consult their own inclinations, but, for his own part, he was resolved to stay in Brussels a few days longer. By this declaration the governor was confirmed in the opinion of his having some intrigue upon the anvil. In the bitterness of his vexation, he took the liberty of signifying his suspicion, and reminding him of the dangerous dilemmas to which he had been reduced by his former precipitation.

Peregrine took his caution in good part, and promised to behave with such circumspection as would screen him from any troublesome consequences for the future; but, nevertheless, behaved that same evening in such a manner, as plainly showed that his prudence was nothing else than vain speculation. He had made an appointment to spend the night, as usual, with Mrs. Hornbeck; and, about nine o'clock, hastened to her lodgings, when he was accosted in the street by his old discarded friend, Thomas Pipes, who, without any other preamble, told him that, for all he had turned him adrift, he did not choose to see him run full sail into his enemy's harbour, without giving him timely notice of the danger. "I'll tell you what," said he, "mayhap you think I want to curry favour, that I may be taken in tow again; if you do, you have made a mistake in your reckoning. I am old enough to be laid up, and have wherewithal to keep my planks from the weather. But this here is the affair: I have known you since you were no higher than a marlinspike, and shouldn't care to see you deprived of your rigging at these years. Whereby, I am informed by Hornbeck's man, whom I this afternoon fell in with by chance, as how his master has got intelligence of your boarding his wife, and has steered privately into this port, with a large complement of hands, in order, d' ye see, to secure you while you are under the hatches. Now, if so be as how you have a mind to give him a salt eel for his supper, here am I, without hope of fee or reward, ready to stand by you as long as my timbers will stick together; and if I expect any recompense, may I be bound to eat oakum, and drink bilgewater for life."

Startled at this information, Peregrine examined him upon the particulars of his discourse with the lacquey; and when he understood that Hornbeck's intelligence flowed from the canal of his Flemish footman, he believed every circumstance of Tom's report, thanked him for this warning, and, after having reprimanded him for his misbehaviour at Lisle, assured him that it should be his own fault if ever they should part again. He then deliberated with himself whether or not he should retort the purpose upon his adversary; but when he considered that Hornbeck was not the aggressor, and made that unhappy husband's case his own, he could not help acquitting his intention of revenge, though, in his opinion, it ought to have been executed in a more honour-

able manner; and therefore he determined to chastise him for his want of spirit. Nothing surely can be more insolent and unjust than this determination, which induced him to punish a person for his want of courage to redress the injury which he himself had done to his reputation and peace; and yet this barbarity of decision is authorized by the opinion and practice of mankind.

With these sentiments he returned to the inn, and, putting a pair of pistols in his pocket, ordered his valet-de-chambre and Pipes to follow him at a small distance, so as that they should be within call in case of necessity, and then posted himself within thirty yards of his dulcinea's door. There he had not been above half-an-hour, when he perceived four men take their station on the other side, with a view, as he guessed, to watch for his going in, that he might be taken unaware. But when they had tarried a considerable time in that corner without reaping the fruits of their expectation, their leader, persuaded that the gallant had gained admittance by some secret means, approached the door with his followers, who, according to the instructions they had received, no sooner saw it opened, than they rushed in, leaving their employer in the street, where he thought his person would be least endangered. Our adventurer, seeing him all alone, advanced with speed, and, clapping a pistol to his breast, commanded him to follow his footsteps, without noise, on pain of immediate death.

Terrified at this sudden apparition, Hornbeck obeyed in silence; and in a few minutes they arrived at the quay, where Pickle, halting, gave him to understand that he was no stranger to his villanous design; told him that if he conceived himself injured by any circumstance of his conduct, he would now give him an opportunity of resenting the wrong in a manner becoming a man of honour. "You have a sword about you," said he; "or, if you don't choose to put the affair on that issue, here is a brace of pistols, take which you please." Such an address could not fail to disconcert a man of his character. After some hesitation, he, in a faltering accent, denied that his design was to mutilate Mr. Pickle, but that he thought himself entitled to the benefit of the law, by which he would have obtained a divorce, if he could have procured evidence of his wife's infidelity; and, with that view, he had employed people to take advantage of the information he had received. With regard to this alternative, he declined it entirely, because he could not see what satisfaction he should enjoy in being shot through the head, or run through the lungs, by a person who had already wronged him in an irreparable manner. Lastly, his fear made him propose that the affair should be left to the arbitration of two creditable men, altogether unconcerned in the dispute.

To these remonstrances Peregrine replied in the style of a hot-headed young man, conscious of his own unjustifiable behaviour, that every gentleman ought to be a judge of his own honour, and therefore he would submit to the decision of no umpire whatsoever; that he would forgive his want of courage, which might be a natural infirmity, but his mean dissimulation he could not pardon; that, as he was certified of the rascally intent of his ambuscade by undoubted intelligence, he would treat him, not with a retaliation of his own treachery, but with such indignity as a scoundrel deserves to suffer, unless he would make one effort to maintain the character he assumed in life. So saying, he again presented his pistols, which being rejected as before, he called his two ministers, and ordered them to duck him in the canal.

This command was pronounced and executed almost in the same breath, to the unspeakable terror and disorder of the poor shivering patient, who, having undergone the immersion, ran about like a drowned rat, squeaking for assistance and revenge. His cries were overheard by the patrol, who, chancing to pass that way, took him under their protection, and, in consequence of his complaint and information, went in pursuit of our adventurer and his attendants, who were soon overtaken and surrounded. Rash and inconsiderate as the young gentleman was, he did not pretend to stand upon the defensive against a file of musketeers, although Pipes had drawn his cutlass at their approach, but surrendered himself without opposition, and was conveyed to the main guard, where the commanding officer, engaged by his appearance and address, treated him with all imaginable respect. Hearing the particulars of his adventure, he assured him that the prince would consider the whole as a *tour de jeunesse*, and order him to be released without delay.

Next morning, when this gentleman gave in his report, he made such a favourable representation of the prisoner, that our hero was on the point of being discharged, when Hornbeck preferred a complaint, accusing him of a purposed assassination, and praying that such punishment should be inflicted upon him as his highness should think adequate to the nature of the crime. The prince, perplexed with this petition, in consequence of which he foresaw that he must disoblige a British subject, sent for the plaintiff, of whom he had some knowledge, and, in person, exhorted him to drop the prosecution, which would only serve to propagate his own shame. But Hornbeck was too much incensed to listen to any proposal of that kind, and peremptorily demanded justice against the prisoner, whom he represented as an obscure adventurer, who had made repeated attempts upon his honour and his life. Prince Charles told him, that what he had advised was in the capacity of a friend; but, since he insisted upon his acting as a magistrate, the affair should be examined, and determined according to the dictates of justice and truth.

The petitioner being dismissed with this promise, the defendant was, in his turn, brought before the judge, whose prepossession in his favour was in a great measure weakened by what his antagonist had said to the prejudice of his birth and reputation.

CHAPTER LXI.

Peregrine is released—Jolter confounded at his mysterious Conduct—A Contest happens between the Poet and Painter, who are reconciled by the mediation of their Fellow-travellers.

Our hero, understanding from some expressions which escaped the prince that he was considered in the light of a sharper and assassin, begged that he might have the liberty of sending for some vouchers, that would probably vindicate his character from the malicious aspersions of his adversary. This permission being granted, he wrote a letter to his governor, desiring that he would bring to him the letters of recommendation which he had received from the British ambassador at Paris, and such other

papers as he thought conducive to evince the importance of his situation.

The billet was given in charge to one of the subaltern officers on duty, who carried it to the inn, and demanded to speak with Mr. Jolter. Pallet, who happened to be at the door when this messenger arrived, and heard him inquire for the tutor, ran directly to that gentleman's apartment, and in manifest disorder told him that a huge fellow of a soldier, with a monstrous pair of whiskers, and a fur cap as big as a bushel, was asking for him at the door. The poor governor began to shake at this intimation, though he was not conscious of having committed anything that could attract the attention of the state. When the officer appeared at his chamber door, his confusion increased to such a degree that his perception seemed to vanish, and the subaltern repeated the purport of his errand three times, before he could comprehend his meaning, or venture to receive the letter which he presented. At length he summoned all his fortitude, and having perused the epistle, his terror sunk into anxiety. His ingenuous fear immediately suggested that Peregrine was confined in a dungeon, for some outrage he had committed. He ran with great agitation to a trunk, and, taking out a bundle of papers, followed his conductor, being attended by the painter, to whom he had hinted his apprehension. When they passed through the guard, which was under arms, the hearts of both died within them; and when they came into the presence, there was such an expression of awful horror on the countenance of Jolter, that the prince, observing his dismay, was pleased to encourage him with an assurance that he had nothing to fear. Thus comforted, he recollected himself so well as to understand his pupil, when he desired him to produce the ambassador's letters; some of which being open, were immediately read by his highness, who was personally acquainted with the writer, and knew several of the noblemen to whom they were addressed. These recommendations were so warm, and represented the young gentleman in such an advantageous light, that the prince, convinced of the injustice his character had suffered by the misrepresentation of Hornbeck, took our hero by the hand, asked pardon for the doubts he had entertained of his honour, declared him from that moment at liberty, ordered his domestics to be enlarged, and offered him his countenance and protection as long as he should remain in the Austrian Netherlands. At the same time, he cautioned him against indiscretion in the course of his gallantries; and took his word and honour that he should drop all measures of resentment against the person of Hornbeck during his residence in that place.

The delinquent, thus honourably acquitted, thanked the prince in the most respectful manner for his generosity and candour, and retired with his two friends, who were amazed and bewildered in their thoughts at what they had seen and heard, the whole adventure still remaining without the sphere of their comprehension, which was not at all enlarged by the unaccountable appearance of Pipes, who, with the valet-de-chambre, joined them at the castle gate. Had Jolter been a man of a luxuriant imagination, his brain would undoubtedly have suffered in the investigation of his pupil's mysterious conduct, which he strove in vain to unravel; but his intellects were too solid to be affected by the miscarriage of his invention; and, as Peregrine did not think proper to make him acquainted with the cause of his being apprehended, he contented himself with supposing that there was a lady in the case.

The painter, whose imagination was of a more flimsy texture, formed a thousand chimerical conjectures, which he communicated to Pickle, in imperfect insinuations, hoping, by his answers and behaviour, to discover the truth; but the youth, in order to tantalize him, eluded all his inquiries, with such appearance of industry and art as heightened his curiosity, while it disappointed his aim, and inflamed him to such a degree of impatience that his wits began to be unsettled. Then Peregrine was fain to recompose his brain, by telling him in confidence that he had been arrested as a spy. This secret he found more intolerable than his former uncertainty. He ran from one apartment to another, like a goose in the agonies of egg-laying, with intention of disburdening this important load; but, Jolter being engaged with the pupil, and all the people of the house ignorant of the only language he could speak, he was compelled, with infinite reluctance, to address himself to the doctor, who was at that time shut up in his own chamber. Having knocked at the door to no purpose, he peeped through the keyhole, and saw the physician sitting at a table, with a pen in one hand and paper before him, his head reclined upon his other hand, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, as if he had been entranced. Pallet, concluding that he was under the power of some convulsion, endeavoured to force the door open; and the noise of his efforts recalled the doctor from his reverie. This poetical republican, being so disagreeably disturbed, started up in a passion, and, opening the door, no sooner perceived who had interrupted him, than he flung it in his face with great fury, and cursed him for his impertinent intrusion, which had deprived him of the most delightful vision that ever regaled the human fancy. He imagined, as he afterwards imparted to Peregrine, that, as he enjoyed himself in walking through the flowery plain that borders on Parnassus, he was met by a venerable sage, whom, by a certain divine vivacity that lightened from his eyes, he instantly knew to be the immortal Pindar. He was immediately struck with reverence and awe, and prostrated himself before the apparition, which, taking him by the hand, lifted him gently from the ground, and, with words more sweet than the honey of the Hybla bees, told him that, of all the moderns, he alone was visited by that celestial impulse by which he himself had been inspired when he produced his most applauded odes. So saying he led him up the sacred hill, persuaded him to drink a copious draught of the waters of the Hippocrene, and then presented him to the harmonious Nine, who crowned his temples with a laurel wreath.

No wonder that he was enraged to find himself cut off from such sublime society. He raved in Greek against the invader, who was so big with his own purpose, that, unmindful of the disgrace he had sustained, and disregarding all the symptoms of the physician's displeasure, he applied his mouth to the door, in an eager tone, "I'll hold you any wager," said he, "that I guess the true cause of Mr. Pickle's imprisonment." To this challenge he received no reply, and therefore repeated it, adding, "I suppose you imagine he was taken up for fighting a duel, or affronting a nobleman, or lying with some man's wife, or some such matter; but, egad! you was never more mistaken in your life; and I'll lay my Cleopatra against your Homer's head, that in

four-and-twenty hours you shan't light on the true reason."

The favourite of the Muses, exasperated at this vexatious perseverance of the painter, who he imagined had come to tease and insult him, "I would," said he, "sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius, were I assured that any person had been taken up for extirpating such a troublesome Goth as you are from the face of the earth. As for your boasted Cleopatra, which you say was drawn from your own wife, I believe the copy has as much of the *to kalon* as the original; but, were it mine, it should be hung up in the temple of Cloacina, as the picture of that goddess; for any other apartment would be disgraced by its appearance." "Hark ye, sir," replied Pallet, enraged in his turn at the contemptuous mention of his darling performance, "you may make as free with my wife as you think proper, but 'ware my works; those are the children of my fancy, conceived by the glowing imagination, and formed by the art of my own hands; and you yourself are a Goth, and a Turk, and a Tartar, and an impudent pretending jackanapes, to treat with such disrespect a production which, in the opinion of all the connoisseurs of the age, will, when finished, be a masterpiece in its kind, and do honour to human genius and skill. So I say again and again, and I care not though your friend Playtor heard me, that you have no more taste than a drayman's horse, and that those foolish notions of the ancients ought to be drubbed out of you with a good cudgel, that you might learn to treat men of parts with more veneration. Perhaps you may not always be in the company of one who will halloo for assistance when you are on the brink of being chastised for your insolence, as I did, when you brought upon yourself the resentment of that Scot, who, by the Lard! would have paid you both scot and lot, as Falstaff says, if the French officer had not put him in arrest."

The physician, to this declamation, which was conveyed through the keyhole, answered that he (the painter) was a fellow so infinitely below his consideration, that his conscience upbraided him with no action of his life, except that of choosing such a wretch for his companion and fellow-traveller; that he had viewed his character through the medium of good-nature and compassion, which had prompted him to give Pallet an opportunity of acquiring some new ideas under his immediate instruction; but he had abused his goodness and condescension in such a flagrant manner, that he was now determined to discard him entirely from his acquaintance, and desired him, for the present, to take himself away, on pain of being kicked for his presumption.

Pallet was too much incensed to be intimidated by this threat, which he retorted with great virulence, defying him to come forth, that it might appear which of them was best skilled in that pedestrian exercise, which he immediately began to practise against the door with such thundering application as reached the ears of Pickle and his governor, who, coming out into the passage, and seeing him thus employed, asked if he had forgot the chamber-pots of Alost, that he ventured to behave in such a manner as entitled him to a second prescription of the same nature.

The doctor, understanding that there was company at hand, opened the door in a twinkling; and, springing upon his antagonist like a tiger, a fierce contention would have ensued, to the infinite satisfaction of our hero, had not Jolter, to the manifest peril of his own person, interposed, and partly by force, and partly by exhortations, put a stop to the engagement before it was fairly begun. After having demonstrated the indecency of such a vulgar rencounter betwixt two fellow-citizens in a foreign land, he begged to know the cause of their dissension, and offered his good offices towards an accommodation. Peregrine also, seeing the fray was finished, expressed himself to the same purpose; and the painter, for obvious reasons, declining an explanation, his antagonist told the youth what a mortifying interruption he had suffered by the impertinent intrusion of Pallet, and gave him a detail of the particulars of his vision, as above recited. The arbiter owned the provocation was not to be endured; and decreed that the offender should make some atonement for his transgression. Upon which the painter observed that, however he might have been disposed to make acknowledgments if the physician had signified his displeasure like a gentleman, the complainant had now forfeited all claim to any such concessions, by the vulgar manner in which he had reviled him and his productions; observing that, if he (the painter) had been inclined to retort his slanderous insinuations, the republican's own works would have afforded ample subject for his ridicule and censure.

After divers disputes and representations, peace was at length concluded, on condition that, for the future, the doctor should never mention Cleopatra, unless he could say something in her praise; and that Pallet, in consideration of his having been the first aggressor, should make a sketch of the physician's vision, to be engraved, and prefixed to the next edition of his odes.

CHAPTER LXII.

The Travellers depart for Antwerp, at which place the Painter gives a loose to his Enthusiasm.

Our adventurer, baffled in all his efforts to retrieve his lost Amanda, yielded at length to the remonstrances of his governor and fellow-travellers, who, out of pure complaisance to him, had exceeded their intended stay by six days at least: and a couple of post-chaises, with three riding horses, being hired, they departed from Brussels in the morning, dined at Mechlin, and arrived about eight in the evening at the venerable city of Antwerp. During this day's journey, Pallet was elevated to an uncommon flow of spirits, with the prospect of seeing the birthplace of Rubens, for whom he professed an enthusiastic admiration. He swore that the pleasure he felt was equal to that of a Mussulman on the last day of his pilgrimage to Mecca; and that he already considered himself a native of Antwerp, being so intimately acquainted with their so justly boasted citizen, from whom, at certain junctures, he could not help believing himself derived, because his own pencil adopted the manner of that great man with surprising facility, and his face wanted nothing but a pair of whiskers and a beard to exhibit the express image of the Fleming's countenance. He told them he was so proud of this resemblance that, in order to render it more striking, he had, at one time of his life, resolved to keep his face sacred from the razor; and in that purpose had persevered, notwithstanding the continual reprehensions of Mrs. Pallet, who, being then with child, said his aspect was so hideous that

she dreaded a miscarriage every hour, until she threatened, in plain terms, to dispute the sanity of his intellects, and apply to the chancellor for a committee.

The doctor, on this occasion, observed that a man who is not proof against the solicitations of a woman, can never expect to make a great figure in life; that painters and poets ought to cultivate no wives but the Muses; or, if they are by the accidents of fortune encumbered with families, they should carefully guard against that pernicious weakness, falsely honoured with the appellation of *natural affection*, and pay no manner of regard to the impertinent customs of the world. "Granting that you had been for a short time deemed a lunatic," said he, "you might have acquitted yourself honourably of that imputation, by some performance that would have raised your character above all censure. Sophocles himself, that celebrated tragic poet, who, for the sweetness of his versification, was styled *melitta*, or *the bee*, in his old age suffered the same accusation from his own children, who, seeing him neglect his family affairs, and devote himself entirely to poetry, carried him before the magistrate, as a man whose intellects were so much impaired by the infirmities of age that he was no longer fit to manage his domestic concerns; upon which the reverend bard produced his tragedy of *Œdipus epi kolono*, as a work he had just finished; which being perused, instead of being declared unsound of understanding, he was dismissed with admiration and applause. I wish your beard and whiskers had been sanctioned by the like authority; though I am afraid you would have been in the predicament of those disciples of a certain philosopher, who drank decoctions of cumin seeds, that their faces might adopt the paleness of their master's complexion, hoping that, in being as wan, they would be as learned as their teacher." The painter, stung by this sarcasm, replied, "Or like those virtuosi, who, by repeating Greek, eating sillikickaby, and pretending to see visions, think they equal the ancients in taste and genius." The physician retorted, Pallet rejoined, and the altercation continued until they entered the gates of Antwerp, when the admirer of Rubens broke forth into a rapturous exclamation, which put an end to the dispute, and attracted the notice of the inhabitants, many of whom, by shrugging up their shoulders and pointing to their foreheads, gave shrewd indications that they believed him a poor gentleman disordered in his brain.

They had no sooner alighted at the inn, than this pseudo-enthusiast proposed to visit the great church, in which he had been informed some of his master's pieces were to be seen; and was remarkably chagrined when he understood that he could not be admitted till next day. He rose next morning by daybreak, and disturbed his fellow-travellers in such a noisy and clamorous manner, that Peregrine determined to punish him with some new infliction; and, while he put on his clothes, actually formed the plan of promoting a duel between him and the doctor, in the management of which he promised himself store of entertainment from the behaviour of both.

Being provided with one of those domestics who are always in waiting to offer their services to strangers on their first arrival, they were conducted to the house of a gentleman who had an excellent collection of pictures; and, though the greatest part of them were painted by his favourite artist, Pallet condemned them all by the lump, because Pickle had told him beforehand that there was not one performance of Rubens among the number.

The next place they visited was what is called the Academy of Painting, furnished with a number of paltry pieces, in which our painter recognised the style of Peter Paul, with many expressions of admiration, on the same sort of previous intelligence.

From this repository they went to the great church; and being led to the tomb of Rubens, the whimsical painter fell upon his knees, and worshipped with such appearance of devotion, that the attendant, scandalized at his superstition, pulled him up, observing, with great warmth, that the person buried in that place was no saint, but as great a sinner as himself; and that, if he was spiritually disposed, there was a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at the distance of three yards on the right hand, to which he might retire. He thought it was incumbent upon him to manifest some extraordinary inspiration, while he resided on the spot where Rubens was born; and therefore his whole behaviour was an affectation of rapture, expressed in distracted exclamations, convulsive starts, and uncouth gesticulations. In the midst of his frantic behaviour he saw an old Capuchin, with a white beard, mount the pulpit, and hold forth to the congregation with such violence of emphasis and gesture as captivated his fancy; and, bawling aloud, "Zounds! what an excellent Paul preaching at Athens!" he pulled a pencil and a small memorandum-book from his pocket, and began to take a sketch of the orator, with great eagerness and agitation, saying, "Egad! friend Raphael, we shall see whether you or I have got the best knack at trumping up an apostle." This appearance of disrespect gave offence to the audience, who began to murmur against this heretic libertine; when one of the priests belonging to the choir, in order to prevent any ill consequence from their displeasure, came and told him, in the French language, that such liberties were not permitted in their religion, and advised him to lay aside his implements, lest the people should take umbrage at his design, and be provoked to punish him as a profane scoffer at their worship.

The painter, seeing himself addressed by a friar, who, while he spoke, bowed with great complaisance, imagined that he was a begging brother come to supplicate his charity; and his attention being quite engrossed by the design he was making, he patted the priest's shaven crown with his hand, saying, *Oter tems, oter tems*, and then resumed his pencil with great earnestness. The ecclesiastic, perceiving that the stranger did not comprehend his meaning, pulled him by the sleeve, and explained himself in the Latin tongue; upon which Pallet, provoked at his intrusion, cursed him aloud for an impudent beggarly son of a whore, and, taking out a shilling, flung it upon the pavement, with manifest signs of indignation.

Some of the common people, enraged to see their religion contemned and their priests insulted at the very altar, rose from their seats, and, surrounding the astonished painter, one of the number snatched his book from his hand, and tore it into a thousand pieces. Frightened as he was, he could not help crying, "Fire and fagots! all my favourite ideas are gone to wreck!" and was in danger of being very roughly handled by the crowd, had not Peregrine stepped in, and assured them that he was a poor unhappy gentleman who laboured under a transport of the brain. Those who understood the French language communicated this information to the rest, so that he

escaped without any other chastisement than being obliged to retire. And as they could not see the famous Descent from the Cross till after the service was finished, they were conducted by their domestic to the house of a painter, where they found a beggar standing for his picture, and the artist actually employed in representing a huge louse that crawled upon his shoulder. Pallet was wonderfully pleased with this circumstance, which he said was altogether a new thought, and an excellent hint, of which he would make his advantage; and, in the course of his survey of this Fleming's performances, perceiving a piece in which two flies were engaged upon the carcass of a dog half devoured, he ran to his brother brush, and swore he was worthy of being a fellow-citizen of the immortal Rubens. He then lamented, with many expressions of grief and resentment, that he had lost his commonplace book, in which he had preserved a thousand conceptions of the same sort, formed by the accidental objects of his senses and imagination, and took an opportunity of telling his fellow-travellers that in execution he had equalled, if not excelled, the two ancient painters who vied with each other in the representation of a curtain and a bunch of grapes; for he had exhibited the image of a certain object so like to nature, that the bare sight of it set a whole hogsty in an uproar.

When he had examined and applauded all the productions of this minute artist, they returned to the great church, and were entertained with the view of that celebrated masterpiece of Rubens, in which he has introduced the portraits of himself and his whole family. The doors that conceal this capital performance were no sooner unfolded than our enthusiast, debarred the use of speech, by a previous covenant with his friend Pickle, lifted up his hands and eyes, and putting himself in the attitude of Hamlet when his father's ghost appears, adored in silent ecstasy and awe. He even made a merit of necessity; and, when they had withdrawn from the place, protested that his whole faculties were swallowed up in love and admiration. He now professed himself more than ever enamoured of the Flemish school, raved in extravagant encomiums, and proposed that the whole company should pay homage to the memory of the divine Rubens, by repairing forthwith to the house in which he lived, and prostrating themselves on the floor of his painting-room.

As there was nothing remarkable in the tenement, which had been rebuilt more than once since the death of that great man, Peregrine excused himself from complying with the proposal, on pretence of being fatigued with the circuit they had already performed. Jolter declined it for the same reason; and the question being put to the doctor, he refused his company with an air of disdain. Pallet, piqued at his contemptuous manner, asked if he would not go and see the habitation of Pindoor, provided he was in the city where that poet lived; and when the physician observed that there was an infinite difference between the men—"That I 'll allow," replied the painter, "for the devil a poet ever lived in Greece or Troy that was worthy to clean the pencils of our beloved Rubens." The physician could not, with any degree of temper and forbearance, hear this outrageous blasphemy, for which, he said, Pallet's eyes ought to be picked out by owls; and the dispute arose, as usual, to such scurrilities of language and indecency of behaviour, that passengers began to take notice of their animosity, and Peregrine was obliged to interpose for his own credit.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Peregrine artfully foments a Quarrel between Pallet and the Physician, who fight a Duel on the Ramparts.

THE painter betook himself to the house of the Flemish Raphael, and the rest of the company went back to their lodgings, where the young gentleman, taking the advantage of being alone with the physician, recapitulated all the affronts he had sustained from the painter's petulance, aggravating every circumstance of the disgrace, and advising him, in the capacity of a friend, to take care of his honour, which could not fail to suffer in the opinion of the world, if he allowed himself to be insulted with impunity, by one so much his inferior in every degree of consideration.

The physician assured him that Pallet had hitherto escaped chastisement, by being deemed an object unworthy his resentment, and in consideration of the wretch's family, for which his compassion was interested; but that repeated injuries would inflame the most benevolent disposition. And although he could find no precedent of duelling among the Greeks and Romans, whom he considered as the patterns of demeanour, Pallet should no longer avail himself of his veneration for the ancients, but be punished for the very next offence he should commit.

Having thus spirited up the doctor to a resolution from which he could not decently swerve, our adventurer acted the incendiary with the other party also; giving him to understand that the physician treated his character with such contempt, and behaved to him with such insolence, as no gentleman ought to bear; that, for his own part, he was every day put out of countenance by their mutual animosity, which appeared in nothing but vulgar expressions, more becoming shoe-boys and oyster-women than men of honour and education; and therefore he should be obliged, contrary to his inclination, to break off all correspondence with them both, if they would not fall upon some method to retrieve the dignity of their characters.

These representations would have had little effect upon the timidity of the painter, who was likewise too much of a Grecian to approve of single combat in any other way than that of boxing, an exercise in which he was well skilled, had they not been accompanied with an insinuation that his antagonist was no Hector, and that he might humble him into any concession without running the least personal risk. Animated by this assurance, our second Rubens set the trumpet of defiance to his mouth, swore he valued not his life a rush when his honour was concerned, and entreated Mr. Pickle to be the bearer of a challenge, which he would instantly commit to writing.

The mischievous fomenter highly applauded this manifestation of courage, by which he was at liberty to cultivate his friendship and society, but declined the office of carrying the billet, that his tenderness of Pallet's reputation might not be misinterpreted into an officious desire of promoting quarrels. At the same time, he recommended Tom Pipes, not only as a very proper messenger on this occasion, but also as a trusty second in the field. The magnanimous painter took his advice, and, retiring to his chamber, penned a challenge in these terms:—

"SIR,—When I am heartily provoked I fear not the devil himself; much less—I will not call you a pedantic coxcomb, nor an unmannerly fellow, because

these are the hippythets of the wulgar. But, remember, such as you are, I nyther love you nor fear you; but, on the contrary, expect satisfaction for your audacious behaviour to me on divers occasions; and will, this evening, in the twilight, meet you on the ramparts with sword and pistol, where the Lord have mercy on the soul of one of us, for your body shall find no favour with your incensed defier, till death.

"LAYMAN PALLET."

This resolute defiance, after having been submitted to the perusal and honoured with the approbation of our youth, was committed to the charge of Pipes, who, according to his orders, delivered it in the afternoon; and brought for answer that the physician would attend him at the appointed time and place. The challenger was evidently discomposed at the unexpected news of this acceptance, and ran about the house in great disorder in quest of Peregrine, to beg his further advice and assistance; but understanding that the youth was engaged in private with his adversary, he began to suspect some collusion, and cursed himself for his folly and precipitation. He even entertained some thoughts of retracting his invitation, and submitting to the triumph of his antagonist. But before he would stoop to this opprobrious condescension, he resolved to try another expedient, which might be the means of saving both his character and person. In this hope he visited Mr. Jolter, and very gravely desired he would be so good as to undertake the office of his second in a duel which he was to fight that evening with the physician.

The governor, instead of answering his expectation, in expressing fear and concern, and breaking forth into exclamations of "Good God, gentlemen! what d'ye mean? You shall not murder one another while it is in my power to prevent your purpose. I will go directly to the governor of the place, who shall interpose his authority!"—I say, instead of these and other friendly menaces of prevention, Jolter heard the proposal with the most phlegmatic tranquillity, and excused himself from accepting the honour he intended for him, on account of his character and situation, which would not permit him to be concerned in any such rencounters. Indeed, this mortifying reception was owing to a previous hint from Peregrine, who, dreading some sort of interruption from his governor, had made him acquainted with his design, and assured him that the affair should not be brought to any dangerous issue.

Thus disappointed, the dejected challenger was overwhelmed with perplexity and dismay; and, in the terrors of death or mutilation, resolved to deprecate the wrath of his enemy, and conform to any submission he should propose, when he was accidentally encountered by our adventurer, who with demonstrations of infinite satisfaction, told him, in confidence, that his billet had thrown the doctor into an agony of consternation; that his acceptance of his challenge was a mere effort of despair, calculated to confound the ferocity of the sender, and dispose him to listen to terms of accommodation; that he had imparted the letter to him with fear and trembling, on pretence of engaging him as a second, but, in reality, with a view of obtaining his good offices in promoting a reconciliation; "but, perceiving the situation of his mind," added our hero, "I thought it would be more for your honour to baffle his expectation, and therefore I readily undertook the task of attending him to the field, in full assurance that he will there humble himself before you, even to prostration. In this security you may go and prepare your arms, and bespeak the assistance of Pipes, who will squire you in the field, while I keep myself up, that our correspondence may not be suspected by the physician." Pallet's spirits, that were sunk to dejection, rose at this encouragement to all the insolence of triumph; he again declared his contempt of danger, and his pistols being loaded and accommodated with new flints by his trusty armour-bearer, he waited without flinching for the hour of battle.

On the first approach of twilight, somebody knocked at his door, and Pipes having opened it at his desire, he heard the voice of his antagonist pronounce, "Tell Mr. Pallet that I am going to the place of appointment." The painter was not a little surprised at this anticipation, which so ill agreed with the information he had received from Pickle; and his concern beginning to recur, he fortified himself with a large bumper of brandy, which, however, did not overcome the anxiety of his thoughts. Nevertheless, he set out on the expedition with his second, betwixt whom and himself the following dialogue passed in their way to the ramparts. "Mr. Pipes," said the painter, with disordered accent, "methinks the doctor was in a pestilent hurry with that message of his." "Ey, ey," answered Tom, "I do suppose he longs to be foul of you." "What!" replied the other, "d'ye think he thirsts after my blood?" "To be sure he does," said Pipes, thrusting a large quid of tobacco in his cheek with great deliberation. "If that be the case," cried Pallet, beginning to shake, "he is no better than a cannibal, and no Christian ought to fight him on equal footing." Tom observing his emotion, eyed him with a frown of indignation, saying, "You an't afraid, are you?" "God forbid!" replied the challenger, stammering with fear; "what should I be afraid of? The worst he can do is to take my life, and then he'll be answerable both to God and man for the murder. Don't you think he will?" "I think no such matter," answered the second; "if so be as how he puts a brace of bullets through your bows, and kills you fairly, it is no more murder than if I was to bring down a noddy from the main-topsail-yard." By this time Pallet's teeth chattered with such violence that he could scarce pronounce this reply: "Mr. Thomas, you seem to make very light of a man's life; but I trust in the Almighty, I shall not be so easily brought down. Sure many a man has fought a duel without losing his life. Do you imagine that I run such a hazard of falling by the hand of my adversary?" "You may or you may not," said the unconcerned Pipes, "just as it happens. What then? Death is a debt that every man owes, according to the song; and if you set foot to foot, I think one of you must go to pot." "Foot to foot!" exclaimed the terrified painter; "that's downright butchery; and I'll be damn'd before I fight any man on earth in such a barbarous way. What! d'ye take me to be a savage beast?" This declaration he made while they ascended the ramparts. His attendant perceiving the physician and his second at the distance of an hundred paces before them, gave him notice of their appearance, and advised him to make ready, and behave like a man. Pallet in vain endeavoured to conceal his panic, which discovered itself in an universal trepidation of body, and the lamentable tone in which he answered this exhortation of Pipes, saying, "I do behave like a man; but you would have me act the part of a brute. Are they coming this way?" When Tom told him that they had faced about, and admonished him to advance, the nerves of his arm refused their office; he could not hold out his pistol, and, instead of going forward, retreated with an insen-

sibility of motion; till Pipes, placing himself in the rear, set his own back to that of his principal, and swore he should not budge an inch farther in that direction.

While the valet thus tutored the painter, his master enjoyed the terrors of the physician, which were more ridiculous than those of Pallet, because he was more intent upon disguising them. His declaration to Pickle in the morning would not suffer him to start any objections when he received the challenge; and finding that the young gentleman made no offer of mediating the affair, but rather congratulated him on the occasion, when he communicated the painter's billet, all his efforts consisted in oblique hints, and general reflections upon the absurdity of duelling, which was first introduced among civilized nations by the barbarous Huns and Longobards. He likewise pretended to ridicule the use of fire-arms, which confounded all the distinctions of skill and address, and deprived a combatant of the opportunity of signalizing his personal prowess.

Pickle assented to the justness of his observations; but, at the same time, represented the necessity of complying with the customs of this world, ridiculous as they were, on which a man's honour and reputation depend. So that, seeing no hopes of profiting by that artifice, the republican's agitation became more and more remarkable; and he proposed, in plain terms, that they should contend in armour, like the combatants of ancient days; for it was but reasonable that they should practise the manner of fighting, since they adopted the disposition of those iron times.

Nothing could have afforded more diversion to our hero than the sight of two such duellists cased in iron; and he wished that he had promoted the quarrel in Brussels, where he could have hired the armour of Charles the Fifth and the valiant Duke of Parma for their accommodation; but as there was no possibility of furnishing them cap-à-pie at Antwerp, he persuaded him to conform to the modern use of the sword, and meet the painter on his own terms; and suspecting that his fear would supply him with other excuses for declining the combat, he comforted him with some distant insinuations to the prejudice of his adversary's courage, which would, in all probability, evaporate before any mischief could happen.

Notwithstanding this encouragement, he could not suppress the reluctance with which he went to the field, and cast many a wishful look over his left shoulder, to see whether or not his adversary was at his heels. When, by the advice of his second, he took possession of the ground, and turned about with his face to the enemy, it was not so dark but that Peregrine could perceive the unusual paleness of his countenance, and the sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead; nay, there was a manifest disorder in his speech, when he regretted his want of the *pila* and *parma*, with which he would have made a rattling noise, to astonish his foe, in springing forward, and singing the hymn to battle, in the manner of the ancients.

In the meantime, observing the hesitation of his antagonist, who, far from advancing, seemed to recoil, and even struggle with his second, he guessed the situation of the painter's thoughts; and, collecting all the manhood that he possessed, seized the opportunity of profiting by his enemy's consternation. Striking his sword and pistol together, he advanced in a sort of trot, raising a loud howl, in which he repeated, in lieu of the Spartan song, part of the strophe from one of Pindar's Pythia, beginning with *ek theon gar makanai pasai Broteais aretais*, etc. This imitation of the Greeks had all the desired effect upon the painter, who seeing the physician running towards him like a fury, with a pistol in his right hand, which was extended, and hearing the dreadful yell he uttered, and the outlandish words he pronounced, was seized with an universal palsy of his limbs. He would have dropped down upon the ground, had not Pipes supported and encouraged him to stand upon his defence. The doctor, contrary to his expectation, finding that he had not flinched from the spot, though he had now performed one-half of his career, put in practice his last effort, by firing his pistol, the noise of which no sooner reached the ears of the affrighted painter, than he recommended his soul to God, and roared for mercy with great vociferation.

The republican, overjoyed at this exclamation, commanded him to yield, and surrender his arms, on pain of immediate death; upon which he threw away his pistols and sword, in spite of all the admonitions and even threats of his second, who left him to his fate, and went up to his master, stopping his nose with signs of loathing and abhorrence.

The victor, having won the *spolia opima*, granted him his life, on condition that he would on his knees supplicate his pardon, acknowledge himself inferior to his conqueror in every virtue and qualification, and promise for the future to merit his favour by submission and respect. These insolent terms were readily embraced by the unfortunate challenger, who fairly owned that he was not at all calculated for the purposes of war, and that henceforth he would contend with no weapon but his pencil. He begged with great humility that Mr. Pickle would not think the worse of his morals for this defect of courage, which was a natural infirmity inherited from his father, and suspend his opinion of his talents until he should have an opportunity of contemplating the charms of his Cleopatra, which would be finished in less than three months.

Our hero observed, with an affected air of displeasure, that no man could be justly condemned for being subject to the impressions of fear, and therefore his cowardice might easily be forgiven, but there was something so presumptuous, dishonest, and disingenuous, in arrogating a quality to which he knew he had not the smallest pretension, that he could not forget his misbehaviour all at once, though he would condescend to communicate with him as formerly, in hopes of seeing a reformation in his conduct. Pallet protested that there was no dissimulation in the case, for he was ignorant of his own weakness until his resolution was put to the trial. He faithfully promised to demean himself, during the remaining part of the tour, with that conscious modesty and penitence which became a person in his condition, and for the present implored the assistance of Mr. Pipes, in disembarrassing him from the disagreeable consequence of his fear.

CHAPTER LXIV.

The Doctor exults in his Victory—They set out for Rotterdam, where they are entertained by two Dutch Gentlemen in a Yacht, which is overturned in the Maese, to the manifest hazard of the Painter's life—They spend the Evening with their Entertainers, and next day visit a Cabinet of Curiosities.

TOM was accordingly ordered to minister to his occasions, and the conqueror, elated with his

success, which he in a great measure attributed to his manner of attack, and the hymn which he howled, told Peregrine that he was now convinced of the truth of what Pindar sung in these words, *ossa de me pephileke Zeus atuzontai Boan Pieridon aionta;* for he had no sooner began to repeat the mellifluent strains of that divine poet than the wretch his antagonist was confounded, and his nerves unstrung.

On their return to the inn, he expatiated on the prudence and tranquillity of his own behaviour, and ascribed the consternation of Pallet to the remembrance of some crime that lay heavy upon his conscience; for, in his opinion, a man of virtue and common sense could not possibly be afraid of death, which is not only the peaceful harbour that receives him, shattered on the tempestuous sea of life, but also the eternal seal of his fame and glory, which it is no longer in his power to forfeit and forego. He lamented his fate in being doomed to live in such degenerate days, when war is become a mercenary trade; and ardently wished that the day would come when he should have such an opportunity of signalizing his courage in the cause of liberty, as that of Marathon, where an handful of Athenians, fighting for their freedom, defeated the whole strength of the Persian empire. "Would to Heaven!" said he, "my Muse were blessed with an occasion to emulate that glorious testimony on the trophy in Cyprus, erected by Cimon, for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land, in which it is very remarkable that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions." He then repeated it with all the pomp of declamation, and signified his hope that the French would one day invade us with such an army as that which Xerxes led into Greece, that it might be in his power to devote himself, like Leonidas, to the freedom of his country.

This memorable combat being thus determined, and everything that was remarkable in Antwerp surveyed, they sent their baggage down the Scheldt to Rotterdam, and set out for the same place in a post-waggon, which that same evening brought them in safety to the banks of the Maese. They put up at an English house of entertainment, remarkable for the modesty and moderation of the landlord; and next morning the doctor went in person to deliver letters of recommendation to two Dutch gentlemen from one of his acquaintance at Paris. Neither of them happened to be at home when he called; so that he left a message at their lodgings with his address; and in the afternoon they waited upon the company, and, after many hospitable professions, one of the two invited them to spend the evening at his house.

Meanwhile they had provided a pleasure yacht, in which they proposed to treat them with an excursion upon the Maese. This being almost the only diversion that place affords, our young gentleman relished the proposal; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Jolter, who declined the voyage on account of the roughness of the weather, they went on board without hesitation, and found a collation prepared in the cabin. While they tacked to and fro in the river, under the impulse of a mackerel breeze, the physician expressed his satisfaction, and Pallet was ravished with the entertainment. But the wind increasing, to the unspeakable joy of the Dutchmen, who had now an opportunity of shewing their dexterity in the management of the vessel, the guests found it inconvenient to stand upon deck, and impossible to sit below, on account of the clouds of tobacco smoke, which rolled from the pipes of their entertainers in such volumes as annoyed them even to the hazard of suffocation. This fumigation, together with the extraordinary motion of the ship, began to affect the head and stomach of the painter, who begged earnestly to be set on shore. But the Dutch gentlemen, who had no idea of his sufferings, insisted, with surprising obstinacy of regard, upon his staying until he should see an instance of the skill of their mariners; and, bringing him on deck, commanded the men to carry the vessel's lee gunwale under water. This nicety of navigation they instantly performed, to the admiration of Pickle, the discomposure of the doctor, and terror of Pallet, who blessed himself from the courtesy of a Dutchman, and prayed to Heaven for his deliverance.

While the Hollanders enjoyed the reputation of this feat, and the distress of the painter at the same time, the yacht was overtaken by a sudden squall, that overset her in a moment, and flung every man overboard into the Maese, before they could have the least warning of their fate, much less time to provide against the accident. Peregrine, who was an expert swimmer, reached the shore in safety; the physician, in the agonies of despair, laid fast hold on the trunk-breeches of one of the men, who dragged him to the other side; the entertainers landed at the bomb-keys, smoking their pipes all the way with great deliberation; and the poor painter must have gone to the bottom had not he been encountered by the cable of a ship that lay at anchor near the scene of their disaster. Though his senses had forsaken him, his hands fastened by instinct on this providential occurrence, which he held with such a convulsive grasp, that, when a boat was sent out to bring him on shore, it was with the utmost difficulty that his fingers were disengaged. He was carried into a house, deprived of the use of speech, and bereft of all sensation; and, being suspended by the heels, a vast quantity of water ran out of his mouth. This evacuation being made, he began to utter dreadful groans, which gradually increased to a continued roar; and, after he had regained the use of his senses, he underwent a delirium that lasted several hours. As for the treaters, they never dreamed of expressing the least concern to Pickle or the physician for what had happened, because it was an accident so common as to pass without notice.

Leaving the care of the vessel to the seamen, the company retired to their respective lodgings, in order to shift their clothes; and in the evening our travellers were conducted to the house of their new friend, who, with a view of making his invitation the more agreeable, had assembled to the number of twenty or thirty Englishmen, of all ranks and degrees, from the merchant to the periwig-maker's 'prentice.

In the midst of this congregation stood a chafing-dish with live coals, for the convenience of lighting their pipes, and every individual was accommodated with a spitting-box. There was not a mouth in the apartment unfurnished with a tube, so that they resembled a congregation of chimeras breathing fire and smoke; and our gentlemen were fain to imitate their example in their own defence. It is not to be supposed that the conversation was either very sprightly or polite; the whole entertainment was of the Dutch cast, frowzy and phlegmatic; and our adventurer, as he returned to his lodging, tortured with the headache, and disgusted with

every circumstance of his treatment, cursed the hour in which the doctor had saddled them with such troublesome companions.

Next morning by eight o'clock these polite Hollanders returned the visit, and, after breakfast, attended their English friends to the house of a person that possessed a very curious cabinet of curiosities, to which they had secured our company's admission. The owner of this collection was a cheesemonger, who received them in a woollen nightcap, with straps buttoned under his chin. As he understood no language but his own, he told them, by the canal of one of their conductors, that he did not make a practice of showing his curiosities; but understanding that they were Englishmen, and recommended to his friends, he was content to submit them to their perusal. So saying, he led them up a dark stair, into a small room, decorated with a few paltry figures in plaster of Paris, two or three miserable landscapes, the skins of an otter, seal, and some fishes stuffed; and in one corner stood a glass case furnished with newts, frogs, lizards, and serpents, preserved in spirits; a human fœtus, a calf with two heads, and about two dozen of butterflies pinned upon paper.

The virtuoso having exhibited these particulars, eyed the strangers with a look soliciting admiration and applause; and as he could not perceive any symptom of either in their gestures or countenances, withdrew a curtain, and displayed a wainscot chest of drawers, in which, he gave them to understand, was something that would agreeably amuse the imagination. Our travellers, regaled with this notice, imagined that they would be entertained with the sight of some curious medals, or other productions of antiquity; but how were they disappointed, when they saw nothing but a variety of shells, disposed in whimsical figures, in each drawer! After he had detained them full two hours with a tedious commentary upon the shape, size, and colour of each department, he, with a supercilious simper, desired that the English gentlemen would frankly and candidly declare whether his cabinet, or that of Mynheer Sloane at London, was the most valuable. When this request was signified in English to the company, the painter instantly exclaimed, "By the Lard! they are not to be named of a day. And as for that matter, I would not give one corner of Saltero's coffee-house at Chelsea for all the trash he hath shown." Peregrine, unwilling to mortify any person who had done his endeavour to please him, observed that what he had seen was very curious and entertaining; but that no private collection in Europe was equal to that of Sir Hans Sloane, which, exclusive of presents, had cost an hundred thousand pounds. The two conductors were confounded at this asseveration, which being communicated to the cheesemonger, he shook his head with a significant grin; and, though he did not choose to express his incredulity in words, gave our hero to understand that he did not much depend upon his veracity.

From the house of this Dutch naturalist they were dragged all round the city by the painful civility of their attendants, who did not quit them till the evening was well advanced, and then not till after they had promised to be with them before ten o'clock next day, in order to conduct them to a country house, situated in a pleasant village on the other side of the river.

Pickle was already so much fatigued with their hospitality, that, for the first time of his life, he suffered a dejection of spirits; and resolved, at any rate, to avoid the threatened persecution of to-morrow. With this view he ordered his servants to pack up some clothes and linen in a portmanteau; and in the morning embarked, with his governor, in the Treckskuyt for the Hague, whither he pretended to be called by some urgent occasion, leaving his fellow-travellers to make his apology to their friends; and assuring them that he would not proceed for Amsterdam without their society. He arrived at the Hague in the forenoon, and dined at an ordinary frequented by officers and people of fashion; where being informed that the princess would see company in the evening, he dressed himself in a rich suit of the Parisian cut, and went to court, without any introduction. A person of his appearance could not fail to attract the notice of such a small circle. The prince himself, understanding he was an Englishman and a stranger, went up to him without ceremony, and, having welcomed him to the place, conversed with him for some minutes on the common topics of discourse.

CHAPTER LXV.

They proceed to the Hague, from whence they depart for Amsterdam, where they see a Dutch Tragedy—Visit the Music-house, in which Peregrine quarrels with the Captain of a Man-of-war—They pass through Haerlem, in their way to Leyden—Return to Rotterdam, where the Company separates, and our Hero with his Attendants arrive in safety at Harwich.

Being joined by their fellow-travellers in the morning, they made a tour to all the remarkable places in this celebrated village; saw the Foundery, the Stadthouse, the Spinhuys, Vauxhall, and Count Bentincke's gardens, and in the evening went to the French comedy, which was directed by a noted Harlequin, who had found means to flatter the Dutch taste so effectually, that they extolled him as the greatest actor that ever appeared in the province of Holland. This famous company did not represent regular theatrical pieces, but only a sort of impromptus, in which this noted player always performed the greatest part of the entertainment. Among other sallies of wit that escaped him, there was one circumstance so remarkably adapted to the disposition and genius of his audience, that it were pity to pass it over in silence. A windmill being exhibited on the scene, Harlequin, after having surveyed it with curiosity and admiration, asks one of the millers the use of that machine; and being told that it was a windmill, observes, with some concern, that as there was not the least breath of wind, he could not have the pleasure of seeing it turn round. Urged by this consideration, he puts himself into the attitude of a person wrapt in profound meditation; and having continued a few seconds in this posture, runs to the miller with great eagerness and joy, and telling him that he had found an expedient to make his mill work, very fairly unbuttons his breeches. Then, presenting his posteriors to the sails of the machine, certain explosions are immediately heard, and the arms of the mill begin to turn round, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators, who approve the joke with loud peals of applause.

Our travellers stayed a few days at the Hague, during which the young gentleman waited on the British ambassador, to whom he was recommended by his excellency at Paris, and lost

about thirty guineas at billiards to a French adventurer, who decoyed him into the snare by keeping up his game. Then they departed in a post-waggon for Amsterdam, being provided with letters of introduction to an English merchant residing in that city, under whose auspices they visited everything worth seeing, and, among other excursions, went to see a Dutch tragedy acted, an entertainment which, of all others, had the strangest effect upon the organs of our hero; the dress of their chief personages was so antic, their manner so awkwardly absurd, and their language so ridiculously unfit for conveying the sentiments of love and honour, that Peregrine's nerves were diuretically affected with the complicated absurdity, and he was compelled to withdraw twenty times before the catastrophe of the piece.

The subject of this performance was the famous story of Scipio's continence and virtue, in restoring the fair captive to her lover. The young Roman hero was represented by a broad-faced Batavian, in a burgomaster's gown and a fur cap, sitting smoking his pipe at a table furnished with a can of beer, a drinking glass, and a plate of tobacco. The lady was such a person as Scipio might very well be supposed to give away without any great effort of generosity; and, indeed, the Celtiberian prince seemed to be of that opinion; for, upon receiving her from the hand of the victor, he discovered none of those transports of gratitude and joy which Livy describes in recounting this event. The Dutch Scipio, however, was complaisant enough in his way; for he desired her to sit at his right hand, by the appellation of *Ya frow*, and with his own fingers filling a clean pipe, presented it to Mynheer Allucio the lover. The rest of the economy of the piece was in the same taste, which was so agreeable to the audience, that they seemed to have shaken off their natural phlegm, in order to applaud the performance.

From the play our company adjourned to the house of their friend, where they spent the evening; and the conversation turning upon poetry, a Dutchman who was present, and understood the English language, having listened very attentively to the discourse, lifted up with both hands the greatest part of a Cheshire cheese that lay upon the table, saying, "I do know vat is boeter. Mine brotre be a great boet, and ave vrought a book as dick as all dat." Pickle, diverted with this method of estimating an author according to the quantity of his works, inquired about the subjects of this bard's writings; but of these his brother could give no account, or other information, but that there was little market for the commodity, which hung heavy upon his hands, and induced him to wish he had applied himself to another trade.

The only remarkable scene in Amsterdam which our company had not seen, was the Spuyl or music-houses, which, by the connivance of the magistrates, are maintained for the recreation of those who might attempt the chastity of creditable women, if they were not provided with such conveniences. To one of these night-houses did our travellers repair, under the conduct of the English merchant, and were introduced into such another place as the ever memorable coffee-house of Moll King; with this difference, that the company here were not so riotous as the bucks of Covent Garden, but formed themselves into a circle, within which some of the number danced to the music of a scurvy organ and a few other instruments, that uttered tunes very suitable to the disposition of the hearers, while the whole apartment was shrouded with clouds of smoke impervious to the view. When our gentlemen entered, the floor was occupied by two females and their gallants, who, in the performance of their exercise, lifted their legs like so many oxen at plough; and the pipe of one of those hoppers happening to be exhausted in the midst of his sarabrand, he very deliberately drew forth his tobacco-box, filling and lighting it again, without any interruption to the dance. Peregrine, being unchecked by the presence of his governor, who was too tender of his own reputation to attend them in this expedition, made up to a sprightly French girl who sat in seeming expectation of a customer, and prevailing upon her to be his partner, led her into the circle, and, in his turn, took the opportunity of dancing a minuet, to the admiration of all present. He intended to have exhibited another specimen of his ability in this art, when a captain of a Dutch man-of-war chancing to come in, and seeing a stranger engaged with the lady whom, it seems, he had bespoke for his bedfellow, he advanced without any ceremony, and, seizing her by the arm, pulled her to the other side of the room. Our adventurer, who was not a man to put up with such a brutal affront, followed the ravisher with indignation in his eyes, and, pushing him on one side, re-took the subject of their contest, and led her back to the place from whence she had been dragged. The Dutchman, enraged at the youth's presumption, obeyed the first dictates of his choler, and lent his rival a hearty box on the ear, which was immediately repaid with interest, before our hero could recollect himself sufficiently to lay his hand upon his sword, and beckon the aggressor to the door.

Notwithstanding the contusion and disorder which this affair produced in the room, and the endeavours of Pickle's company, who interposed in order to prevent bloodshed, the antagonists reached the street; and Peregrine, drawing, was surprised to see the captain advance against him with a long knife, which he preferred to the sword that hung by his side. The youth, confounded at this preposterous behaviour, desired him, in the French tongue, to lay aside that vulgar implement, and approach like a gentleman. But the Hollander, who neither understood the proposal, nor would have complied with his demand had he been made acquainted with his meaning, rushed forward like a desperado, before his adversary could put himself on his guard; and if the young gentleman had not been endued with surprising agility, his nose would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the assailant. Finding himself in such imminent jeopardy, he leaped to one side, and the Dutchman passing him, in the force of his career, he with one nimble kick made such application to his enemy's heels, that he flew like lightning into the canal, where he had almost perished by pitching upon one of the posts with which it is faced.

Peregrine having performed this exploit, did not stay for the captain's coming on shore, but retreated with all despatch, by the advice of his conductor, and next day embarked, with his companions, in the Skuyt, for Haerlem, where they dined, and in the evening arrived at the ancient city of Leyden, where they met with some English students, who treated them with great hospitality. Not but that the harmony of the conversation was that same night interrupted by a dispute that arose between one of those young gentlemen and the physician, about the cold and hot methods of prescription in the gout and rheumatism, and proceeded to such a degree of mutual reviling, that Pickle, ashamed and incensed at his fellow-

traveller's want of urbanity, espoused the other's cause, and openly rebuked him for his unmannerly petulance, which, he said, rendered him unfit for the purposes, and unworthy of the benefit, of society. This unexpected declaration overwhelmed the doctor with amazement and confusion; he was instantaneously deprived of his speech, and during the remaining part of the party sat in silent mortification. In all probability, he deliberated with himself, whether or not he should expostulate with the young gentleman on the freedom he had taken with his character in a company of strangers; but as he knew he had not a Pallet to deal with, he very prudently suppressed that suggestion, and, in secret, chewed the cud of resentment.

After they had visited the physic-garden, the university, the anatomical hall, and every other thing that was recommended to their view, they returned to Rotterdam, and held a consultation upon the method of transporting themselves to England. The doctor, whose grudge against Peregrine was rather inflamed than allayed by our hero's indifference and neglect, had tampered with the simplicity of the painter, who was proud of his advances towards a perfect reconciliation, and now took the opportunity of parting with our adventurer, by declaring that he and his friend Mr. Pallet were resolved to take their passage in a trading sloop, after he had heard Peregrine object against that tedious, disagreeable, and uncertain method of conveyance. Pickle immediately saw his intention, and, without using the least argument to dissuade them from their design, or expressing the smallest degree of concern at their separation, very coolly wished them a prosperous voyage, and ordered his baggage to be sent to Helvoetsluys. There he himself, and his retinue, went on board of the packet next day, and, by the favour of a fair wind, in eighteen hours arrived at Harwich.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Peregrine delivers his Letters of Recommendation at London, and returns to the Garrison, to the unspeakable joy of the Commodore and his whole Family.

Now that our hero found himself on English ground, his heart dilated with the proud recollection of his own improvement since he left his native soil. He began to recognise the interesting ideas of his tender years; he enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure of seeing his friends in the garrison, after an absence of eighteen months; and the image of his charming Emily, which other less worthy considerations had depressed, resumed the full possession of his breast. He remembered, with shame, that he had neglected the correspondence with her brother, which he himself had solicited, and in consequence of which he had received a letter from that young gentleman while he lived at Paris. In spite of these conscientious reflections, he was too self-sufficient to think he should find any difficulty in obtaining forgiveness for such sins of omission, and began to imagine that his passion would be prejudicial to the dignity of his situation, if it could not be gratified upon terms which formerly his imagination durst not conceive.

Sorry I am that the task I have undertaken lays me under the necessity of divulging this degeneracy in the sentiments of our imperious youth, who was now in the heyday of his blood, flushed with the consciousness of his own qualifications, vain of his fortune, and elated on the wings of imaginary expectation. Though he was deeply enamoured of Miss Gauntlet, he was far from proposing her heart as the ultimate aim of his gallantry, which, he did not doubt, would triumph over the most illustrious females of the land, and at once regale his appetite and ambition.

Meanwhile, being willing to make his appearance at the garrison equally surprising and agreeable, he cautioned Mr. Jolter against writing to the commodore, who had not heard of them since their departure from Paris, and hired a post-chaise and horses for London. The governor, going out to give orders about the carriage, inadvertently left a paper book open upon the table, and his pupil, casting his eyes upon the page, chanced to read these words:—"Sept. 15.—Arrived in safety, by the blessing of God, in this unhappy kingdom of England. And thus concludes the journal of my last peregrination." Peregrine's curiosity being inflamed by this extraordinary conclusion, he turned to the beginning, and perused several sheets of a diary such as is commonly kept by that class of people known by the denomination of travelling governors, for the satisfaction of themselves and the parents or guardians of their pupils, and for the edification and entertainment of their friends.

That the reader may have a clear idea of Mr. Jolter's performance, we shall transcribe the transactions of one day, as he had recorded them; and that abstract will be a sufficient specimen of the whole plan and execution of the work.

"May 3.—At eight o'clock set out from Boulogne in a post-chaise—the morning hazy and cold. Fortified my stomach with a cordial. Recommended ditto to Mr. P. as an antidote against the fog. Mem. He refused it. The hither horse greased in the off-pastern of the hind leg. Arrived at Samers. Mem. This last was a post and a half, *i.e.*, three leagues, or nine English miles. The day clears up. A fine champaign country, well stored with corn. The postillion says his prayers in passing by a wooden crucifix upon the road. Mem. The horses staled in a small brook that runs in a bottom betwixt two hills. Arrive at Cormont. A common post. A dispute with my pupil, who is obstinate, and swayed by an unlucky prejudice. Proceed to Montreuil, where we dine on choice pigeons. A very moderate charge. No chamber-pot in the room, owing to the negligence of the maid. This is an ordinary post. Set out again for Nampont. Troubled with flatulencies and indigestion. Mr. P. is sullen, and seems to mistake an eructation for the breaking of wind backwards. From Nampont depart for Bernay, at which place we arrive in the evening, and propose to stay all night. *N.B.*—The two last are double posts, and our cattle very willing, though not strong. Sup on a delicate ragout and excellent partridges, in company with Mr. H. and his spouse. Mem. The said H. trod upon my corn by mistake. Discharge the bill, which is not very reasonable. Dispute with Mr. P. about giving money to the servant. He insists upon my giving a twenty-four sols piece, which is too much by two-thirds, in all conscience. *N.B.*—She was a pert baggage, and did not deserve a liard."

Our hero was so much disobliged with certain circumstances of this amusing and instructing journal, that, by way of punishing the author, he interlined these words betwixt two paragraphs, in a manner that exactly resembled the tutor's handwriting:—"Mem. Had the pleasure

of drinking myself into a sweet intoxication, by toasting our lawful king and his royal family, among some worthy English fathers of the Society of Jesus."

Having taken this revenge, he set out for London, where he waited upon those noblemen to whom he had letters of recommendation from Paris; and was not only graciously received, but even loaded with caresses and proffers of service, because they understood he was a young gentleman of fortune, who, far from standing in need of their countenance or assistance, would make an useful and creditable addition to the number of their adherents. He had the honour of dining at their tables, in consequence of pressing invitations, and of spending several evenings with the ladies, to whom he was particularly agreeable, on account of his person, address, and bleeding freely at play.

Being thus initiated in the beau monde, he thought it was high time to pay his respects to his generous benefactor, the commodore; and, accordingly, departed one morning, with his train, for the garrison, at which he arrived in safety the same night. When he entered the gate, which was opened by a new servant that did not know him, he found his old friend Hatchway stalking in the yard, with a night-cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth; and, advancing to him, took him by the hand before he had any intimation of his approach. The lieutenant, thus saluted by a stranger, stared at him in silent astonishment, till he recollected his features, which were no sooner known, than, dashing the pipe upon the pavement, he exclaimed, "Smite my cross-trees! th'art welcome to port," and hugged him in his arms with great affection. He then, by a cordial squeeze, expressed his satisfaction at seeing his old shipmate Tom, who, applying his whistle to his mouth, the whole castle echoed with his performance.

The servants, hearing the well-known sound, poured out in a tumult of joy; and, understanding that their young master was returned, raised such a peal of acclamation as astonished the commodore and his lady, and inspired Julia with such an interesting presage that her heart began to throb with violence. Running out in the hurry and perturbation of her hope, she was so much overwhelmed at sight of her brother, that she actually fainted in his arms. But from this trance she soon awaked; and Peregrine, having testified his pleasure and affection, went upstairs, and presented himself before his godfather and aunt. Mrs. Trunnion rose and received him with a gracious embrace, blessing God for his happy return from a land of impiety and vice, in which she hoped his morals had not been corrupted, nor his principles of religion altered or impaired. The old gentleman being confined to his chair, was struck dumb with pleasure at his appearance; and, having made divers ineffectual efforts to get up, at length discharged a volley of curses against his own limbs, and held out his hand to his godson, who kissed it with great respect.

After he had finished his apostrophe to the gout, which was the daily and hourly subject of his execrations, "Well, my lad," said he, "I care not how soon I go to the bottom, now I behold thee safe in harbour again; and yet I tell a damn'd lie. I would I could keep afloat until I should see a lusty boy of thy begetting. Odds my timbers! I love thee so well, that I believe thou art the spawn of my own body; though I can give no account of thy being put upon the stocks." Then, turning his eye upon Pipes, who by this time had penetrated into his apartment, and addressed him with the usual salutation of "What cheer?" "Ahey," cried he, "are you there, you herring-faced son of a sea-calf? What a slippery trick you played your old commander! But come, you dog, there's my fist; I forgive you, for the love you bear to my godson. Go, man your tackle, and hoist a cask of strong beer into the yard, knock out the bung, and put a pump in it, for the use of all my servants and neighbours; and, d' ye hear, let the patereroes be fired, and the garrison illuminated, as rejoicings for the safe arrival of your master. By the Lord! if I had the use of these damn'd shambling shanks, I would dance a hornpipe with the best of you."

The next object of his attention was Mr. Jolter, who was honoured with particular marks of distinction, and the repeated promise of enjoying the living in his gift, as an acknowledgment of the care and discretion with which he had superintended the education and morals of our hero. The governor was so affected by the generosity of his patron, that the tears ran down his cheeks, while he expressed his gratitude, and the infinite satisfaction he felt in contemplating the accomplishments of his pupil.

Meanwhile, Pipes did not neglect the order he had received. The beer was produced, the gates were thrown open for the admission of all comers, the whole house was lighted up, and the patereroes were discharged in repeated volleys. Such phenomena could not fail to attract the notice of the neighbourhood. The club at Tunley's were astonished at the report of the guns, which produced various conjectures among the members of that sagacious society. The landlord observed that, in all likelihood, the commodore was visited by hobgoblins, and ordered the guns to be fired in token of distress, as he had acted twenty years before, when he was annoyed by the same grievance. The exciseman, with a waggish sneer, expressed his apprehension of Trunnion's death, in consequence of which the patereroes might be discharged with an equivocal intent, either as signals of his lady's sorrow or rejoicing. The attorney signified a suspicion of Hatchway's being married to Miss Pickle, and that the firing and illuminations were in honour of the nuptials; upon which Gamaliel discovered some faint signs of emotion, and, taking the pipe from his mouth, gave it as his opinion that his sister was brought to bed.

While they were thus bewildered in the maze of their own imaginations, a company of countrymen, who sat drinking in the kitchen, and whose legs were more ready than their invention, sallied out to know the meaning of these exhibitions. Understanding that there was a butt of strong beer abroach in the yard, to which they were invited by the servants, they saved themselves the trouble and expense of returning to spend the evening at the public-house, and listed themselves under the banner of Tom Pipes, who presided as director of this festival.

The news of Peregrine's return being communicated to the parish, the parson, and three or four neighbouring gentlemen, who were well-wishers to our hero, immediately repaired to the garrison, in order to pay their compliments on this happy event, and were detained to supper. An elegant entertainment was prepared by the direction of Miss Julia, who was an excellent housewife; and the commodore was so invigorated with joy, that he seemed to have renewed his age.

Among those who honoured the occasion with

their presence was Mr. Clover, the young gentleman that made his addresses to Peregrine's sister. His heart was so big with his passion, that, while the rest of the company were engrossed by their cups, he seized an opportunity of our hero's being detached from the conversation, and, in the impatience of his love, conjured him to consent to his happiness; protesting that he would comply with any terms of settlement that a man of his fortune could embrace, in favour of a young lady who was absolute mistress of his affection.

Our youth thanked him very politely for his favourable sentiments and honourable intention towards his sister, and told him that at present he saw no reason to obstruct his desire; that he would consult Julia's own inclinations, and confer with him about the means of gratifying his wish; but, in the meantime, begged to be excused from discussing any point of such importance to them both. Reminding him of the jovial purpose on which they were happily met, he promoted such a quick circulation of the bottle that their mirth grew noisy and obstreperous; they broke forth into repeated peals of laughter, without any previous incitement except that of claret. These explosions were succeeded by Bacchanalian songs, in which the old gentleman himself attempted to bear a share; the sedate governor snapped time with his fingers, and the parish priest assisted in the chorus with a most expressive nakedness of countenance. Before midnight they were almost all pinned to their chairs as if they had been fixed by the power of enchantment; and, what rendered the confinement still more unfortunate, every servant in the house was in the same situation; so that they were fain to take their repose as they sat, and nodded at each other like a congregation of Anabaptists.

Next day Peregrine communed with his sister on the subject of her match with Mr. Clover, who, she told him, had offered to settle a jointure of four hundred pounds, and take her to wife without any expectation of a dowry. She moreover gave him to understand that, in his absence, she had received several messages from her mother, commanding her to return to her father's house; but that she had refused to obey these orders, by the advice and injunction of her aunt and the commodore, which were indeed seconded by her own inclination; because she had all the reason in the world to believe that her mother only wanted an opportunity of treating her with severity and rancour. The resentment of that lady had been carried to such indecent lengths, that, seeing her daughter at church one day, she rose up, before the parson entered, and reviled her with great bitterness in the face of the whole congregation.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Sees his Sister happily married—Visits Emilia, who receives him according to his Deserts.

HER brother being of opinion that Mr. Clover's proposal was not to be neglected, especially as Julia's heart was engaged in his favour, communicated the affair to his uncle, who, with the approbation of Mrs. Trunnion, declared himself well satisfied with the young man's addresses, and desired that they might be buckled with all expedition, without the knowledge or concurrence of her parents, to whom (on account of their unnatural barbarity) she was not bound to pay the least regard. Though our adventurer entertained the same sentiments of the matter, and the lover, dreading some obstruction, earnestly begged the immediate condescension of his mistress, she could not be prevailed upon to take such a material step without having first solicited the permission of her father, resolved, nevertheless, to comply with the dictates of her own heart, should his objections be frivolous or unjust.

Urged by this determination, her admirer waited upon Mr. Gamaliel at the public-house, and, with the appearance of great deference and respect, made him acquainted with his affection for his daughter, communicated the particulars of his fortune, with the terms of settlement he was ready to make; and, in conclusion, told him that he would marry her without a portion. This last offer seemed to have some weight with the father, who received it with civility, and promised in a day or two to favour him with a final answer to his demand. He, accordingly, that same evening consulted his wife, who being exasperated at the prospect of her daughter's independency, argued with the most virulent expostulation against the match, as an impudent scheme of her own planning, with a view of insulting her parents, towards whom she had already been guilty of the most vicious disobedience. In short, she used such remonstrances, as not only averted this weak husband's inclination from the proposal which he had relished before, but even instigated him to apply for a warrant to apprehend his daughter, on the supposition that she was about to bestow herself in marriage without his privity or consent.

The justice of peace to whom this application was made, though he could not refuse the order, yet, being no stranger to the malevolence of the mother, which, together with Gamaliel's simplicity, was notorious in the country, he sent an intimation of what had happened to the garrison; upon which a couple of sentinels were placed on the gate, and at the pressing solicitation of the lover, as well as the desire of the commodore, her brother, and aunt, Julia was wedded without further delay; the ceremony being performed by Mr. Jolter, because the parish priest prudently declined any occasion of giving offence, and the curate was too much in the interest of their enemies to be employed in that office.

This domestic concern being settled to the satisfaction of our hero, he escorted her next day to the house of her husband, who immediately wrote a letter to her father, declaring his reasons for having thus superseded his authority; and Mrs. Pickle's mortification was unspeakable.

That the new married couple might be guarded against all insult, our young gentleman and his friend Hatchway, with their adherents, lodged in Mr. Clover's house for some weeks; during which they visited their acquaintance in the neighbourhood, according to custom. When the tranquillity of their family was perfectly established, and the contract of marriage executed in the presence of the old commodore and his lady, who gave her niece five hundred pounds to purchase jewels and clothes, Mr. Peregrine could no longer restrain his impatience to see his dear Emily; and told his uncle, that next day he proposed to ride across the country, in order to visit his friend Gauntlet, whom he had not heard of for a long time.

The old gentleman, looking steadfastly in his face, "Ah! damn your cunning!" said he, "I find the anchor holds fast! I did suppose as how you would have slipt your cable, and changed your berth; but I see, when a young

fellow is once brought up by a pretty wench, he may man his capstans and viol block if he wool; but he 'll as soon heave up the Pike of Teneriff, as bring his anchor aweigh! Odds heartlikins! had I known the young woman was Ned Gauntlet's daughter, I shouldn't have thrown out signal for leaving off chase."

Our adventurer was not a little surprised to hear the commodore talk in this style, and immediately conjectured that his friend Godfrey had informed him of the whole affair. Instead of listening to this approbation of his flame with those transports of joy which he would have felt had he retained his former sentiments, he was chagrined at Trunnion's declaration, and offended at the presumption of the young soldier, in presuming to disclose the secret with which he had intrusted him. Reddening with these reflections, he assured the commodore that he never had serious thoughts of matrimony; so that, if any person had told him he was under any engagement of that kind, he had abused his ear; for he protested that he would never contract such attachments without his knowledge and express permission.

Trunnion commended him for his prudent resolution, and observed that, though no person mentioned to him what promises had passed betwixt him and his sweetheart, it was very plain that he had made love to her, and therefore it was to be supposed that his intentions were honourable; for he could not believe he was such a rogue in his heart as to endeavour to debauch the daughter of a brave officer, who had served his country with credit and reputation. Notwithstanding this remonstrance, which Pickle imputed to the commodore's ignorance of the world, he set out for the habitation of Mrs. Gauntlet, with the unjustifiable sentiments of a man of pleasure, who sacrifices every consideration to the desire of his ruling appetite; and, as Winchester lay in his way, resolved to visit some of his friends who lived in that place. It was in the house of one of these that he was informed of Emilia's being then in town with her mother; upon which he excused himself from staying to drink tea, and immediately repaired to their lodgings, according to the directions he had received.

When he arrived at the door, instead of undergoing that perturbation of spirits which a lover in his interesting situation might be supposed to feel, he suffered no emotion but that of vanity and pride, favoured with an opportunity of self-gratification, and entered his Emilia's apartment with the air of a conceited petit-maître, rather than that of the respectful admirer when he visits the object of his passion after an absence of seventeen months.

The young lady, having been very much disobliged at his mortifying neglect of her brother's letter, had summoned all her own pride and resolution to her aid; and, by means of a happy disposition, so far overcame her chagrin at his indifference, that she was able to behave in his presence with apparent tranquillity and ease. She was even pleased to find he had, by accident, chosen a time for his visit when she was surrounded by two or three young gentlemen, who professed themselves her admirers. Our gallant was no sooner announced than she collected all her coquetry, put on the gayest air she could assume, and contrived to giggle just as he appeared at the room door. The compliments of salutation being performed, she welcomed him to England in a careless manner, asked the news of Paris, and, before he could make any reply, desired one of the other gentlemen to proceed with the sequel of that comical adventure in the relation of which he had been interrupted.

Peregrine smiled within himself at this behaviour, which, without all doubt, he believed she had affected to punish him for his unkind silence while he was abroad, being fully persuaded that her heart was absolutely at his devotion. On this supposition he practised his Parisian improvements on the art of conversation, and uttered a thousand prettinesses in the way of compliment, with such incredible rotation of tongue that his rivals were struck dumb with astonishment, and Emilia fretted out of all temper at seeing herself deprived of the prerogative of the sex. He persisted, however, in this surprising loquacity, until the rest of the company thought proper to withdraw, and then contracted his discourse into the focus of love, which now put on a very different appearance from that which it had formerly worn. Instead of that awful veneration which her presence used to inspire, that chastity of sentiment and delicacy of expression, he now gazed upon her with the eyes of a libertine, he glowed with the impatience of desire, talked in a strain that barely kept within the bounds of decency, and attempted to snatch such favours, as she, in the tenderness of mutual acknowledgment, had once vouchsafed to bestow.

Grieved and offended at she was as this palpable alteration in his carriage, she disdained to remind him of his former deportment, and, with dissembled good-humour, rallied him on the progress he had made in gallantry and address. But, far from submitting to the liberties he would have taken, she kept her person sacred from his touch, and would not even suffer him to ravish a kiss of her fair hand; so that he reaped no other advantage from the exercise of his talents, during this interview, which lasted a whole hour, than that of knowing he had overrated his own importance, and that Emily's heart was not a garrison likely to surrender at discretion.

At length his addresses were interrupted by the arrival of the mother, who had gone abroad to visit by herself; and the conversation becoming more general, he understood that Godfrey was at London, soliciting for a lieutenancy that had fallen vacant in the regiment to which he belonged; and that Miss Sophy was at home with her father.

Though our adventurer had not met with all the success he expected by his first visit, he did not despair of reducing the fortress, believing that in time there would be a mutiny in his favour, and accordingly carried on the siege for several days without profiting by his perseverance; till at length, having attended the ladies to their own house in the country, he began to look upon this adventure as time misspent, and resolved to discontinue his attack, in hopes of meeting with a more favourable occasion; being, in the meantime, ambitious of displaying, in a higher sphere, those qualifications which his vanity told him were at present misapplied.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

He attends his Uncle with great Affection during a fit of Illness—Sets out again for London—Meets with his friend Godfrey, who is prevailed upon to accompany him to Bath; on the Road to which place they chance to dine with a Person who entertains them with a curious Account of a certain Company of Adventurers.

Thus determined, he took leave of Emilia and her mother, on pretence of going to London upon

some urgent business, and returned to the garrison, leaving the good old lady very much concerned, and the daughter incensed at his behaviour, which was the more unexpected, because Godfrey had told them that the commodore approved of his nephew's passion.

Our adventurer found his uncle so ill of the gout, which, for the first time, had taken possession of his stomach, that his life was in imminent danger, and the whole family in disorder. He therefore took the reins of government in his own hands, sent for all the physicians in the neighbourhood, and attended him in person with the most affectionate care, during the whole fit, which lasted a fortnight, and then retired before the strength of his constitution.

When the old gentleman recovered his health, he was so penetrated with Peregrine's behaviour, that he actually would have made over to him his whole fortune, and depended upon him for his own subsistence, had not our youth opposed the execution of the deed with all his influence and might, and even persuaded him to make a will, in which his friend Hatchway, and all his other adherents, were liberally remembered, and his aunt provided for on her own terms. This material point being settled, he, with his uncle's permission, departed for London, after having seen the family affairs established under the direction and administration of Mr. Jolter and the lieutenant; for, by this time, Mrs. Trunnion was wholly occupied with her spiritual concerns.

On his first arrival at London, he sent a card to the lodgings of Gauntlet, in consequence of a direction from his mother; and that young gentleman waited on him next morning, though not with that alacrity of countenance and warmth of friendship which might have been expected from the intimacy of their former connexion. Nor was Peregrine himself actuated by the same unreserved affection for the soldier which he had formerly entertained. Godfrey, over and above the offence he had taken at Pickle's omission in point of corresponding with him, had been informed, by a letter from his mother, of the youth's cavalier behaviour to Emilia during his last residence at Winchester; and our young gentleman, as we have already observed, was disgusted at the supposed discovery which the soldier had made in his absence to the commodore. They perceived their mutual umbrage at meeting, and received each other with that civility of reserve which commonly happens between two persons when their friendship is in the wane.

Gauntlet at once divined the cause of the other's displeasure; and, in order to vindicate his own character, after the first compliments were passed, took the opportunity, on inquiring after the health of the commodore, to tell Peregrine, that, while he tarried at the garrison, on his return from Dover, the subject of the conversation, one night, happening to turn on our hero's passion, the old gentleman had expressed his concern about that affair; and, among other observations, said he supposed the object of his love was some paltry hussy, whom he had picked up when he was a boy at school. Upon which Mr. Hatchway assured him that she was a young woman of as good a family as any in the county; and, after having prepossessed him in her favour, ventured, out of the zeal of his friendship, to tell who she was. Wherefore the discovery was not to be imputed to any other cause; and he hoped Mr. Pickle would acquit him of all share in the transaction.

Peregrine was very well pleased to be thus undeceived; his countenance immediately cleared up, the formality of his behaviour relaxed into his usual familiarity; he asked pardon for his unmannerly neglect of Godfrey's letter, which, he protested, was not owing to any disregard, or abatement of friendship, but to a hurry of youthful engagements, in consequence of which he had procrastinated his answer from time to time, until he was ready to return in person.

The young soldier was contented with this apology; and as Pickle's intention with respect to his sister was still dubious and undeclared, he did not think it was incumbent upon him, as yet, to express any resentment on that score; but was wise enough to foresee that the renewal of his intimacy with our young gentleman might be the means of reviving that flame which had been dissipated by a variety of new ideas. With those sentiments, he laid aside all reserve, and their communication resumed its former channel. Peregrine made him acquainted with all the adventures in which he had been engaged since their parting; and he, with the same confidence, related the remarkable incidents of his own fate; among other things, giving him to understand that, upon obtaining a commission in the army, the father of his dear Sophy, without once inquiring about the occasion of his promotion, had not only favoured him with his countenance in a much greater degree than heretofore, but also contributed his interest, and even promised the assistance of his purse, in procuring for him a lieutenancy, which he was then soliciting with all his power; whereas, if he had not been enabled by a most accidental piece of good fortune to lift himself into the sphere of an officer, he had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentleman, and all the rest of his wealthy relations, would have suffered him to languish in obscurity and distress, and by turning his misfortune into reproach, made it a plea for their own want of generosity and friendship.

Peregrine, understanding the situation of his friend's affairs, would have accommodated him upon the instant with a sum to accelerate the passage of his commission through the offices; but, being too well acquainted with his scrupulous disposition to manifest his benevolence in that manner, he found means to introduce himself to one of the gentlemen of the War Office, who was so well satisfied with the arguments he used in behalf of his friend, that Godfrey's business was transacted in a very few days, though he himself knew nothing of his interest being thus reinforced.

By this time the season at Bath was begun; and our hero, panting with the desire of distinguishing himself at that resort of the fashionable world, communicated his design of going thither to his friend Godfrey, whom he importuned to accompany him in the excursion; and leave of absence from his regiment being obtained by the influence of Peregrine's new quality friends, the two companions departed from London in a post-chaise, attended, as usual, by the valet-de-chambre and Pipes, who were become almost as necessary to our adventurer as any two of his own organs.

At the inn, when they alighted for dinner, Godfrey perceived a person walking by himself in the yard, with a very pensive air, and, upon observing him more narrowly, recognised him to be a professed gamester, whom he had formerly known at Tunbridge. On the strength of this acquaintance, he accosted the peripatetic, who knew him immediately; and, in the fulness of his grief and vexation, told him that he was now on his return from Bath, where he had been

stripped by a company of sharpers, who resented that he should presume to trade upon his own bottom.

Peregrine, who was extremely curious in his inquiries, imagining that he might learn some entertaining and useful anecdotes from this artist, invited him to dinner, and was accordingly fully informed of all the political systems at Bath. He understood that there was at London one great company of adventurers, who employed agents in all the different branches of imposition throughout the whole kingdom of England, allowing these ministers a certain proportion of the profits accruing from their industry and skill, and reserving the greatest share for the benefit of the common stock, which was chargeable with the expense of fitting out individuals in their various pursuits, as well as with the loss sustained in the course of their adventures. Some, whose persons and qualifications are by the company judged adequate to the task, exert their talents in making love to ladies of fortune, being accommodated with money and accoutrements for that purpose, after having given their bonds, payable to one or other of the directors, on the day of marriage, for certain sums, proportioned to the dowries they are to receive. Others, versed in the doctrine of chances, and certain secret expedients, frequent all those places where games of hazard are allowed; and such as are masters in the arts of billiards, tennis, and bowls, are continually lying in wait, in all the scenes of these diversions, for the ignorant and unwary. A fourth class attend horse-races, being skilled in those mysterious practices by which the knowing ones are taken in. Nor is this community unfurnished with those who lay wanton wives and old rich widows under contribution, and extort money by prostituting themselves to the embraces of their own sex, and then threatening their admirers with prosecution. But their most important returns are made by that body of their undertakers who exercise their understandings in the innumerable stratagems of the card-table, at which no sharper can be too infamous to be received, and even caressed, by persons of the highest rank and distinction. Among other articles of intelligence, our young gentleman learned that those agents by whom their guest was broke, and expelled from Bath, had constituted a bank against all sporters, and monopolized the advantage in all sorts of play. He then told Gauntlet that, if he would put himself under his direction, he would return with them, and lay such a scheme as would infallibly ruin the whole society at billiards, as he knew that Godfrey excelled them all in his knowledge of that game.

The soldier excused himself from engaging in any party of that kind, and after dinner the travellers parted; but, as the conversation between the two friends turned upon the information they had received, Peregrine projected a plan for punishing those villanous pests of society who prey upon their fellow-creatures, and it was put in execution by Gauntlet in the following manner.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Godfrey executes a Scheme at Bath, by which a whole Company of Sharpers is ruined.

On the evening after their arrival at Bath, Godfrey, who had kept himself up all day for that purpose, went in boots to the billiard-table, and, two gentlemen being at play, began to bet with so little appearance of judgment, that one of the adventurers then present was inflamed with the desire of profiting by his inexperience; and, when the table was vacant, invited him to take a game for amusement. The soldier, assuming the air of a self-conceited dupe, answered that he did not choose to throw away his time for nothing, but, if he pleased, would piddle for a crown a game. This declaration was very agreeable to the other, who wanted to be further confirmed in the opinion he had conceived of the stranger, before he would play for anything of consequence. The party being accepted, Gauntlet put off his coat, and, beginning with seeming earnestness, won the first game, because his antagonist kept up his play with a view of encouraging him to wager a greater sum. The soldier purposely bit at the hook, the stakes were doubled, and he was again victorious, by the permission of his competitor. He now began to yawn; and observing that it was not worth his while to proceed in such a childish manner, the other swore, in an affected passion, that he would play him for twenty guineas. The proposal being embraced, through the connivance of Godfrey, the money was won by the sharper, who exerted his dexterity to the uttermost, fearing that otherwise his adversary would decline continuing the game.

Godfrey, thus conquered, pretended to lose his temper, cursed his own ill luck, swore that the table had a cast, and that the balls did not run true, changed his mast, and, with great warmth, challenged his enemy to double the sum. The gamester, who feigned reluctance, complied with his desire; and having got the two first hazards, offered to lay one hundred guineas to fifty on the game. The odds were taken, and Godfrey having allowed himself to be overcome, began to rage with great violence, broke the mast to pieces, threw the balls out of the window, and, in the fury of his indignation, defied his antagonist to meet him to-morrow, when he should be refreshed from the fatigue of travelling. This was a very welcome invitation to the gamester, who, imagining that the soldier would turn out a most beneficial prize, assured him that he would not fail to be there next forenoon, in order to give him his revenge.

Gauntlet went home to his lodgings, fully certified of his own superiority, and took his measures with Peregrine, touching the prosecution of their scheme; while his opponent made a report of his success to the brethren of the gang, who resolved to be present at the decision of the match, with a view of taking advantage of the stranger's passionate disposition.

Affairs being thus concerted on both sides, the players met, according to appointment, and the room was immediately filled with spectators, who either came thither by accident, curiosity, or design. The match was fixed for one hundred pounds a game, the principals chose their instruments, and laid aside their coats, and one of the knights of the order proffered to lay another hundred on the head of his associate. Godfrey took him upon the instant. A second worthy of the same class, seeing him so eager, challenged him to treble the sum, and his proposal met with the same reception, to the astonishment of the company, whose expectation was raised to a very interesting pitch. The game was begun, and the soldier having lost the first hazard, the odds were offered by the confederacy with great vociferation, but nobody would run such a risk in favour of a person who was utterly unknown. The sharper having gained the second also, the noise

increased to a surprising clamour, not only of the gang, but likewise of almost all the spectators, who desired to lay two to one against the brother of Emilia.

Peregrine, who was present, perceiving the cupidity of the association sufficiently inflamed, all of a sudden opened his mouth, and answered their bets, to the amount of twelve hundred pounds, which were immediately deposited, on both sides, in money and notes; so that this was, perhaps, the most important game that ever was played at billiards. Gauntlet seeing the agreement settled, struck his antagonist's ball into the pocket in a twinkling, though it was in one of those situations which are supposed to be against the striker. The betters were a little discomposed at this event, for which, however, they consoled themselves by imputing the success to accident; but when, at the very next stroke, he sprung it over the table, their countenances underwent an instantaneous distraction of feature, and they waited in the most dreadful suspense for the next hazard, which being likewise taken with infinite ease by the soldier, the blood forsook their cheeks, and the interjection *Zounds!* pronounced with a look of consternation, and in a tone of despair, proceeded from every mouth at the same instant of time. They were overwhelmed with horror and astonishment at seeing three hazards taken in as many strokes, from a person of their friend's dexterity, and shrewdly suspected that the whole was a scheme preconcerted for their destruction. On this supposition, they changed the note, and attempted to hedge for their own indemnification, by proposing to lay the odds in favour of Gauntlet; but so much was the opinion of the company altered by that young gentleman's success, that no one would venture to espouse the cause of his competitor, who, chancing to improve his game by the addition of another lucky hit, diminished the concern, and revived the hopes of his adherents. But this gleam of fortune did not long continue. Godfrey collected his whole art and capacity, and augmenting his score to number ten, indulged himself with a view of the whole fraternity. The visages of these professors had adopted different shades of complexion at every hazard he had taken; from their natural colour they had shifted into a sallow hue; from thence into pale; from pale into yellow, which degenerated into a mahogany tint; and now they saw seventeen hundred pounds of their stock depending upon a single stroke, they stood like so many swarthy Moors, jaundiced with terror and vexation. The fire which naturally glowed in the cheeks and nose of the player seemed utterly extinct, and his carbuncles exhibited a livid appearance, as if a gangrene had already made some progress in his face; his hand began to shake, and his whole frame was seized with such trepidation that he was fain to swallow a bumper of brandy, in order to re-establish the tranquillity of his nerves. This expedient, however, did not produce the desired effect; for he aimed the ball at the lead with such discomposure, that it struck on the wrong side, and came off at an angle which directed it full in the middle hole. This fatal accident was attended with an universal groan, as if the whole universe had gone to wreck; and notwithstanding that tranquillity for which adventurers are so remarkable, this loss made such an impression upon them all, that each in particular manifested his chagrin, by the most violent emotions. One turned up his eyes to heaven, and bit his nether lip; another gnawed his fingers, while he stalked across the room; a third blasphemed with horrid imprecations; and he who played the party sneaked off, grinding his teeth together, with a look that baffles all description, and as he crossed the threshold, exclaiming, "A damn'd bite, by God!"

The victors, after having insulted them by asking if they were disposed for another chance, carried off their winning, with the appearance of great composure, though in their hearts they were transported with unspeakable joy, not so much on account of the booty they had gained, as in consideration of having so effectually destroyed such a nest of pernicious miscreants.

Peregrine, believing that now he had found an opportunity of serving his friend, without giving offence to the delicacy of his honour, told him, upon their arrival at their lodgings, that fortune had at length enabled him to become in a manner independent, or at least make himself easy in his circumstances, by purchasing a company with the money he had won. So saying, he put his share of the success in Gauntlet's hand, as a sum that of right belonged to him, and promised to write in his behalf to a nobleman, who had interest enough to promote such a quick rise in the service.

Godfrey thanked him for his obliging intention, but absolutely refused, with great loftiness of demeanour, to appropriate to his own use any part of the money which Pickle had gained, and seemed affronted at the other's entertaining a sentiment so unworthy of his character. He would not even accept, in the way of loan, such an addition to his own stock, as would amount to the price of a company of foot; but expressed great confidence in the future exertion of that talent which had been blessed with such a prosperous beginning. Our hero finding him thus obstinately deaf to the voice of his own interest, resolved to govern himself in his next endeavours of friendship by his experience of this ticklish punctilio; and, in the meantime, gave a handsome benefaction to the hospital, out of these first-fruits of the success in play, and reserved two hundred pounds for a set of diamond ear-rings and solitaire, which he intended for a present to Miss Emily.

CHAPTER LXX.

The two Friends eclipse all their Competitors in Gallantry, and practise a pleasant Project of Revenge upon the Physicians of the place.

THE fame of their exploit against the sharpers was immediately diffused through all the companies at Bath; so that, when our adventurers appeared in public, they were pointed out by an hundred extended fingers, and considered as consummate artists in all the different species of finesse, which they would not fail to practise with the first opportunity. Nor was this opinion of their characters any obstacle to their reception into the fashionable parties in the place; but, on the contrary, such a recommendation, which, as I have already hinted, never fails to operate for the advantage of the possessor.

This first adventure, therefore, served them as an introduction to the company at Bath, who were not a little surprised to find their expectations baffled by the conduct of the two companions; because, far from engaging deeply at play, they rather shunned all occasions of gaming, and directed their attention to gallantry, in

which our hero shone unrivalled. His external qualifications, exclusive of any other merit, were strong enough to captivate the common run of the female sex; and these, reinforced with a sprightliness of conversation, and a most insinuating address, became irresistible, even by those who were fortified with pride, caution, or indifference. But, among all the nymphs of this gay place, he did not meet with one object that disputed the empire of his heart with Emilia, and, therefore, he divided his attachment according to the suggestions of vanity and whim: so that, before he had resided a fortnight at Bath, he had set all the ladies by the ears, and furnished all the hundred tongues of scandal with full employment. The splendour of his appearance excited the inquiries of envy, which, instead of discovering any circumstance to his prejudice, was cursed with the information of his being a young gentleman of a good family, and heir to an immense fortune.

The countenance of some of his quality friends who arrived at Bath confirmed this piece of intelligence; upon which his acquaintance was courted and cultivated with great assiduity; and he met with such advances from some of the fair sex, as rendered him extremely fortunate in his amours. Nor was his friend Godfrey a stranger to favours of the same kind; his accomplishments were exactly calculated for the meridian of female taste; and, with certain individuals of that sex, his muscular frame, and the robust connexion of his limbs, were more attractive than the delicate proportions of his companion. He accordingly reigned paramount among those inamoratas who were turned of thirty, without being under the necessity of proceeding by tedious addresses, and was thought to have co-operated with the waters in removing the sterility of certain ladies, who had long undergone the reproach and disgust of their husbands; while Peregrine set up his throne among those who laboured under the disease of celibacy, from the pert Miss of fifteen, who, with a fluttering heart, tosses her head, bridles up, and giggles involuntarily at sight of an handsome young man, to the staid maid of twenty-eight, who, with a demure aspect, moralizes on the vanity of beauty, the folly of youth, and simplicity of woman, and expatiates on friendship, benevolence, and good sense, in the style of a Platonic philosopher.

In such a diversity of dispositions, his conquests were attended with all the heart-burnings, animosities, and turmoils of jealousy and spite. The younger class took all opportunities of mortifying their seniors in public, by treating them with that indignity which, contrary to the general privilege of age, is, by the consent and connivance of mankind, levelled against those who have the misfortune to come under the denomination of old maids; and these last retorted their hostilities in the private machinations of slander, supported by experience and subtlety of invention. Not one day passed in which some new story did not circulate, to the prejudice of one or other of those rivals.

If our hero, in the Long Room, chanced to quit one of the moralists, with whom he had been engaged in conversation, he was immediately accosted by a number of the opposite faction, who, with ironical smiles, upbraided him with cruelty to the poor lady he had left, exhorted him to have compassion on her sufferings, and, turning their eyes towards the object of their intercession, broke forth into an universal peal of laughter. On the other hand, when Peregrine, in consequence of having danced with one of the minors overnight, visited her in the morning, the Platonists immediately laid hold on the occasion, tasked their imaginations, associated ideas, and, with sage insinuations, retailed a thousand circumstances of the interview, which never had any foundation in truth. They observed that, if girls are determined to behave with such indiscretion, they must lay their accounts with incurring the censure of the world; that she in question was old enough to act more circumspectly; and wondered that her mother would permit any young fellow to approach the chamber while her daughter was naked in bed. As for the servants peeping through the keyhole, to be sure it was an unlucky accident; but people ought to be upon their guard against such curiosity, and give their domestics no cause to employ their penetration. These and other such reflections were occasionally whispered as secrets among those who were known to be communicative; so that, in a few hours, it became the general topic of discourse; and, as it had been divulged under injunctions of secrecy, it was almost impossible to trace the scandal to its origin, because every person concerned must have promulgated her own breach of trust in discovering her author of the report.

Peregrine, instead of allaying, rather exasperated this contention, by an artful distribution of his attention among the competitors; well knowing that, should his regard be converged into one point, he would soon forfeit the pleasure he enjoyed in seeing them at variance; for both parties would join against the common enemy, and his favourite would be persecuted by the whole coalition. He perceived that, among the secret agents of scandal, none were so busy as the physicians, a class of animals who live in this place, like so many ravens hovering about a carcass, and even ply for employment, like scullers at Hungerford stairs. The greatest part of them have correspondents in London, who make it their business to inquire into the history, character, and distemper of every one that repairs to Bath for the benefit of the waters; and if they cannot procure interest to recommend their medical friends to these patients before they set out, they at least furnish them with a previous account of what they could collect, that their correspondents may use this intelligence for their own advantage. By these means, and the assistance of flattery and assurance, they often insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of strangers, and, by consulting their dispositions, become necessary and subservient to their prevailing passions. By their connexion with apothecaries and nurses, they are informed of all the private occurrences in each family, and therefore enabled to gratify the rancour of malice, amuse the spleen of peevish indisposition, and entertain the eagerness of impertinent curiosity.

In the course of these occupations, which frequently affected the reputation of our two adventurers, this whole body fell under the displeasure of our hero, who, after divers consultations with his friend, concerted a stratagem, which was practised upon the faculty in this manner. Among those who frequented the Pump Room was an old officer, whose temper, naturally impatient, was, by repeated attacks of the gout, which had almost deprived him of the use of his limbs, sublimated into a remarkable degree of virulence and perverseness. He imputed the inveteracy of his distemper to the malpractice of a surgeon who had administered to him while he laboured under the consequences of an unfortunate amour; and this supposition had inspired

him with an insurmountable antipathy to all the professors of the medical art, which was more and more confirmed by the information of a friend at London, who had told him that it was a common practice among the physicians at Bath to dissuade their patients from drinking the water, that the cure, and in consequence their attendance, might be longer protracted.

Thus prepossessed, he had come to Bath, and, conformable to a few general instructions he had received, used the waters without any farther direction, taking all occasions of manifesting his hatred and contempt of the sons of Æsculapius, both by speech and gesticulations, and even by pursuing a regimen quite contrary to that which he knew they prescribed to others who seemed to be exactly in his condition. But he did not find his account in this method, how successful soever it may have been in other cases. His complaints, instead of vanishing, were every day more and more enraged; and at length he was confined to his bed, where he lay blaspheming from morn to night, and from night to morn, though still more determined than ever to adhere to his former maxims.

In the midst of his torture, which was become the common joke of the town, being circulated through the industry of the physicians, who triumphed in his disaster, Peregrine, by means of Mr. Pipes, employed a country fellow, who had come to market, to run with great haste, early one morning, to the lodgings of all the doctors in town, and desire them to attend the colonel with all imaginable despatch. In consequence of this summons, the whole faculty put themselves in motion; and three of the foremost arriving at the same instant of time, far from complimenting one another with the door, each separately essayed to enter, and the whole triumvirate stuck in the passage. While they remained thus wedged together, they descried two of their brethren posting towards the same goal, with all the speed that God had enabled them to exert; upon which they came to a parley, and agreed to stand by one another. This covenant being made, they disentangled themselves, and, inquiring about the patient, were told by the servant that he had just fallen asleep.

Having received this intelligence, they took possession of his antechamber, and shut the door, while the rest of the tribe posted themselves on the outside as they arrived; so that the whole passage was filled, from the top of the staircase to the street-door; and the people of the house, together with the colonel's servant, struck dumb with astonishment. The three leaders of this learned gang had no sooner made their lodgment good, than they began to consult about the patient's malady, which every one of them pretended to have considered with great care and assiduity. The first who gave his opinion said the distemper was an obstinate arthritis; the second affirmed that it was no other than a confirmed pox; and the third swore it was an inveterate scurvy. This diversity of opinions was supported by a variety of quotations from medical authors, ancient as well as modern; but these were not of sufficient authority, or, at least, not explicit enough to decide the dispute; for there are many schisms in medicine, as well as in religion, and each sect can quote the fathers in support of the tenets they profess. In short, the contention rose to such a pitch of clamour, as not only alarmed the brethren on the stair, but also awaked the patient from the first nap he had enjoyed in the space of ten whole days. Had it been simply waking, he would have been obliged to them for the noise that disturbed him; for, in that case, he would have been relieved from the tortures of hell-fire, to which, in his dream, he fancied himself exposed. But this dreadful vision had been the result of that impression which was made upon his brain by the intolerable anguish of his joints; so that, when he awaked, the pain, instead of being allayed, was rather aggravated by a great acuteness of sensation; and the confused vociferation in the next room invading his ears at the same time, he began to think his dream was realized, and, in the pangs of despair, applied himself to a bell that stood by his bedside, which he rung with great violence and perseverance.

This alarm put an immediate stop to the disputation of the three doctors, who, upon this notice of his being awake, rushed into his chamber without ceremony; and two of them seizing his arms, the third made the like application to one of his temples. Before the patient could recollect himself from the amazement which had laid hold on him at this unexpected irruption, the room was filled by the rest of the faculty, who followed the servant that entered in obedience to his master's call; and the bed was in a moment surrounded by these gaunt ministers of death. The colonel seeing himself beset with such an assemblage of solemn visages and figures, which he had always considered with the utmost detestation and abhorrence, was incensed to a most inexpressible degree of indignation; and so inspirited by his rage, that though his tongue denied its office, his other limbs performed their functions. He disengaged himself from the triumvirate, who had taken possession of his body, sprung out of bed with incredible agility, and, seizing one of his crutches, applied it so effectually to one of the three, just as he stooped to examine the patient's water, that his tie-periwig dropped into the pot, while he himself fell motionless on the floor.

This significant explanation disconcerted the whole fraternity; every man turned his face, as if it were by instinct, towards the door; and the retreat of the community being obstructed by the efforts of individuals, confusion and tumultuous uproar ensued. For the colonel, far from limiting his prowess to the first exploit, handled his weapon with astonishing vigour and dexterity, without respect of persons; so that few or none of them had escaped without marks of his displeasure, when his spirits failed, and he sunk down again quite exhausted on his bed. Favoured by this respite, the discomfited faculty collected their hats and wigs, which had fallen off in the fray, and perceiving the assailant too much enfeebled to renew the attack, set up their throats together, and loudly threatened to prosecute him him severely for such an outrageous assault.

By this time the landlord had interposed; and, inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, was informed of what had happened by the complainants, who, at the same time, giving him to understand that they had been severally summoned to attend the colonel that morning, he assured them that they had been imposed upon by some wag, for his lodger had never dreamed of consulting any one of their profession.

Thunderstruck at this declaration, the general clamour instantaneously ceased; and each, in particular, at once comprehending the nature of the joke, they sneaked silently off with the loss they had sustained, in unutterable shame and mortification; while Peregrine and his friend, who took care to be passing that way by accident,

made a full stop at sight of such an extraordinary efflux, and enjoyed the countenance and condition of every one as he appeared; nay, even made up to some of those who seemed most affected with their situation, and mischievously tormented them with questions touching this unusual congregation; then, in consequence of the information they received from the landlord and the colonel's valet, subjected the sufferers to the ridicule of all the company in town. As it would have been impossible for the authors of this farce to keep themselves concealed from the indefatigable inquiries of the physicians, they made no secret of their having directed the whole, though they took care to own it in such an ambiguous manner as afforded no handle of prosecution.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Peregrine humbles a noted Hector, and meets with a strange Character at the House of a certain Lady.

Among those who never failed to reside at Bath during the season was a certain person, who, from the most abject misery, had, by his industry and art at play, amassed about fifteen thousand pounds; and though his character was notorious, insinuated himself so far into the favour of what is called the best company, that very few private parties of pleasure took place in which he was not principally concerned. He was of a gigantic stature, a most intrepid countenance; and his disposition, naturally overbearing, had, in the course of his adventures and success, acquired a most intolerable degree of insolence and vanity. By the ferocity of his features, and audacity of his behaviour, he had obtained a reputation for the most undaunted courage, which had been confirmed by divers adventures, in which he had humbled the most assuming heroes of his own fraternity; so that he now reigned chief Hector of the place with unquestioned authority.

With this son of fortune was Peregrine one evening engaged at play, and so successful, that he could not help informing his friend of his good luck. Godfrey, hearing the description of the loser, immediately recognised the person whom he had known at Tunbridge; and assuring Pickle that he was a sharper of the first water, cautioned him against any further connexion with such a dangerous companion, who, he affirmed, had suffered him to win a small sum, that he might be encouraged to lose a much greater sum upon some other occasion.

Our young gentleman treasured up this advice, and though he did not scruple to give the gamester an opportunity of retrieving his loss, when he next day demanded his revenge, he absolutely refused to proceed after he had refunded his winning. The other, who considered him as a hot-headed, unthinking youth, endeavoured to inflame his pride to a continuance of the game, by treating his skill with scorn and contempt; and, among other sarcastic expressions, advised him to go to school again, before he pretended to engage with masters of the art. Our hero, incensed at his arrogance, replied with great warmth that he knew himself sufficiently qualified for playing with men of honour, who deal upon the square, and hoped he should always deem it infamous either to learn or practise the tricks of a professed gamester. "Blood and thunder! meaning me, sir?" cried this artist, raising his voice, and curling his visage into a most intimidating frown. "Zounds! I'll cut the throat of any scoundrel who has the presumption to suppose that I don't play as honourably as e'er a nobleman in the kingdom; and I insist upon an explanation from you, sir; or, by hell and brimstone! I shall expect other sort of satisfaction." Peregrine (whose blood by this time boiled within him) answered, without hesitation, "Far from thinking your demand unreasonable, I will immediately explain myself without reserve, and tell you that, upon unquestionable authority, I believe you to be an impudent rascal and common cheat."

The Hector was so amazed and confounded at the freedom of this declaration, which he thought no man on earth would venture to make in his presence, that for some minutes he could not recollect himself, but at length whispered a challenge in the ear of our hero, which was accordingly accepted. When they arrived next morning upon the field, the gamester, arming his countenance with all its terrors, advanced with a sword of a monstrous length, and putting himself in a posture, called aloud in a most terrific voice, "Draw, damn ye, draw; I will this instant send you to your fathers." The youth was not slow in complying with his desire; his weapon was unsheathed in a moment, and he began the attack with such unexpected spirit and address, that his adversary, having made shift with great difficulty to parry the first pass, retreated a few paces, and demanded a parley, in which he endeavoured to persuade the young man, that to lay a man of his character under the necessity of chastising his insolence, was the most rash and inconsiderate step that he could possibly have taken; but that he had compassion upon his youth, and was willing to spare him if he would surrender his sword, and promise to ask pardon in public for the offence he had given. Pickle was so much exasperated at this unparalleled effrontery, that, without deigning to make the least reply, he flung his own hat in the proposer's face, and renewed the charge with such undaunted agility that the gamester, finding himself in manifest hazard of his life, betook himself to his heels, and fled homewards with incredible speed, being closely pursued by Peregrine, who, having sheathed his sword, pelted him with stones as he ran, and compelled him to go, that same day, into banishment from Bath, where he had domineered so long.

By this achievement, which was the subject of astonishment to all the company, who had looked upon the fugitive as a person of heroic courage, our adventurer's reputation was rendered formidable in all its circumstances, although he thereby disobliged a good many people of fashion, who had contracted an intimacy of friendship with the exile, and who resented his disgrace as if it had been the misfortune of a worthy man. These generous patrons, however, bore a very small proportion to those who were pleased with the event of the duel, because, in the course of their residence at Bath, they had either been insulted or defrauded by the challenger. Nor was this instance of our hero's courage unacceptable to the ladies, few of whom could now resist the united force of such accomplishments. Indeed, neither he nor his friend Godfrey would have found much difficulty in picking up an agreeable companion for life; but Gauntlet's heart was pre-engaged to Sophy, and Pickle, exclusive of his attachment to Emily, which was stronger than he himself imagined, possessed such a share of ambition as could not be satisfied with the conquest of any female he beheld at Bath.

His visits were therefore promiscuous, without any other view than that of amusement; and

though his pride was flattered by the advances of the fair whom he had captivated, he never harboured one thought of proceeding beyond the limits of common gallantry, and carefully avoided all particular explanations. But what above all other enjoyments yielded him the most agreeable entertainment, was the secret history of characters, which he learned from a very extraordinary person, with whom he became acquainted in this manner :—

Being at the house of a certain lady on a visiting day, he was struck with the appearance of an old man, who no sooner entered the room than the mistress of the house very kindly desired one of the wits present to roast the old put. This petit-maître, proud of the employment, went up to the senior, who had something extremely peculiar and significant in his countenance, and saluting him with divers fashionable conges, accosted him in these words :—"Your servant, you old rascal. I hope to have the honour of seeing you hang'd. I vow to Gad ! you look extremely shocking, with these gummy eyes, lantern jaws, and toothless chaps. What ! you squint at the ladies, you old rotten medlar ? Yes, yes, we understand your ogling ; but you must content yourself with a cookmaid, sink me ! I see you want to sit. These wither'd shanks of yours tremble under their burden ; but you must have a little patience, old Hirco ; indeed you must. I intend to mortify you a little longer, curse me !"

The company was so tickled with this address, which was delivered with much grimace and gesticulation, that they burst out into a loud fit of laughter, which they fathered upon a monkey that was chained in the room ; and when the peal was over, the wit renewed the attack in these words : "I suppose you are fool enough to think this mirth was occasioned by Pug. Ay, there he is ; you had best survey him ; he is of your own family, switch me ! But the laugh was at your expense ; and you ought to thank Heaven for making you so ridiculous." While he uttered these ingenious ejaculations, the old gentleman bowed alternately to him and the monkey, that seemed to grin and chatter in imitation of the beau, and with an arch solemnity of visage, pronounced, "Gentlemen, as I have not the honour to understand your compliments, they will be much better bestowed on each other." So saying, he seated himself, and had the satisfaction to see the laugh returned upon the aggressor, who remained confounded and abashed, and in a few minutes left the room, muttering, as he retired, "The old fellow grows scurrilous, stap my breath !"

While Peregrine wondered in silence at this extraordinary scene, the lady of the house, perceiving his surprise, gave him to understand that the ancient visitant was utterly bereft of the sense of hearing ; that his name was Cadwallader Crabtree ; his disposition altogether misanthropical ; and that he was admitted into company on account of the entertainment he afforded by his sarcastic observations, and the pleasant mistakes to which he was subject from his infirmity. Nor did our hero wait a long time for an illustration of this odd character. Every sentence he spoke was replete with gall ; nor did his satire consist in general reflections, but in a series of remarks which had been made through the medium of a most whimsical peculiarity of opinion.

Among those who were present at this assembly was a young officer, who having by dint of interest obtained a seat in the lower house, thought it incumbent upon him to talk of affairs of state ; and accordingly regaled the company with an account of a secret expedition which the French were busied in preparing ; assuring them that he had it from the mouth of the minister, to whom it had been transmitted by one of his agents abroad. In descanting upon the particulars of the armament, he observed that they had twenty ships of the line ready manned and victualled at Brest, which were destined for Toulon, where they would be joined by as many more ; and from thence proceed to the execution of their scheme, which he imparted as a secret not fit to be divulged.

This piece of intelligence being communicated to all the company except Mr. Crabtree, who suffered by his loss of hearing, that cynic was soon after accosted by a lady, who, by means of an artificial alphabet, formed by a certain conjunction and disposition of the fingers, asked if he had heard any extraordinary news of late ? Cadwallader, with his usual complaisance, replied that he supposed she took him for a courier or spy, by teasing him eternally with that question. He then expatiated upon the foolish curiosity of mankind, which, he said, must either proceed from idleness or want of ideas ; and repeated almost verbatim the officer's information, a vague ridiculous report invented by some ignorant coxcomb, who wanted to give himself airs of importance, and believed only by those who were utterly unacquainted with the politics and strength of the French nation.

In confirmation of what he had advanced, he endeavoured to demonstrate how impossible it must be for that people to fit out even the third part of such a navy, so soon after the losses they had sustained during the war ; and confirmed his proof by asserting, that to his certain knowledge the harbours of Brest and Toulon could not at that time produce a squadron of eight ships of the line.

The member, who was an utter stranger to this misanthrope, hearing his own asseverations treated with such contempt, glowed with confusion and resentment, and, raising his voice, began to defend his own veracity with great eagerness and trepidation, mingling with his arguments many blustering invectives against the insolence and ill-manners of his supposed contradictor, who sat with the most mortifying composure of countenance, till the officer's patience was quite exhausted ; and then, to the manifest increase of his vexation, he was informed that his antagonist was so deaf that in all probability the last trumpet would make no impression upon him, without a previous renovation of his organs.

CHAPTER LXXII.

He cultivates an Acquaintance with the Misanthrope, who favours him with a short Sketch of his own History.

PEREGRINE was extremely well pleased with this occasional rebuke, which occurred so seasonably that he could scarce believe it accidental. He looked upon Cadwallader as the greatest curiosity he had ever known, and cultivated the old man's acquaintance with such insinuating address, that in less than a fortnight he obtained his confidence. As they one day walked into the fields together, the man-hater disclosed himself in these words : "Though the term of our communication has been but short, you must have perceived that I treat you with uncommon marks of

regard; which, I assure you, is not owing to your personal accomplishments, nor the pains you take to oblige me; for the first I overlook, and the last I see through. But there is something in your disposition which indicates a rooted contempt for the world, and I understand you have made some successful efforts in exposing one part of it to the ridicule of the other. It is upon this assurance that I offer you my advice and assistance in prosecuting other schemes of the same nature; and to convince you that such an alliance is not to be rejected, I will now give you a short sketch of my history, which will be published after my death, in forty-seven volumes of my own compiling.

"I was born about forty miles from this place, of parents who, having a very old family name to support, bestowed their whole fortune on my elder brother; so that I inherited of my father little else than a large share of choler, to which I am indebted for a great many adventures that did not always end to my satisfaction. At the age of eighteen I was sent up to town, with a recommendation to a certain peer, who found means to amuse me with the promise of a commission for seven whole years; and 'tis odds but I should have made my fortune by my perseverance, had not I been arrested, and thrown into the Marshalsea by my landlord, on whose credit I had subsisted three years, after my father had renounced me as an idle vagabond. There I remained six months, among those prisoners who have no other support than chance charity; and contracted a very valuable acquaintance which was of great service to me in the future emergencies of my life.

"I was no sooner discharged, in consequence of an act of Parliament for the relief of insolvent debtors, than I went to the house of my creditor, whom I cudgelled without mercy; and, that I might leave nothing undone of those things which I ought to have done, my next stage was to Westminster Hall, where I waited until my patron came forth from the house, and saluted him with a blow that laid him senseless on the pavement. But my retreat was not so fortunate as I could have wished. The chairmen and lacqueys in waiting having surrounded and disarmed me in a trice, I was committed to Newgate, and loaded with chains; and a very sagacious gentleman, who was afterwards hanged, having sat in judgment upon my case, pronounced me guilty of a capital crime, and foretold my condemnation at the Old Bailey. His prognostic, however, was disappointed; for nobody appearing to prosecute me at the next sessions, I was discharged by order of the court. It would be impossible for me to recount, in the compass of one day's conversation, all the particular exploits of which I bore a considerable share. Suffice it to say, I have been, at different times, prisoner in all the jails within the bills of mortality. I have broke from every round-house on this side Temple Bar. No bailiff, in the days of my youth and desperation, durst execute a writ upon me without a dozen of followers; and the justices themselves trembled when I was brought before them.

"I was once maimed by a carman, with whom I quarrelled, because he ridiculed my leek on St. David's day; my skull was fractured by a butcher's cleaver on the like occasion. I have been run through the body five times, and lost the tip of my left ear by a pistol-bullet. In a rencounter of this kind, having left my antagonist for dead, I was wise enough to make my retreat into France; and a few days after my arrival at Paris, entering into conversation with some officers on the subject of politics, a dispute arose, in which I lost my temper, and spoke so irreverently of the *Grand Monarque*, that next morning I was sent to the Bastile, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*. There I remained for some months, deprived of all intercourse with rational creatures; a circumstance for which I was not sorry, as I had the more time to project schemes of revenge against the tyrant who confined me, and the wretch who had betrayed my private conversation. But tired at length with these fruitless suggestions, I was fain to unbend the severity of my thoughts by a correspondence with some industrious spiders, who had hung my dungeon with their ingenious labours.

"I considered their work with such attention that I soon became an adept in the mystery of weaving, and furnished myself with as many useful observations and reflections on that art as will compose a very curious treatise, which I intend to bequeath to the Royal Society, for the benefit of our woollen manufacture; and this with a view to perpetuate my own name, rather than befriend my country; for, thank Heaven! I am weaned from all attachments of that kind, and look upon myself as one very little obliged to any society whatsoever. Although I presided with absolute power over this long-legged community, and distributed rewards and punishments to each according to his deserts, I grew impatient of my situation; and my natural disposition one day prevailing, like a fire which had long been smothered, I wreaked the fury of my indignation upon my innocent subjects, and in a twinkling destroyed the whole race. While I was employed in this general massacre, the turnkey who brought me food opened the door, and perceiving my transport, shrugged up his shoulders, and leaving my allowance, went out, pronouncing, *Le pauvre diable! la tête lui tourne.* My passion no sooner subsided than I resolved to profit by this opinion of the jailer, and from that day counterfeited lunacy with such success that in less than three months I was delivered from the Bastile and sent to the galleys, in which they thought my bodily vigour might be of service, although the faculties of my mind were decayed. Before I was chained to the oar I received three hundred stripes by way of welcome, that I might thereby be rendered more tractable, notwithstanding I used all the arguments in my power to persuade them I was only *mad north-north-west, and, when the wind was southerly, knew a hawk from a hand-saw.*

"In our second cruise we had the good fortune to be overtaken by a tempest, during which the slaves were unbound, that they might contribute the more to the preservation of the galley, and have a chance for their lives in case of shipwreck. We were no sooner at liberty, than, making ourselves masters of the vessel, we robbed the officers, and ran her on shore among rocks on the coast of Portugal; from whence I hastened to Lisbon, with a view of obtaining my passage in some ship bound for England, where, by this time, I hoped my affair was forgotten.

"But, before this scheme could be accomplished, my evil genius led me into company; and being intoxicated, I began to broach doctrines on the subject of religion, at which some of the party were scandalized and incensed; and I was next day dragged out of bed by the officers of the Inquisition, and conveyed to a cell in the prison belonging to that tribunal.

"At my first examination, my resentment was strong enough to support me under the torture,

which I endured without flinching; but my resolution abated, and my zeal immediately cooled, when I understood from a fellow-prisoner, who groaned on the other side of the partition, that in a short time there would be an *auto da fe;* in consequence of which I should, in all probability, be doomed to the flames, if I would not renounce my heretical errors, and submit to such penance as the church should think fit to prescribe. This miserable wretch was convicted of Judaism, which he had privately practised by connivance for many years, until he had amassed a fortune sufficient to attract the regard of the church. To this he fell a sacrifice, and accordingly prepared himself for the stake; while I, not at all ambitious of the crown of martyrdom, resolved to temporize. So that, when I was brought to the question the second time, I made a solemn recantation. As I had no worldly fortune to obstruct my salvation, I was received into the bosom of the church, and, by way of penance, enjoined to walk barefoot to Rome in the habit of a pilgrim.

"During my peregrination through Spain, I was detained as a spy, until I could procure credentials from the Inquisition at Lisbon; and behaved with such resolution and reserve that, after being released, I was deemed a proper person to be employed in quality of a secret intelligencer at a certain court. This office I undertook without hesitation; and being furnished with money and bills of credit, crossed the Pyrenees, with intention to revenge myself upon the Spaniards for the severities I had undergone during my captivity.

"Having therefore effectually disguised myself by a change of dress, and a large patch on one eye, I hired an equipage, and appeared at Bologna in quality of an itinerant physician; in which capacity I succeeded tolerably well, till my servants decamped in the night with my baggage, and left me in the condition of Adam. In short, I have travelled over the greatest part of Europe, as a beggar, pilgrim, priest, soldier, gamester, and quack; and felt the extremes of indigence and opulence, with the inclemency of weather in all its vicissitudes. I have learned that the characters of mankind are everywhere the same; that common sense and honesty bear an infinitely small proportion to folly and vice; and that life is at best a paltry province.

"After having suffered innumerable hardships, dangers, and disgraces, I returned to London, where I lived some years in a garret, and picked up a subsistence, such as it was, by vending purges in the streets, from the back of a pied horse; in which situation I used to harangue the mob in broken English, under pretence of being an High German doctor.

"At last an uncle died, by whom I inherit an estate of three hundred pounds per annum, though, in his lifetime, he would not have parted with a sixpence to save my soul and body from perdition.

"I now appear in the world, not as a member of any community, or what is called a social creature, but merely as a spectator, who entertains himself with the grimaces of a jack-pudding, and banquets his spleen in beholding his enemies at loggerheads. That I may enjoy this disposition, abstracted from all interruption, danger, and participation, I feign myself deaf; an expedient by which I not only avoid all disputes and their consequences, but also become master of a thousand little secrets, which are every day whispered in my presence, without any suspicion of their being overheard. You saw how I handled that shallow politician at my Lady Plausible's the other day. The same method I practise upon the crazed Tory, the bigot Whig, the sour supercilious pedant, the petulant critic, the blustering coward, the fawning tool, the pert pimp, sly sharper, and every other species of knaves and fools with which this kingdom abounds.

"In consequence of my rank and character, I obtain free admission to the ladies, among whom I have acquired the appellation of the Scandalous Chronicle. As I am considered, while silent, in no other light than that of a footstool or elbow-chair, they divest their conversation of all restraint before me, and gratify my sense of hearing with strange things, which, if I could prevail upon myself to give the world that satisfaction, would compose a curious piece of secret history, and exhibit a quite different idea of characters from what is commonly entertained.

"By this time, young gentleman, you may perceive that I have it in my power to be a valuable correspondent, and that it will be your interest to deserve my confidence."

Here the misanthrope left off speaking, desirous to know the sentiments of our hero, who embraced the proffered alliance in a transport of joy and surprise; and the treaty was no sooner concluded than Mr. Crabtree began to perform articles, by imparting to him a thousand delicious secrets, from the possession of which he promised himself innumerable scenes of mirth and enjoyment. By means of this associate, whom he considered as the ring of Gyges, he foresaw that he should be enabled to penetrate not only into the chambers, but even to the inmost thoughts of the female sex. In order to ward off suspicion, they agreed to revile each other in public, and meet at a certain private rendezvous, to communicate their mutual discoveries, and concert their future operations.

In consequence of a letter from Lieutenant Hatchway, representing the dangerous situation of the commodore, Peregrine took a hasty leave of his friends, and departed immediately for the garrison.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Peregrine arrives at the Garrison, where he receives the last admonitions of Commodore Trunnion, who next day resigns his breath, and is buried according to his own directions —Some Gentlemen in the Country make a fruitless attempt to accommodate matters betwixt Mr. Gamaliel Pickle and his eldest Son.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison, where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side, and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, while Mr. Jolter administered spiritual consolation to his soul, and between whiles comforted Mrs. Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum; the physician having just taken his last fee, and retired, after pronouncing the fatal prognostic, in which he anxiously wished he might not be mistaken.

Though the commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and, when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could

not behold such a spectacle unmoved. He endeavoured to conceal his tenderness, which, in the wildness of his youth, and the pride of his disposition, he considered as a derogation from his manhood; but, in spite of all his endeavours, the tears gushed from his eyes, while he kissed the old man's hand; and he was so utterly disconcerted by his grief, that, when he attempted to speak, his tongue denied its office; so that the commodore, perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words:—"Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way, because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port in a very few glasses, and fast moored in a most blessed riding; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and, by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me chokefull of physic; but, when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? Those fellows come alongside of dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a rippling in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my wind-pump will go, I would willingly mention a few things, which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance, when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome, by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me, and I daresay never turned in with another man since we first embarked in the same bottom. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you; whereby, if you two will grapple in the way of matrimony, when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life."

Peregrine assured him he would with pleasure comply with any request he should make in behalf of two persons whom he esteemed so much. The lieutenant, with a waggish sneer, which even the gravity of the situation could not prevent, thanked them both for their good-will, telling the commodore he was obliged to him for his friendship, in seeking to promote him to the command of a vessel which he himself had wore out in the service; but that, notwithstanding, he should be content to take charge of her, though he could not help being shy of coming after such an able navigator.

Trunnion, exhausted as he was, smiled at this sally, and, after some pause, resumed his admonitions in this manner:—"I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of my crew, and not disrate them after I am dead, in favour of new followers. As for that young woman, Ned Gauntlet's daughter, I'm informed as how she's an excellent wench, and has a respect for you; whereby, if you run her on board in an unlawful way, I leave my curse upon you, and trust you will never prosper in the voyage of life. But I believe you are more of an honest man than to behave so much like a pirate. I beg of all love you wool take care of your constitution, and beware of running foul of harlots, who are no better than so many mermaids, that sit upon rocks in the sea, and hang out a fair face for the destruction of passengers; thof I must say, for my own part, I never met with any of those sweet singers, and yet I have gone to sea for the space of thirty years. But howsomever, steer your course clear of all such brimstone bitches. Shun going to law, as you would shun the devil; and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body let minute-guns be fired, till I am safe under ground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the Renummy. Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again, for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto, or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr. Jolter, who are scholars; but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that, when the angel comes to pipe all hands, at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother tongue. And now I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather, wheresoever you are bound." So saying, he regarded every individual around him with a look of complacency, and, closing his eye, composed himself to rest, while the whole audience, Pipes himself not excepted, were melted with sorrow; and Mrs. Trunnion consented to quit the room, that she might not be exposed to the unspeakable anguish of seeing him expire.

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease, till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that, for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sunk so low as not to be distinguished; and, having lain about an hour almost without any perceptible signs of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan, which announced his decease.

Julia was no sooner certified of this melancholy event, than she ran to her aunt's chamber, weeping aloud; and immediately a very decent concert was performed by the good widow and her attendants. Peregrine and Hatchway retired till the corpse should be laid out; and Pipes having surveyed the body, with a face of rueful attention,—"Well fare thy soul! old Hawser Trunnion," said he; "man and boy I have known thee these five-and-thirty years, and sure a truer heart never broke biscuit. Many a hard gale hast thou weathered; but now thy spells are all over, and thy hull fairly laid up. A better commander I'd never desire to serve; and who

knows but I may help to set up thy standing rigging in another world?"

All the servants of the house were affected with the loss of their old master; and the poor people in the neighbourhood assembled at the gate, and, by repeated howlings, expressed their sorrow for the death of their charitable benefactor. Peregrine, though he felt everything which love and gratitude could inspire on this occasion, was not so much overwhelmed with affliction as to be incapable of taking the management of the family into his own hands. He gave directions about the funeral with great discretion, after having paid the compliments of condolence to his aunt, whom he consoled with the assurance of his inviolable esteem and affection. He ordered a suit of mourning to be made for every person in the garrison, and invited all the neighbouring gentlemen to the burial, not even excepting his father and brother Gam, who did not, however, honour the ceremony with their presence; nor was his mother humane enough to visit her sister-in-law in her distress.

In the method of interment, the commodore's injunctions were obeyed to a tittle; and at the same time our hero made a donation of fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as a benefaction which his uncle had forgot to bequeath.

Having performed these obsequies with the most pious punctuality, he examined the will, to which there was no addition since it had been first executed, adjusted the payment of all the legacies, and, being sole executor, took an account of the estate to which he had succeeded, which, after all deductions, amounted to thirty thousand pounds. The possession of such a fortune, of which he was absolute master, did not at all contribute to the humiliation of his spirit, but inspired him with new ideas of grandeur and magnificence, and elevated his hope to the highest pinnacle of expectation.

His domestic affairs being settled, he was visited by almost all the gentlemen of the country, who came to pay their compliments of congratulation on his accession to the estate; and some of them offered their good offices towards a reconciliation betwixt his father and him, induced by the general detestation which was entertained for his brother Gam, who was by this time looked upon by his neighbours as a prodigy of insolence and malice. Our young squire thanked them for their kind proposal, which he accepted; and old Gamaliel, at their entreaties, seemed very well disposed to any accommodation; but, as he would not venture to declare himself before he had consulted his wife, his favourable disposition was rendered altogether ineffectual by the instigations of that implacable woman, and our hero resigned all expectation of being reunited to his father's house. His brother, as usual, took all opportunities of injuring his character, by false aspersions, and stories misrepresented, in order to prejudice his reputation; nor was his sister Julia suffered to enjoy her good fortune in peace. Had he undergone such persecution from an alien to his blood, the world would have heard of his revenge; but, notwithstanding his indignation, he was too much tinctured by the prejudices of consanguinity to lift his arm in judgment against the son of his own parents; and this consideration abridged the term of his residence at the garrison, where he had proposed to stay for some months.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The young Gentleman having settled his domestic Affairs, arrives in London, and sets up a gay Equipage—He meets with Emilia, and is introduced to her Uncle.

His aunt, at the earnest solicitations of Julia and her husband, took up her quarters at the house of that affectionate kinswoman, who made it her chief study to comfort and cherish the disconsolate widow; and Jolter, in expectation of the living, which was not yet vacant, remained in garrison, in quality of land-steward upon our hero's country estate. As for the lieutenant, our young gentleman communed with him in a serious manner about the commodore's proposal of taking Mrs. Trunnion to wife; and Jack, being quite tired of the solitary situation of a bachelor, which nothing but the company of his old commander could have enabled him to support so long, far from discovering aversion to the match, observed with an arch smile, that it was not the first time he had commanded a vessel in the absence of Captain Trunnion; and therefore, if the widow was willing, he would cheerfully stand by her helm, and, as he hoped the duty would not be of long continuance, do his endeavour to steer her safe into port, where the commodore might come on board, and take charge of her again.

In consequence of this declaration, it was determined that Mr. Hatchway should make his addresses to Mrs. Trunnion as soon as decency would permit her to receive them; and Mr. Clover and his wife promised to exert their influence in his behalf. Meanwhile Jack was desired to live at the castle as usual, and assured that it should be put wholly in his possession as soon as he should be able to accomplish this matrimonial scheme.

When Peregrine had settled all these points to his own satisfaction, he took leave of all his friends, and, repairing to the great city, purchased a new chariot and horses, put Pipes and another lacquey into rich liveries, took elegant lodgings in Pall Mall, and made a most remarkable appearance among the people of fashion. It was owing to this equipage, and the gaiety of his personal deportment, that common fame, which is always a common liar, represented him as a young gentleman who had just succeeded to an estate of five thousand pounds *per annum* by the death of an uncle; that he was entitled to an equal fortune at the decease of his own father, exclusive of two considerable jointures, which would devolve upon him at the demise of his mother and aunt. This report, false and ridiculous as it was, he could not find in his heart to contradict. Not but that he was sorry to find himself so misrepresented; but his vanity would not allow him to take any step that might diminish his importance in the opinion of those who courted his acquaintance, on the supposition that his circumstances were actually as affluent as they were said to be. Nay, so much was he infatuated by this weakness, that he resolved to encourage the deception, by living up to the report; and accordingly engaged in the most expensive parties of pleasure, believing that, before his present finances should be exhausted, his fortune would be effectually made, by the personal accomplishments he should have occasion to display to the beau monde in the course of his extravagance. In a word, vanity and pride were the ruling foibles of our adventurer, who imagined himself sufficiently qualified to retrieve

his fortune in various shapes, long before he could have any idea of want or difficulty. He thought he should have it in his power at any time to make prize of a rich heiress or opulent widow; his ambition had already aspired to the heart of a young handsome duchess dowager, to whose acquaintance he had found means to be introduced; or, should matrimony chance to be unsuitable to his inclinations, he never doubted that, by the interest he might acquire among the nobility, he should be favoured with some lucrative post that would amply recompense him for the liberality of his disposition. There are many young men who entertain the same expectations, with half the reason he had to be so presumptuous.

In the midst of these chimerical calculations, his passion for Emilia did not subside, but, on the contrary, began to rage with such an inflammation of desire, that her idea interfered with every other reflection, and absolutely disabled him from prosecuting the other lofty schemes which his imagination had projected. He therefore laid down the honest resolution of visiting her in all the splendour of his situation, in order to practise upon her virtue with all his art and address, to the utmost extent of his affluence and fortune. Nay, so effectually had his guilty passion absorbed his principles of honour, conscience, humanity, and regard for the commodore's last words, that he was base enough to rejoice at the absence of his friend Godfrey, who, being then with his regiment in Ireland, could not dive into his purpose, or take measures for frustrating his vicious design.

Fraught with these heroic sentiments, he determined to set out for Sussex in his chariot and six, attended by his valet-de-chambre and two footmen; and as he was now sensible that in his last essay he had mistaken his cue, he determined to change his battery, and sap the fortress by the most submissive, soft, and insinuating behaviour.

On the evening that preceded this proposed expedition, he went into one of the boxes at the playhouse, as usual, to show himself to the ladies; and in reconnoitring the company through a glass, for no other reason but because it was fashionable to be purblind, perceived his mistress, very plainly dressed, in one of the seats above the stage, talking to another young woman of a very homely appearance. Though his heart beat the alarm with the utmost impatience at sight of his Emilia, he was for some minutes deterred from obeying the impulse of his love, by the presence of some ladies of fashion, who, he feared, would think the worse of him, should they see him make his compliment in public to a person of her figure. Nor would the violence of his inclination have so far prevailed over his pride as to lead him thither, had not he recollected that his quality friends would look upon her as some handsome Abigail, with whom he had an affair of gallantry, and of consequence give him credit for the intrigue.

Encouraged by this suggestion, he complied with the dictates of love, and flew to the place where his charmer sat. His air and dress were so remarkable that it was almost impossible he should have escaped the eyes of a curious observer, especially as he had chosen a time for coming in when his entrance could not fail to attract the notice of the spectators; I mean, when the whole house was hushed in attention to the performance on the stage. Emilia therefore perceived him at his first approach. She found herself discovered by the direction of his glass, and, guessing his intention by his abrupt retreat from the box, summoned all her fortitude to her aid, and prepared for his reception. He advanced to her with an air of eagerness and joy, tempered with modesty and respect, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing her, with a seeming reverence of regard. Though she was extremely well pleased at this unexpected behaviour, she suppressed the emotions of her heart, and answered his compliments with affected ease and unconcern, such as might denote the good humour of a person who meets by accident with an indifferent acquaintance. After having certified himself of her own good health, he very kindly inquired about her mother and Miss Sophy, gave her to understand that he had lately been favoured with a letter from Godfrey; that he had actually intended to set out next morning on a visit to Mrs. Gauntlet, which, now that he was so happy as to meet with her, he would postpone, until he should have the pleasure of attending her to the country. After having thanked him for his polite intention, she told him that her mother was expected in town in a few days, and that she herself had come to London some weeks ago, to give her attendance upon her aunt, who had been dangerously ill, but was now pretty well recovered.

Although the conversation of course turned upon general topics, during the entertainment he took all opportunities of being particular with his eyes, through which he conveyed a thousand tender protestations. She saw and inwardly rejoiced at the humility of his looks; but, far from rewarding it with one approving glance, she industriously avoided this ocular intercourse, and rather coquetted with a young gentleman that ogled her from the opposite box. Peregrine's penetration easily detected her sentiments, and he was nettled at her dissimulation, which served to confirm him in his unwarrantable designs upon her person. He persisted in his assiduities with indefatigable perseverance; when the play was concluded, handed her and her companion into a hackney-coach, and with difficulty was permitted to escort them to the house of Emilia's uncle, to whom our hero was introduced by the young lady, as an intimate friend of her brother Godfrey.

The old gentleman, who was no stranger to the nature of Peregrine's connexion with his sisters' family, prevailed upon him to stay supper, and seemed particularly well pleased with his conversation and deportment, which, by the help of his natural sagacity, he wonderfully adapted to the humour of his entertainer. After supper, when the ladies were withdrawn, and the citizen called for his pipe, our sly adventurer followed his example. Though he abhorred the plant, he smoked with an air of infinite satisfaction, and expatiated upon the virtues of tobacco as if he had been deeply concerned in the Virginia trade. In the progress of the discourse he consulted the merchant's disposition; and the national debt coming upon the carpet, held forth upon the funds like a professed broker. When the alderman complained of the restrictions and discouragements of trade, his guest inveighed against exorbitant duties, with the nature of which he seemed as well acquainted as any commissioner of the customs; so that the uncle was astonished at the extent of his knowledge, and expressed his surprise that a gay young gentleman like him should have found either leisure or inclination to consider subjects so foreign to the fashionable amusements of youth.

Pickle laid hold on this opportunity to tell him that he was descended from a race of mer-

chants; and that, early in life, he had made it his business to instruct himself in the different branches of trade, which he not only studied as his family profession, but also as the source of all our national riches and power. He then launched out in praise of commerce, and the promoters thereof; and, by way of contrast, employed all his ridicule in drawing such ludicrous pictures of the manners and education of what is called high life, that the trader's sides were shaken by laughter, even to the danger of his life; and he looked upon our adventurer as a miracle of sobriety and good sense.

Having thus ingratiated himself with the uncle, Peregrine took his leave, and next day, in the forenoon, visited the niece in his chariot, after she had been admonished by her kinsman to behave with circumspection, and cautioned against neglecting or discouraging the addresses of such a valuable admirer.

CHAPTER LXXV.

He prosecutes his Design upon Emilia with great Art and Perseverance.

Our adventurer, having by his hypocrisy obtained free access to his mistress, began the siege by professing the most sincere contrition for his former levity, and imploring her forgiveness with such earnest supplication, that, guarded as she was against his flattering arts, she began to believe his protestations, which were even accompanied with tears, and abated a good deal of that severity and distance she had proposed to maintain during this interview. She would not, however, favour him with the least acknowledgment of a mutual passion, because, in the midst of his vows of eternal constancy and truth, he did not mention one syllable of wedlock, though he was now entirely master of his own conduct; and this consideration created a doubt which fortified her against all his attacks. Yet, what her discretion would have concealed, was discovered by her eyes, which, in spite of all her endeavours, breathed forth complacency and love. For her inclination was flattered by her own self-sufficiency, which imputed her admirer's silence in that particular to the hurry and perturbation of his spirits, and persuaded her that he could not possibly regard her with any other than honourable intentions.

The insidious lover exulted in the tenderness of her looks, from which he presaged a complete victory; but, that he might not overshoot himself by his own precipitation, he would not run the risk of declaring himself, until her heart should be so far entangled within his snares, as that neither the suggestions of honour, prudence, or pride should be able to disengage it. Armed with this resolution, he restrained the impatience of his temper within the limits of the most delicate deportment. After having solicited and obtained permission to attend her to the next opera, he took her by the hand, and, pressing it to his lips in the most respectful manner, went away, leaving her in the most whimsical state of suspense, chequered with an interesting vicissitude of hope and fear.

On the appointed day, he appeared again about five o'clock in the afternoon, and found her native charms so much improved by the advantages of dress, that he was transported with admiration and delight; and while he conducted her to the Haymarket, could scarce bridle the impetuosity of his passion, so as to observe the forbearing maxims he had adopted. When she entered the pit, he had abundance of food for the gratification of his vanity; for in a moment she eclipsed all the female part of the audience, each individual allowing in her own heart that the stranger was by far the handsomest woman there present, except herself.

Here it was that our hero enjoyed a double triumph: he was vain of this opportunity to enhance his reputation for gallantry among the ladies of fashion who knew him, and proud of an occasion to display his quality acquaintance to Emilia, that she might entertain the greater idea of the conquest she had made, and pay the more deference to his importance in the sequel of his addresses. That he might profit as much as possible by this situation, he went up and accosted every person in the pit with whom he ever had the least communication, whispered and laughed with an affected air of familiarity, and even bowed at a distance to some of the nobility, on the slender foundation of having stood near them at court, or presented them with a pinch of rappee at White's chocolate-house.

This ridiculous ostentation, though now practised with a view of promoting his design, was a weakness that, in some degree, infected the whole of his behaviour; for nothing gave him so much joy in conversation as an opportunity of giving the company to understand how well he was with persons of distinguished rank and character. He would often, for example, observe, as it were occasionally, that the Duke of G[rafton][1] was one of the best-natured men in the world, and illustrate this assertion by some instance of his affability, in which he himself was concerned. Then, by an abrupt transition, he would repeat some repartee of Lady T[ownshend],[2] and mention a certain *bon mot* of the Earl of C[hesterfield][3] which was uttered in his hearing.

Abundance of young men in this manner make free with the names, though they have never had access to the persons, of the nobility; but this was not the case with Peregrine, who, in consideration of his appearance and supposed fortune, together with the advantage of his introduction, was by this time freely admitted to the tables of the great.

In his return with Emilia from the opera, though he still maintained the most scrupulous decorum in his behaviour, he plied her with the most passionate expressions of love, squeezed her hand with great fervency, protested that his whole soul was engrossed by her idea, and that he could not exist independent of her favour. Pleased as she was with his warm and pathetic addresses, together with the respectful manner of his making love, she yet had prudence and resolution sufficient to contain her tenderness, which was ready to run over; being fortified against his arts by reflecting that, if his aim was honourable, it was now his business to declare it. On this consideration, she refused to make any serious reply to his earnest expostulations, but affected to receive them as the undetermined effusions of gallantry and good-breeding.

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[1] Probably Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, and grandson of Charles II., who held for a long time the post of Chamberlain of the Household of George II., and was thus of weight and influence sufficient to be so spoken of.

[2] Evidently Ethelreda or Audrey Harrison, wife of Charles Viscount Townshend, cousin of Horace Walpole. "She was a wit, and parted from her husband." —*Cunningham.*

[3] Evidently Philip Stanhope, the witty Earl of Chesterfield.

This fictitious gaiety and good-humour, though it baffled his hope of extorting from her an acknowledgment of which he might have taken immediate advantage, nevertheless encouraged him to observe, as the chariot passed along the Strand, that the night was far advanced, that supper would certainly be over before they could reach her uncle's house, and to propose that he should wait upon her to some place where they might be accommodated with a slight refreshment. She was offended at the freedom of this proposal, which, however, she treated as a joke, thanking him for his courteous offer, and assuring him that when she should be disposed for a tavern treat, he alone should have the honour of bestowing it.

Her kinsman being engaged with company abroad, and her aunt retired to rest, he had the good fortune to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her during a whole hour, which he employed with such consummate skill that her caution was almost overcome. He not only assailed her with the artillery of sighs, vows, prayers, and tears, but even pawned his honour in behalf of his love. He swore, with many imprecations, that although her heart was surrendered to him at discretion, there was a principle within him which would never allow him to injure such innocence and beauty; and the transports of his passion had, upon this occasion, so far overshot his purpose, that if she had demanded an explanation while he was thus agitated, he would have engaged himself to her wish by such ties as he could not break with any regard to his reputation. But from such expostulation she was deterred, partly by pride, and partly by the dread of finding herself mistaken in such an interesting conjecture. She therefore enjoyed the present flattering appearance of her fate, was prevailed upon to accept the jewels which he purchased with part of his winning at Bath, and, with the most enchanting condescension, submitted to a warm embrace when he took his leave, after having obtained permission to visit her as often as his inclination and convenience would permit.

In his return to his own lodgings, he was buoyed up with his success to an extravagance of hope, already congratulated himself upon his triumph over Emilia's virtue, and began to project future conquests among the most dignified characters of the female sex. But his attention was not at all dissipated by these vain reflections; he resolved to concentrate the whole exertion of his soul upon the execution of his present plan, desisted, in the meantime, from all other schemes of pleasure, interest, and ambition, and took lodgings in the city, for the more commodious accomplishment of his purpose.

While our lover's imagination was thus agreeably regaled, his mistress did not enjoy her expectations without the intervention of doubts and anxiety. His silence touching the final aim of his addresses was a mystery on which she was afraid of exercising her sagacity; and her uncle tormented her with inquiries into the circumstances of Peregrine's professions and deportment. Rather than give this relation the least cause of suspicion, which must have cut off all intercourse betwixt her and her admirer, she said everything which she thought would satisfy his care and concern for her welfare; and in consequence of such representation, she enjoyed, without reserve, the company of our adventurer, who prosecuted his plan with surprising eagerness and perseverance.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

He prevails upon Emilia to accompany him to a Masquerade, makes a treacherous Attempt upon her Affection, and meets with a deserved Repulse.

Scarce a night elapsed in which he did not conduct her to some public entertainment. When, by the dint of his insidious carriage, he thought himself in full possession of her confidence and affection, he lay in wait for an opportunity; and hearing her observe in conversation that she had never been at a masquerade, begged leave to attend her to the next ball; at the same time extending his invitation to the young lady in whose company he had found her at the play, she being present when this subject of discourse was introduced. He had flattered himself that this gentlewoman would decline the proposal, as she was a person seemingly of a demure disposition, who had been born and bred in the city, where such diversions are looked upon as scenes of lewdness and debauchery. For once, however, he reckoned without his host; curiosity is as prevalent in the city as at the court end of the town. Emilia no sooner signified her assent to his proposal, than her friend, with an air of satisfaction, agreed to make one of the party; and he was obliged to thank her for that complaisance which laid him under infinite mortification. He set his genius at work to invent some scheme for preventing her unseasonable intrusion. Had an opportunity offered, he would have acted as her physician, and administered a medicine that would have laid her under the necessity of staying at home. But his acquaintance with her being too slight to furnish him with the means of executing this expedient, he devised another, which was practised with all imaginable success. Understanding that her grandmother had left her a sum of money independent of her parents, he conveyed a letter to her mother, intimating that her daughter, on pretence of going to the masquerade, intended to bestow herself in marriage to a certain person, and that in a few days she would be informed of the circumstances of the whole intrigue, provided she would keep this information secret, and contrive some excuse for detaining the young lady at home, without giving her cause to believe she was apprised of her intention. This billet, subscribed *Your well-wisher and unknown humble servant*, had the desired effect upon the careful matron, who, on the ball day, feigned herself so extremely ill, that Miss could not with any decency quit her mamma's apartment; and therefore sent her apology to Emilia in the afternoon, immediately after the arrival of Peregrine, who pretended to be very much afflicted with the disappointment, while his heart throbbed with a transport of joy.

About ten o'clock the lovers set out for the Haymarket, he being dressed in the habit of Pantaloon, and she in that of Columbine; and they had scarce entered the house when the music struck up, the curtain was withdrawn, and the whole scene displayed at once, to the admiration of Emilia, whose expectation was infinitely surpassed by this exhibition. Our gallant having conducted her through all the different apartments, and described the economy of the place, led her into the circle, and, in their turn, they danced several minuets; then, going to the sideboard, he prevailed upon her to eat some sweetmeats and drink a glass of champagne. After a second review of the company, they engaged in country dances, at which exercise they continued, until our adventurer concluded that

his partner's blood was sufficiently warm for the prosecution of his design. On this supposition, which was built upon her declaring that she was thirsty and fatigued, he persuaded her to take a little refreshment and repose; and, for that purpose, handed her down-stairs into the eating-room, where, having seated her on the floor, he presented her with a glass of wine and water; and, as she complained of being faint, enriched the draught with some drops of a certain elixir, which he recommended as a most excellent restorative, though it was no other than a stimulating tincture, which he had treacherously provided for the occasion. Having swallowed this potion, by which her spirits were manifestly exhilarated, she ate a slice of ham, with the wing of a cold pullet, and concluded the meal with a glass of Burgundy, which she drank at the earnest entreaty of her admirer. These extraordinary cordials co-operating with the ferment of her blood, which was heated by a violent motion, could not fail to affect the constitution of a delicate young creature, who was naturally sprightly and volatile. Her eyes began to sparkle with unusual fire and vivacity, a thousand brilliant sallies of wit escaped her, and every mask that accosted her underwent some smarting repartee.

Peregrine, overjoyed at the success of his administration, proposed that they should resume their places at the country dances, with a view to promote and assist the efficacy of his elixir; and when he thought her disposition was properly adapted for the theme, began to ply her with all the elocution of love. In order to elevate his own spirits to that pitch of resolution which his scheme required, he drank two whole bottles of Burgundy, which inflamed his passion to such a degree, that he found himself capable of undertaking and perpetrating any scheme for the gratification of his desire.

Emilia, warmed by so many concurring incentives in favour of the man she loved, abated considerably of her wonted reserve, listened to his protestations with undissembled pleasure, and, in the confidence of her satisfaction, even owned him absolute master of her affections. Ravished with this confession, he now deemed himself on the brink of reaping the delicious fruits of his art and assiduity; and the morning being already pretty far advanced, assented with rapture to the first proposal she made of retiring to her lodgings. The blinds of the chariot being pulled up, he took advantage of the favourable situation of her thoughts; and, on pretence of being whimsical, in consequence of the wine he had swallowed, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her pouting lips, a freedom which she pardoned as the privilege of intoxication. While he thus indulged himself with impunity, the carriage halted, and Pipes, opening the door, his master handed her into the passage, before she perceived that it was not her uncle's house at which they had alighted.

Alarmed at this discovery, she, with some confusion, desired to know his reason for conducting her to a strange place at these hours. But he made no reply until he had led her into an apartment, when he give her to understand, that, as her uncle's family must be disturbed by her going thither so late in the night, and the streets near Temple Bar were infested by a multitude of robbers and cut-throats, he had ordered his coachman to halt at this house, which was kept by a relation of his, a mighty good sort of a gentlewoman, who would be proud of an opportunity to accommodate a person for whom he was known to entertain such tenderness and esteem.

Emilia had too much penetration to be imposed upon by this plausible pretext. In spite of her partiality for Peregrine, which had never been inflamed to such a pitch of complacency before, she comprehended his whole plan in a twinkling. Though her blood boiled with indignation, she thanked him with an affected air of serenity for his kind concern, and expressed her obligation to his cousin; but, at the same time, insisted upon going home, lest her absence should terrify her uncle and aunt, who, she knew, would not retire to rest till her return.

He urged her, with a thousand remonstrances, to consult her own ease and safety, promising to send Pipes into the city for the satisfaction of her relations. But, finding her obstinately deaf to his entreaties, he assured her that he would in a few minutes comply with her request; and, in the meantime, begged she would fortify herself against the cold with a cordial, which he poured out in her presence, and which, now that her suspicion was aroused, she refused to taste, notwithstanding all his importunities. He then fell on his knees before her, and the tears gushing from his eyes, swore that his passion was wound up to such a pitch of impatience that he could no longer live upon the unsubstantial food of expectation; and that, if she would not vouchsafe to crown his happiness, he would forthwith sacrifice himself to her disdain. Such an abrupt address, accompanied with all the symptoms of frantic agitation, could not fail to perplex and affright the gentle Emilia, who, after some recollection, replied with a resolute tone, that she could not see what reason he had to complain of her reserve, which she was not at liberty to lay entirely aside, until he should have avowed his intentions in form, and obtained the sanction of those whom it was her duty to obey. "Divine creature!" cried he, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips, "it is from you alone I hope for that condescension which would overwhelm me with transports of celestial bliss. The sentiments of parents are sordid, silly, and confined: mean not, then, to subject my passion to such low restrictions as were calculated for the purposes of common life. My love is too delicate and refined to wear those vulgar fetters, which serve only to destroy the merit of voluntary affection, and to upbraid a man incessantly with the articles of compulsion under which he lies. My dear angel! spare me the mortification of being compelled to love you, and reign sole empress of my heart and fortune. I will not affront you so much as to talk of settlements; my all is at your disposal. In this pocket-book are notes to the amount of two thousand pounds; do me the pleasure to accept of them; to-morrow I will lay ten thousand more in your lap. In a word, you shall be mistress of my whole estate, and I shall think myself happy in living dependent on your bounty!"

Heavens! what were the emotions of the virtuous, the sensible, the delicate, the tender Emilia's heart, when she heard this insolent declaration from the mouth of a man whom she had honoured with her affection and esteem! It was not simply horror, grief, or indignation, that she felt in consequence of this unworthy treatment, but the united pangs of all together, which produced a sort of hysteric laugh, while she told him that she could not help admiring his generosity.

Deceived by this convulsion, and the ironical compliment that attended it, the lover thought he had already made great progress in his operations, and that it was now his business to storm the fort by a vigorous assault, that he might spare her the confusion of yielding without resistance.

Possessed by this vain suggestion, he started up, and, folding her in his arms, began to obey the furious dictates of his unruly and ungenerous desire. With an air of cool determination she demanded a parley; and when, upon her repeated request, he granted it, addressed herself to him in these words, while her eyes gleamed with all the dignity of the most awful resentment:—"Sir, I scorn to upbraid you with a repetition of your former vows and protestations, nor will I recapitulate the little arts you have practised to ensnare my heart; because, though by dint of the most perfidious dissimulation you have found means to deceive my opinion, your utmost efforts have never been able to lull the vigilance of my conduct, or to engage my affection beyond the power of discarding you without a tear, whenever my honour should demand such a sacrifice. Sir, you are unworthy of my concern or regret, and the sigh that now struggles from my breast is the result of sorrow for my own want of discernment. As for your present attempt upon my chastity, I despise your power, as I detest your intention. Though, under the mask of the most delicate respect, you have decoyed me from the immediate protection of my friends, and contrived other impious stratagems to ruin my peace and reputation, I confide too much in my own innocence, and the authority of the law, to admit one thought of fear, much less to sink under the horror of this shocking situation into which I have been seduced. Sir, your behaviour on this occasion is, in all respects, low and contemptible. For, ruffian as you are, you durst not harbour the thought of executing your execrable scheme, while you knew my brother was near enough to prevent or revenge the insult, so that you must not only be a treacherous villain, but also a most despicable coward." Having expressed herself in this manner, with a most majestic severity of aspect, she opened the door, and, walking down-stairs with surprising resolution, committed herself to the care of a watchman, who accommodated her with a hackney-chair, in which she was safely conveyed to her uncle's house.

Meanwhile, the lover was so confounded and overawed by these cutting reproaches, and her animated behaviour, that all his resolution forsook him, and he found himself not only incapable of obstructing her retreat, but even of uttering one syllable to deprecate her wrath, or extenuate the guilt of his own conduct. The nature of his disappointment, and the keen remorse that seized him, when he reflected upon the dishonourable footing on which his character stood with Emilia, raised such perturbation in his mind, that his silence was succeeded by a violent fit of distraction, during which he raved like a bedlamite, and acted a thousand extravagances, which convinced the people of the house, a certain bagnio, that he had actually lost his wits. Pipes, with great concern, adopted the same opinion; and, being assisted by the waiters, hindered him by main force from running out and pursuing the fair fugitive, whom, in his delirium, he alternately cursed and commended, with horrid imprecations and lavish applause. His faithful valet, having waited two whole hours in hopes of seeing this gust of passion overblown, and perceiving that the paroxysm seemed rather to increase, very prudently sent for a physician of his master's acquaintance, who, having considered the circumstances and symptoms of the disorder, directed that he should be plentifully blooded without loss of time, and prescribed a draught to compose the tumult of his spirits. These orders being punctually performed, he grew more calm and tractable, recovered his reflection so far as to be ashamed of the ecstasy he had undergone, suffered himself quietly to be undressed and put to bed, where the fatigue occasioned by his exercise at the masquerade co-operated with the present dissipation of his spirits to lull him into a profound sleep, which greatly tended to the preservation of his intellects. Not that he found himself in a state of perfect tranquillity when he waked about noon. The remembrance of what had passed overwhelmed him with mortification. Emilia's invectives still sounded in his ears. And, while he deeply resented her disdain, he could not help admiring her spirit, and his heart did homage to her charms.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

He endeavours to reconcile himself to his Mistress, and expostulates with the Uncle, who forbids him the House.

In this state of division he went home to his own lodgings in a chair; and while he deliberated with himself whether he should relinquish the pursuit, and endeavour to banish her idea from his breast, or go immediately and humble himself before his exasperated mistress, and offer his hand as an atonement for his crime, his servant put in his hand a packet, which had been delivered by a ticket-porter at the door. He no sooner perceived that the superscription was in Emilia's handwriting, than he guessed the nature of the contents; and opening the seal with disordered eagerness, found the jewels he had given to her, enclosed in a billet, couched in these words:—

"That I may have no cause to reproach myself with having retained the least memorial of a wretch whom I equally despise and abhor, I take this opportunity of restoring these ineffectual instruments of his infamous design upon the honour of EMILIA."

His chagrin was so much galled and inflamed at the bitterness of this contemptuous message, that he gnawed his fingers till the blood ran over his nails, and even wept with vexation. Sometimes he vowed revenge against her haughty virtue, and reviled himself for his precipitate declaration before his scheme was brought to maturity; then he would consider her behaviour with reverence and regard, and bow before the irresistible power of her attractions. In short, his breast was torn by conflicting passions; love, shame, and remorse contended with vanity, ambition, and revenge; and the superiority was still doubtful, when headstrong desire interposed, and decided in favour of an attempt towards a reconciliation with the offended fair.

Impelled by this motive, he set out in the afternoon for the house of her uncle, not without hopes of that tender enjoyment which never fails to attend an accommodation betwixt two lovers of taste and sensibility. Though the consciousness of his trespass encumbered him with an air of awkward confusion, he was too confident of his own qualifications and address to despair of forgiveness; and, by the time he arrived at the citizen's gate, he had conned a very artful and pathetic harangue, which he proposed to utter in his own behalf, laying the blame of his conduct on the impetuosity of his passion, increased by the Burgundy, which he had too liberally drank. But he did not meet with an opportunity to avail himself of this pre-

paration. Emilia, suspecting that he would take some step of this kind to retrieve her favour, had gone abroad on pretence of visiting, after having signified to her kinsman her resolution to avoid the company of Peregrine, on account of some ambiguities which, she said, were last night remarkable in his demeanour at the masquerade. She chose to insinuate her suspicion in these hints, rather than give an explicit detail of the young man's dishonourable contrivance, which might have kindled the resentment of the family to some dangerous pitch of animosity and revenge.

Our adventurer, finding himself baffled in his expectation of seeing her, inquired for the old gentleman, with whom he thought he had influence enough to make his apology good, in case he should find him prepossessed by the young lady's information. But here too he was disappointed, the uncle having gone to dine in the country, and his wife was indisposed; so that he had no pretext for staying in the house till the return of his charmer. Being, however, fruitful of expedients, he dismissed his chariot, and took possession of a room in a tavern, the windows of which fronted the merchant's gate; and there he proposed to watch until he should see her approach. This scheme he put in practice with indefatigable patience, though it was not attended with the expected success.

Emilia, whose caution was equally vigilant and commendable, foreseeing that she might be exposed to the fertility of his invention, came home by a private passage, and entered by a postern, which was altogether unknown to her admirer; and her uncle did not arrive until it was so late that he could not, with any decency, demand a conference.

Next morning, he did not fail to present himself at the door, and his mistress being denied by her own express direction, insisted upon seeing the master of the house, who received him with such coldness of civility as plainly gave him to understand that he was acquainted with the displeasure of his niece. He therefore, with an air of candour, told the citizen he could easily perceive by his behaviour that he was the confidant of Miss Emily, of whom he was come to ask pardon for the offence he had given; and did not doubt, if he could be admitted to her presence, that he should be able to convince her that he had not erred intentionally, or at least propose such reparation as would effectually atone for is fault.

To this remonstrance the merchant, without any ceremony or circumlocution, answered, that though he was ignorant of the nature of his offence, he was very certain that it must have been something very flagrant that could irritate his niece to such a degree against a person for whom she had formerly a most particular regard. He owned she had declared her intention to renounce his acquaintance for ever, and doubtless she had good reason for so doing; neither would he undertake to promote an accommodation, unless he would give him full power to treat on the score of matrimony, which he supposed would be the only means of evincing his own sincerity and obtaining Emilia's forgiveness.

Peregrine's pride was kindled by this blunt declaration, which he could not help considering as the result of a scheme concerted betwixt the young lady and her uncle, in order to take the advantage of his heat. He therefore replied, with manifest signs of disgust, that he did not apprehend there was any occasion for a mediator to reconcile the difference betwixt Emilia and him, and that all he desired was an opportunity of pleading in his own behalf.

The citizen frankly told him that, as his niece had expressed an earnest desire of avoiding his company, he would not put the least constraint upon her inclination; and, in the meantime, gave him to know that he was particularly engaged.

Our hero, glowing with indignation at this supercilious treatment, "I was in the wrong," said he, "to look for good manners so far on this side of Temple Bar; but you must give me leave to tell you, sir, that unless I am favoured with an interview with Miss Gauntlet, I shall conclude that you have actually laid a constraint upon her inclination, for some sinister purposes of your own." "Sir," replied the old gentleman, "you are welcome to make what conclusions shall seem good unto your own imagination; but pray be so good as to allow me the privilege of being master in my own house." So saying he very complacently showed him to the door; and our lover being diffident of his own temper, as well as afraid of being used with greater indignity, in a place where his personal prowess would only serve to heighten his disgrace, quitted the house in a transport of rage, which he could not wholly suppress, telling the landlord that if his age did not protect him, he would have chastised him for his insolent behaviour.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

He projects a violent Scheme, in consequence of which he is involved in a most fatiguing Adventure, which greatly tends towards the augmentation of his Chagrin.

THUS debarred of personal communication with his mistress, he essayed to retrieve her good graces by the most submissive and pathetic letters, which he conveyed by divers artifices to her perusal; but, reaping no manner of benefit from these endeavours, his passion acquired a degree of impatience little inferior to downright frenzy; and he determined to run every risk of life, fortune, and reputation, rather than desist from his unjustifiable pursuit. Indeed, his resentment was now as deeply concerned as his love, and each of these passions equally turbulent and loud in demanding gratification. He kept sentinels continually in pay, to give him notice of her outgoings, in expectation of finding some opportunity to carry her off; but her circumspection entirely frustrated this design, for she suspected everything of that sort from a disposition like his, and regulated her motions accordingly.

Baffled by her prudence and penetration, he altered his plan. On pretence of being called to his country house by some affair of importance, he departed from London, and, taking lodgings at a farmer's house that stood near the road through which she must have necessarily passed in her return to her mother, concealed himself from all intercourse, except with his valet-de-chambre and Pipes, who had orders to scour the country, and reconnoitre every horse, coach, or carriage that should appear on that highway, with a view of intercepting his Amanda in her passage.

He had waited in this ambuscade a whole week, when his valet gave him notice that he and his fellow-scout had discovered a chaise and six driving at full speed towards them; upon which they had flapped their hats over their eyes, so as they might not be known, in case they should be seen, and concealed themselves

behind a hedge, from whence they could perceive in the carriage, as it passed, a young man plainly dressed, with a lady in a mask, of the exact size, shape, and air of Emilia; and that Pipes followed them at a distance, while he rode back to communicate this piece of intelligence.

Peregrine would scarce allow him time to conclude his information. He ran down to the stable, where his horse was kept ready saddled for the purpose, and, never doubting that the lady in question was his mistress, attended by one of her uncle's clerks, mounted immediately, and rode full gallop after the chaise, which, when he had proceeded about two miles, he understood from Pipes had put up at a neighbouring inn. Though his inclination prompted him to enter her apartment without farther delay, he suffered himself to be dissuaded from taking such a precipitate step by his privy counsellor, who observed that it would be impracticable to execute his purpose of conveying her against her will from a public inn that stood in the midst of a populous village, which would infallibly rise in her defence. He advised him, therefore, to lie in wait for the chaise, in some remote and private part of the road, where they might accomplish their aim without difficulty or danger. In consequence of this admonition, our adventurer ordered Pipes to reconnoitre the inn, that she might not escape another way, while he and the valet, in order to avoid being seen, took a circuit by an unfrequented path, and placed themselves in ambush, on a spot which they chose for the scene of their achievement. Here they tarried a full hour, without seeing the carriage, or hearing from their sentinel. So that the youth, unable to exert his patience one moment longer, left the foreigner in his station, and rode back to his faithful lacquey, who assured him that the travellers had not yet hove up their anchor, or proceeded on their voyage.

Notwithstanding this intimation, Pickle began to entertain such alarming suspicions, that he could not refrain from advancing to the gate, and inquire for the company which had lately arrived in the chaise and six. The innkeeper, who was not at all pleased with the behaviour of those passengers, did not think proper to observe the instructions he had received; on the contrary, he plainly told him that the chaise did not halt, but only entered at one door and went out at the other, with a view to deceive those who pursued it, as he guessed from the words of the gentleman, who had earnestly desired that his route might be concealed from any person who should inquire about their motions. "As for my own peart, measter," continued this charitable publican, "I believes as how they are no better than they should be, else they wouldn't be in such a deadly fear of being overtaken. Methinks, said I, when I saw them in such a woundy pother to be gone, oddsheartlikins! this must be some London prentice running away with his measter's daughter, as sure as I'm a living soul. But, be he who he will, sartain it is, a has nothing of the gentleman about un; for, thof a asked such a favour, a never once put hand in pocket, or said, 'Dog, will you drink?' Howsomever, that don't argufy in reverence of his being in a hurry; and a man may be sometimes a little too judgmatical in his conjectures." In all probability this loquacious landlord would have served the traveller effectually, had Peregrine heard him to an end; but this impetuous youth, far from listening to the sequel of his observations, interrupted him in the beginning of his career, by asking eagerly which road they followed; and, having received the innkeeper's directions, clapped spurs to his horse, commanding Pipes to make the valet acquainted with his course, that they might attend him with all imaginable despatch.

By the publican's account of their conduct, his former opinion was fully confirmed. He plied his steed to the height of his metal; and so much was his imagination engrossed by the prospect of having Emilia in his power, that he did not perceive the road on which he travelled was quite different from that which led to the habitation of Mrs. Gauntlet. The valet-de-chambre was an utter stranger to that part of the county; and, as for Mr. Pipes, such considerations were altogether foreign to the economy of his reflection.

Ten long miles had our hero rode, when his eyes were blessed with the sight of the chaise ascending an hill, at the distance of a good league; upon which he doubled his diligence in such a manner that he gained upon the carriage every minute, and at length approached so near to it that he could discern the lady and her conductor, with their heads thrust out at the windows, looking back and speaking to the driver alternately, as if they earnestly besought him to augment the speed of his cattle.

Being thus, as it were, in sight of port, while he crossed the road, his horse happened to plunge into a cart-rut with such violence that he was thrown several yards over his head; and the beast's shoulder being slipped by the fall, he found himself disabled from plucking the fruit which was almost within his reach; for he had left his servants at a considerable distance behind him; and although they had been at his back, and supplied him with another horse, they were so indifferently mounted that he could not reasonably expect to overtake the flyers, who profited so much by this disaster that the chaise vanished in a moment.

It may be easily conceived how a young man of his disposition passed his time in this tantalizing situation. He ejaculated with great fervency; but his prayers were not the effects of resignation. He ran back on foot, with incredible speed, in order to meet his valet, whom he unhorsed in a twinkling; and, taking his seat, began to exercise his whip and spurs, after having ordered the Swiss to follow him on the other gelding, and committed the lame hunter to the care of Pipes.

Matters being adjusted in this manner, our adventurer prosecuted the race with all his might; and, having made some progress, was informed by a countryman, that the chaise had struck off into another road, and, according to his judgment, was by that time about three miles ahead; though, in all probability, the horses would not be able to hold out much longer, because they seemed to be quite spent when they passed his door. Encouraged by this intimation, Peregrine pushed on with great alacrity, though he could not regain sight of the desired object till the clouds of night began to deepen, and even then he enjoyed nothing more than a transient glimpse; for the carriage was no sooner seen than shrouded again from his view. These vexatious circumstances animated his endeavours, while they irritated his chagrin. In short, he continued his pursuit till the night was far advanced, and himself so uncertain about the object of his care, that he entered a solitary inn, with a view of obtaining some intelligence, when, to his infinite joy, he perceived the chaise standing by itself, and the horses panting in the yard.

In full confidence of his having arrived at last at the goal of all his wishes, he alighted instantaneously, and, running up to the coachman with a pistol in his hand, commanded him, in an imperious tone, to conduct him to the lady's chamber on pain of death. The driver, affrighted at this menacing address, protested, with great humility, that he did not know whither his fare had retired; for that he himself was paid and dismissed from the service, because he would not undertake to drive them all night across the country, without stopping to refresh his horses. But he promised to go in quest of the waiter, who would show him to their apartment. He was accordingly detached on that errand, while our hero stood sentinel at the gate, till the arrival of his valet-de-chambre, who, joining him by accident before the coachman returned, relieved him in his watch; and then the young gentleman, exasperated at his messenger's delay, rushed with fury in his eyes from room to room, denouncing vengeance upon the whole family; but he did not meet with one living soul until he entered the garret, where he found the landlord and his wife in bed. This chicken-hearted couple, by the light of a rush-candle that burned on the hearth, seeing a stranger burst into the chamber, in such a terrible attitude, were seized with consternation; and, exalting their voices in a most lamentable strain, begged, for the passion of Christ, that he would spare their lives, and take all they had.

Peregrine guessing, from this exclamation, and the circumstance of their being abed, that they mistook him for a robber, and were ignorant of that which he wanted to know, dispelled their terror by making them acquainted with the cause of his visit, and desired the husband to get up with all possible despatch, in order to assist and attend him in his search.

Thus reinforced, he rummaged every corner of the inn, and at last, finding the hostler in the stable, was by him informed, to his unspeakable mortification, that the gentleman and lady who arrived in the chaise had immediately hired post-horses for a certain village at the distance of fifteen miles, and departed without halting for the least refreshment. Our adventurer, mad with his disappointment, mounted his horse in an instant, and, with his attendant, took the same road with full determination to die rather than desist from the prosecution of his design. He had by this time rode upwards of thirty miles since three o'clock in the afternoon; so that the horses were almost quite jaded, and travelled this stage so slowly, that it was morning before they reached the place of their destination, where, far from finding the fugitives, he understood that no such persons as he described had passed that way, and that, in all likelihood, they had taken a quite contrary direction, while, in order to mislead him in his pursuit, they had amused the hostler with a false route. This conjecture was strengthened by his perceiving, now for the first time, that he had deviated a considerable way from the road through which they must have journeyed, in order to arrive at the place of her mother's residence; and these suggestions utterly deprived him of the small remains of recollection which he had hitherto retained. His eyes rolled about, witnessing rage and distraction; he foamed at the mouth, stamped upon the ground with great violence, uttered incoherent imprecations against himself and all mankind, and would have sallied forth again, he knew not whither, upon the same horse, which he had already almost killed with fatigue, had not his confidant found means to quiet the tumult of his thoughts, and recall his reflection, by representing the condition of the poor animals, and advising him to hire fresh horses, and ride post across the country, to the village in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Gauntlet's habitation, where they should infallibly intercept the daughter, provided they could get the start of her upon the road.

Peregrine not only relished, but forthwith acted in conformity with this good counsel. His own horses were committed to the charge of the landlord, with directions for Pipes, in case he should come in quest of his master; and a couple of stout geldings being prepared, he and his valet took the road again, steering their course according to the motions of the post-boy, who undertook to be their guide. They had almost finished the first stage, when they descried a post-chaise just halting at the inn where they proposed to change horses; upon which our adventurer, glowing with a most interesting presage, put his beast to the full speed, and approached near enough to distinguish, as the travellers quitted the carriage, that he had at last come up with the very individual persons whom he had pursued so long.

Flushed with this discovery, he galloped into the yard so suddenly, that the lady and her conductor scarce had time to shut themselves up in a chamber, to which they retreated with great precipitation; so that the pursuer was now certain of having housed his prey. That he might, however, leave nothing to fortune, he placed himself upon the stair by which they had ascended to the apartment, and sent up his compliments to the young lady, desiring the favour of being admitted to her presence, otherwise he should be obliged to wave all ceremony, and take that liberty which she would not give. The servant, having conveyed his message through the key-hole, returned with an answer, importing that she would adhere to the resolution she had taken, and perish rather than comply with his will. Our adventurer, without staying to make any rejoinder to this reply, ran up-stairs, and, thundering at the door for entrance, was given to understand by the nymph's attendant, that a blunderbuss was ready primed for his reception, and that he would do well to spare him the necessity of shedding blood in defence of a person who had put herself under his protection. "All the laws of the land," said he, "cannot now untie the knots by which we are bound together; and therefore I will guard her as my own property; so that you had better desist from your fruitless attempt, and thereby consult your own safety; for, by the God that made me, I will discharge my piece upon you, as soon as you set your nose within the door; and your blood be upon your own head." These menaces from a citizen's clerk would have been sufficient motives for Pickle to storm the breach, although they had not been reinforced by that declaration, which informed him of Emilia's having bestowed herself in marriage upon such a contemptible rival. This sole consideration added wings to his impetuosity, and he applied his foot to the door with such irresistible force as bursted it open in an instant, entering at the same time with a pistol ready cocked in his hand. His antagonist, instead of firing his blunderbuss when he saw him approach, started back with evident signs of surprise and consternation, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus! Sir, you are not the man! and, without doubt, are under some mistake with regard to us."

Before Peregrine had time to answer this salutation, the lady, hearing it, advanced to him, and

pulling off a mask, discovered a face which he had never seen before. The Gorgon's head, according to the fables of antiquity, never had a more instantaneous or petrifying effect than that which this countenance produced upon the astonished youth. His eyes were fixed upon this unknown object, as if they had been attracted by the power of enchantment; his feet seemed riveted to the ground, and, after having stood motionless for the space of a few minutes, he dropped down in an apoplexy of disappointment and despair. The Swiss, who had followed him, seeing his master in this condition, lifted him up, and, laying him upon a bed in the next room, let him blood immediately, without hesitation, being always provided with a case of lancets, against all accidents on the road. To this foresight our hero, in all probability, was indebted for his life. By virtue of a very copious evacuation he recovered the use of his senses; but the complication of fatigues and violent transports which he had undergone, brewed up a dangerous fever in his blood, and a physician being called from the next market-town, several days elapsed before he would answer for his life.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Peregrine sends a message to Mrs. Gauntlet, who rejects his Proposal—He repairs to the Garrison.

At length, however, his constitution overcame his disease, though not before it had in a great measure tamed the fury of his disposition, and brought him to a serious consideration of his conduct. In this humiliation of his spirits he reflected with shame and remorse upon his treachery to the fair, the innocent Emilia; he remembered his former sentiments in her favour, as well as the injunctions of his dying uncle; he recollected his intimacy with her brother, against which he had so basely sinned; and, revolving all the circumstances of her conduct, found it so commendable, spirited, and noble, that he deemed her an object of sufficient dignity to merit his honourable addresses, even though his duty had not been concerned in the decision. But, obligated as he was to make reparation to a worthy family, which he had so grossly injured, he thought he could not manifest his reformation too soon; and, whenever he found himself able to hold the pen, wrote a letter to Mrs. Gauntlet, wherein he acknowledged, with many expressions of sorrow and contrition, that he had acted a part altogether unbecoming a man of honour, and should never enjoy the least tranquillity of mind until he should have merited her forgiveness. He protested that although his happiness entirely depended upon the determination of Emilia, he would even renounce all hope of being blessed with her favour, if she could point out any other method of making reparation to that amiable young lady, but by laying his heart and fortune at her feet, and submitting himself to her pleasure during the remaining part of his life. He conjured her, therefore, in the most pathetic manner, to pardon him, in consideration of his sincere repentance, and to use her maternal influence with her daughter, so as that he might be permitted to wait upon her with a wedding-ring, as soon as his health would allow him to undertake the journey.

This explanation being despatched by Pipes, who had, by this time, found his master, the young gentleman inquired about the couple whom he had so unfortunately pursued, and understood from his valet-de-chambre, who learned the story from their own mouths, that the lady was the only daughter of a rich Jew, and her attendant no other than his apprentice, who had converted her to Christianity, and married her at the same time; that this secret having taken air, the old Israelite had contrived a scheme to separate them for ever; and they being apprised of his intention, had found means to elope from his house, with a view of sheltering themselves in France until the affair could be made up; that, seeing three men ride after them with such eagerness and speed, they never doubted that the pursuers were her father and some friends or domestics, and on that supposition had fled with the utmost despatch and trepidation, until they had found themselves happily undeceived at that very instant when they expected nothing but mischief and misfortune. Lastly, the Swiss gave him to understand that, after having professed some concern for his deplorable situation, and enjoyed a slight refreshment, they had taken their departure for Dover, and, in all likelihood, were safely arrived at Paris.

In four-and-twenty hours after Pipes was charged with his commission, he brought back an answer from the mother of Emilia, couched in these words:—

"Sir,—I received the favour of yours, and am glad, for your own sake, that you have attained a due sense and conviction of your unkind and unchristian behaviour to poor Emy. I thank God, none of my children was ever so insulted before. Give me leave to tell you, sir, my daughter was no upstart, without friends or education, but a young lady, as well bred, and better born, than most private gentlewomen in the kingdom; and therefore, though you had no esteem for her person, you ought to have paid some regard to her family, which, no disparagement to you, sir, is more honourable than your own. As for your proposal, Miss Gauntlet will not hear of it, being that she thinks her honour will not allow her to listen to any terms of reconciliation; and she is not yet so destitute as to embrace an offer to which she has the least objection. In the meantime, she is so much indisposed that she cannot possibly see company; so I beg you will not take the trouble of making a fruitless journey to this place. Perhaps your future conduct may deserve her forgiveness, and really, as I am concerned for your happiness, which, you assure me, depends upon her condescension, I wish with all my heart it may; and am, notwithstanding all that has happened, your sincere well-wisher,

"Cecilia Gauntlet."

From this epistle, and the information of his messenger, our hero learned that his mistress had actually profited by his wild-goose chase so as to make a safe retreat to her mother's house. Though sorry to hear of her indisposition, he was also piqued at her implacability, as well as at some stately paragraphs of the letter, in which, he thought, the good lady had consulted her own vanity rather than her good sense. These motives of resentment helped him to bear his disappointment like a philosopher, especially as he had now quieted his conscience, in proffering to redress the injury he had done; and, moreover, found himself, with regard to his love, in a calm state of hope and resignation.

A seasonable fit of illness is an excellent medicine for the turbulence of passion. Such a reformation had the fever produced in the economy of his thoughts, that he moralized like an apostle, and projected several prudential schemes for his future conduct.

In the meantime, as soon as his health was sufficiently re-established, he took a trip to the

garrison in order to visit his friends, and learned from Hatchway's own mouth that he had broke the ice of courtship to his aunt, and that his addresses were now fairly afloat; though, when he first declared himself to the widow, after she had been duly prepared for the occasion by her niece and the rest of her friends, she had received his proposal with a becoming reserve, and piously wept at the remembrance of her husband, observing that she should never meet with his fellow.

Peregrine promoted the lieutenant's suit with all his influence; and all Mrs. Trunnion's objections to the match being surmounted, it was determined that the day of marriage should be put off for three months, that her reputation might not suffer by a precipitate engagement. His next care was to give orders for erecting a plain marble monument to the memory of his uncle, on which the following inscription, composed by the bridegroom, actually appeared in golden letters :—

Here lies,
Foundered in a fathom and half,
The shell
Of
HAWSER TRUNNION, Esq.,
Formerly commander of a squadron
In his Majesty's service,
Who broached to, at five P.M., Oct. x.,
In the year of his age
Threescore and nineteen.

He kept his guns always loaded,
And his tackle ready manned,
And never showed his poop to the enemy,
Except when he took her in tow;
But,
His shot being expended,
His match burnt out,
And his upper works decayed,
He was sunk
By Death's superior weight of metal.
Nevertheless,
He will be weighed again
At the Great Day,
His rigging refitted,
And his timbers repaired,
And, with one broadside,
Make his adversary
Strike in his turn.

CHAPTER LXXX.

He returns to London, and meets with Cadwallader, who entertains him with many curious Particulars—Crabtree sounds the Duchess, and undeceives Pickle, who, by an extraordinary Accident, becomes acquainted with another Lady of Quality.

THE young gentleman having performed these last offices in honour of his deceased benefactor, and presented Mr. Jolter to the long-expected living, which at this time happened to be vacant, returned to London, and resumed his former gaiety—not that he was able to shake Emilia from his thought, or even to remember her without violent emotions; for, as he recovered his vigour, his former impatience recurred, and therefore he resolved to plunge himself headlong into some intrigue that might engage his passions and amuse his imagination.

A man of his accomplishments could not fail to meet with a variety of subjects on which his gallantry would have been properly exercised; and this abundance distracted his choice, which at any time was apt to be influenced by caprice and whim. I have already observed that he had lifted his view, through a matrimonial perspective, as high as a lady of the first quality and distinction; and, now that he was refused by Miss Gauntlet, and enjoyed a little respite from the agonies of that flame which her charms had kindled in his heart, he renewed his assiduities to her grace. Though he durst not yet risk an explanation, he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing himself so well received in quality of a particular acquaintance, that he flattered himself with the belief of his having made some progress in her heart, and was confirmed in this conceited notion by the assurances of her woman, whom, by liberal largesses, he retained in his interest, because she found means to persuade him that she was in the confidence of her lady. But, notwithstanding this encouragement, and the sanguine suggestions of his own vanity, he dreaded the thoughts of exposing himself to her ridicule and resentment by a premature declaration, and determined to postpone his addresses until he should be more certified of the probability of succeeding in his attempt.

While he remained in this hesitation and suspense, he was one morning very agreeably surprised with the appearance of his friend Crabtree, who, by the permission of Pipes, to whom he was well known, entered his chamber before he was awake, and, by a violent shake of the shoulder, disengaged him from the arms of sleep. The first compliments having mutually passed, Cadwallader gave him to understand that he had arrived in town over night in the stage-coach from Bath, and entertained him with such a ludicrous account of his fellow-travellers, that Peregrine, for the first time since their parting, indulged himself in mirth even to the hazard of suffocation.

Crabtree, having rehearsed these adventures in such a peculiarity of manner as added infinite ridicule to every circumstance, and repeated every scandalous report which had circulated at Bath after Peregrine's departure, was informed by the youth that he harboured a design upon the person of such a duchess, and in all appearance had no reason to complain of his reception, but that he would not venture to declare himself until he should be more ascertained of her sentiments; and, therefore, he begged leave to depend upon the intelligence of his friend Cadwallader, who, he knew, was admitted to her parties.

The misanthrope, before he would promise his assistance, asked if his prospect verged towards matrimony; and our adventurer, who guessed the meaning of his question, replying in the negative, he undertook the office of reconnoitering her inclination, protesting, at the same time, that he would never concern himself in any scheme that did not tend to the disgrace and deception of all the sex. On these conditions he espoused the interest of our hero, and a plan was immediately concerted, in consequence of which they met by accident at her grace's table. Pickle having stayed all the fore part of the evening, and sat out all the company, except the misanthrope and a certain widow lady, who was said to be in the secrets of my lady duchess, went away on pretence of an indispensable engagement, that Crabtree might have a proper opportunity of making him the subject of conversation.

Accordingly, he had scarce quitted the apartment, when this cynic, attending him to the door with a look of morose disdain, "Were I an absolute prince," said he, "and that fellow one of my subjects, I would order him to be clothed in sackcloth, and he should drive my asses to water, that his lofty spirit might be lowered to the level of his deserts. The pride of a peacock is downright

self-denial, when compared with the vanity of that coxcomb, which was naturally arrogant, but is now rendered altogether intolerable, by the reputation he acquired at Bath, for kicking a bully, outwitting a club of raw sharpers, and divers other pranks, in the execution of which he was more lucky than wise. But nothing has contributed so much to the increase of his insolence and self-conceit as the favour he found among the ladies. Ay, the ladies, madam, I care not who knows it—the ladies, who, to their honour be it spoken, never failed to patronize foppery and folly, provided they solicit their encouragement. And yet this dog was not on the footing of those hermaphroditical animals, who may be reckoned among the number of waiting-women, who air your shifts, comb your lap-dogs, examine your noses with magnifying-glasses, in order to squeeze out the worms, clean your teethbrushes, sweeten your handkerchiefs, and soften waste paper for your occasions. This fellow Pickle was entertained for more important purposes; his turn of duty never came till all those lap-wings were gone to roost; then he scaled windows, leaped over garden walls, and was let in by Mrs. Betty in the dark. Nay, the magistrates of Bath complimented him with the freedom of the corporation, merely because, through his means, the waters had gained extraordinary credit; for every female of a tolerable appearance, that went thither on account of her sterility, got the better of her complaint during his residence at Bath. And now the fellow thinks no woman can withstand his addresses. He had not been here three minutes, when I could perceive, with half an eye, that he had marked out your grace for a conquest —I mean in an honourable way; though the rascal has impudence enough to attempt anything." So saying, he fixed his eyes upon the duchess, who, while her face glowed with indignation, turning to her confidant, expressed herself in these words, "Upon my life! I believe there is actually some truth in what this old ruffian says; I have myself observed that young fellow eyeing me with a very particular stare." "It is not to be at all wondered at," said her friend, "that a youth of his complexion should be sensible to the charms of your grace! but I dare say he would not presume to entertain any but the most honourable and respectful sentiments." "Respectful sentiments!" cried my lady, with a look of ineffable disdain, "if I thought the fellow had assurance enough to think of me in any shape, I protest I would forbid him my house. Upon my honour, such instances of audacity should induce persons of quality to keep your small gentry at a greater distance; for they are very apt to grow impudent upon the least countenance or encouragement."

Cadwallader, satisfied with this declaration, changed the subject of discourse, and next day communicated his discovery to his friend Pickle, who upon this occasion felt the most stinging sensations of mortified pride, and resolved to quit his prospect with a good grace. Nor did the execution of this self-denying scheme cost him one moment's uneasiness; for his heart had never been interested in the pursuit, and his vanity triumphed in the thoughts of manifesting his indifference. Accordingly, the very next time he visited her grace, his behaviour was remarkably frank, sprightly, and disengaged; and the subject of love being artfully introduced by the widow, who had been directed to sound his inclinations, he rallied the passion with great ease and severity, and made no scruple of declaring himself heart-whole.

Though the duchess had resented his supposed affection, she was now offended at his insensibility, and even signified her disgust, by observing, that perhaps his attention to his own qualifications screened him from the impression of all other objects.

While he enjoyed this sarcasm, the meaning of which he could plainly discern, the company was joined by a certain virtuoso, who had gained free access to all the great families of the land, by his notable talent of gossiping and buffoonery. He was now in the seventy-fifth year of his age; his birth was so obscure that he scarce knew his father's name; his education suitable to the dignity of his descent; his character publicly branded with homicide, profligacy, and breach of trust; yet this man, by the happy inheritance of impregnable effrontery, and a lucky prostitution of all principle in rendering himself subservient to the appetites of the great, had attained to an independency of fortune, as well as to such a particular share of favour among the quality, that, although he was well known to have pimped for three generations of the nobility, there was not a lady of fashion in the kingdom who scrupled to admit him to her toilet, or even to be squired by him in any place of public entertainment. Not but that this sage was occasionally useful to his fellow-creatures, by these connexions with people of fortune; for he often undertook to solicit charity in behalf of distressed objects, with a view of embezzling one-half of the benefactions. It was an errand of this kind that now brought him to the house of her grace.

After having sat a few minutes, he told the company that he would favour them with a very proper opportunity to extend their benevolence, for the relief of a poor gentlewoman, who was reduced to the most abject misery by the death of her husband, and just delivered of a couple of fine boys. They, moreover, understood from his information, that this object was daughter of a good family, who had renounced her in consequence of her marrying an ensign without a fortune; and even obstructed his promotion with all their influence and power; a circumstance of barbarity which had made such an impression upon his mind, as disordered his brain, and drove him to despair, in a fit of which he had made away with himself, leaving his wife, then big with child, to all the horrors of indigence and grief.

Various were their criticisms on this pathetic picture, which the old man drew with great expression. My lady duchess concluded that she must be a creature void of all feeling and reflection who could survive such aggravated misery, therefore did not deserve to be relieved, except in the character of a common beggar; and was generous enough to offer a recommendation, by which she would be admitted into an infirmary to which her grace was a subscriber; at the same time advising the solicitor to send the twins to the Foundling Hospital, where they would be carefully nursed and brought up, so as to become useful members to the commonwealth. Another lady, with all due deference to the opinion of the duchess, was free enough to blame the generosity of her grace, which would only serve to encourage children in disobedience to their parents, and might be the means not only of prolonging the distress of the wretched creature, but also of ruining the constitution of some young heir, perhaps the hope of a great family! for she did suppose that madam, when her month should be up, and her brats disposed of, would spread her at-

tractions to the public, provided she could profit by her person, and, in the usual way, make a regular progress from St. James's to Drury Lane. She apprehended, for these reasons, that their compassion would be most effectually shown in leaving her to perish in her present necessity; and that the old gentleman would be unpardonable should he persist in his endeavours to relieve her. A third member of this tender-hearted society, after having asked if the young woman was handsome, and being answered in the negative, allowed that there was a great deal of reason in what had been said by the honourable person who had spoke last; nevertheless she humbly conceived her sentence would admit of some mitigation. "Let the bantlings," said she, "be sent to the hospital, according to the advice of her grace, and a small collection be made for the present support of the mother; and, when her health is recovered, I will take her into my family, in quality of an upper servant, or medium between me and my woman; for, upon my life! I can't endure to chide or give directions to a creature who is, in point of birth and education, but one degree above the vulgar."

This proposal met with universal approbation. The duchess, to her immortal honour, began the contribution with a crown; so that the rest of the company were obliged to restrict their liberality to half the sum, that her grace might not be affronted. And the proposer, demanding the poor woman's name and place of abode, the old mediator could not help giving her ladyship a verbal direction, though he was extremely mortified, on more accounts than one, to find such an issue to his solicitation.

Peregrine, who, "though humorous as winter, had a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity," was shocked at the nature and result of this ungenerous consultation. He contributed his half-crown however, and, retiring from the company, betook himself to the lodgings of the forlorn lady in the straw, according to the direction he had heard. Upon inquiry, he understood that she was then visited by some charitable gentlewoman, who had sent for a nurse, and waited the return of the messenger; and he sent up his respects, desiring he might be permitted to see her, on pretence of having been intimate with her late husband.

Though the poor woman had never heard of his name, she did not think proper to deny his request; and he was conducted to a paltry chamber in the third story, where he found this unhappy widow sitting upon a truckle-bed, and suckling one of her infants, with the most piteous expression of anguish in her features, which were naturally regular and sweet, while the other was fondled on the knee of a person whose attention was so much engrossed by her little charge, that, for the present, she could mind nothing else; and it was not till after the first compliments passed betwixt the hapless mother and our adventurer, that he perceived the stranger's countenance, which inspired him with the highest esteem and admiration. He beheld all the graces of elegance and beauty, breathing sentiment and beneficence, and softened into the most enchanting tenderness of weeping sympathy. When he declared the cause of his visit, which was no other than the desire of befriending the distressed lady, to whom he presented a bank-note for twenty pounds, he was favoured with such a look of complacency by this amiable phantom, who might have been justly taken for an angel ministering to the necessities of mortals, that his whole soul was transported with love and veneration. Nor was this prepossession diminished by the information of the widow, who, after having manifested her gratitude in a flood of tears, told him that the unknown object of his esteem was a person of honour, who having heard by accident of her deplorable situation, had immediately obeyed the dictates of her humanity, and come in person to relieve her distress; that she had not only generously supplied her with money for present sustenance, but also undertaken to provide a nurse for her babes, and even promised to favour her with protection, should she survive her present melancholy situation. To these articles of intelligence she added that the name of her benefactress was the celebrated Lady (Vane),[1] to whose character the youth was no stranger, though he had never seen her person before. The killing edge of her charms was a little blunted by the accidents of time and fortune; but no man of taste and imagination, whose nerves were not quite chilled with the frost of age, could, even at that time, look upon her with impunity. And as Peregrine saw her attractions heightened by the tender office in which she was engaged, he was smitten with her beauty, and so ravished with her compassion, that he could not suppress his emotions, but applauded her benevolence with all the warmth of enthusiasm.

Her ladyship received his compliments with great politeness and affability. And the occasion on which they met being equally interesting to both, an acquaintance commenced between them, and they concerted measures for the benefit of the widow and her two children, one of whom our hero bespoke for his own godson; for Pickle was not so obscure in the beau monde, but that his fame had reached the ears of this lady, who, therefore, did not discourage his advances towards her friendship and esteem.

All the particulars relating to their charge being adjusted, he attended her ladyship to her own house; and, by her conversation, had the pleasure of finding her understanding suitable to her other accomplishments. Nor had she any reason to think that our hero's qualifications had been exaggerated by common report.

One of their adopted children died before it was baptized; so that their care concentred in the other, for whom they stood sponsors. Understanding that the old agent was become troublesome in his visits to the mother, to whom he now began to administer such counsel as shocked the delicacy of her virtue, they removed her into another lodging, where she would not be exposed to his machinations. In less than a month, our hero learned from a nobleman of his acquaintance that the hoary pander had actually engaged to procure for him this poor afflicted gentlewoman; and, being frustrated in his intention, substituted in her room a nymph from the purlieus of Covent Garden, that made his lordship smart severely for the favours she bestowed.

Meanwhile Peregrine cultivated his new acquaintance with all his art and assiduity, presuming, from the circumstances of her reputation and fate, as well as on the strength of his own merit, that, in time, he should be able to indulge that passion which had begun to glow within his breast.

As her ladyship had undergone a vast variety of fortune and adventure, which he had heard indistinctly related, with numberless errors and misrepresentations, he was no sooner entitled, by the familiarity of communication, to ask such a favour, than he earnestly entreated her to enter-

[1] See note, page 343.

tain him with the particulars of her story; and, by dint of importunity, she was at length prevailed upon, in a select party, to gratify his curiosity, by the account given in the following chapter.

(TWO LETTERS ATTESTING THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.)[1]

"TO LORD ——.

"MY LORD,—The turn which your lordship gave to the conversation of last night, having laid me under the necessity of vindicating the step I have lately taken in publishing Memoirs of my Life, I think I have a right to demand your opinion of the motives which I then explained; and this I ask by way of appeal to your judgment, from the sentiments of those who might perhaps think my inducements were weak or frivolous. For though no person in the company attempted to invalidate the arguments I advanced, I could perceive that one gentleman was not altogether convinced of the rectitude of that measure. You may remember, he dropped several dissenting hints, couched in the modest expressions of—*With submission to your ladyship's better judgment—But, to be sure, you would not have taken such a step without first weighing the consequences—Your provocations were certainly very great, although the world is apt to put the worst constructions upon everything*—and other such prudential insinuations that are often more disconcerting than the displayed objections of a declared antagonist; because they seem to import something of great weight, which personal respect endeavours to suppress. These sententious fragments made such impression upon my mind, that I have been all night long tasking my recollection, in order to discover the weak side of my defence; but, as one always sees through the mist of partiality in one's own concerns, I must have recourse to your discernment, and seriously insist upon knowing how far you approve the justification of, my Lord, your lordship's most obedient servant."

ANSWER.

"MADAM,—I cannot help observing that the serious manner in which you ask my opinion of the motives which induced you to publish your Memoirs, is exactly of a piece with the conduct of those who consult their friends for approbation rather than advice, and, by a disappointment in their expectations of applause, are more than ever wedded to their own inventions. How would your ladyship look should I now, in consequence of your demand, assume the air of a severe moralizer, and tell you that the step you have taken was altogether precipitate and inexcusable; that you have unnecessarily avowed your own indiscretion, incurred the resentment of individuals, and attracted the reproaches of a censorious world; and that, over and above these disadvantages, you have subjected yourself for ever to a life of domestic disquiet, by incensing the tyrant of whom you complain, beyond a possibility of forgiveness or reconciliation? Would not all the resentment of a disappointed author take possession of your ladyship, overcast that cheerfulness of countenance with a sullen frown, and lighten from those fair eyes in gleams of displeasure? No; you would be more surprised than offended at my observations. You would believe you had been all along deceived in your opinion of my delicacy and understanding. You would be mortified at the discovery of your own mistake, and look upon me with compassion, as one of those tame, timid rationalists, who, being naturally phlegmatic and fearful, are utter strangers to the refined sensations of the human heart, incapable of doing justice to those melting tendernesses which they never felt, and too irresolute to withstand the torrent of ignorant, malicious, or wrong-headed clamour, when it affects a character in which their friendship ought to be interested. Your sentiments, I own, would in that case be just, excepting that I should engage your ladyship's pity, in deserving your contempt, and instead of being despised as a cold friend, be still regarded by you as a weak and timorous well-wisher. If your character suffered cruelly from misrepresentations; if your foibles were magnified and multiplied with all the aggravations of envy and fiction; if the qualities of your heart were decried or traduced, and even your understanding called in question; I agree with your ladyship that it was not only excusable, but highly necessary, to publish a detail of your conduct which would acquit you of all or most of those scandalous imputations. This task you have, in my opinion, performed to the satisfaction of all the intelligent and unprejudiced part of mankind. He must be very deficient in candour and feeling, who, in reading your Memoirs, is not interested in your favour; who does not espouse the cause of beauty, innocence, and love; who does not see that, as you once were, you would still have continued to be, the pattern of conjugal faith and felicity, had not the cross accidents of fortune forced you from the natural bias of your disposition; who does not excuse the tenderness which youth and sensibility, so circumstanced, could not possibly resist; and who does not freely forgive the fault when he considers the particulars of the temptation. He must be void of all taste and reflection, who does not admire your spirit, elegance, and sense; and dead to all the finer movements of the soul, if he is not agitated, thrilled, and transported with the pathetic circumstances of your story. Some people who are your ladyship's friends, and highly entertained with the performance, have wished you had spared yourself some unnecessary confessions, which they thought could serve no end but that of affording a handle to your enemies for censure and defamation. I myself, I own, was of the same opinion, until you convinced me that, in suppressing one circumstance which might be afterwards discovered, your sincerity through the whole piece would have been called in question. And what have you avowed that your most malicious foes dare blame, except your disregard of an unnatural contract, which, though authorized by the laws of your country, was imposed upon your necessity, youth, and inexperience? Nor was this conduct the result of vicious levity and intemperance. You had already given undeniable proofs of your constancy and conjugal virtue to the first lord of your affections, who was the choice of your love, and to whom your heart was unalterably wedded. Your natural sensibility had been, by his extraordinary care, tenderness, and attention, cherished and improved to such a degree of delicacy, as could not possibly relish the attachment of the common run of husbands. No wonder, then, that you was uneasy under a second engagement so much unlike the first; that every circumstance of the contrast appeared to you in the most aggravating light, and made a suitable impression upon your imagination; and that you was not insensible to those attractions which had formerly captivated your heart, nor able to resist the flattering insinuations, incredible assiduity, and surprising perseverance of an artful lover. And sure he could not have chosen a more favourable opportunity to prefer his addresses. Your passions were unusually intendered by grief; you was dissatisfied with your domestic situation; you was solitary for want of that intimate connexion in which you had been so happy before; and your breast glowed with the most pathetic susceptibility, while you was yet a stranger to the insidious wiles of man. In such distress the mind longs for sympathy and consolation; it seeks to repose itself upon the tender friendship of some kind partner, that will share and alleviate its sorrows. Such a comforter appeared in the accomplished youth; your judgment was pleased with his qualifications; his demeanour acquired your esteem; your friendship was engaged by his sincerity; and your affection was insensibly subdued. In short, everything conspired to promote his suit, and my wonder is not that he succeeded, but that you held out so long. Your sentiments with regard to those who have inveighed against your performance, are altogther conformable to that good sense and benevolent disposition which I have always admired and esteemed. As for writers who have exercised their pens in abusing your ladyship, they are either objects of mirth or compassion. They, poor harmless creatures, in their hearts wish you no evil. Their business is to eat honestly, if they can,—but at any rate to eat. I am fully persuaded that, for a very small sum, you might engage the whole tribe to refute their own revilings, and bellow with all their might in your praise. It would really be uncharitable, as well as absurd, to express the least resentment against such feeble antagonists, who

[1] In a note at the end of the Advertisement to the second edition, we are informed that these two letters "were sent to the Editor by a person of honour."

are literally the beings of a summer day. They are the noisy insects which the sun of merit never fails to produce; the shadows that continually accompany success; and indeed a man might as well fight with his own shadow, as attempt to chastise such unsubstantial phantoms. But of all the emotions of your heart, that which I am at present tempted chiefly to applaud, is the sorrow you express for having been obliged, in your own justification, to vilify and expose the man to whom your fate is inseparably connected; and the laudable resolution you have taken to live amicably with him for the future, provided he shall persist in that conduct which he hath of late chosen to maintain. On the whole, though you may have inflamed the virulence of envy and malice, roused the resentment of some whose folly and ingratitude you had occasion to display, and incurred the censure of those who think it their duty to exclaim against the least infringement of the nuptial tie, howsoever unequally imposed; your Memoirs will always be perused with pleasure by all readers of taste and discernment, and your fame, as a beauty and author, long survive the ill offices of prejudice and personal animosity. And now that I have performed the task enjoined, give me leave to add, that I have the honour to be, Madam, your most devoted humble servant."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.[1]

By the circumstances of the story which I am going to relate, you will be convinced of my candour, while you are informed of my indiscretion. You will be enabled, I hope, to perceive that, howsoever my head may have erred, my heart hath always been uncorrupted, and that I have been unhappy, *because I loved, and was a woman.*

I believe I need not observe that I was the only child of a man of good fortune, who indulged me in my infancy with all the tenderness of paternal affection; and, when I was six years old, sent me to a private school, where I stayed till my age was doubled, and became such a favourite that I was, even in those early days, carried to all the places of public diversion, the court itself not excepted, an indulgence that flattered my love of pleasure, to which I was naturally addicted, and encouraged those ideas of vanity and ambition which spring up so early in the human mind.

I was lively and good-natured, my imagination apt to run riot, my heart liberal and disinterested, though I was so obstinately attached to my own opinions that I could not well brook contradiction; and, in the whole of my disposition, resembled that of Henry the Fifth, as described by Shakespeare.

In my thirteenth year I went to Bath, where I was first introduced into the world as a woman, having been entitled to that privilege by my person, which was remarkably tall for my years; and there my fancy was quite captivated by the variety of diversions in which I was continually engaged. Not that the parties were altogether new to me, but because I now found myself considered as a person of consequence, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who courted my acquaintance, and fed my vanity with praise and adulation. In short, whether or not I deserved their encomiums, I leave the world to judge; but my person was commended, and my talent in dancing met with universal applause. No wonder, then, that everything appeared joyous to a young creature, who was so void of experience and dissimulation, that she believed everybody's heart as sincere as her own, and every object such as it appeared to be.

Among the swains who sighed, or pretended to sigh, for me, were two that bore a pretty equal share of my favour (it was too superficial to deserve the name of love). One of these was a forward youth of sixteen, extremely handsome, lively, and impudent. He attended in quality of a page upon the Princess Amelia, who spent that season at Bath. The other was a Scotch nobleman, turned of thirty, who was graced with a red ribbon, and danced particularly well, two qualifications of great weight with a girl of my age, whose heart was not deeply interested in the cause. Nevertheless, the page prevailed over this formidable rival; though our amour went no farther than a little flirting, and ceased entirely when I left the place.

Next year, however, I revisited this agreeable scene, and passed my time in the same circle of amusements; in which, indeed, each season at Bath is exactly resembled by that which succeeds, allowing for the difference of company, which is continually varying. There I met with the same incense, and again had my favourite, who was a North Briton, and captain of foot, near forty years of age, and a little lame, an impediment which I did not discover until it was pointed out by some of my companions, who rallied me upon my choice. He was always cheerful, and very amorous, had a good counte-

[1] Frances Hawes, afterwards Lady Vane, was the daughter of Francis Hawes, Esq. of Purley Hall, near Reading, in Berkshire, one of the South Sea Directors in 1720. She was married about the beginning of 1732, at the age of seventeen, to Lord William Hamilton, second son of James, Earl of Arran, afterwards first Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; and he dying July 11, 1734, she married, May 19, 1735, Lord Viscount Vane, of the kingdom of Ireland. Lady Vane died in London, March 31, 1788, in the seventy-second year of her age.

"The anecdotes respecting Lady Vane, which are inserted in Peregrine Pickle, produced 'A Letter to Lady V—, on her Memoirs in Peregrine Pickle,' 8vo, 1751; 'History of Lady Frail,' 12mo, 1751; 'Parallel between the Character of Lady Frail and the Lady of Quality in Peregrine Pickle,' 8vo, 1751; and 'Apology for the Conduct of Lady Frail,' 8vo, 1751, and other performances now deservedly neglected."—Anderson's *Life of Smollett.* Dr. Anderson says:—"To the fate of this lady, who in personal charms and accomplishments was reckoned inferior to no woman who has appeared in England in the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson has a striking allusion in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes:'—

> 'Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.'"

But that this reference is to the Lady Vane of our Memoirs, has been disputed by Malone in his edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, in the following note on date 1749 of that work:—"The lady mentioned in the first of these verses was not the celebrated Lady Vane, whose memoirs were given to the public by Dr. Smollett, but Anne Vane, who was mistress to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and died in 1736, not long before Johnson settled in London. Some account of this lady was published under the title of the 'Secret History of Vanella,' 8vo, 1732. See also 'Vanella in the Straw,' 4to, 1732. In Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides' we find some observations respecting the lady in question.

"In Dr. Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes' there is the following passage:—

> 'The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
> Begs for each birth the fortunes of a face;
> Yet Vane—' etc.

Lord Hailes told him (Johnson) he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones; for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description." His Lordship, therefore, thought fit that the lines should have run thus:—

> "Yet *Shore* could tell—
> And *Valiere* cursed—"

nance, and an excellent understanding, possessed a great deal of art, and would have persuaded me to marry him, had I not been restrained by the authority of my father, whose consent was not to be obtained in favour of a man of his fortune.

At the same time, many proposals of marriage were made to my parents; but as they came from people whom I did not like, I rejected them all, being determined to refuse every man who did not make his addresses to myself in person, because I had no notion of marrying for anything but love.

Among these formal proposers was a Scottish earl, whose pretensions were broke off by some difference about settlements; and the son of an English baron, with whom my father was in treaty, when he carried me to town, on a visit to a young lady, with whom I had been intimate from my infancy. She was just delivered of her first son, for whom we stood sponsors; so that this occasion detained us a whole month, during which I went to a ball at Court, on the Queen's birth-day, and there, for the first time, felt what love and beauty were.

The second son of the Duke of H(amilton),[1] who had just returned from his travels, was dancing with the Princess Royal,[2] when a young lady came and desired me to go and see a stranger whom all the world admired. Upon which I followed her into the circle, and observed this object of admiration. He was dressed in a coat of white cloth, faced with blue satin, embroidered with silver, of the same piece with his waistcoat; his fine hair hung down his back in ringlets below his waist; his hat was laced with silver, and garnished with a white feather; but his person beggared all description. He was tall and graceful, neither corpulent nor meagre, his limbs finely proportioned, his countenance open and majestic, his eyes full of sweetness and vivacity, his teeth regular, and his pouting lips of the complexion of the damask rose. In short, he was formed for love, and inspired it wherever he appeared. Nor was he a niggard of his talents, but liberally returned it—at least, what passed for such. For he had a flow of gallantry, for which many ladies of this land can vouch from their own experience. But he exclaimed against marriage, because he had, as yet, met with no woman to whose charms he would surrender his liberty, though a princess of France, and a lady of the same rank in (England),[3] were said to be, at that time, enamoured of his person.

I went home, totally engrossed by his idea, flattering myself that he had observed me with some attention; for I was young and new, and had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of the Queen herself.

Next day, being at the opera, I was agreeably surprised with the appearance of this amiable stranger, who no sooner saw me enter than he approached so near to the place where I sat, that I overheard what he said to his companions, and was so happy as to find myself the object of his discourse, which abounded with rapturous expressions of love and admiration.

I could not listen to these transports without emotion; my colour changed, my heart throbbed with unusual violence, and my eyes betrayed my inclination in sundry favourable glances, which he seemed to interpret aright, though he could not then avail himself of his success, so far as to communicate his sentiments by speech, because we were strangers to each other.

I passed that night in the most anxious suspense, and several days elapsed before I saw him again. At length, however, being at Court on a ball night, and determined against dancing, I perceived him among the crowd, and, to my unspeakable joy, saw him advance, with my Lord P(ortmore),[1] who introduced him to my acquaintance. He soon found means to alter my resolution, and I condescended to be his partner all the evening, during which he declared his passion in the most tender and persuasive terms that real love could dictate or fruitful imagination invent.

I believed his protestations, because I wished them true, and was an inexperienced girl of fifteen. I complied with his earnest request of being permitted to visit me, and even invited him to breakfast next morning; so that you may imagine (I speak to those that feel) I did not, that night, enjoy much repose. Such was the hurry and flutter of my spirits, that I rose at six to receive him at ten. I dressed myself in a new pink satin gown, and my best laced night-clothes, and was so animated by the occasion that, if ever I deserved a compliment upon my looks, it was my due at this meeting.

The wished-for moment came that brought my lover to my view. I was overwhelmed with joy, modesty, and fear of I knew not what. We sat down to breakfast, but did not eat. He renewed his addresses with irresistible eloquence, and pressed me to accept of his hand without further hesitation. But to such a precipitate step I objected, as a measure repugnant to decency, as well as to that duty which I owed to my father, whom I tenderly loved.

Though I withstood this premature proposal, I did not attempt to disguise the situation of my thoughts, and thus commenced a tender correspondence, which was maintained by letters while I remained in the country, and carried on, when I was in town, by private interviews, twice or thrice a week, at the house of my milliner, where such endearments passed as refined and happy lovers know, and others can only guess. Truth and innocence prevailed on my side, while his heart was fraught with sincerity and love. Such frequent intercourse created an intimacy which I began to think dangerous, and therefore yielded to his repeated desire that we might be united for ever. Nay, I resolved to avoid him until the day should be fixed, and very innocently, though not very wisely, told him my reason for this determination, which was no other than a consciousness of my incapacity to refuse him anything he should demand as a testimony of my love.

The time was accordingly appointed, at the distance of a few days, during which I intended to have implored my father's consent, though I had but faint hopes of obtaining it. But he was by some means or other apprised of our design, before I could prevail upon myself to make him acquainted with our purpose. I had danced with my lover at the ridotto on the preceding evening, and there perhaps our eyes betrayed us. Certain it is, several of Lord W(illia)m's relations, who disapproved of the match, came up and rallied him on his passion; Lord S(elkir)k,[2] in particular,

[1] See note on the previous page.

[2] Anne, Princess Royal, born 1709, married William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange, in 1734; died 1759.

[3] If this is not a mere touch of vanity, and if the allusion is to a daughter of George II., there were at this time three unmarried princesses—Anne, Amelia, and Caroline, aged respectively twenty-three, twenty-one, and nineteen.

[1] See note, page 349.

[2] Charles, Earl of Selkirk, was brother to James, Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who was the father of Lord William.

used this remarkable expression, "Nephew, as much love as you please, but no matrimony."

Next day, the priest being prepared, and the bridegroom waiting for me at the appointed place, in all the transports of impatient expectation, I was, without any previous warning, carried into the country by my father, who took no notice of the intelligence he had received, but decoyed me into the coach on pretence of taking the air; and when we had proceeded as far as Turnham-green, gave me to understand that he would dine in that place.

There was no remedy. I was obliged to bear my disappointment, though with an aching heart, and followed him upstairs into an apartment, where he told me he was minutely informed of my matrimonial scheme. I did not attempt to disguise the truth, but assured him, while the tears gushed from my eyes, that my want of courage alone had hindered me from making him privy to my passion; though I owned I should have married Lord W(illia)m, even though he had disapproved of my choice. I reminded him of the uneasy life I led at home, and frankly acknowledged that I loved my admirer too well to live without him; though, if he would favour me with his consent, I would defer my intention, and punctually observe any day he would fix for our nuptials. Meanwhile I begged he would permit me to send a message to Lord W(illia)m, who was waiting in expectation of my coming, and might, without such notice, imagine I was playing the jilt. He granted this last request, in consequence of which I sent a letter to my lover, who, when he received it, had almost fainted away, believing I should be locked up in the country, and snatched for ever from his arms. Tortured with these apprehensions, he changed clothes immediately, and, taking horse, resolved to follow me whithersoever we should go.

After dinner we proceeded as far as Brentford, where we lay, intending to be at my father's country house next night; and my admirer, putting up at the same inn, practised every expedient his invention could suggest to procure an interview; but all his endeavours were unsuccessful, because I, who little dreamed of his being so near, had gone to bed upon our first arrival, overwhelmed with affliction and tears.

In the morning I threw myself at my father's feet, and conjured him, by all the ties of paternal affection, to indulge me with an opportunity of seeing my admirer once more, before I should be conveyed from his wishes. The melancholy condition in which I preferred this supplication melted the tender heart of my parent, who yielded to my solicitations, and carried me back to town for that purpose.

Lord W(illia)m, who had watched our motions, and arrived at his own lodgings before we arrived at my father's house, obeyed my summons on the instant, and appeared before me like an angel. Our faculties were for some minutes suspended by a conflict of grief and joy. At length I recovered the use of speech, and gave him to understand that I was come to town in order to take my leave of him, by the permission of my father, whom I had promised to attend into the country next day, before he would consent to my return, the chief cause and pretence of which was my earnest desire to convince him that I was not to blame for the disappointment he had suffered, and that I should see him again in a month, when the nuptial knot should be tied in spite of all opposition.

My lover, who was better acquainted with the world, had well-nigh run distracted with this information. He swore he would not leave me until I should promise to meet and marry him next day; or, if I refused to grant that request, he would immediately leave the kingdom, to which he would never more return; and, before his departure, sacrifice Lord H(enry) B(eauclerk),[1] son to the D(uke) of St. A(lbans), who was the only person upon earth who could have betrayed us to my father, because he alone was trusted with the secret of our intended marriage, and had actually undertaken to give me away, an office which he afterwards declined. Lord W(illia)m also affirmed that my father decoyed me into the country with a view of cooping me up, and sequestering me entirely from his view and correspondence.

In vain I pleaded my father's well-known tenderness, and used all the arguments I could recollect to divert him from his revenge upon Lord H(enry). He was deaf to all my representations, and nothing, I found, would prevail upon him to suppress his resentment, but a positive promise to comply with his former desire. I told him I would hazard everything to make him happy; but could not, with any regard to my duty, take such a step without the knowledge of my parent; or, if I were so inclined, it would be impracticable to elude his vigilance and suspicion. However, he employed such pathetic remonstrances, and retained such a powerful advocate within my own breast, that, before we parted, I assured him my whole power should be exerted for his satisfaction; and he signified his resolution of sitting up all night, in expectation of seeing me at his lodgings.

He had no sooner retired than I went into the next room, and desired my father to fix a day for the marriage; in which case I would cheerfully wait upon him into the country; whereas, should he deny my request, on pretence of staying for the consent of my mother's relations, which was very uncertain, I would seize the first opportunity of marrying Lord W(illia)m, cost what it would. He consented to the match, but would not appoint a day for the ceremony, which he proposed to defer until all parties should be agreed; and such a favourable crisis, I feared, would never happen.

I therefore resolved within myself to gratify my lover's expectation, by eloping, if possible, that very night; though the execution of this plan was extremely difficult, because my father was upon the alarm, and my own maid, who was my bedfellow, altogether in his interest. Notwithstanding these considerations, I found means to engage one of the housemaids in my behalf, who bespoke a hackney-coach, to be kept in waiting all night; and to bed I went with my Abigail, whom, as I had not closed an eye, I waked about five in the morning, and sent to pack up some things for our intended journey.

While she was thus employed I got up, and huddled on my clothes, standing upon my pillow, lest my father, who lay in the chamber below, should hear me afoot, and suspect my design.

Having dressed myself with great despatch and disorder, I flounced down-stairs, stalking as heavily as I could tread, that he might mistake me for one of the servants; and my confederate opening the door, I sallied out into the street, though I knew not which way to turn; and, to my unspeakable mortification, neither coach nor chair appeared.

Having travelled on foot a good way, in hope

[1] Lord Henry Beauclerk, fourth son of Charles Duke of St. Albans, natural son of Charles II. by Eleanor Gwynne.

of finding a convenience, and being not only disappointed in that particular, but also bewildered in my peregrination, I began to be exceedingly alarmed with the apprehension of being met by some person who might know me; because, in that case, my design would undoubtedly have been discovered, from every circumstance of my appearance at that time of day; for I had put on the very clothes which I had pulled off over night, so that my dress was altogether odd and peculiar. My shoes were very fine, and over a large hoop I wore a pink satin quilted petticoat trimmed with silver, which was partly covered by a white dimity night-gown, a full quarter of a yard too short; my handkerchief and apron were hurried on without pinning; my night-cap could not contain my hair, which hung about my ears in great disorder, and my countenance denoted a mixture of hope and fear, joy and shame.

In this dilemma I made my addresses to that honourable member of society, a shoe-black, whom I earnestly entreated to provide me with a coach or chair, promising to reward him liberally for his trouble; but he, having the misfortune to be lame, was unable to keep up with my pace; so that by his advice and direction I went into the first public-house I found open, where I stayed some time, in the utmost consternation, among a crew of wretches whom I thought proper to bribe for their civility, not without the terror of being stripped. At length, however, my messenger returned with a chair, of which I took immediate possession; and fearing that, by this time, my family would be alarmed, and send directly to Lord W(illia)m's lodgings, I ordered myself to be carried thither backwards, that so I might pass undiscovered.

This stratagem succeeded according to my wish; I ran up-stairs in a state of trepidation to my faithful lover, who waited for me with the most impatient and fearful suspense. At sight of me his eyes lightened with transport; he caught me in his arms, as the richest present Heaven could bestow; gave me to understand that my father had already sent to his lodgings in quest of me; then, applauding my love and resolution in the most rapturous terms, he ordered a hackney-coach to be called, and, that we might run no risk of separation, attended me to church, where we were lawfully joined in the sight of Heaven.

His fears were then all over, but mine recurred with double aggravation. I dreaded the sight of my father, and shared all the sorrow he suffered on account of my undutiful behaviour; for I loved him with such piety of affection, that I would have endured every other species of distress rather than have given him the least uneasiness; but love, where he reigns in full empire, is altogether irresistible, surmounts every difficulty, and swallows up all other considerations. This was the case with me; and now the irrevocable step was taken my first care was to avoid his sight. With this view I begged that Lord W(illia)m would think of some remote place in the country, to which we might retire for the present; and he forthwith conducted me to a house on Blackheath, where we were very civilly received by a laughter-loving dame, who seemed to mistake me for one of her own sisterhood.

I no sooner perceived her opinion than I desired Lord W(illia)m to undeceive her; upon which she was made acquainted with the nature of my situation, and showed us into a private room, where I called for pen and paper, and wrote an apology to my father for having acted contrary to his will in so important a concern.

This task being performed, the bridegroom gave me to understand that there was a necessity for our being bedded immediately, in order to render the marriage binding, lest my father should discover and part us before consummation. I pleaded hard for a respite till the evening, objecting to the indecency of going to bed before noon; but he found means to invalidate all my arguments, and to convince me that it was now my duty to obey. Rather than hazard the imputation of being obstinate and refractory on the first day of my probation, I suffered myself to be led into a chamber, which was darkened by my express stipulation, that my shame and confusion might be the better concealed, and yielded to the privilege of a dear husband, who loved me to adoration.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we were called to dinner, which we had ordered to be ready at four; but such a paltry care had been forgot amidst the transports of our mutual bliss. We got up, however, and when we came downstairs, I was ashamed to see the light of day, or meet the eyes of my beloved lord. I ate little, said less, was happy though overwhelmed with confusion, underwent a thousand agitations, some of which were painful, but by far the greater part belonged to rapture and delight; we were imparadised in the gratification of our mutual wishes, and felt all that love can bestow and sensibility enjoy.

In the twilight we returned to Lord W(illia)m's lodgings in town, where I received a letter from my father, importing that he would never see me again. But there was one circumstance in his manner of writing, from which I conceived a happy presage of his future indulgence. He had begun with his usual appellation of *Dear Fanny*, which, though it was expunged to make way for the word *Madam*, encouraged me to hope that his paternal fondness was not yet extinguished.

At supper we were visited by Lord W(illia)m's younger sister, who laughed at us for our inconsiderate match, though she owned she envied our happiness, and offered me the use of her clothes until I could retrieve my own. She was a woman of a great deal of humour, plain but genteel, civil, friendly, and perfectly well bred. She favoured us with her company till the night was pretty far advanced, and did not take her leave till we retired to our apartment.

As our lodgings were not spacious or magnificent, we resolved to see little company; but this resolution was frustrated by the numerous acquaintance of Lord W(illia)m, who let in half the town; so that I ran the gauntlet for a whole week among a set of wits, who always delight in teasing a young creature of any note, when she happens to make such a stolen match. Among those that visited us upon this occasion was my lord's younger brother, who was at that time in keeping with a rich heiress of masculine memory, and took that opportunity of making a parade with his equipage, which was indeed very magnificent, but altogether disregarded by us, whose happiness consisted in the opulence of mutual love.

This ceremony of receiving visits being performed, we went to wait on his mother, the Duchess of H(amilton), who, hearing I was an heiress, readily forgave her son for marrying without her knowledge and consent, and favoured us with a very cordial reception; insomuch that for several months we dined almost constantly at her table; and, I must own, I always found her unaltered in her civility and affection, contrary to her general character, which was haughty and capricious. She was undoubtedly a woman

of great spirit and understanding, but subject to an infirmity which very much impairs and disguises every other qualification.

In about three weeks after our marriage I was so happy as to obtain the forgiveness of my father, to whose house we repaired, in order to pay our respects and submission. At sight of me he wept; nor did I behold his tears unmoved. My heart was overcharged with tenderness and sorrow, for having offended such an indulgent parent; so that I mingled my tears with his, while my dear husband, whose soul was of the softest and gentlest mould, melted with sympathy at the affecting scene.

Being thus reconciled to my father, we attended him into the country, where we were received by my mother, who was a sensible good woman, though not susceptible to love, and therefore less apt to excuse a weakness to which she was an utter stranger. This was likewise the case with an uncle, from whom I had great expectations. He was a plain good-natured man, and treated us with great courtesy, though his notions in point of love were not exactly conformable to ours. Nevertheless, I was, and seemed to be, so happy in my choice, that my family not only became satisfied with the match, but exceedingly fond of Lord W(illia)m.

After a short stay with them in the country, we returned to London, in order to be introduced at Court, and then set out for the north, on a visit to my brother-in-law, the Duke of H(amilton), who had, by a letter to Lord W(illia)m, invited us to his habitation. My father accordingly equipped us with horses and money; for our own finances were extremely slender, consisting only of a small pension, allowed by his grace, upon whom the brothers were entirely dependent, the father having died suddenly, before suitable provision could be made for his younger children.

When I took my leave of my relations, bidding adieu to my paternal home, and found myself launching into a world of care and trouble, though the voyage on which I had embarked was altogether voluntary, and my companion the person on whom I doated to distraction, I could not help feeling some melancholy sensations, which, however, in a little time gave way to a train of more agreeable ideas. I was visited in town by almost all the women of fashion, many of whom, I perceived, envied me the possession of a man who had made strange havoc among their hearts, and some of them knew the value of his favour. One in particular endeavoured to cultivate my friendship with singular marks of regard; but I thought proper to discourage her advances, by keeping within the bounds of bare civility; and, indeed, to none of them was I lavish of my complaisance; for I dedicated my whole time to the object of my affection, who engrossed my wishes to such a degree, that, although I was never jealous, because I had no reason to be so, I envied the happiness of every woman whom he chanced at any time to hand into a coach.

The Duchess of L(eeds),[1] who was newly married to the Earl of P(ortmore), a particular friend of Lord W(illiam)'s, carried me to Court, and presented me to the Queen, who expressed her approbation of my person in very particular terms, and observing the satisfaction that appeared in my countenance, with marks of admiration, desired her ladies to take notice how little happiness depended upon wealth, since there was more joy in my face than in all her Court besides.

[1] Juliana, third wife and widow of Peregrine Hyde, third Duke of Leeds, married, October 7th, 1732, Charles, the second Earl of Portmore.

Such a declaration could not fail to overwhelm me with blushes, which her majesty seemed to behold with pleasure; for she frequently repeated the remark, and showed me to all the foreigners of distinction, with many gracious expressions of favour. She wished Lord W(illia)m happiness instead of joy, and was pleased to promise that she would provide for her pretty beggars. And poor enough we certainly were in every article but love. Nevertheless, we felt no necessities, but passed the summer in a variety of pleasures and parties; the greatest part of which were planned by Lord W(illiam)'s sister and another lady, who was at that time mistress[1] to the prime minister. The first was a wit, but homely in her person; the other a woman of great beauty and masculine understanding; and a particular friendship subsisted between them, though they were both lovers of power and admiration.

This lady, who sat at the helm, was extremely elegant, as well as expensive in her diversions, in many of which we bore a share, particularly in her parties upon the water, which were contrived in all the magnificence of taste. In the course of these amusements a trifling circumstance occurred, which I shall relate as an instance of that jealous sensibility which characterized Lord W(illia)m's disposition. A large company of ladies and gentlemen having agreed to dine at Vauxhall, and sup at Marblehall, where we proposed to conclude the evening with a dance, one barge being insufficient to contain the whole company, we were divided by lots, in consequence of which my husband and I were parted. This separation was equally mortifying to us both, who, though married, were still lovers; and my chagrin increased when I perceived that I was doomed to sit by Sir W(illiam) Y(onge),[2] a man of professed gallantry; for although Lord W(illia)m had, before his marriage, made his addresses to every woman he saw, I knew very well he did not desire that any person should make love to his wife.

That I might not, therefore, give umbrage by talking to this gallant, I conversed with a Scotch nobleman, who, according to common report, had formerly sighed among my admirers. By these means, in seeking to avoid one error, I unwittingly plunged myself into a greater, and disobliged Lord W(illia)m so much, that he could not conceal his displeasure; nay, so deeply was he offended at my conduct, that, in the evening, when the ball began, he would scarce deign to take me by the hand in the course of dancing, and darted such unkind looks as pierced me to the very soul. What augmented my concern was my ignorance of the trespass I had committed. I was tortured with a thousand uneasy reflections; I began to fear that I had mistaken his temper, and given my heart to a man who

[1] Miss Skerrett. The following note on the Peerage by the Earl of Oxford is interesting:—March 4, 1738-39. "Sir Robert (Walpole) owned his marriage with Miss Skerrett, a passion he kept long. He brought her to his house at Whitehall, dined with his family, was carried to Court, received most graciously, and visited by all the ladies of quality, both gentle and simple. She died in great pain." She was daughter of Thomas Skerrett, Esq., an Irish gentleman. See *Lady M. W. Montague's Letters*, Mr. W. Moy Thomas's edition, vol. i. p. 74.

[2] Probably Sir William Yonge, who became Secretary of War in 1735. "Sir Robert Walpole always said of him 'that nothing but Yonge's character could keep down his parts, and nothing but his parts support his character.'"—*Wright.* "He was vain, extravagant, trifling; simple out of the House, and too ready at assertions in it."—*Horace Walpole*, quoted by Cunningham.

was tired of possession; though I resolved to bear without complaining the misfortune I had entailed upon myself,

I seized the first opportunity of speaking to him, and thereby discovered the cause of his chagrin; but, as there was no time for expostulation, the misunderstanding continued on his side, with such evident marks of uneasiness, that every individual of the company made up to me, and inquired about the cause of his disorder; so that I was fain to amuse their concern, by saying, that he had been ill the day before, and dancing did not agree with his constitution. So much was he incensed by this unhappy circumstance of my conduct, which was void of all intention to offend him, that he determined to be revenged on me for my indiscretion, and at supper, chancing to sit between two very handsome ladies, one of whom is lately dead, and the other at present my neighbour in the country, he affected an air of gaiety, and openly coquetted with them both.

This was not the only punishment he inflicted on his innocent wife. In the course of our entertainment we engaged in some simple diversion, in consequence of which the gentlemen were ordered to salute the ladies; when Lord W(illiam), in performing this command, unkindly neglected me in my turn; and I had occasion for all my discretion and pride to conceal from the company the agonies I felt at this mark of indifference and disrespect. However, I obtained the victory over myself, and pretended to laugh at his husband-like behaviour, while the tears stood in my eyes, and my heart swelled even to bursting.

We broke up about five, after having spent the most tedious evening I had ever known; and this offended lover went to bed in a state of sullen silence and disgust. Whatever desire I had to come to an explanation, I thought myself so much aggrieved by his unreasonable prejudice, that I could not prevail upon myself to demand a conference, till after his first nap, when my pride giving way to my tenderness, I clasped him in my arms, though he pretended to discourage these advances of my love. I asked how he could be so unjust as to take umbrage at my civility to a man whom he knew I had refused for his sake; I chid him for his barbarous endeavours to awake my jealousy, and used such irresistible arguments in my own vindication, that he was convinced of my innocence, sealed my acquittal with a kind embrace, and we mutually enjoyed the soft transports of a fond reconciliation.

Never was passion more eager, delicate, or unreserved than that which glowed within our breasts. Far from being cloyed with the possession of each other, our raptures seemed to increase with the term of our union. When we were parted, though but for a few hours, by the necessary avocations of life, we were unhappy during that brief separation, and met again, like lovers who knew no joy but in one another's presence. How many delicious evenings did we spend together in our little apartment, after we had ordered the candles to be taken away, that we might enjoy the agreeable reflection of the moon in a fine summer's evening. Such a mild and solemn scene naturally disposes the mind to peace and benevolence; but when improved with the conversation of the man one loves, it fills the imagination with ideas of ineffable delight! For my own part, I can safely say, my heart was so wholly engrossed by my husband, that I never took pleasure in any diversion where he was not personally concerned; nor was I ever guilty of one thought repugant to my duty and my love.

In the autumn we set out for the north, and were met on the road by the duke and twenty gentlemen, who conducted us to H(amilto)n, where we lived in all imaginable splendour. His grace, at that time, maintained above an hundred servants, with a band of music which always performed at dinner, kept open table, and was visited by a great deal of company. The economy of his house was superintended by his eldest sister, a beautiful young lady of an amiable temper, with whom I soon contracted an intimate friendship. She and the duke used to rally me upon my fondness for Lord W(illia)m, who was a sort of a humorist, and apt to be in a pet, in which case he would leave the company and go to bed by seven o'clock in the evening. On these occasions I always disappeared, giving up every consideration to that of pleasing my husband, notwithstanding the ridicule of his relations, who taxed me with having spoiled him with too much indulgence. But how could I express too much tenderness and condescension for a man who doated upon me to such excess, that, when business obliged him to leave me, he always snatched the first opportunity to return, and often rode through darkness, storms, and tempests to my arms.

Having stayed about seven months in this place, I found myself in a fair way of being a mother; and that I might be near my own relations in such an interesting situation, I and my dear companion departed from H(amilto)n, not without great reluctance; for I was fond of the Scots in general, who treated me with great hospitality and respect; and to this day they pay me the compliment of saying I was one of the best wives in that country, which is so justly celebrated for good women.

Lord W(illia)m having attended me to my father's house, was obliged to return to Scotland, to support his interest in being elected member of Parliament; so that he took his leave of me, with a full resolution of seeing me again before the time of my lying-in; and all the comfort I enjoyed in his absence was the perusal of his letters, which I punctually received, together with those of his sister, who from time to time favoured me with assurances of his constancy and devotion. Indeed, these testimonials were necessary to one of my disposition; for I was none of those who could be contented with half a heart. I could not even spare one complacent look to any other woman, but expected the undivided homage of his love. Had I been disappointed in this expectation, I should, though a wife, have rebelled or died.

Meanwhile my parents treated me with great tenderness, intending that Lord W(illia)m should be settled in a house of his own, and accommodated with my fortune, and his expectations from the Queen were very sanguine, when I was taken ill, and delivered of a dead child—an event which affected me extremely. When I understood the extent of my misfortune, my heart throbbed with such violence that my breast could scarce contain it; and my anxiety being aggravated by the absence of my lord, produced a dangerous fever, of which he was no sooner apprised by letter than he came post from Scotland; but, before his arrival, I was supposed to be in a fair way.

During this journey he was tortured with all that terrible suspense which prevails in the minds of those who are in danger of losing that which is most dear to them; and, when he entered the house, was so much overwhelmed with apprehension that he durst not inquire about the state of my health.

As for my part, I never closed an eye from the time on which I expected his return; and,

when I heard his voice, I threw open my curtains, and sat up in the bed to receive him, though at the hazard of my life. He ran towards me with all the eagerness of passion, and clasped me in his arms; he kneeled by the bedside, kissed my hand a thousand times, and wept with transports of tenderness and joy. In short, this meeting was so pathetic as to overcome my enfeebled constitution, and we were parted by those who were wiser than ourselves, and saw that nothing was so proper for us as a little repose.

But how shall I relate the deplorable transition from envied happiness to excess of misery which I now sustained! My month was hardly up when my dear husband was taken ill; perhaps the fatigue of body, as well as mind, which he had undergone on my account, occasioned a fatal ferment in his blood, and his health fell a sacrifice to his love. Physicians were called from London; but alas! they brought no hopes of his recovery. By their advice he was removed to town, for the convenience of being punctually attended. Every moment was too precious to be thrown away; he was therefore immediately put into the coach, though the day was far spent; and I, though exceedingly weak, accompanied him in the journey, which was performed by the light of flambeaux, and rendered unspeakingly shocking by the dismal apprehension of losing him every moment.

At length, however, we arrived at our lodgings in Pall Mall, where I lay by him on the floor, and attended the issue of his distemper in all the agonies of horror and despair. In a little time his malady settled upon his brain, and, in his delirium, he uttered such dreadful exclamations as were sufficient to pierce the most savage heart. What effect then must they have had on mine, which was fraught with every sentiment of the most melting affection! It was not a common grief that took possession of my soul; I felt all the aggravation of the most acute distress. I sometimes ran down to the street in a fit of distraction; I sent for the doctors every minute; I wearied Heaven with my prayers. Even now my heart aches at the remembrance of what I suffered, and I cannot, without trembling, proceed with the woful story.

After having lain insensible some days, he recovered the use of speech, and called upon my name, which he had a thousand times repeated while he was bereft of reason. All hopes of his life were now relinquished, and I was led to his bedside to receive his last adieu, being directed to summon all my fortitude and suppress my sorrow, that he might not be disturbed by my agitation. I collected all my resolution to support me in this affecting scene. I saw my dear lord in extremity. The beauties of his youth were all decayed; yet his eyes, though languid, retained unspeakable sweetness and expression. He felt his end approaching, put forth his hand, and, with a look full of complacency and benevolence, uttered such a tender tale—Good Heaven! how had I deserved such accumulated affliction! —the bare remembrance of which now melts me into tears. Human nature could not undergo my situation without suffering an ecstasy of grief! I clasped him in my arms, and kissed him a thousand times, with the most violent emotions of woe; but I was torn from his embrace, and in a little time he was ravished for ever from my view.

On that fatal morning which put a period to his life, I saw the Duchess of L(eeds)[1] approach my bed, and, from her appearance, concluded that he was no more; yet I begged she would not confirm the unhappy presage by announcing his death; and she accordingly preserved the most emphatic silence. I got up, and trod softly over his head, as if I had been afraid of interrupting his repose. Alas! he was no longer sensible of such disturbance. I was seized with a stupefaction of sorrow: I threw up the window, and, looking around, thought the sun shone with the most dismal aspect; everything was solitary, cheerless, and replete with horror.

In this condition I was, by the direction of my friend, conveyed to her house, where my faculties were so overpowered by the load of anguish which oppressed me, that I know not what passed during the first days of my unhappy widowhood; this only I know, the kind duchess treated me with all imaginable care and compassion, and carried me to her country house, where I stayed some months; during which she endeavoured to comfort me with all the amusements she could invent, and laid me under such obligations as shall never be erased from my remembrance. Yet, notwithstanding all her care and concern, I was, by my excess of grief, plunged into a languishing distemper, for which my physicians advised me to drink the Bath waters.

In compliance with this prescription I went thither towards the end of summer, and found some benefit by adhering to their directions; though I seldom went abroad, except when I visited my sister-in-law, who was there with the princess; and, upon these occasions, I never failed to attract the notice of the company, who were struck with the appearance of such a young creature in weeds. Nor was I free from the persecution of professed admirers; but, being dead to all joy, I was deaf to the voice of adulation.

About Christmas I repaired to my father's house, where my sorrows were revived by every object that recalled the idea of my dear lamented lord. But these melancholy reflections I was obliged to bear, because I had no other home or habitation, being left an unprovided widow, altogether dependent on the affection of my own family.

During this winter divers overtures were made to my father, by people who demanded me in marriage; but my heart was not yet sufficiently weaned from my former passion to admit the thoughts of another master. Among those that presented their proposals was a certain young nobleman,[1] who upon the first news of Lord W(illiam)'s death, came post from Paris, in order to declare his passion. He made his first appearance in a hired chariot and six, accompanied by a big fat fellow, whom (as I afterwards learned) he had engaged to sound his praises, with a promise of a thousand pounds, in lieu of which he paid him with forty. Whether it was with a view of screening himself from the cold, or of making a comfortable medium in case of being overturned, and falling under his weighty companion, I know not; but certain it is, the carriage was stuffed with hay, in such a manner that, when he arrived, the servants were at some pains in rummaging and removing it, before they could come at their master, or help him to alight. When he was lifted out of the chariot he exhibited a very ludicrous figure to the view. He was a thin, meagre, shivering creature, of a low stature, with little black eyes, a long nose, sallow complexion, and pitted with the small-pox; dressed in a coat of light brown fricze, lined with

[1] The Duchess of Leeds married the Earl of Portmore, Lord William's friend. It was she who presented Lady Vane at Court. See p. 344.

[1] This was William, second Viscount Vane in Ireland. See note, p. 343. He died 1789, a year after Lady Vane's death.—Cunningham's *Letters of Horace Walpole.*

pink-coloured shag, a monstrous solitaire and bag, and (if I remember right) a pair of huge jackboots. In a word, his whole appearance was so little calculated for inspiring love, that I had (on the strength of seeing him once before at Oxford) set him down as the last man on earth whom I would choose to wed; and I will venture to affirm that he was in every particular the reverse of my late husband.

As my father was not at home he stayed but one evening, and left his errand with my mother, to whom he was as disagreeable as to myself; so that his proposal was absolutely rejected, and I heard no more of him during the space of three whole months, at the expiration of which I went to town, where this mortifying figure presented itself again, and renewed his suit, offering such advantageous terms of settlement that my father began to relish the match, and warmly recommended it to my consideration.

Lord W(illia)m's relations advised me to embrace the opportunity of making myself independent. All my acquaintance plied me with arguments to the same purpose. I was uneasy at home, and indifferent to all mankind. I weighed the motives with the objections, and with reluctance yielded to the importunity of my friends.

In consequence of this determination the little gentleman was permitted to visit me; and the manner of his address did not at all alter the opinion I had conceived of his character and understanding. I was even shocked at the prospect of marrying a man whom I could not love; and, in order to disburden my own conscience, took an opportunity of telling him one evening as we sat opposite to each other, that it was not in my power to command my affection, and therefore he could not expect the possession of my heart, Lord W(illiam)'s indulgence having spoiled me for a wife; nevertheless I would endeavour to contract a friendship for him, which would entirely depend upon his own behaviour.

To this declaration he replied, to my great surprise, that he did not desire me to love him—my friendship was sufficient; and next day repeated this strange instance of moderation in a letter which I communicated to my sister, who laughed heartily at the contents, and persuaded me that, since I could love no man, he was the properest person to be my husband.

Accordingly, the wedding clothes and equipage being prepared, the day—the fatal day—was fixed!—on the morning of which I went to the house of my brother-in-law, the Duke of H(amilton), who loved me tenderly, and took my leave of the family, a family which I shall always remember with love, honour, and esteem. His grace received me in the most affectionate manner, saying at parting, "Lady W(illiam), if he does not use you well, I will take you back again."

The bridegroom and I met at Ox(ford) Chapel,[1] where the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of W—, in presence of his lordship's mother, my father, and another lady. The nuptial knot being tied, we set out for my father's house in the country, and proceeded full twenty miles on our journey before my lord opened his mouth, my thoughts having been all that time employed on something quite foreign to my present situation, for I was then but a giddy girl of eighteen. At length my father broke silence, and clapping his lordship on the shoulder, told him he was but a dull bridegroom; upon which my lord gave him to understand that he was out of spirits. This dejection continued all the day, notwithstanding the refreshment of a plentiful dinner, which he ate upon the road, and in the evening we arrived at the place of our destination, where we were kindly received by my mother, though she had no liking to the match; and after supper we retired to our apartment.

It was here that I had occasion to perceive the most disagreeable contrast between my present helpmate and my former lord. Instead of flying to my arms with all the eagerness of love and rapture, this manly representative sat moping in a corner, like a criminal on execution day, and owned he was ashamed to bed with a woman whose hand he had scarce ever touched.

I could not help being affected with this pusillanimous behaviour. I remembered Lord W(illia)m, while I surveyed the object before me, and made such a comparison as filled me with horror and disgust; nay, to such a degree did my aversion to this phantom prevail, that I began to sweat with anguish at the thought of being subjected to his pleasure; and when, after a long hesitation, he ventured to approach me, I trembled as if I had been exposed to the embraces of a rattlesnake. Nor did the efforts of his love diminish this antipathy. His attempts were like the pawings of an imp, sent from hell to seize and torment some guilty wretch, such as are exhibited in some dramatic performance, which I never see acted without remembering my wedding-night. By such shadowy, unsubstantial, vexatious behaviour was I tantalized, and robbed of my repose; and early next morning I got up, with a most sovereign contempt for my bedfellow, who indulged himself in bed till eleven.

Having passed a few days in this place, I went home with him to his house at Twickenham, and soon after we were presented at Court, when the Queen was pleased to say to my lord's mother, she did not doubt that we should be a happy couple, for I had been a good wife to my former husband.

Whatever deficiencies I had to complain of in my new spouse, he was not wanting in point of liberality. I was presented with a very fine chariot, studded with silver nails, and such a profusion of jewels as furnished a joke to some of my acquaintance, who observed, that I was formerly queen of hearts, but now metamorphosed into the queen of diamonds. I now also had an opportunity, which I did not let slip, of paying Lord W(illia)m's debts from my privy purse; and on that score received the thanks of his elder brother, who, though he had undertaken to discharge them, delayed the execution of his purpose longer than I thought they should remain unpaid. This uncommon splendour attracted the eyes and envy of my competitors, who were the more implacable in their resentments, because, notwithstanding my marriage, I was as much as ever followed by the men of gallantry and pleasure, among whom it is a constant maxim, that a woman never withholds her affections from her husband without an intention to bestow them somewhere else. I never appeared without a train of admirers, and my house in the country was always crowded with gay young men of quality.

Among those who cultivated my good graces with the greatest skill and assiduity were the Earl C(holmondeley)[1] and Mr. S(hirley),[2] brother to

[1] Marylebone Chapel.

[1] Perhaps George, third Earl of Cholmondeley. He had married Mary, the only legitimate daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, and this lady died in 1731, four or five years before the date referred to here. Horace Walpole laments his "profusion."

[2] The Hon. Sewallis Shirley, son of Robert, first Earl of Ferrers, born 1709, died October 31st, 1765. He married Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Orford. "Mr.

Lord F(errers); the former of whom, in the course of his addresses, treated me with an entertainment of surprising magnificence, disposed into a dinner, supper, and ball, to which I, at his desire, invited eleven ladies, whom he paired with the like number of his own sex; so that the whole company amounted to twenty-four. We were regaled with a most elegant dinner, in an apartment which was altogether superb, and served by gentlemen only, no livery servant being permitted to come within the door. In the afternoon we embarked in two splendid barges, being attended by a band of music in a third, and enjoyed a delightful evening upon the river till the twilight, when we returned and began the ball, which was conducted with such order and taste that mirth and good-humour prevailed. No dissatisfaction appeared, except in the countenance of one old maid, since married to a son of the Duke of ——, who, though she would not refuse to partake of such an agreeable entertainment, was displeased that I should have the honour of inviting her. O baleful Envy, thou self-tormenting fiend! how dost thou predominate in all assemblies, from the grand gala of a court to the meeting of simple peasants at their harvest-home! Nor is the prevalence of this sordid passion to be at all wondered at, if we consider the weakness, pride, and vanity of our sex. The presence of one favourite man shall poison the enjoyment of a whole company, and produce the most rancorous enmity betwixt the closest friends.

I danced with the master of the ball, who employed all the artillery of his eloquence in making love; yet I did not listen to his addresses, for he was not to my taste, though he possessed an agreeable person, and a good acquired understanding; but he was utterly ignorant of that gentle prevailing art which I afterwards experienced in Mr. S(hirley), and which was the only method he could have successfully practised in seducing a young woman like me, born with sentiments of honour, and trained up in the paths of religion and virtue. This young gentleman was indeed absolutely master of those insinuating qualifications which few women of passion and sensibility can resist, and had a person every way adapted for profiting by these insidious talents. He was well acquainted with the human heart, conscious of his own power and capacity, and exercised these endowments with unwearied perseverance. He was tall and thin, of a shape and size perfectly agreeable to my taste, with large blue eloquent eyes, good teeth, and a long head turned to gallantry. His behaviour was the standard of politeness, and all his advances were conducted with the most profound respect, which is the most effectual expedient a man can use against us, if he can find means to persuade us that it proceeds from the excess and delicacy of his passion. It is no other than a silent compliment, by which our accomplishments are continually flattered, and pleases in proportion to the supposed understanding of him who pays it.

By these arts and advantages this consummate politician in love began by degrees to sap the foundations of my conjugal faith; he stole imperceptibly into my affection, and by dint of opportunity, which he well knew how to improve, triumphed at last over all his rivals.

Nor was he the only person that disputed my heart with Earl C(holmondeley). That nobleman was also rivalled by Lord C(harles) H(ay),[1] a Scotchman, who had been an intimate and relation of my former husband. Him I would have preferred to most of his competitors, and actually coquetted with him for some time. But the amour was interrupted by his going to Ireland, upon which occasion, understanding that he was but indifferently provided with money, I made him a present of a gold snuff-box, in which was enclosed a bank-note; a trifling mark of my esteem, which he afterwards justified by the most grateful, friendly, and genteel behaviour; and as we corresponded by letters, I frankly told him that Mr. S(hirley) had stepped in, and won the palm from all the rest of my admirers.

This new favourite's mother and sisters, who lived in the neighbourhood, were my constant companions; and, in consequence of this intimacy, he never let a day pass without paying his respects to me in person; nay, so ingenious was he in contriving the means of promoting his suit, that whether I rode or walked, went abroad or stayed at home, he was always of course one of the party; so that his design seemed to engross his whole vigilance and attention. Thus he studied my disposition, and established himself in my good opinion at the same time. He found my heart was susceptible of every tender impression, and saw that I was not free from the vanity of youth; he had already acquired my friendship and esteem, from which he knew there was a short and easy transition to love. By his penetration choosing proper seasons for the theme, he urged it with such pathetic vows and artful adulation as well might captivate a young woman of my complexion and experience, and circumstanced as I was, with a husband whom I had such reason to despise.

Though he thus made an insensible progress in my heart, he did not find my virtue an easy conquest; and I myself was ignorant of the advantage he had gained with regard to my inclinations, until I was convinced of his success by an alarm of jealousy which I one day felt at seeing him engaged in conversation with another lady. I forthwith recognised this symptom of love, with which I had been formerly acquainted, and trembled at the discovery of my own weakness. I underwent a strange agitation and mixture of contrary sensations. I was pleased with the passion, yet ashamed of avowing it even to my own mind. The rights of a husband, though mine was but a nominal one, occurred to my reflection, and virtue, modesty, and honour forbade me to cherish the guilty flame.

When I encouraged these laudable scruples, and resolved to sacrifice my love to duty and reputation, my lord was almost every day employed in riding post to my father, with complaints of my conduct, which was hitherto irreproachable; though the greatest grievance which he pretended to have suffered was my refusing

Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies (Lady Vane and Lady Orford), equal in their heroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex—the one for beauty and the other wealth; both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well-bred, well-shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes, which Lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me; and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which, I think, her story shows in a strong light."—*Lady M. W. Montague to her Daughter*, 1752, quoted by Cunningham.

[1] Most probably Lord Charles Hay of Linplum, third son of Charles, third Marquis of Tweeddale. He was well known in the fashionable world of the time, and was, subsequently to this adventure with Lady Vane, a hero of Fontenoy, and also the hero of a court-martial, for which Horace Walpole speaks of him as "mad."

to comply with his desire, when he entreated me to lie a whole hour every morning with my neck uncovered, that, by gazing, he might quiet the perturbation of his spirits. From this request you may judge of the man, as well as of the regard I must entertain for his character and disposition.

During the whole summer I was besieged by my artful undoer, and in the autumn set out with my lord for Bath, where, by reason of the intimacy that subsisted between our families, we lived in the same house with my lover and his sister, who, with another agreeable young lady, accompanied us in this expedition. By this time Mr. S(hirley) had extorted from me a confession of a mutual flame, though I assured him that it should never induce me to give up the valuable possession of an unspotted character, and a conscience void of offence. I offered him all the enjoyment he could reap from an unreserved intercourse of souls, abstracted from any sensual consideration. He eagerly embraced the Platonic proposal, because he had sagacity enough to foresee the issue of such chimerical contracts, and knew me too well to think he could accomplish his purpose without seeming to acquiesce in my own terms, and cultivating my tenderness under the specious pretext.

In consequence of this agreement, we took all opportunities of seeing each other in private; and these interviews were spent in mutual protestations of disinterested love. This correspondence, though dangerous, was, on my side, equally innocent and endearing; and many happy hours we passed before my sentiments were discovered. At length my lover was taken ill, and then my passion burst out beyond the power of concealment; my grief and anxiety became so conspicuous in my countenance, and my behaviour was so indiscreet, that everybody in the house perceived the situation of my thoughts, and blamed my conduct accordingly.

Certain it is I was extremely imprudent, though intentionally innocent. I have lain whole nights by my lord, who teased and tormented me for that which neither I could give nor he could take, and ruminated on the fatal consequences of this unhappy flame, until I was worked into a fever of disquiet. I saw there was no safety but in flight, and often determined to banish myself for ever from the sight of this dangerous intruder. But my resolution always failed at the approach of day, and my desire of seeing him as constantly recurred. So far was I from persisting in such commendable determinations, that, on the eve of our departure from Bath, I felt the keenest pangs of sorrow at our approaching separation; and as we could not enjoy our private interviews at my house in town, I promised to visit him at his own apartments, after he had sworn by all that's sacred, that he would take no sinister advantage of my condescension, by presuming upon the opportunities I should give.

He kept his word, for he saw I trusted to it with fear and trembling, and perceived that my apprehension was not affected, but the natural concern of a young creature, distracted between love and duty, whom, had he alarmed, he never would have seen within his doors again. Instead of pressing me with solicitations in favour of his passion, he was more than ever respectful and complaisant; so that I found myself disengaged of all restraint, conducted the conversation, shortened and repeated my visits at my own pleasure, till at last I became so accustomed to this communication that his house was as familiar to me as my own.

Having in this manner secured himself in my confidence, he resumed the favourite topic of love, and, warming my imagination by gradual advances on the subject, my heart began to pant; when he saw me thus moved, he snatched the favourable occasion to practise all his eloquence and art. I could not resist his energy, nor even fly from the temptation that assailed me, until he had obtained a promise that he should, at our next meeting, reap the fruits of his tedious expectation. Upon this condition I was permitted to retire, and blessed Heaven for my escape, fully determined to continue in the path of virtue I had hitherto trod, and stifle the criminal flame by which my peace and reputation were endangered. But his idea, which reigned in my heart without control, soon baffled all these prudent suggestions.

I saw him again; and he reminded me of my promise, which I endeavoured to evade with affected pleasantry; upon which he manifested the utmost displeasure and chagrin, shedding some crocodile tears, and upbraided me with levity and indifference. He observed that he had solicited my favour for ten long months without intermission, and imagined I had held out so long on virtuous motives only; but now he could plainly perceive that his want of success had been owing to my want of affection, and that all my professions were insincere. In a word, he persuaded me that his remonstrances were just and reasonable. I could not see the affliction of a man I loved, when I knew it was in my power to remove it; and, rather than forfeit his opinion of my sincerity and love, I consented to his wish. My heart now flutters at the remembrance of the dear though fatal indiscretion; yet I reflect without remorse, and even remember it with pleasure.

If I could not avoid the censure of the world, I was resolved to bear it without repining; and sure the guilt, if there was any in my conduct, was but venial; for I considered myself as a person absolved of all matrimonial ties, by the insignificance of Lord (Vane), who, though a nominal husband, was in fact a mere nonentity. I therefore contracted a new engagement with my lover, to which I resolved to adhere with the most scrupulous fidelity, without the least intention of injuring my lord or his relations; for had our mutual passion produced any visible effects, I would immediately have renounced and abandoned my husband for ever, that the fruit of my love for Mr. S(hirley) might not have inherited, to the detriment of the right heir. This was my determination, which I thought just, if not prudent; and for which I have incurred the imputation of folly, in the opinion of this wise and honest generation, by whose example and advice I have, since that time, been a little reformed in point of prudentials, though I still retain a strong tendency to return to my primitive way of thinking.

When I quitted Mr. S(hirley), after the sacrifice I had made, and returned to my own bed, it may, perhaps, be supposed that I slept but little. True, I was kept awake by the joyful impatience of revisiting my lover. Indeed, I neglected no opportunity of flying to his arms. When Lord (Vane) was in the country, we enjoyed each other's company without interruption; but when he resided in town, our correspondence was limited to stolen interviews, which were unspeakably delicious, as genuine love presided at the entertainment.

Such was my happiness in the course of this tender communication, that to this day I remember it with pleasure, though it has cost me dear

in the sequel, and was at that time enjoyed at a considerable expense; for I devoted myself so entirely to my lover, who was desirous of engrossing my time and thoughts, that my acquaintance, which was very numerous, justly accused me of neglect, and of consequence cooled in their friendships. But I was *All for love, or the world well lost.* And were the same opportunity to offer, I would act the same conduct over again.

Some there are who possibly may wonder how I could love twice with such violence of affection. But all such observers must be unacquainted with the human heart. Mine was naturally adapted for the tender passions, and had been so fortunate, so cherished in its first impressions, that it felt with joy the same sensations revive, when influenced by the same engaging qualifications. Certain it is, I loved the second time as well as the first, and better was impossible. I gave up my all for both: fortune and my father's favour for the one; reputation, friends, and fortune for the other. Yet, notwithstanding this intimate connexion, I did not relinquish the world all at once; on the contrary, I still appeared at Court, and attracted the notice and approbation of my royal patroness; I danced with the P(rince) of W(ales); a circumstance which so nearly affected Mr. S(hirley), who was present, that, in order to manifest his resentment, he chose the ugliest woman in the ball for his partner; and I no sooner perceived his uneasiness than I gave over, with a view of appeasing his displeasure.

Without repeating particular circumstances, let it suffice to say, our mutual passion was a perfect copy of that which had subsisted between me and my dear Lord W(illia)m. It was jealous, melting, and delicate, and chequered with little accidents, which serve to animate and maintain the flame, in its first ardency of rapture. When my lover was sick, I attended and nursed him with indefatigable tenderness and care; and during an indisposition which I caught in the performance of this agreeable office, he discharged the obligation with all the warmth of sympathy and love.

It was, however, judged necessary by the physicians that I should use the Bath waters for the recovery of my health; and I set out for that place, glad of a pretence to be absent from Lord (Vane), with whom I lived on very unhappy terms. He had, about nine months after our marriage, desired that we might sleep in separate beds, and gave a very whimsical reason for this proposal. He said the immensity of his love deprived him of the power of gratification, and that some commerce with an object to which his heart was not attached might, by diminishing the transports of his spirits, recompose his nerves, and enable him to enjoy the fruits of his good fortune.

You may be sure I made no objections to this plan, which was immediately put in execution. He made his addresses to a nymph of Drury Lane, whose name, as he told me, was Mrs. Rock. She made shift to extract some money from her patient; but his infirmity was beyond the power of her art, though she made some mischief between us; and I communicated my suspicion to the Duke of H(amilton),[1] who intended to have expostulated with her upon the subject; but she got intimation of his design, and saved him the trouble by a precipitate retreat.

After my return from Bath, where Mr. S(hirley) and I had lived happily, until we were interrupted by the arrival of my husband, his lordship expressed an inclination to be my bedfellow again. In this particular I desired to be excused. I would not be the first to propose the separation, which, though usual in other countries, is contrary to the custom of England, being unwilling to furnish the least handle for censure, as my character was still unblemished; yet, when the proposal came from him, I thought myself entitled to refuse a reunion; to which I accordingly objected.

This opposition produced a quarrel, which rose to a state of perpetual animosity; so that we began to talk of parting. My lord relished the expedient, agreeing to add three hundred pounds a year to my pin-money, which, by the bye, was never paid; and I renounced all state and grandeur, to live in a small house that I hired at Carshalton, where I passed my time for two months, in the most agreeable retirement, with my dear lover. At length I was disturbed by the intrusion of my lord, who molested me with visits and solicitations to return, pretending that he had changed his mind, and insisting upon my compliance with his desire.

I exhausted my invention in endeavours to evade his request; but he persecuted me without ceasing. So that I was fain to capitulate, on condition that he should immediately set out for France; and that he should not presume to approach my bed till our arrival at Calais. We accordingly departed for that kingdom; and, far from infringing the least article of our treaty, his lordship did not insist upon his privilege before we reached the capital of France.

Meanwhile I began to feel the effect of my passion in a very interesting manner, and communicated my discovery to the dear author of it, who would not leave me in such an affecting situation, but took the first opportunity of following us to France.

In our road to Paris we stopped to visit Chantilly, a magnificent chateau belonging to the Prince of Condé, and there met by accident with some English noblemen, to whom I was known. The prince and his sisters invited me very politely into the gallery, where they sat. They complimented me on my person, and seemed to admire my dress, which was altogether new to them, being a blue English riding habit, trimmed with gold, and a hat with a feather. They were particularly well pleased with my hair, which hung down to my waist, and pressed me to stay a fortnight at their house; an invitation which I was very much mortified at being obliged to refuse, because my lord did not understand the French language. I was enchanted with the place and the company, the women being amiable and the men polite; nor were they strangers to my name and story; for Mr. S(hirley) calling at the same place a few days after, they rallied him on my account.

When we arrived at Paris, the first thing I did was to metamorphose myself into a Frenchwoman. I cut off my hair, hid a very good complexion of my own with rouge, reconciled myself to powder, which I had never used before, put on a robe with a large hoop, and went to the Tuilleries, full of spirits and joy; for at that time everything conspired to make me happy. I had health, youth, and beauty, love, vanity, and affluence, and found myself surrounded with diversions which were gay, new, and agreeable. My appearance drew upon me the eyes of the whole company, who considered me a stranger, but not a foreigner, so completely was I equipped in the fashion of the French; and when they understood who I was, they applauded my per-

[1] The brother of Lady Vane's first husband.

son with the most lavish encomiums, according to their known politeness.

After having made a circuit round all the public places of entertainment in Paris, I was introduced into company by an English family, residing in that city; and, among others, became acquainted with a French lady, whose charms were remarkably attractive. The Duke of K(ingston)[1] was her admirer; but she lived in reputation with her mother, and an agreeable sister, whose lover was the Prince of C(onti)[2] (for almost every lady in France has her *aimant*).

With this charming woman, whose name was Madame de la T(ouche), I often made parties of pleasure. The duke, Mr. S(hirley), she, and I used to meet in the Bois de Boulogne, which is a pleasant wood at a small distance from Paris, whither the company repairs in the summer season for the benefit of the air; and, after having amused ourselves among the groves, embarked in his grace's equipage, which was extremely elegant, being a calash drawn by six fine long-tailed greys, adorned with ribbons, in the French taste; and thus we were conducted to a little enchanted, or at least enchanting, palace, possessed by the duke, at one end of the town. The lower apartment, appropriated to me, was furnished with yellow and silver, the bed surrounded with looking-glasses, and the door opened into the garden, laid out in a cradle walk, and intervening parterres of roses and other flowers. Above stairs, my female companion lodged in a chamber furnished with chintz. We supped all together in the saloon, which, though small, was perfectly elegant. The company was always good-humoured, the conversation sprightly and joyous, and the scene, though often repeated, still delightful and entertaining.

At other times, Mr. S(hirley) and I used to pass our evenings at the palace of the Prince of C(onti), which his highness lent us for our accommodation. The apartments opened into the gardens of the Luxembourg, and were, in point of magnificence, suitable to the owner. Thither I used to repair in a flaming equipage, on pretence of visiting, and spent the best part of the night with him who was dearer to me than all the princes in the world.

While I was happily engaged in these ravishing parties, my little lord was employed in efforts to recover his health by restoratives, and I know not what; for he still lamented the enfeebling effects of his passion, and complained that he loved me more like an angel than a woman, though he strove to govern his affections according to the doctrines of the Christian religion, as he regulated his life by the maxims of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. The meaning of this declaration I could never learn; and, indeed, I have been often tempted to believe he had no meaning at all.

Be that as it will, I found my size visibly increasing, and my situation extremely uneasy, on account of the perpetual wrangling which prevailed betwixt us, in consequence of his desiring to sleep with me again, after we had parted beds for the second time; and, that I might be no longer exposed to such disagreeable persecution, I resolved to leave him, though at the hazard of my life.

Thus determined, I went to the British ambassador in a hackney-coach; and, in order to disguise my youth, which might have prepossessed him against my judgment, muffled myself up in a black hood, which, as he said, instead of lending an air of gravity to my countenance, added a wildness to my looks, which was far from being disagreeable. He had been a gallant man in his youth, and even then, though well stricken in years, was not insensible to the power of beauty. This disposition, perhaps, rendered him more favourable to my cause, though he at first advised me to return to my husband; but finding me obstinate, he undertook to serve me in my own way, and procured a protection from the French king, by virtue of which I could live at Paris unmolested by my lord. Nevertheless he advised me, if I was determined to leave him, to make the best of my way to England, and sue for a divorce.

I relished his opinion, and concealed myself about three days in Paris, during which I borrowed some linen; for, as it was impossible to convey anything out of my own house without suspicion, I had neither clothes for my accommodation, nor a servant to wait on me.

In this solitary condition I took the road to Flanders, after I had put my lord upon a wrong scent, by writing a letter to him, dated at Calais, and travelled through an unknown country, without any other attendant than the postillion, being subjected to this inconvenience by the laws of France, which are so severe in some particulars, that, if any person had been apprehended with me, he would have suffered death for going off with a man's wife; though any man might go to bed with the same woman, without fear of incurring any legal punishment.

I proceeded night and day without intermission, that I might the sooner reach Flanders, where I knew I should be safe; and as the nights were excessively cold, I was fain to wrap myself up in flannel, which I bought for the purpose, as I had no clothes to keep me warm, and travelled in an open chaise. While we passed through dreary woods, quite remote from the habitations of men, I was not without apprehensions of being stripped and murdered by the postillion; and, in all probability, owed my safety to the indigence of my appearance, which might also protect me in two miserable places where I was obliged to lie before I got out of the territories of France; for, as I could not reach the great towns where I intended to lodge, I was under the necessity of putting up at little wretched hovels, where no provision was to be had but sour brown bread and sourer cheese; and everything seemed to denote the dens of despair and assassination.

I made shift, however, to subsist on this fare, uncomfortable as it was, confiding on the meanness of my equipage for the security of my person; and at length arriving at Brussels, fixed my quarters in the Hotel de Flandre, so well known to the English since, where I thought myself extremely happy in the accomplishment of my flight.

[1] In addition to the probability based on the well-known gallantries of Evelyn Pierrepoint, Duke of Kingston, and father of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the author of *Lady Frail* helps us to identify him by speaking of his "seat at T—." Thoresby was his seat.

[2] The following extract from a letter addressed by J. H. (Lady Hertford) to Horace Walpole, contains the names of the two ladies and the Prince here referred to:—"Madame de Boufflers is in retirement, because her husband is lately dead, but the report of Paris is, that she will come out soon as the Princess de Conti; she and the Prince are at Madame d'Arthy's (a sister of Madame de la Touche's), and the first mistress the Prince of Conti ever had; in any other country but this, this circumstance would prevent these ladies living together, but here it makes not the least difference, and Madame d'Arthy, I am told, has a great friendship for the other."—Cunningham's *Walpole*, vol. ix. p. 509. With reference to the last remark, see beginning of page 364.

I had not been two full days in this place, when I was blessed with the sight of my lover, who followed me on the wings of love, in pursuance of the plan we had projected before my departure from Paris. Here we concerted measures for proceeding to England. I hired a tall fine Liegeoise for my maid; and setting out for Ostend, we embarked in a vessel, in which Mr. S(hirley) had bespoke our passage. Our voyage was short and prosperous, and our time most agreeably spent in the company of my dear partner, who was a most engaging man in all respects, as I dare say my Lady O(rford)[1] has since found him.

I assumed a fictitious name, took private lodgings in Poland Street, retained lawyers, and commenced a suit for separation against my lord. I communicated the reasons of my elopement to my father, who was shocked and surprised at my conduct, which he condemned with expressions of sorrow and resentment. But the step was taken, nor did I repent of what I had done, except on his account.

In the morning after my arrival at London, I waited upon the Lord Chief-Justice, to whom I complained of the usage I had received from my lord, whose temper was teasing, tiresome, and intolerably capricious. Indeed, his behaviour was a strange compound of madness and folly, seasoned with a small proportion of sense. No wonder then, that I, who am hot and hasty, should be wretched under the persecution of such a perverse humorist, who used to terrify me, and scold at me the whole night without intermission, and shake my pillow from time to time, that I might not sleep, while he tormented me with his disagreeable expostulations. I have been often frightened almost out of my senses, at seeing him convulsed with the most unreasonable passion; and chagrined to the highest degree of disgust, to find, by repeated observation, his disposition so preposterous, that his satisfaction and displeasure never depended upon the cause he had to be satisfied or disobliged; but, on the contrary, when he had most reason to be pleased, he was always most discontented, and very often in good humour when he had reason enough for vexation.

While I lived in Poland Street, I was engaged with lawyers, and so often visited by my father, that I could not dedicate my whole time as usual to my lover; nor was it convenient that he should be seen in my company; he therefore took a small house at Camberwell, whither I went as often as I had an opportunity; and maintained the correspondence with such eagerness and industry, that although I was six months gone with child, I have often by myself set out for his habitation, in a hackney-coach, at eleven o'clock at night, and returned by six in the morning, that I might be in my own bed when my father came to see me; for I concealed my amour, as well as the effects of it, from his knowledge, and frequently took water from the bridge, that my motions might not be discovered. Nothing but the most passionate love could have supported my spirits under such vicissitudes of fatigue, or enabled my admirer to spend whole days by himself in such a solitary retirement.

By this time my lord was arrived in England, and employed in discovering the place of my retreat; so that I lived in continual alarm, and provided myself with a speaking-trumpet, which stood by my bedside, to be used in calling for assistance, in case my pursuer should make an attack upon my lodgings.

This situation being extremely uncomfortable, I had no sooner began my process against him, than I put myself entirely under the protection of Mr. S(hirley), who conducted me to the house of a friend of his who lived in the country, where I was secure from the attempts of my husband.

The world had now given me up, and I had renounced the world with the most perfect resignation. I weighed in my breast what I should lose in point of character with what I suffered in my peace at home, and found that my reputation was not to be preserved except at the expense of my quiet, for his lordship was not disposed to make me easy, had I been ever so discreet. I therefore determined to give up a few ceremonial visits and empty professions for the more substantial enjoyments of life.

We passed our time very agreeably in various amusements with this friend of Mr. S(hirley), until the term of my reckoning was almost expired, then returned to London, and took lodgings in Southampton Street, where I began to make the preparations for the approaching occasion. Here I proposed to live with the utmost circumspection. I disguised my name, saw nobody but my lawyer and lover, and never approached the window, lest I should be discovered by accident.

Notwithstanding these precautions, my French maid, whom I had sent for some of my clothes, was dogged in her return, and next morning my lord took my lodgings by storm. Had he given the assault in his own person only, I make no doubt but he would have suffered a repulse from the opposition of the Liegeoise, who made all the resistance in her power, but was obliged to give way to superior numbers.

I was at that time abed, and hearing an unusual noise below, rang my bell, in order to know the cause of such disturbance. I drew my curtain at the same time, and who should I see entering my chamber but his lordship, attended by a constable, and the footman who had discovered my retreat!

Such an unexpected visit could not fail to affect me with surprise and consternation. However, I summoned all my fortitude to my aid, and perceiving the fellows were about to open my window-shutters, desired their principal to order them down-stairs. He readily complied with my request, and sitting down by my bedside, told me with an air of triumph that he had found me at last; and I frankly owned that I was heartily sorry for his success. Instead of upbraiding me with my escape, he proceeded to entertain me with all the news in town, and gave me a minute detail of everything that happened to him since our parting; among other articles of intelligence, giving me to understand that he had challenged Mr. S(hirley), who refused to fight him, and was in disgrace with the Prince of W(ales) on that account.

[1] "Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady Orford's reasons for not returning amongst you. She has picked up a Mr. Shirley, no great genius,—but with all her affectation of parts, you know she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago, being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company, he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near Newpark (Richmond), and lets her house in town."—*Horace Walpole*, Sept. 15th, 1746. Again, in his letter, April 1st, 1751, he writes: "The widow Countess immediately marries—not Richcourt, but Shirley." Farther, in his letter, July 5th, 1754, he writes about their separation, after "a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy for three years." See also *Letters of Lady M. W. Montague*, edited by W. Moy Thomas, vol. ii. 282, note.

But here his lordship did not strictly adhere to the naked truth. He had, indeed, before our departure from the country, gone to my lover, and insisted upon having satisfaction in Hyde Park, two days from the date of his demand, and at three o'clock in the afternoon. S(hirley), believing him in earnest, accepted the invitation; though he observed that these affairs could not be discussed too soon, and wished the time of meeting might be at an earlier hour. But his lordship did not choose to alter the circumstances of his first proposal; and, when he went away, said he should expect him at the appointed time and place, if it did not rain.

His antagonist gave me an account of the conversation, when I assured him the whole business would end in smoke. Accordingly, my lord sent him a letter on Monday, desiring that the assignation might be deferred till Thursday, that he might have time to settle his affairs, and pay S(hirley) an hundred pounds, which he had formerly borrowed of him. When Thursday came, he was favoured with another epistle, importing that the challenger had changed his mind, and would seek satisfaction at law. Thus ended that heroic exploit, which his lordship now boasted of with such arrogant misrepresentation.

Whilst he regaled me with these interesting particulars, I was contriving a scheme to frustrate the discovery he had made; so that I did not contradict his assertions, but told him that, if he would go down-stairs, I would rise and come to breakfast. He consented to this proposal with great cheerfulness; and I own I was not a little surprised to find him, at this first interview, in as good a humour as if nothing had happened to interrupt the felicity of our matrimonial union.

It cost me some invention to conceal my condition from his notice, being now within a week of the expected crisis. But I knew I had to do with a man of no great penetration, and succeeded in my attempt accordingly. We breakfasted with great harmony, and I invited him to dinner, after having prevailed upon him to send away his myrmidons, whom, nevertheless, he ordered to return at eleven o'clock at night. We conversed together with great gaiety and mirth. When I rallied him for visiting me in such a dishabille, he stood a-tiptoe to view himself in the glass; and, owning I was in the right, said he would go and dress himself before dinner.

He accordingly went away, charging my maid to give him entrance at his return; and he was no sooner gone than I wrote to Mr. S(hirley), giving him an account of what had happened. Then, without having determined on any certain plan, I huddled on my clothes, muffled myself up, and calling a chair, went to the next tavern, where I stayed no longer than was sufficient to change my vehicle; and, to the astonishment of the drawers, who could not conceive the meaning of my perturbation, proceeded to a shop in the neighbourhood, where I dismissed my second chair, and procured a hackney-coach, in which I repaired to the lodgings of my lawyer, whom I could trust. Having made him acquainted with the circumstances of my distress, and consulted him about a proper place of retreat, after some recollection, he directed me to a little house in a court, to which, by the assistance of my lover, my woman and clothes were safely conveyed that same evening.

My lord, however, came to dinner, according to invitation, and did not seem at all alarmed when my maid told him I was gone, but stepped to my lawyer to know if he thought I should return. Upon his answering in the affirmative, and advising his lordship to go back in the meantime, and eat the dinner I had provided, he very deliberately took his advice, made a very hearty meal, drank his bottle of wine, and, as I did not return according to his expectation, withdrew in order to consult his associates.

This motion of his furnished my woman with an opportunity of making her retreat; and, when he returned at night, the coast was clear, and he found nobody in the house but a porter, who had been left to take care of the furniture. He was so enraged at this disappointment that he made a furious noise, which raised the whole neighbourhood, reinforced his crew with the authority of a justice of the peace, tarried in the street till three o'clock in the morning, discharged a lodging he had hired at a barber's shop opposite to the house from which I had escaped, and retired with the comfortable reflection of having done everything which man could do to retrieve me.

The hurry of spirits and surprise I had undergone in effecting this retreat, produced such a disorder in my constitution, that I began to fear I should be delivered before I could be provided with necessaries for the occasion. I signified my apprehension to Mr. S(hirley), who, with infinite care and concern, endeavoured to find a more convenient place; and, after all his inquiries, was obliged to fix upon a paltry apartment in the city, though his tenderness was extremely shocked at the necessity of choosing it. However, there was no remedy, nor time to be lost. To this miserable habitation I was carried in a hackney-coach; and, though extremely ill, bore my fate with spirit and resignation, in testimony of my sincere and indelible attachment to my lover, for whose ease and pleasure I could have suffered every inconvenience, and even sacrificed my life.

Immediately after I had taken possession of my wretched apartment, I was constrained by my indisposition to go to bed, and send for necessary help; and in a few hours a living pledge of my love and indiscretion saw the light, though the terrors and fatigue I had undergone had affected this little innocent so severely that it scarce discovered any visible signs of life.

My grief at this misfortune was inexpressible. I forthwith despatched a message to the dear, the anxious father, who flew to my arms, and shared my sorrow, with all the gentleness of love and parental fondness; yet our fears were, for that time, happily disappointed by the recovery of our infant daughter, who was committed to the charge of a nurse in the neighbourhood; so that I could every day be satisfied in my inquiries about her health. Thus I continued a whole fortnight in a state of happiness and tranquillity, being blessed with the conversation and tender offices of my admirer, whose love and attention I wholly engrossed. In a word, he gave up all business and amusement, and concentred all his care and assiduity in ministering to my ease and satisfaction. And sure I had no cause to regret what I had suffered on his account.

But this, my agreeable situation, was one day disturbed by a most alarming accident, by which my life was drawn into imminent danger. The room under my bedchamber took fire; I immediately smelt it, and saw the people about me in the utmost perplexity and consternation, though they would not own the true cause of their confusion, lest my health should suffer in the fright. Nevertheless, I was so calm in my inquiries, that they ventured to tell me my suspicion was but too just: upon which I gave such directions as I

thought would secure me from catching cold, in case there should be a necessity for removing me, but the fire being happily extinguished, I escaped that ceremony, which might have cost me my life. Indeed, it was surprising that the agitation of my spirits did not produce some fatal effect upon my constitution; and I looked upon my deliverance as the protection of a particular providence.

Though I escaped the hazard of a sudden removal, I found it was high time to change my lodgings, because the neighbours rushing into the house, upon the alarm of fire, had discovered my situation, though they were ignorant of my name; and I did not think myself safe in being the subject of their conjectures. Mr. S(hirley), therefore, procured another apartment, with better accommodation, to which I was carried as soon as my health would admit of my removal; and soon after my lord wrote to me by the hands of my lawyer, earnestly entreating me to drop my prosecution, and come home. But I would not comply with his request; and nothing was farther from my intention than the desire of receiving any favours at his hands.

Thus repulsed, he set on foot a most accurate search for my person; in the course of which he is said to have detected several ladies and young girls, who had reasons for keeping themselves concealed; and had like to have been very severely handled for his impertinent curiosity. Being unsuccessful in all his attempts, he entered into a treaty with one Sir R— H—, a person of a very indifferent character, who undertook to furnish him with an infallible expedient to discover the place of my abode, if he would gratify him with a bond for a thousand pounds; which being executed accordingly, this worthy knight advertised me and my maid in the public papers, offering one hundred pounds as a reward to any person who should disclose the place of our retirement.

As soon as the paper fell into my hands, I was again involved in perplexity; and, being afraid of staying in town, resolved, with the concurrence of my lover, to accept of an invitation I had received from the Duke of K(ingston), who had by this time arrived in England, with that lady whom I have already mentioned as one of our parties at Paris. Having visited my little infant, I next day set out for the duke's[1] country seat, which is a most elegant chateau, and stands in a charming situation. Mr. S(hirley) followed in a few days. We met with a very cordial reception; his grace was civil and good-natured, lived nobly, and loved pleasure; Madame la T(ouche) was formed to please; there was always a great deal of good company in the house; so that we passed our time agreeably in playing at billiards and cards, hunting, walking, reading, and conversation.

But my terms of happiness were generally of short duration. In the midst of this felicity I was overtaken by a most severe affliction, in the death of my dear hapless infant, who had engrossed a greater share of my tenderness than perhaps I even should have paid to the offspring of a legitimate contract; because the circumstance of her birth would have been an insurmountable misfortune to her through the whole course of her life, and rendered her absolutely dependent on my love and protection.

While I still lamented the untimely fate of this fair blossom, Lord (Vane) came down, and demanded me as his wife; but the suit which I then maintained against him deprived him for the present of a husband's right; and therefore the duke would not deliver me into his hands.

In six months he repeated his visit and demand, and an agreement was patched up, in consequence of which I consented to live in the same house with him, on condition that he should never desire to sleep with me, or take any other measure to disturb my peace; otherwise I should be at liberty to leave him again, and entitled to the provision of a separate maintenance. To these articles I assented, by the advice of my lawyers, with a view of obtaining the payment of my pin-money, which I had never received since our parting, but subsisted on the sale of my jewels, which were very considerable, and had been presented to me with full power of alienation. As to my lover, he had no fortune to support me; and for that reason I was scrupulously cautious of augmenting his expense.

We had now enjoyed each other's company for three years, during which our mutual passion had suffered no abatement, nor had my happiness been mixed with any considerable alloy, except that late stroke of Providence which I have already mentioned, and the reflection of the sorrow that my conduct had entailed upon my dear father, whom I loved beyond expression, and whom nothing could have compelled me to disoblige but a more powerful flame, that prevailed over every other consideration. As I was now forced to break off this enchanting correspondence, it is not to be doubted that our parting cost us the most acute sensations of grief and disappointment. However, there was no remedy. I tore myself from his arms, took my leave of the family, after having acknowledged my obligations to the duke, and set out for the place of rendezvous, where I was met by my lord, attended by a steward whom he had lately engaged, and who was one chief cause of our future separations. My lord, having quitted his house in town, conducted me to his lodgings in Pall Mall, and insisted upon sleeping with me the first night; but I refused to gratify his desire, on the authority of our agreement.

This dispute produced a quarrel, in consequence of which I attempted to leave the house. He endeavouring to prevent my retreat, I fairly locked him in, ran down-stairs, and, calling a hackney-coach, made the best of my way into the city, to my father's lodgings, where I lay, the family being in town, though he himself was in the country. I wrote to him immediately; and, when he came to London, declared my intention of separating from my lord; in which, seeing me obstinate and determined, he at length acquiesced, and a formal separation accordingly ensued, which at that time I thought binding and immutable.

I was now sheltered under the wings of an indulgent father, who had taken me into favour again, on the supposition that my commerce with Mr. S(hirley) was absolutely at an end. Nevertheless, though we had separated, in all appearance for ever, we had previously agreed to maintain our correspondence in private interviews, which should escape the notice of the world, with which I was again obliged to keep some measures.

Our parting at the Duke of K(ingston)'s house in the country was attended with all the genuine marks of sincere and reciprocal affection, and I lived in the sweet hope of seeing him again, in all the transport of his former passion, when my lawyer, who received my letters, brought me a billet one night, just as I had gone to bed. Seeing the superscription of S(hirley)'s handwriting,

[1] Thoresby, the seat of the Duke of Kingston at Thoresby, in Sherwood.

I opened it with all the impatience of an absent lover; but how shall I describe the astonishment and consternation with which I was seized when I perused the contents! Instead of the most tender vows and protestations, this fatal epistle began with, *Madam, the best thing you can do is to return to your father*, or some cold and killing expression to that effect.

Heaven and earth! what did I feel at this dire conjuncture! the light forsook my eyes, a cold sweat bedewed my limbs, and I was overwhelmed with such a torrent of sorrow and surprise, that everybody present believed I would have died under the violent agitation. They endeavoured to support my spirits with repeated draughts of strong liquor, which had no sensible effect upon my constitution, though for eight whole years I had drank nothing stronger than water; and I must have infallibly perished in the first ecstasy of my grief had it not made its way in a fit of tears and exclamation, in which I continued all night, to the amazement of the family, whom my condition had alarmed and raised from their repose. My father was the only person who guessed the cause of my affliction; he said he was sure I had received some ill usage in a letter or message from that rascal S(hirley)—so he termed him in the bitterness of passion.

At mention of that name my agony redoubled to such a degree, that all who were present wept at sight of my deplorable condition. My poor father shed a flood of tears, and conjured me to tell him the cause of my disquiet; upon which, rather than confess the truth, I amused his concern by pretending that my lover was ill. The whole family having stayed by me till I was a little more composed, left me to the care of my maid, who put me into bed about six in the morning, but I enjoyed no rest. I revolved every circumstance of my conduct, endeavouring to find out the cause of this fatal change in S(hirley)'s disposition; and as I could recollect nothing which could justly give offence, concluded that some malicious persons had abused his ears with stories to my prejudice.

With this conjecture I got up, and sent my lawyer to him with a letter, wherein I insisted upon seeing him, that I might have an opportunity of justifying myself in person; a task which would be easily performed, as I had never offended, but in loving too well. I waited with the most anxious impatience for the return of my messenger, who brought me an answer couched in the coldest terms of civility which indifference could dictate; acknowledging, however, that he had nothing to lay to my charge, but that it was for the good of us both we should part. He ought to have reflected on that before, not after I had sacrificed my all for his love! I was well-nigh distracted by this confirmation of his inconstancy; and I wonder to this day how I retained the use of my reason under such circumstances of horror and despair! My grief laid aside all decorum and restraint; I told my father that S(hirley) was dying, and that I would visit him with all expedition.

Startled at the proposal, this careful parent demonstrated the fatal consequence of such an unguarded step, reminded me of the difficulty with which he had prevailed upon my mother and uncle to forgive my former imprudence, observed that his intention was to carry me into the country next day, in order to effect a perfect reconciliation; but now I was on the brink of forfeiting all pretensions to their regard, by committing another fatal error, which could not possibly be retrieved; and that, for his part, whatever pangs it might cost him, he was resolved to banish me from his sight for ever.

While he uttered this declaration, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he seemed overwhelmed with the keenest sorrow and mortification; so it may be easily conceived what were the impressions of my grief, reinforced with the affliction of a father whom I dearly loved, and the consciousness of being the cause of all his disquiet! I was struck dumb with remorse and woe; and, when I recovered the use of speech, I told him how sensible I was of his great goodness and humanity, and owned how little I deserved his favour and affection; that the sense of my own unworthiness was one cause of my present distraction; for such was the condition of my fate that I must either see S(hirley) or die. I said, though I could not expect his forgiveness, I was surely worthy of his compassion; that nothing but the most irresistible passion could have misled me at first from my duty, or tempted me to incur the least degree of his displeasure; that the same fatal influence still prevailed, and would, in all probability, continue to the grave, which was the only abode in which I hoped for peace.

While I expressed myself in this manner, my dear good father wept with the most tender sympathy, and, saying I might do as I pleased, for he had done with me, quitted the room, leaving me to the cruel sensations of my own heart, which almost burst with anguish, upbraiding me with a fault which I could not help committing.

I immediately hired a chariot and six, and would have set out by myself, had not my father's affection, which all my errors could not efface, provided an attendant. He saw me quite delirious and desperate, and therefore engaged a relation of my own to accompany and take care of me in this rash expedition.

During this journey, which lasted two days, I felt no remission of grief and anxiety, but underwent the most intolerable sorrow and suspense. At last we arrived at a little house called the Hut, on Salisbury Plain, where, in the most frantic agitation, I wrote a letter to S(hirley), describing the miserable condition to which I was reduced by his unkindness, and desiring to see him, with the most earnest solicitations.

This billet I committed to the care of my attendant, and laid strong injunctions upon him to tell Mr. S(hirley) my injuries were so great, and my despair so violent, that, if he did not favour me with a visit, I would go to him, though at his sister's house, where he then was.

He received my message with great coldness, and told my friend, that, if I would return to London without insisting upon the interview I demanded, he would, in a little time, follow me to town, and everything should be amicably adjusted; but when the messenger assured him that I was too much transported with grief to hear of such a proposal, he consented to meet me in the middle of Salisbury Plain, that we might avoid all observation. And though I was little able to walk, I set out on foot for the place of assignation, my companion following at a small distance.

When I saw him leading his horse down the hill, I collected all my fortitude, and advanced to him with all the speed I could exert; but when I made an effort to speak, my tongue denied its office; and so lively was the expression of unutterable sorrow in my countenance, that his heart, hard as it was, melted at sight of my sufferings, which he well knew proceeded

from the sincerity of my love. At length I recovered the use of speech enough to tell him that I was come to take my leave; and, when I would have proceeded, my voice failed me again. But, after a considerable pause, I found means, with great difficulty, to let him know how sensible I was of my own incapacity to retrieve his lost affections; but that I was willing, if possible, to retain his esteem, of which, could I be assured, I would endeavour to compose myself; that I was determined to leave the kingdom, because I could not bear the sight of those places where we had been so happy in our mutual love; and that, till my departure, I hoped he would visit me sometimes, that I might by degrees wean myself from his company; for I should not be able to survive the shock of being deprived of him all at once.

This address may seem very humble to an unconcerned observer; but love will tame the proudest disposition, as plainly appeared in my case; for I had naturally as much spirit, or more, than the generality of people have. Mr. S(hirley) was so much confounded at the manner of my behaviour, that he scarce knew what answer to make; for, as he afterwards owned, he expected to hear himself upbraided; but he was not proof against my tenderness. After some hesitation, he said he never meant to forsake me entirely, that his affection was still unimpaired, and that he would follow me directly to London. I imposed upon myself, and believed what he said, because I could not bear to think of parting with him for ever, and returned to town in a more tranquil state of mind than that in which I had left my father, though my heart was far from being at ease; my fears being ingenious enough to foresee that I should never be able to overcome his indifference.

I took lodgings in Mount-street, and my maid having disposed of herself in marriage, hired another, who supplied her place very much to my satisfaction. She was a good girl, had a particular attachment to me, and for many years, during which she lived in my service, was indefatigably assiduous in contributing to my ease, or rather in alleviating my affliction. For, though S(hirley) came up to town according to promise, and renewed a sort of correspondence with me for the space of five months, his complaisance would extend no farther; and he gave me to understand that he had determined to go abroad with Mr. V(illiers);[1] whom he accordingly accompanied in his embassy to D(resde)n.

I understood the real cause of this expedition, which, notwithstanding his oaths and protestations of unabated love and regard, I construed into a palpable mark of dislike and disrespect; nor could the repeated assurances I received from him in letters mitigate the anguish and mortification that preyed upon my heart. I therefore gave up all hopes of recovering the happiness I had lost. I told him on the eve of his departure that he might exercise his gallantry a great while before he would meet with my fellow in point of sincerity and love; for I would rather have been a servant in his house, with the privilege of seeing him, than the Queen of England debarred of that pleasure.

When he took his leave, and went down-stairs, I shrunk at every step he made, as if a new wound had been inflicted upon me; and when I heard the door shut behind him, my heart died within me. (I had the satisfaction to hear afterwards, he lamented the loss of me prodigiously, and that he had never been so happy since.) I sat down to write a letter, in which I forgave his indifference, because I knew the affections are altogether involuntary, and wished him all the happiness he deserved. I then walked up and down the room in the most restless anxiety, was put to bed by my maid, rose at six, mounted my horse, and rode forty miles, in order to fatigue myself, that I might next night enjoy some repose. This exercise I daily underwent for months together; and, when it did not answer my purpose, I used to walk round Hyde Park in the evening, when the place was quite solitary, and unvisited by any other human creature.

In the course of this melancholy perambulation, I was one day accosted by a very great man,[1] who, after the first salutation, asked whether or not my intercourse with S(hirley) was at an end, and if I had any allowance from my husband. To the first of these questions I replied in the affirmative; and to the last answered that my lord did not allow me a great deal—indeed, I might have truly said nothing at all; but I was too proud to own my indigence. He then expressed his wonder, how one like me, who had been used to splendour and affluence from my cradle, could make shift to live in my present narrow circumstances; and, when I told him that I could make a very good shift, so I had peace, he seemed to lament my situation, and very kindly invited me to sup with his wife at his house. I accepted the invitation, without any apprehension of the consequence; and, when I went to the place, was introduced into an apartment magnificently lighted up (I suppose) for my reception.

After I had stayed alone for some time in this mysterious situation, without seeing a living soul, my inviter appeared, and said he hoped I would not take it amiss that he and I were to sup by ourselves, as he had something to say which could not be so properly communicated before company or servants. I then, for the first time, perceived his drift, to my no small surprise and indignation; and, with evident marks of displeasure, told him I was sure he had nothing to propose that would be agreeable to my inclination, and that I would immediately leave the house. Upon which he gave me to understand that I could not possibly retire, because he had sent away my chair, and all his servants were disposed to obey his orders.

Incensed at this declaration, which I considered as an insult, I answered with an air of resolution—it was very well; I despised his contrivance, and was afraid of nobody. Seeing me thus alarmed, he assured me I had no reason to be afraid; that he had loved me long, and could find no other opportunity of declaring his passion. He said, the Queen had told him that Lord (Cholmondeley)[2] had renewed his addresses to me; and as he understood from my own mouth my correspondence with S(hirley) was absolutely broke off, he thought himself as well entitled as another to my regard. In conclusion he told me that I might command his purse, and that he had power enough to bring me into the world again with eclat. To these advances I replied that he was very much mistaken in his opinion of my character, if he imagined I was to be won by any

[1] Thomas Villiers, second son of William, second Earl of Jersey, and created Earl of Clarendon on March 30th, 1752, was, during the reign of George II., for several years British Minister at Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, and other courts of the empire.

[1] Undoubtedly the "very great man" is to be regarded as a member of the royal family.

[2] Perhaps Cholmondeley. The first and last letters of this name are given on the following page, and seem to refer to him. If Lord Vane were meant, his claims would scarcely be termed "addresses."

temptations of fortune—and very frankly declared that I would rather give myself to a footman than sell myself to a prince.[1]

Supper being served, we sat down together; but I would neither eat nor drink anything, except a little bread and water; for I was an odd whimsical girl, and it came into my head that he might perhaps have mixed something in the victuals or wine, which would alter my way of thinking. In short, finding himself baffled in all his endeavours, he permitted me, about twelve o'clock, to depart in peace, and gave up his suit as a desperate cause.

This uncomfortable life did I lead for a whole twelvemonth, without feeling the least abatement of my melancholy. Finding myself worn to a skeleton, I resumed my former resolution of trying to profit by change of place, and actually went abroad, with no other attendant than my woman, and the utmost indifference for life. My intention was to have gone to the south of France, where I thought I could have subsisted on the little I had left, which amounted to five hundred pounds, until the issue of my law-suit, by which I hoped to obtain some provision from my lord; and, without all doubt, my expectation would have been answered had I put this my plan in execution: but, being at Paris, from whence I proposed to set forward in a few days, I sent to M. K(night),[2] who had been formerly intimate with my father, and shown me many civilities during my first residence in France.

This gentleman favoured me with a visit, and, when I made him acquainted with my scheme, dissuaded me from it, as an uncomfortable determination. He advised me to stay at Paris, where, with good economy, I could live as cheap as in any other place, and enjoy the conversation and countenance of my friends, among which number he declared himself one of the most faithful. He assured me that I should be always welcome to his table, and want for nothing. He promised to recommend me as a lodger to a friend of his, with whom I would live in a frugal and decent manner; and observed that, as the woman was well known and esteemed by all the English company in Paris, it would be the most reputable step I could take (considering my youth and situation), to lodge with a creditable person, who could answer for my conduct. Thus persuaded, I very simply followed his advice—I say simply, because notwithstanding his representations, I soon found my money melt away, without any prospect of a fresh supply. In lieu of this, however, I passed my time very agreeably in several English and some French families, where in a little time I became quite intimate, saw a great deal of company, and was treated with the utmost politeness and regard; yet in the midst of these pleasures many a melancholy sigh would rise at the remembrance of my beloved S(hirley), whom, for several years, I could not recollect without emotion; but time, company, amusements, and change of place in a great measure dissipated these ideas, and enabled me to bear my fate with patience and resignation.

On my last arrival at Paris I was surrounded by a crowd of professed admirers, who sighed and flattered in the usual forms; but, besides that my heart was not in a condition to contract new engagements, I was prepossessed against them all, by supposing that they presumed upon the knowledge of my indiscretion with S(hirley); and therefore rejected their addresses with detestation and disdain;—for, as I have already observed, I was not to be won but by the appearance of esteem, and the most respectful carriage; and though by a false step I had, in my own opinion, forfeited my title to the one, I was resolved to discourage the advances of any man who seemed deficient in the other.

In this manner my lovers were one by one repulsed, almost as soon as they presented themselves, and I preserved the independence of my heart, until I became acquainted with a certain peer,[1] whom I often saw at the house of Mrs. P—, an English lady then resident at Paris. This young nobleman professed himself deeply enamoured of me, in a style so different from that of my other admirers, that I heard his protestations without disgust; and, though my inclinations were still free, could not find in my heart to discountenance his addresses, which were preferred with the most engaging modesty, disinterestedness, and respect.

By these never-failing arts he gradually conquered my indifference, and gained the preference in my esteem from Lord C(holmondele)y[2] and the Prince of C(onti), who were at that time his rivals. But what contributed more than any consideration to his success was his declaring openly that he would marry me without hesitation, as soon as I could obtain a divorce from my present husband, which, in all probability, might have been easily procured; for, before I left England, Lord (Vane) had offered me five thousand pounds if I would consent to such a mutual release, that he might be at liberty to espouse one Miss W—, of Kent, to whom he then made love upon honourable terms; but I was fool enough to refuse his proposal, by the advice of S(hirley). And whether or not his lordship, finding it impracticable to wed his new mistress, began to make love upon another footing, I know not; but, certain it is, the mother forbade him the house, a circumstance which he took so heinously ill, that he appealed to the world in a public advertisement, beginning with, "Whereas, for some time, I have passionately loved Miss W—, and, upon my not complying with the mother's proposals, they have turned me out of doors—this is to justify," etc.

This declaration, signed with his name, was actually printed in a number of detached advertisements, which he ordered to be distributed to the public; and afterwards, being convinced by some of his friends that he had done a very silly thing, he recalled them at half a guinea apiece. A copy of one of them was sent to me at Paris, and I believe my father has now one of the originals in his possession. After this wise vindication of his conduct, he made an attempt to carry off the lady from church by force of arms; but she was rescued by the neighbours, headed by her brother, who, being an attorney, had like to have made his lordship smart severely for this exploit.

Meanwhile my new admirer had made some progress in my heart; and, my finances being exhausted, I was reduced to the alternative of returning to Lord (Vane) again, or accepting Earl (Berkeley)'s love. When my affairs were brought to an issue, I made no hesitation in my choice, putting myself under the protection of a man of

[1] See Note 1, col. 2, page 359.

[2] See Note 3, p. 365. Mr. Knight had been chairman of the South Sea Scheme, of which Lady Vane's father was one of the directors.

[1] Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, born 1716, died 1755. He afterwards married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, Esq. of Chasbrough, in Dorsetshire.

[2] See Note 2, col. 2, page 359.

honour whom I esteemed, rather than suffer every sort of mortification from a person who was the object of my abhorrence and contempt. From a mistaken pride, I chose to live in Lord B(erkeley)'s house, rather than be maintained at his expense in another place. We spent several months agreeably in balls and other diversions, visited Lord B(olingbro)k(e),[1] who lived at the distance of a few leagues from Paris, and stayed some days at his house, where the entertainment was in all respects delightful, elegant, and refined. Their habitation was the rendezvous of the best company in France; and Lady B(olingbro)k(e) maintained the same superiority in her own sex for which her lord is so justly distinguished among the men.

About Christmas we set out for England, accompanied by a little North Briton,[2] who lived with Lord B(erkeley) as his companion, and did not at all approve of our correspondence; whether out of real friendship for his patron, or apprehension that in time I might supersede his own influence with my lord, I shall not pretend to determine. Be that as it will, the frost was so severe, that we were detained ten days at Calais before we could get out of the harbour; and, during that time, I reflected seriously on what my new lover had proposed. As he was very young, and unacquainted with the world, I thought my story might have escaped him; and therefore determined to give him a faithful detail of the whole, that he might not have anything to reproach me with in the sequel; besides, I did not think it honest to engage him to do more for me than he might afterwards perhaps think I was worth. Accordingly, I communicated to him every particular of my life; and the narration, far from altering his sentiments, rather confirmed his good opinion, by exhibiting an undoubted proof of my frankness and sincerity. In short, he behaved with such generosity as made an absolute conquest of my heart. But my love was of a different kind from that which had formerly reigned within my breast, being founded upon the warmest gratitude and esteem, exclusive of any other consideration, though his person was very agreeable, and his address engaging.

When we arrived in England, I went directly to his country seat, about twelve miles from London,[3] where he soon joined me, and we lived some time in perfect retirement, his relations being greatly alarmed with the apprehension that Lord (Vane) would bring an action against him, though he himself desired nothing more, and lived so easy under that expectation, that they soon laid aside their fears on his account.

We were visited by Mr. H(enry) B(erkeley), a relation[1] of my lord, and one Mr. R—, of the Guards, who, with the little Scotchman and my lover, made an agreeable set, among whom I enjoyed hunting, and all manner of country diversions. As to Mr. H(enry) B(erkeley), if ever there was perfection in one man, it centred in him; or at least he, of all the men I ever knew, approached the nearest to that idea which I had conceived of a perfect character. He was both good and great, possessed an uncommon genius, and the best of hearts. Mr. R— was a very sociable man, had a good person and cultivated understanding; and my lord was excessively good-humoured:—so that, with such companions, no place could be dull or insipid. For my own part, I conducted the family; and, as I endeavoured to please and make everybody happy, I had the good fortune to succeed. Mr. B(erkeley) told me that, before he saw me, he heard I was a fool; but finding, as he was pleased to say, that I had been egregiously misrepresented, he courted my friendship, and a correspondence commenced between us. Indeed, it was impossible for any person to know him without entertaining the utmost esteem and veneration for his virtue.

After I had lived some time in this agreeable retreat, my husband began to make a bustle. He sent a message, demanding me from Lord B(erkeley); then came in person, with his night-cap in his pocket, intending to have stayed all night, had he been asked, and attended by a relation, whom he assured that I was very fond of him, and detained by force from his arms.

Finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he commenced a law-suit against Lord B(erkeley), though not for a divorce, as we desired, but with a view to reclaim me as his lawful wife. His lawyers, however, attempted to prove criminal conversation, in hopes of extorting money from my lover. But their endeavours were altogether fruitless; for no servant of Lord B(erkeley)'s or mine could with justice say we were ever seen to trespass against modesty and decorum; so that the plaintiff was nonsuited.

While this cause was depending, all my lover's friends expressed fear and concern for the issue, while he himself behaved with the utmost resolution, and gave me such convincing proofs of a strong and steady affection, as augmented my gratitude, and riveted the ties of my love, which was unblemished, faithful, and sincere.

Soon after this event I was seized with a violent fit of illness, in which I was visited by my father, and attended by two physicians, one of whom despaired of my life, and took his leave accordingly; but Dr. S(mellie),[2] who was the other,

[1] Nothwithstanding the absence of the *e* at the end, the circumstances seem to point to Lord Bolingbroke at Chanteloup, in Touraine. His lady was a niece of Madame de Maintenon, and had been the widow of the Marquis de Villette.

[2] Mr. Christie of Baberton:—"April 30th, 1789. At his seat of Baberton, John Christie of Baberton, Esq., aged about eighty. This gentleman was many years in the Foot-Guards, but quitted the army on obtaining a lottery prize of £10,000. The ticket was the gift of his colonel, the Earl of Berkeley, with whom he was very intimate, and he attended his lordship in his travels in Europe. The amours of that nobleman with the late Lady Vane are well known from the third volume of *Peregrine Pickle*, in which some mention is made of Mr. C—, the gentleman now deceased." The editor copied this from a cutting from a paper of the date given, but he has not been able to find the name of the journal.

[3] "Lady Vane is returned hither (London) in company with Lord Berkeley, and went with him in public to Cranford (near Hounslow), where they remain as happy as youth and love can make them. I am told that though she does not pique herself upon fidelity to any one man (which is but a narrow way of thinking), she boasts that she has always been true to her nation, and, notwithstanding foreign attacks, has always reserved her charms for the use of her countrymen."—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Lady Pomfret*; Cunningham's *Letters of Horace Walpole*.

[1] Horace Walpole calls him a cousin of Lord Berkeley.

[2] The remark, that "he acquired a great share of reputation," seems to imply subsequent eminence. Sir Hans Sloan was still alive, but he had attained eminence long before this time. Dr. Smellie had been just a year or two in London, to which he came in 1739. It might be he. His position at the time these memoirs were written warrants the conjecture. He is referred to in Smollett's letter from France, Nov. 12th, as "Our old acquaintance." Dr. Shebbeare was much spoken of as having had a hand in the writing of these memoirs for Lady Vane; and he is satirized by Smollett as Ferret in Sir Lancelot Graves; but the editor has not been able to identify him with the Dr. S— of the memoirs.

persisted in his attendance, and, in all human appearance, saved my life; a circumstance by which he acquired a great share of reputation. Yet, notwithstanding all his assistance, I was confined to my bed for ten weeks; during which Lord B(erkeley)'s grief was immoderate, his care and generosity unlimited. While I lay in this extremity, Mr. S(hirley), penetrated by my melancholy condition, which revived his tenderness, begged leave to be admitted to my presence; and Lord B(erkeley) would have complied with his request, had I not been judged too weak to bear the shock of such an interview. My constitution, however, agreeably disappointed their fears; and the fever had no sooner left me, than I was removed to a hunting seat belonging to my lover, from whence, after I had recovered my strength, we went to B(erkeley) Castle, where we kept open house. And, while we remained at this place, Lord B(erkeley) received a letter from Lord (Vane), dated in November, challenging him to single combat in May, upon the frontiers of France and Flanders. This defiance was sent in consequence of what had passed between them long before my indisposition, at a meeting in a certain tavern, where they quarrelled, and in the fray my lover threw his antagonist under the table. I counselled him to take no notice of this rhodomontade, which I knew was void of all intention of performance; and he was wise enough to follow my advice, resolved, however, should the message be repeated, to take the challenger at his word.

Having resided some time at this place, we returned to the other country house which he had left, where Lord B(erkeley) addicted himself so much to hunting, and other male diversions, that I began to think he neglected me, and apprised him of my suspicion, assuring him, at the same time, that I would leave him as soon as my opinion should be confirmed.

This declaration had no effect upon his behaviour, which became so remarkably cold, that even Mr. R—, who lived with us, imagined that his affection was palpably diminished. When I went to town, I was usually attended by his cousin, or this gentleman, or both, but seldom favoured with his company; nay, when I repaired to Bath for the re-establishment of my health, he permitted me to go alone—so that I was quite persuaded of his indifference; and yet I was mistaken in my opinion. But I had been spoiled by the behaviour of my first husband and Mr. S(hirley), who never quitted me for the sake of any amusement, and often resisted the calls of the most urgent business, rather than part from me, though but for a few hours. I thought every man who loved me truly would act in the same manner; and whether I am right or wrong in my conjectures, I leave wiser casuists to judge. Certain it is, such sacrifice and devotion is the most pleasing proof of an admirer's passion; and *Voyez moi plus souvent, et ne me donnez rien* is one of my favourite maxims. A man may give money, because he is profuse; he may be violently fond, because he is of a sanguine constitution. But, if he gives me his time, he gives me an unquestionable proof of my being in full possession of his heart.

My appearance at Bath, without the company of Lord (Berkeley), occasioned a general surprise, and encouraged the men to pester me with addresses; every new admirer endeavouring to advance his suit by demonstrating the unkind and disrespectful behaviour of his lordship. Indeed this was the most effectual string they could touch. My pride and resentment were alarmed, I was weak enough to listen to one man, who had like to have insinuated himself into my inclinations. He was tall and large-boned, with white hair, inclining to what is called sandy, and had the reputation of being handsome, though I think he scarce deserved that epithet. He possessed a large fortune, loved mischief, and stuck at nothing for the accomplishment of his designs, one of his chief pleasures being that of setting any two lovers at variance. He employed his address upon me with great assiduity, and knew so well how to manage my resentment, that I was pleased with his manner, heard his vows without disgust, and, in a word, promised to deliberate with myself upon his proposals, and give him an account of my determination in writing.

Thus resolved, I went to Lord B(erkeley), in Wiltshire, whither I was followed by this pretender to my heart, who visited us on the footing of an acquaintance; but when I reflected on what I had done, I condemned my own conduct as indiscreet, though nothing decisive had passed between us, and began to hate him in proportion to the self-conviction I felt, perceiving that I had involved myself in a difficulty from which I should not be easily disengaged. For the present, however, I found means to postpone my declaration. He admitted my excuse, and I returned to London with Lord B(erkeley), who was again summoned to the field by his former challenger.

H(ol)d(ma)n,[1] governor, counsellor, and steward to this little hero, came to Lord B(erkeley) with a verbal message, importing that his lordship had changed his mind about going to Flanders, but expected to meet him, on such a day and hour, in the burying-ground near Red Lion Square. Lord B(erkeley) accepted the challenge, and gave me an account of what had passed; but he had been anticipated by the messenger, who had already tried to alarm my fears from the consideration of the consequence, that I might take some measures to prevent their meeting. I perceived his drift, and told him plainly, that Lord (Vane) had no intention to risk his person, though he endeavoured with all his might to persuade me that his principal was desperate and determined. I knew my little husband too well to think he would bring matters to any dangerous issue, and was apprehensive of nothing but foul play from the villany of H(oldma)n, with which I was equally well acquainted. Indeed, I signified my doubts on that score to Mr. B(erkeley), who would have attended his kinsman to the field, had he not thought he might be liable to censure, if anything should happen to Lord B(erkeley), because he himself was heir-at-law. For that reason he judiciously declined being personally concerned; and we pitched upon the Earl of A(lbemarle), his lordship's uncle,[2] who willingly undertook the office.

At the appointed time they went to the place of rendezvous, where they had not waited long when the challenger appeared, in a new pink satin waistcoat, which he had put on for the occasion, with

[1] "I am a near relation and intimate friend of the late Mr. Holdman. . . . You must not be surprised that I endeavour to vindicate the character of my deceased friend from your malicious aspersions."—*A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lady V—ss V—, occasioned by the publication of her memoirs in the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.*

[2] His uncle by marriage. William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, married, Feb. 21, 1723, the Lady Anne Lennox, second daughter and third child of Charles, first Duke of Richmond. Her elder sister, the Lady Louisa Lennox, married James, third Earl of Berkeley, by whom she was the mother of the Lord Berkeley of these memoirs.

his sword under his arm, and his steward by him, leaving, in a hackney-coach at some distance, a surgeon, whom he had provided for the care of his person. Thus equipped, he advanced to his antagonist, and desired him to choose his ground; upon which Lord B(erkeley) told him, that if he must fall, it was not material which grave he should tumble over.

Our little hero, finding him so jocose and determined, turned to Lord A(lbemarle), and desired to speak with him, that he might disburden his conscience before they should begin the work of death. They accordingly went aside; and he gave him to understand that his motive for fighting was Lord B(erkeley)'s detaining his wife from him by compulsion. The Earl of A(lbemarle) assured him he was egregiously mistaken in his conjecture, that his nephew used no force or undue influence to keep me in his house; but it could not be expected that he would turn me out of doors.

This explanation was altogether satisfactory to Lord (Vane), who said he was far from being so unreasonable as to expect Lord B(erkeley) would commit such a breach of hospitality; and all he desired was, that his wife should be left to her own inclinations. Upon these articles peace was concluded, and they parted without bloodshed. At least these are the particulars of the story as they were related by Lord A(lbemarle), with whom I laughed heartily at the adventure, for I never doubted that the challenger would find some expedient to prevent the duel, though I wondered how he mustered up resolution enough to carry it so far.

That he might not, however, give us any more trouble, we resolved to go and enjoy ourselves in France, whither I went by myself, in hopes of being soon joined by my lover, who was obliged to stay some time longer in England, to settle his affairs. He was so much affected at our parting, though but for a few weeks, that he was almost distracted. And this affliction renewed my tenderness for him, because it was an undoubted proof of his love. I wrote to him every post from France, and, as I had no secrets, desired him to take care of all the letters that should come to his house directed to me after my departure from England.

This was an unfortunate office for him, in the execution of which he chanced to open a letter from Sir T(homas) A(ston)[1], with whom, as I have already observed, I had some correspondence at Bath. I had, according to my promise, given this gentleman a decisive answer, importing that I was determined to remain in my present situation; but as Lord B(erkeley) was ignorant of my sentiments in that particular, and perceived from the letter that something extraordinary had passed between us, and that I was earnestly solicited to leave him, he was seized with the utmost consternation and concern; and having previously obtained the King's leave to go abroad, set out that very night for France, leaving his affairs in the greatest confusion.

Sir T(homas) A(ston), hearing I was gone, without understanding the cause of my departure, took the same route, and both arrived at Dover next day. They heard of each other's motions. Each bribed the master of a packet-boat to transport him with expedition; but that depending upon the wind, both reached Calais at the same time, though in different vessels. Sir T(homas) sent his valet-de-chambre post, with a letter, entreating me to accompany him into Italy, where he would make me mistress of his whole fortune, and to set out directly for that country, that he might not lose me by the arrival of Lord B(erkeley), promising to join me on the road, if I would consent to make him happy. I sent his messenger back with an answer, wherein I expressed surprise at his proposals, after having signified my resolution to him before I left England. He was scarce dismissed, when I received another letter from Lord B(erkeley), beseeching me to meet him at Clermont, upon the road from Calais, and conjuring me to avoid the sight of his rival, should he get the start of him in travelling. This, however, was not likely to be the case, as Lord B(erkeley) rode post, and the other was, by his corpulence, obliged to travel in a chaise; yet, that I might not increase his anxiety, I left Paris immediately on the receipt of his message, and met him at the appointed place, where he received me with all the agitation of joy and fear, and asked if I had ever encouraged Sir T(homas) A(ston) in his addresses. I very candidly told him the whole transaction, at which he was incensed; but his indignation was soon appeased when I professed my penitence, and assured him that I had totally rejected his rival. Not that I approve of my behaviour to Sir T(homas), who, I own, was ill-used in this affair; but surely it was more excusable to halt here than proceed farther in my indiscretion.

My lover being satisfied with my declaration, we went together to Paris, being attended by the Scotchman whom I have already mentioned, though I believe he was not over and above well pleased to see matters thus amicably compromised. The furious knight followed us to the capital, insisted on seeing me in person, told this North Briton that I was actually engaged to him, wrote every hour, and railed at my perfidious conduct. I took no notice of these delirious transports, which were also disregarded by Lord B(erkeley), till, one night, he was exasperated by the insinuations of Mr. C(hristie), who, I believe, inflamed his jealousy, by hinting a suspicion that I was really in love with his rival. What passed betwixt them I know not, but he sent for me from the opera, by a physician of Paris, who was a sort of go-between among us all, and who told me that if I did not come home in the instant a duel would be fought on my account.

I was very much shocked at this information; but, by being used to alarms from the behaviour of Lord (Vane), I had acquired a pretty good share of resolution, and with great composure entered the room where Lord B(erkeley) was, with his companion, whom I immediately ordered to withdraw. I then gave his lordship to understand that I was informed of what had passed, and thought myself so much injured by the person who had just quitted the apartment, that I would no longer live under the same roof with him.

Lord B(erkeley) raved like a bedlamite, taxing me with want of candour and affection; but I easily justified my own integrity, and gave him such assurances of my love that his jealousy subsided, and his spirits were recomposed. Nevertheless, I insisted upon his dismissing Mr. C(hristie), on pain of my leaving the house, as I could not help thinking he had used his endeavours to prejudice me in the opinion of my lord. If his con-

[1] The only individual with these initials, occupying a place in society such as would warrant a conjecture regarding his personality, was Sir Thomas Aston, fourth Baronet of Aston, Staffordshire. Sir Thomas Aston's lady died in May 1737, leaving no children, so that he had been a widower two or three years before the time of this adventure. He died in France, 17th Feb. 1744, having devised his estates to his eldest sister. Another of his sisters was Molly Aston, Dr. Johnson's very intimate friend.

duct was the result of friendship for his patron, he certainly acted the part of an honest and trusty adherent. But I could not easily forgive him, because, a few weeks before, he had, by my interest, obtained a considerable addition to his allowance; and even after the steps he had taken to disoblige me, I was not so much his enemy but that I prevailed upon Lord B(erkeley) to double his salary, that his leaving the family might be no detriment to his fortune.

His lordship having complied with my demand, this gentleman, after have stayed three days in the house, to prepare for his departure, during which I would not suffer him to be admitted into my presence, made his retreat with a fine young girl, who was my companion; and I have never seen him since that time.

Sir T(homas) still continued furious, and would not take a denial, except from my own mouth; upon which, with the approbation of Lord B(erkeley), I indulged him with an interview. He entered the apartment with a stern countenance, and told me I had used him ill. I pleaded guilty to the charge, and begged his pardon accordingly. I attempted to reason the case with him, but he would hear no arguments except his own, and even tried to intimidate me with threats, which provoked me to such a degree that I defied his vengeance. I told him that I feared nothing but the report of my own conscience; that though I had acted a simple part, he durst not say there was anything criminal in my conduct; and that, from his present frantic and unjust behaviour, I thought myself happy in having escaped him. He swore I was the most inflexible of all creatures, asked if nothing would move me, and when I answered, "Nothing," took his leave, and never after persecuted me with his addresses; though I have heard he was vain and false enough to boast of favours, which, upon my honour, he never received, as he himself, at one time, owned to Dr. Cantwell, at Paris.

While he underwent all this frenzy and distraction upon my account, he was loved with the same violence of passion by a certain Scotch lady of quality, who, when he followed me to France, pursued him thither with the same eagerness and expedition. Far from being jealous of me as a rival, she used to come to my house, implore my good offices with the object of her love, and, laying herself on the floor at full length before the fire, weep and cry like a person bereft of her senses. She bitterly complained that he had never obliged her but once; and begged, with the most earnest supplications, that I would give her an opportunity of seeing him at my house. But I thought proper to avoid her company, as soon as I perceived her intention.

We continued at Paris for some time, during which I contracted an acquaintance with the sister[1] of Madame la T(ouche). She was the supposed mistress of the Prince of C(onti), endowed with a great share of understanding, and loved pleasure to excess, though she maintained her reputaton on a respectable footing, by living with her husband and mother. This lady, perceiving that I had inspired her lover with a passion, which gave me uneasiness on her account, actually practised all her eloquence and art in persuading me to listen to his love; for it was a maxim with her to please him at any rate. I was shocked at her indelicate complaisance, and rejected the proposal as repugnant to my present engagement, which I held as sacred as any nuptial tie, and much more binding than a forced or unnatural marriage.

[1] Madame d'Arthy. See note, page 354.

Upon our return to England, we lived in great harmony and peace; and nothing was wanting to my happiness but the one thing to me the most needful—I mean the enchanting tenderness and delightful enthusiasm of love. Lord B(erkeley)'s heart, I believe, felt the soft impressions; and for my own part, I loved him with the most faithful affection. It is not enough to say I wished him well; I had the most delicate, the most genuine esteem for his virtue; I had an intimate regard and anxiety for his interest; and felt for him as if he had been my own son. But still there was a vacancy in my heart, there was not that fervour, that transport, that ecstasy of passion which I had formerly known; my bosom was not filled with the little deity; I could not help recalling to my remembrance the fond, the ravishing moments I had passed with S(hirley). Had I understood the conditions of life, those pleasures were happily exchanged for my present situation, because, if I was now deprived of those rapturous enjoyments, I was also exempted from the cares and anxiety that attended them; but I was generally extravagant in my notions of happiness, and therefore construed my present tranquillity into an insipid languor and stagnation of life.

While I remained in this inactivity of sentiment, Lord (Vane), having received a very considerable addition to his fortune, sent a message to me, promising that if I would leave Lord B(erkeley), he would make me a present of a house and furniture, where I should live at my ease, without being exposed to his visits, except when I should be disposed to receive them. This proposal he made in consequence of what I had always declared, namely, that if he had not reduced me to the necessity of putting myself under the protection of some person or other, by depriving me of any other means of subsistence, I should never have given the world the least cause to scandalize my reputation; and that I would withdraw myself from my present dependence as soon as he should enable me to live by myself. I therefore resolved to be as good as my word, and accepted his offer, on condition that I should be wholly at my own disposal, and that he should never enter my door but as a visitant and common friend.

These articles being ratified by his word and honour, the value of which I did not then know, a house was furnished according to my directions; and I signified my intention to Lord B(erkeley), who consented to my removal with this proviso, that I should continue to see him. I wrote also to his relation, Mr. B(erkeley), who, in his answer, observed that it was too late to advise, when I was actually determined. All my friends and acquaintance approved of the scheme, though it was one of the most unjustifiable steps I had ever taken, being a real act of ingratitude to my benefactor, which I soon did, and always shall regret and condemn. So little is the world qualified to judge of private affairs!

When the time of our parting drew near, Lord B(erkeley) became gloomy and discontented, and even entreated me to postpone my resolution; but I told him that now everything was prepared for my reception, I could not retract without incurring the imputation of folly and extravagance. On the very day of my departure, Mr. B(erkeley) endeavoured, with all the arguments he could suggest, to dissuade me from my purpose; and I made use of the same answer which had satisfied his friend. Finding me determined on removing, he burst out into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "By God! if Lord B(erkeley)

can bear it, I can't." I was thunderstruck at this expression; for though I had been told that Mr. B(erkeley) was in love with me, I gave no credit to the report, because he had never declared his passion, and this was the first hint of it that ever escaped him in my hearing. I was therefore so much amazed at the circumstance of this abrupt explanation that I could make no answer; but having taken my leave, went away, ruminating on the unexpected declaration.

Lord B(erkeley), as I was informed, spoke not a word that whole night, and took my leaving him so much to heart, that two years elapsed before he got the better of his grief. This intelligence I afterwards received from his own mouth, and asked his forgiveness for my unkind retreat, though I shall never be able to obtain my own. As for Mr. B(erkeley), he was overwhelmed with sorrow, and made such efforts to suppress his concern as had well-nigh cost him his life. Dr. S(mellie) was called to him in the middle of the night, and found him almost suffocated. He soon guessed the cause, when he understood that I had left the house. So that I myself was the only person concerned, who was utterly ignorant of his affection; for I solemnly declare he never gave me the least reason to suspect it while I lived with his relation, because he had too much honour to entertain a thought of supplanting his friend, and too good an opinion of me to believe he should have succeeded in the attempt. Though my love for Lord B(erkeley) was not so tender and interesting as the passion I had felt for S(hirley), my fidelity was inviolable, and I never harboured the most distant thought of any other person, till after I had resolved to leave him, when, I own, I afforded some small encouragement to the addresses of a new admirer, by telling him that I should, in a little time, be my own mistress, though I was not now at my own disposal.

I enjoyed my new house as a little paradise. It was accommodated with all sorts of conveniences; everything was new, and therefore pleasing, and the whole absolutely at my command. I had the company of a relation, a very good woman, with whom I lived in the most amicable manner; was visited by the best people in town (I mean those of the male sex, the ladies having long ago forsaken me); I frequented all reputable places of public entertainment, and had a concert at home once a week; so that my days rolled on in happiness and quiet, till all my sweets were embittered by the vexatious behaviour of my husband, who began to importune me again to live with him; and by the increasing anxiety of Lord B(erkeley), who, though I still admitted his visits, plainly perceived that I wanted to relinquish his correspondence. This discovery raised such tempests of jealousy and despair within his breast that he kept me in continual alarm. He sent messages to me every hour, signed his letters with his own blood, raved like a man in an ecstasy of madness, railed at my ingratitude and praised my conduct by turns. He offered to sacrifice everything for my love, to leave the kingdom forthwith, and live with me for ever in any part of the world where I should choose to reside.

These were generous and tempting proposals; but I was beset with counsellors who were not totally disinterested, and who dissuaded me from embracing the proffers of my lover, on pretence that Lord (Vane) would be highly injured by my compliance. I listened to their advice, and hardened my heart against Lord B(erkeley)'s sorrow and solicitations. My behaviour on this occasion is altogether unaccountable; this was the only time that ever I was a slave to admonition. The condition of Lord B(erkeley) would have melted any heart but mine, and yet mine was one of the most sensible. He employed his cousin as an advocate with me, till that gentleman actually refused the office, telling him candidly that his own inclinations were too much engaged to permit him to perform the task with fidelity and truth. He accordingly resolved to avoid my presence, until my lord and I should come to some final determination, which was greatly retarded by the perseverance of his lordship, who would not resign his hopes, even when I pretended that another man had engaged my heart, but said that in time my affection might return.

Our correspondence, however, gradually wore off; upon which Mr. B(erkeley) renewed his visits, and many agreeable and happy hours we passed together. Not that he, or any other person whom I now saw, succeeded to the privilege of a fortunate lover; I knew he loved me to madness; but I would not gratify his passion any other way than by the most profound esteem and veneration for his virtues, which were altogether amiable and sublime; and I would here draw his character minutely, but it would take up too much time to set forth his merit; the only man living of my acquaintance who resembles him is Lord F(ortescue),[1] of whom I shall speak in the sequel.

About this time I underwent a very interesting change in the situation of my heart. I had sent a message to my old lover S(hirley), desiring he would allow my picture, which was in his possession, to be copied; and he now transmitted it to me by my lawyer, whom he directed to ask if I intended to be at the next masquerade. This curiosity had a strange effect upon my spirits; my heart fluttered at the question, and my imagination glowed with a thousand fond presages. I answered in the affirmative; and we met by accident at the ball. I could not behold him without emotion; when he accosted me, his well-known voice made my heart vibrate like a musical chord, when its unison is struck. All the ideas of our past love, which the lapse of time and absence had enfeebled and lulled to sleep, now awoke, and were reinspired by his appearance; so that his artful excuses were easily admitted. I forgave him all that I had suffered on his account, because he was the natural lord of my affection; and our former correspondence was renewed.

I thought myself in a new world of bliss in consequence of this reconciliation, the rapture of which continued unimpaired for the space of four months, during which time he was fonder of me, if possible, than before, repeated his promise of marriage, if we should ever have it in our power; assured me he had never been happy since he left me; that he believed no woman had ever loved like me. And indeed, to have a notion of my passion for that man, you must first have loved as I did. But, through a strange caprice, I broke off the correspondence, out of apprehension that he would forsake me again. From his past conduct I dreaded what might happen; and the remembrance of what I had undergone by his inconstancy filled my imagination with such horror, that I could not endure the shocking prospect, and prematurely plunged myself into the danger, rather than endure the terrors of expectation. I remembered that his former attachment began in the season of my prosperity, when my fortune was in the zenith, and my youth in its prime; and that he had forsaken me in the day of trouble when my life became

[1] Hugh, Lord Fortescue. See note, page 377.

embarrassed, and my circumstances were on the decline. I foresaw nothing but continual persecution from my husband, and feared that, when once the keener transports of our reconciliation should be over, his affection would sink under the severity of its trial. In consequence of this desertion, I received a letter from him, acknowledging that he was rightly served, but that my retreat gave him inexpressible concern.

Meanwhile Lord (Vane) continued to act in the character of a fiend, tormenting me with his nauseous importunities. He prevailed upon the Duke of L(eeds),[1] to employ his influence in persuading me to live with him; assuring his grace that I had actually promised to give him that proof of my obedience, and that I would come home the sooner for being pressed to compliance by a person of his rank and character. Induced by these representations, the duke honoured me with a visit; and, in the course of his exhortations, I understood how he had been thus misinformed. Upon which I sent for Lord (Vane), and, in his presence, convicted him of the falsehood, by communicating to his grace the articles of our last agreement, which he did not think proper to deny; and the duke being undeceived, declared that he would not have given me the trouble of vindicating myself, had he not been misled by the insincerity of my lord.

Baffled in this attempt, he engaged Mr. H(enry) V(ane),[2] and afterwards my own father, in the same task; and though I still adhered to my first resolution, persisted with such obstinacy in his endeavours to make me unhappy, that I determined to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, after I had spent the evening with him at Ranelagh, I went away about two o'clock in the morning, leaving my companion, with directions to restore to my lord his house, furniture, plate, and everything he had given me since our last accommodation; so far was I, upon this occasion, or at any other time of my life, from embezzling any part of his fortune. My friend followed my instructions most punctually; and his lordship knows and will acknowledge the truth of this assertion.

Thus have I explained the true cause of my first expedition to Flanders, whither the world[3] was good-natured enough to say I followed Mr. B(erkeley) and the whole army, which happened to be sent abroad that summer. Before my departure I likewise transmitted to Lord B(erkeley) the dressing-plate, china, and a very considerable settlement, of which he had been generous enough to make me a present. This was an instance of my integrity which I thought due to a man who had laid me under great obligations; and though I lived to be refused a small sum, both by him and S(hirley), I do not repent of my disinterested behaviour; all the revenge I harbour against the last of these lovers, is the desire of having it in my power to do him good.

I now found myself adrift in the world again, and very richly deserved the hardships of my condition, for my indiscretion in leaving Lord B(erkeley), and in trusting to the word of Lord (Vane), without some further security; but I have dearly paid for my imprudence. The more I saw into the character of this man, whom destiny hath appointed my scourge, the more was I determined to avoid his fellowship and communication; for he and I are, in point of disposition, as opposite as any two principles in nature. In the first place, he is one of the most unsocial beings that ever existed; when I was pleased and happy, he was always out of temper; but if he could find means to overcast and cloud my mirth, though ever so innocent, he then discovered signs of uncommon satisfaction and content, because by this disagreeable temper he banished all company from his house. He is extremely weak of understanding, though he possesses a good share of low cunning, which has so egregiously imposed upon some people, that they have actually believed him a good-natured easy creature, and blamed me because I did not manage him to better purpose; but, upon further acquaintance, they have always found him obstinate as a mule and capricious as a monkey. Not that he is utterly void of all commendable qualities. He is punctual in paying his debts, liberal when in good humour, and would be well-bred, were he not subject to fits of absence, during which he is altogether unconversable; but he is proud, naturally suspicious, jealous, equally with and without cause, never made a friend, and is an utter stranger to the joys of intimacy; in short, he hangs like a damp upon society, and may be properly called *Kill-joy*, an epithet which he has justly acquired. He honours me with constant professions of love; but his conduct is so opposite to my sentiments of that passion, as to have been the prime source of all my misfortunes and affliction; and I have often wished myself the object of his hate, in hopes of profiting by a change in his behaviour.

Indeed, he has not been able to make me more unhappy than I believe he is in his own mind; for he is literally a self-tormentor, who never enjoyed one gleam of satisfaction, except at the expense of another's quiet; and yet with this (I had almost called it diabolical) quality, he expects that I should cherish him with all the tenderness of affection. After he had been at pains to incur my aversion, he punishes my disgust, by contriving schemes to mortify and perplex me, which have often succeeded so effectually as to endanger my life and constitution; for I have been fretted and frighted into sundry fits of illness, and then I own I have experienced his care and concern.

Over and above the oddities I have mentioned, he is so unsteady in his economy, that he is always new-modelling his affairs, and exhausting his fortune, by laying out ten pounds in order to save a shilling. He inquires into the character of a servant, after he has lived two years in his family, and is so ridiculously stocked with vanity and self-conceit, that, notwithstanding my assurance before, and the whole series of my conduct since our marriage, which ought to have convinced him of my dislike, he is still persuaded that, at bottom, I must admire, and be

[1] Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds, stepson of the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Vane's early friend, and wife of her first husband's friend, the Earl of Portmore. See note, page 347.

[2] Probably Henry Vane, eldest son of Gilbert, second Lord Barnard, and therefore full cousin to Lord Vane. See note, page 369. Horace Walpole calls him Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater. He was created Earl of Darlington in 1753.

[3] "The troops continue going to Flanders, but slowly enough. Lady Vane has taken a trip thither after a cousin of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight at Paris to furnish her with what money she wants. He says she is vastly to blame; for he was trying to get a divorce from Lord Vane, and then would have married her himself. Her adventures are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law (Lady Walpole), the German Princess, and Moll Flanders."—*Horace Walpole*, June 14, 1742. Mr. Cunningham explains in a note:—"Henry Berkeley killed the next year at the battle of Dettingen."

enamoured of his agreeable person and accomplishments, and that I would not fail to manifest my love, were I not spirited up against him by his own relations. Perhaps it might be their interest to foment the misunderstanding betwixt us; but really they gave themselves no trouble about our affairs; and, so far as I know them, are a very good sort of people. On the whole, I think I may with justice pronounce my precious yokefellow a trifling, teasing, insufferable, inconsistent creature.

With the little money which remained of what I had received from his lordship for housekeeping, I transported myself to Flanders, and arrived in Ghent a few days after our troops were quartered in that city, which was so much crowded with these new visitants that I should have found it impracticable to procure a lodging, had I not been accommodated by Lord R(obert) B(ertie),[1] the Duke of A(ncaster)'s youngest brother, who very politely gave me up his own. Here I saw my friend Mr. B(erkeley), who was overjoyed at my arrival, though jealous of every man of his acquaintance; for he loved me with all the ardour of passion, and I regarded him with all the perfection of friendship, which, had he lived, in time might have produced love; though that was a fruit which it never brought forth. Notwithstanding his earnest solicitations to the contrary, I stayed but a week in Ghent, from whence I proceeded to Brussels, and fixed my abode in the Hotel de Flandre, among an agreeable set of gentlemen and ladies, with whom I spent my time very cheerfully. There was a sort of court in this city, frequented by all the officers who could obtain permission to go thither; and the place in general was gay and agreeable. I was introduced to the best families, and very happy in my acquaintance; for the ladies were polite, good-tempered, and obliging, and treated me with the utmost hospitality and respect. Among others, I contracted a friendship with Madame la Comptesse de C(alemberg)[2] and her two daughters, who were very amiable young ladies; and became intimate with the Princess C(hemay),[2] and Countess W—, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen of Hungary, and a great favourite of the governor, Monsieur d'H(arrach),[2] in whose house she lived with his wife, who was also a lady of a very engaging disposition.

Soon after I had fixed my habitation in Brussels, the company at our hotel was increased by three officers, who professed themselves my admirers, and came from Ghent with a view of soliciting my love. This triumvirate consisted of the Scotch Earl of——, Lord R(obert) M(anners),[3] and another young officer. The first was a man of a very genteel figure and amorous complexion, danced well, and had a great deal of good-humour, with a mixture of vanity and self-conceit. The second had a good face, though a clumsy person, and a very sweet disposition, very much adapted for the sentimental passion of love. And the third, Mr. W— by name, was tall, thin, and well-bred, with a great stock of good-nature and vivacity. These adventurers began their addresses in general acts of gallantry, that comprehended several of my female friends, with whom we used to engage in parties of pleasure, both in the city and the environs, which are extremely agreeable. When they thought they had taken the preliminary steps of securing themselves in my good opinion and esteem, they agreed to go on without farther delay, and that Lord —— should make the first attack upon my heart.

He accordingly laid siege to me with such warmth and assiduity that I believe he deceived himself, and began to think he was actually in love; though at bottom he felt no impulse that deserved the sacred name. Though I discouraged him in the beginning, he persecuted me with his addresses; he always sat by me at dinner, and imparted a thousand trifles in continual whispers, which attracted the notice of the company so much, that I began to fear his behaviour would give rise to some report to my prejudice, and therefore avoided him with the utmost caution. Notwithstanding all my care, however, he found means one night, while my maid, who lay in my room, went down-stairs, to get into my chamber after I was abed. Upon which I started up, and told him that if he should approach me I would alarm the house; for I never wanted courage and resolution. Perceiving my displeasure, he kneeled by the bedside, begged I would have pity on his sufferings, and swore I should have *carte blanche* to the utmost extent of his fortune. To these proposals I made no other reply but that of protesting I would never speak to him again if he did not quit my apartment that moment; upon which he thought proper to withdraw, and I never afterwards gave him an opportunity of speaking to me on the same subject. So that in a few weeks he separated himself from our society; though the ladies of Brussels considered him as my lover, because, of all the other officers, he was their greatest favourite.

His lordship being thus repulsed, Mr. W— took the field, and assailed my heart in a very different manner. He said he knew not how to make love, but was a man of honour, and would keep the secret, and so forth. To this cavalier address I answered that I was not angry, as I otherwise should have been, at his blunt declaration, because I found by his own confession he did not know what was due to the sex; and my unhappy situation in some shape excused him for a liberty which he would not have dreamed of taking had not my misfortunes encouraged his presumption. But I would deal with him in his own way; and, far from assuming the prude, frankly assured him that he was not at all to my taste, hoping he would consider my dislike as a sufficient reason to reject his love.

Lord R(obert) began to feel the symptoms of a genuine passion, which he carefully cherished in silence, being naturally diffident and bashful; but, by the very means he used to conceal it from my observation, I plainly discerned the situation of his heart, and was not at all displeased at the progress I had made in his inclinations. Meanwhile he cultivated my acquaintance with great assiduity and respect, attended me in all my excursions, and particularly in an expedition to Antwerp, with two other gentlemen, where, in downright *gaité de cœur*, we sat for our pictures, which were drawn in one piece, one of the party being represented in the dress of an hussar, and another in that of a running footman. This incident I mention, because the performance, which is now in my possession, gave birth to a thousand groundless reports circulated in England at our expense.

It was immediately after this jaunt that Lord R(obert) began to disclose his passion; though he at the same time started such objections as seemed

[1] Lord Robert Bertie was the third son of Robert, the first Duke of Ancaster, by his second wife. He was not the youngest son. There was a younger, Thomas.

[2] These three names are given by the author in full, page 369.

[3] See note, page 369.

well-nigh to extinguish his hopes, lamenting that even if he should have the happiness to engage my affections, his fortune was too inconsiderable to support us against the efforts of Lord (Vane), should he attempt to interrupt our felicity; and that he himself was obliged to follow the motions of the army. In short, he seemed to consider my felicity more than his own, and behaved with such delicacy as gradually made an impression on my heart; so that, when we parted, we agreed to renew our correspondence in England.

In the midst of these agreeable amusements, which I enjoyed in almost all the different towns of Flanders, I happened to be at Ghent one day, sitting among a good deal of company, in one of their hotels, when a post-chaise stopped at the gate; upon which we went to the windows to satisfy our curiosity, when who should step out of the convenience but my little insignificant lord? I no sooner announced him to the company, than all the gentlemen asked whether they should stay and protect me, or withdraw; and when I assured them that their protection was not necessary, one and all of them retired; though Lord R(obert) M(anners) went no farther than the parlour below, being determined to screen me against all violence and compulsion. I sent a message to my lord, desiring him to walk up into my apartment; but although his sole errand was to see and carry me off, he would not venture to accept of my invitation, till he had demanded me in form from the governor of the place.

That gentleman, being altogether a stranger to his person and character, referred him to the commanding officer of the English troops, who was a man of honour, and, upon his lordship's application, pretended to doubt his identity; observing that he had always heard Lord (Vane) represented as a jolly, corpulent man. He gave him to understand, however, that even granting him to be the person, I was by no means subject to military law, unless he could prove that I had ever listed in his Majesty's service.

Thus disappointed in his endeavours, he returned to the inn, and, with much persuasion, trusted himself in my dining-room, after having stationed his attendants at the door, in case of accidents. When I asked what had procured me the honour of this visit, he told me his business and intention were to carry me home. This declaration produced a conference, in which I argued the case with him; and matters were accommodated for the present, by my promising to be in England some time in September, on condition that he would permit me to live by myself, as before, and immediately order the arrears of my pin-money to be paid. He assented to everything I proposed, returned in peace to his own country, and the deficiencies of my allowance were made good; while I returned to Brussels, where I stayed until my departure for England, which I regulated in such a manner as was consistent with my engagement.

I took lodgings in Pall Mall, and sending for my lord, convinced him of my punctuality, and put him in mind of his promise; when, to my utter astonishment and confusion, he owned that his promise was no more than a decoy to bring me over, and that I must lay my account with living in his house like a dutiful and obedient wife. I heard him with the indignation such treatment deserved, upbraiding him with his perfidious dealing, which I told him would have determined me against cohabitation with him had I not been already resolved; and, being destitute of all resource, repaired to Bath, where I afterwards met with Mr. D— and Mr. R—, two gentlemen who had been my fellow-passengers in the yacht from Flanders, and treated me with great friendship and politeness, without either talking or thinking of love.

With these gentlemen, who were as idle as myself, I went to the jubilee at Preston, which was no other than a great number of people assembled in a small town, extremely ill accommodated, to partake of diversions that were bad imitations of plays, concerts, and masquerades. If the world should place to the account of my indiscretion my travelling in this manner with gentlemen to whom I had no particular attachment, let it also be considered, as an alleviation, that I always lived in terror of my lord, and consequently was often obliged to shift my quarters; so that, my finances being extremely slender, I stood the more in need of assistance and protection. I was, besides, young, inconsiderate, and so simple as to suppose the figure of an ugly man would always secure me from censure on his account; neither did I ever dream of any man's addresses until he made an actual declaration of his love.

Upon my return to Bath I was again harassed by Lord (Vane), who came thither accompanied by my father, whom I was very glad to see, though he importuned me to comply with my husband's desire, and for the future keep measures with the world. This remonstrance about living with my lord, which he constantly repeated, was the only instance of his unkindness which I ever felt. But all his admonitions were not of force sufficient to shake my resolution in that particular; though the debate continued so late that I told his lordship it was high time to retire, for I could not accommodate him with a bed. He then gave me to understand that he would stay where he was; upon which my father took his leave, on pretence of looking out for a lodging for himself.

The little gentleman being now left *tête-à-tête* with me, began to discover some signs of apprehension in his looks; but, mustering up all his resolution, he went to the door, called up three of his servants, whom he placed as sentinels upon the stair, and flounced into my elbow-chair, where he resigned himself to rest. Intending to go to bed, I thought it was but just and decent that I should screen myself from the intrusion of his footmen, and with that view bolted the door. Lord (Vane), hearing himself locked in, started up in the utmost terror and consternation, kicked the door with his heel, and screamed aloud, as if he had been in the hands of an assassin. My father, who had not yet quitted the house, hearing these outcries, ran up-stairs again, and, coming through my bed-chamber into the dining-room where we were, found me almost suffocated with laughter, and his heroic son-in-law staring like one who had lost his wits, with his hair standing on end.

When my father asked the meaning of his exclamations, he told him, with all the symptoms of dismay, that I had locked him in, and he did not understand such usage. But I explained the whole mystery, by saying I had bolted the door because I did not like the company of his servants, and could not imagine the cause of his panic, unless he thought I designed to ravish him, an insult than which nothing was farther from my intention. My father himself could scarce refrain from laughing at his ridiculous fear; but, seeing him in great confusion, took pity on his condition, and carried him off to his own lodgings, after I had given my word that I would not attempt to escape, but give him audience next morning. I accordingly kept my

promise, and found means to persuade them to leave me at my own discretion. Next day I was rallied upon the stratagem I had contrived to frighten Lord (Vane); and a thousand idle stories were told about this adventure, which happened literally as I have related it.

From Bath I betook myself to a small house near Lincoln,[1] which I had hired of the D(uke) of A(ncaster), because a country life suited best with my income, which was no more than four hundred pounds a year, and that not well paid. I continued some months in this retirement, and saw no company, except Lord R(obert) M(anners),[2] who lived in the neighbourhood, and visited me twice; till, finding myself indisposed, I was obliged to remove to London, and took lodgings in Maddox-street, where my garrison was taken by storm by my lord and his steward, reinforced by Mr. L(ionel) V(ane)[3] (who, as my lord told me, had a subsidy of five-and-twenty pounds before he would take the field), and a couple of hardy footmen. This formidable band rushed into my apartment, laid violent hands upon me, dragged me down stairs without gloves or a cloak, and thrusting me into a coach that stood at the door, conveyed me to my lord's lodgings in Gloucester-street.

Upon this occasion, his lordship courageously drew his sword upon my woman, who attempted to defend me from his insults, and, in all probability, would have intimidated him from proceeding; for he looked pale and aghast, his knees knocked together, and he breathed thick and hard, with his nostrils dilated, as if he had seen a ghost; but he was encouraged by his mercenary associate, who, for the five-and-twenty pounds, stood by him in the day of trouble, and spirited him on to this gallant enterprise.

In consequence of this exploit I was cooped up in a paltry apartment in Gloucester-street, where I was close beset by his lordship and his worthy steward, Mr. H(oldman), with a set of servants that were the creatures of this fellow, of whom my lord himself stood in awe; so that I could not help thinking myself in Newgate, among thieves and ruffians. To such a degree did my terror avail, that I actually believed I was in danger of being poisoned, and would not receive any sustenance, except from the hands of one harmless-looking fellow, a foreigner, who was my lord's valet-de-chambre. I will not pretend to say my fears were just; but such was my opinion of H(oldman), that I never doubted he would put me out of the way, if he thought my life interfered with his interest.

On the second day of my imprisonment I was visited by the Duke of L(eeds), a friend of my lord, who found me sitting upon a trunk, in a poor little dining-room filled with lumber, and lighted with two bits of tallow candle, which had been left over-night. He perceived in my face a mixture of rage, indignation, terror, and despair. He compassionated my sufferings, though he could not alleviate my distress, any other way than by interceding with my tyrant to mitigate my oppression. Nevertheless I remained eleven days in this uncomfortable situation. I was watched like a criminal all day, and one of the servants walked from one room to another all night, in the nature of a patrol, while my lord, who lay in the chamber above me, got out of bed and tripped to the window, at the sound of every coach that chanced to pass through the street. H(oldman), who was consummate in the arts of a sycophant, began to court my favour, by condoling my affliction, and assuring me that the only method by which I could regain my liberty, was a cheerful compliance with the humour of my lord. I was fully convinced of the truth of this observation; and, though my temper is altogether averse to dissimulation, attempted to affect an air of serenity and resignation. But this disguise, I found, would not answer my purpose; and therefore I had recourse to the assistance of my maid, who was permitted to attend me in my confinement. With her I frequently consulted about the means of accomplishing my escape. In consequence of our deliberations, she directed a coach and six to be ready at a certain part of the town, and to wait for me three days in the same place, in case I could not come before the expiration of that term.

This previous measure being taken according to my instructions, the next necessary step was to elude the vigilance of my guard; and in this manner did I effectuate my purpose:—Being by this time indulged in the liberty of going out in the coach for the benefit of the air, attended by two footmen, who had orders to watch all my motions, I made use of this privilege one forenoon, when Lord (Vane) expected some company to dinner, and bade the coachman drive to the lodgings of a man who wrote with his mouth, intending to give my spies the slip, on pretence of seeing this curiosity; but they were too alert in their duty to be thus outwitted, and followed me up-stairs into the very apartment.

Disappointed in this hope, I resolved another scheme, which was attended with success. I bought some olives at an oil-shop; and, telling the servants I would proceed to St. James's gate, and take a turn in the park, broke one of the bottles by the way, complained of the misfortune when I was set down, and desired my coach might be cleaned before my return. While my attendants were employed in this office, I tripped across the parade to the Horse-Guards, and chanced to meet with an acquaintance in the park, who said he saw by my countenance that I was upon some expedition. I owned his suspicion was just; but, as I had not time to relate particulars, I quickened my pace, and took possession of a hackney-coach, in which I proceeded to the vehicle I had appointed to be in waiting.

While I thus compassed my escape, there was nothing but perplexity and confusion at home; dinner was delayed till six o'clock; my lord ran half the town over in quest of his equipage, which at last returned, with an account of my elopement. My maid was brought to the question, and grievously threatened; but, like all the women I ever had, remained unshaken in her fidelity. In the meantime I travelled night and day towards my retreat in Lincolnshire, of which his lordship had not as yet got the least intelligence; and as my coachman was but an inexperienced driver, I was obliged to make use of my own skill in that exercise, and direct his endeavours the whole way, without venturing to go to bed, or take the least repose, until I reached my own habitation. There I lived in peace and tranquillity for the space of six weeks, when I was alarmed by one of my lord's myrmidons, who came into the neighbourhood, blustering and swearing that he would carry me off either dead or alive.

It is not to be supposed that I was perfectly

[1] Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, was the seat of the Duke of Ancaster. The title has been extinct since the death of the last duke, Feb. 8, 1809.

[2] Lord Robert Manners, third son, by his second wife, of John, second Duke of Rutland. The family seat was at Belvoir, Lincolnshire.

[3] This gentleman was a relation, as we learn from a "Letter to Lady V—," and Lionel was a family name.

easy when I was made acquainted with his purpose and declaration, as my whole family consisted of no more than a couple of women and one footman. However, I summoned up my courage, which had been often tried, and never forsook me in the day of danger; and sent him word, that, if ever he should presume to approach my house, I would order him to be shot without ceremony. The fellow did not choose to put me to the trial, and returned to town without his errand. But as the place of my abode was now discovered, I laid my account with having a visit from his employer. I therefore planted spies upon the road, with a promise of reward to him who should bring me the first intelligence of his lordship's approach.

Accordingly, I was one morning apprised of his coming, and mounting horse immediately, with my woman and valet, away we rode in defiance of winter. In two days I traversed the wilds of Lincolnshire and hundreds of Essex, crossed the river at Tilbury, breakfasted at Chatham, by the help of a guide and moonlight, arrived at Dover the same evening, embarked for Calais, in which place I found myself next day at two o'clock in the afternoon; and being heartily tired with my journey, betook myself to rest. My maid, who was not able to travel with such expedition, followed me at an easier pace; and the footman was so astonished at my perseverance, that he could not help asking me upon the road if ever I was weary in my life. Certain it is, my spirits and resolution have enabled me to undergo fatigues that are almost incredible. From Calais I went to Brussels, where I again set up my rest in private lodgings; was again perfectly well received by the fashionable people of that place; and, by the interest of my friends, obtained the Queen of Hungary's protection against the persecution of my husband, while I should reside in the Austrian Netherlands.

Thus secured, I lived uncensured, conversing with the English company, with which this city was crowded; but spent the most agreeable part of my time with the Countess of Calemberg, in whose house I generally dined and supped. And I also contracted an intimacy with the Princess of Chemay, who was a great favourite with Madame d'Harrach, the governor's lady.

I had not been long in this happy situation, when I was disturbed by the arrival of Lord (Vane), who demanded me of the governor; but finding me sheltered from his power, he set out for Vienna; and, in consequence of his representations, strengthened with the Duke of N(ewcastle)'s[1] name, my protection was withdrawn. But, before this application, he had gone to the camp, and addressed himself to my Lord Stair, who was my particular friend and ally by my first marriage, desiring he would compel me to return to his house. His lordship told him that I was in no shape subject to his command; but invited him to dinner, with a view of diverting himself and company at the expense of his guest. In the evening, he was plied with so many bumpers to my health, that he became intoxicated, and extremely obstreperous, insisted upon seeing Lord Stair, after he was retired to rest, and quarrelled with Lord D—, who being a tall, large, raw-boned Scotchman, could have swallowed him at one mouthful; but he thought he might venture to challenge him, in hopes of being put under arrest by the general; though he reckoned without his host: Lord Stair knew his disposition, and, in order to punish his presumption, winked at the affair. The challenger, finding himself mistaken in his conjecture, got up early in the morning, and went off post for Vienna; and Lord Stair desired a certain man of quality to make me a visit, and give me an account of his behaviour.

Being now deprived of my protection and pin-money, which my generous husband would no longer pay, I was reduced to great difficulty and distress. The Duchess d'Aremberg, Lord G(ranville),[1] and many other persons of distinction, interceded in my behalf with his Majesty, who was then abroad; but he refused to interpose between man and wife. The Countess of Calemberg wrote a letter to my father, in which she represented my uncomfortable situation, and undertook to answer for my conduct, in case he would allow me a small annuity, on which I could live independent of Lord (Vane), who by all accounts was a wretch with whom I could never enjoy the least happiness or quiet, otherwise she would be the first to advise me to an accommodation. She gave him to understand that her character was neither doubtful nor obscure; and that, if my conduct there had not been irreproachable, she should not have taken me under her protection; that, as I proposed to board in a convent, a small sum would answer my occasions; but, if that should be denied, I would actually go to service, or take some other desperate step, to avoid the man who was my bane and aversion.

To this kind remonstrance my father answered that his fortune would not allow him to assist me; he had now a young family; and that I ought at all events to return to my husband. By this time, such was the extremity of my circumstances that I was forced to pawn my clothes, and every trifling trinket in my possession, and even to descend so far as to solicit Mr. (Shirley) for a loan of fifty pounds, which he refused.

Thus was I deserted in my distress by two persons, to whom, in the season of my affluence, my purse had been always open. Nothing so effectually subdues a spirit unused to supplicate as want. Repulsed in this manner, I had recourse to Lord B(erkeley), who was also, it seems, unable to relieve my necessities. This mortification I deserved at his hands, though he had once put it in my power to be above all such paltry applications; and I should not have been compelled to the disagreeable task of troubling my friends, had not I voluntarily resigned what he formerly gave me. As to the other gentleman to whom I addressed myself on this occasion, I think he might have shown more regard to my situation, not only for the reasons already mentioned, but because he knew me too well to be ignorant of what I must have suffered in condescending to make such a request.

[1] The Duke of Newcastle, maternal grand-uncle of Lord Vane. Lord Vane's grandfather, Christopher, first Lord Barnard, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, and sister and co-heir of John, Duke of Newcastle (the minister). "You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the Opera we had the other night—Lord Vane, in the middle of the pit, making love to my lady. The Duke of Newcastle has lately given him threescore thousand pounds to consent to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife to beg she would return to him from Lord Berkeley: that he had got much money, and now they might live *comfortably*; but she will not live *comfortably*."

[1] Earl Granville evidently. It was, however, fully a year after this that—in 1744—he became Earl Granville. But as Lord Carteret, it is well known he was abroad with the King, George II., at this time. His letter from the field of battle at Dettingen created a great sensation.

Several officers, who guessed my adversity, generously offered to supply me with money; but I could not bring myself to make use of their friendship, or even to own my distress, except to one person, of whom I borrowed a small sum. To crown my misfortunes, I was taken very ill, at a time when there was no other way of avoiding the clutches of my persecutor but by a precipitate flight. In this emergency, I applied to a worthy gentleman of Brussels, a very good friend of mine, but no lover. I say no lover, because every man is supposed to act in that capacity who befriends a young woman in distress. This generous Fleming set out with me in the night from Brussels, and conducted me to the frontiers of France. Being very much indisposed, both in mind and body, when I was obliged to undertake this expedition, I should in all probability have sunk under the fatigue of travelling, had not my spirits been kept up by the conversation of my companion, who was a man of business and consequence, and undertook to manage my affairs in such a manner as would enable me to re-establish my residence in the place I had left. He was young and active, attended me with the utmost care and assiduity, and left nothing undone which he thought would contribute to my ease and satisfaction. I believe his friendship for me was a little tinctured with another passion; but he was married, and lived very well with his wife, who also was my friend; so that he knew I would never think of him in the light of a lover.

Upon our arrival at Valenciennes, he accommodated me with a little money, for a little was all I would take, and returned to his own city, after we had settled a correspondence by letters. I was detained a day or two in this place by my indisposition, which increased, but nevertheless proceeded to Paris, to make interest for a protection from the King of France, which that monarch graciously accorded me in three days after my first application; and his minister sent orders to all the governors and intendants of the province towns to protect me against the efforts of Lord (Vane), in whatever place I should choose to reside.

Having returned my thanks at Versailles for this favour, and tarried a few days at Paris, which was a place altogether unsuitable to the low ebb of my fortune, I repaired to Lisle, where I intended to fix my habitation; and there my disorder recurred with such violence that I was obliged to send for a physician, who seemed to have been a disciple of Sangrado, for he scarce left a drop of blood in my body, and yet I found myself never a whit the better. Indeed, I was so much exhausted by these evacuations, and my constitution so much impaired by fatigue and perturbation of mind, that I had no other hope of recovering but that of reaching England, and putting myself under the direction of a physician on whose ability I could depend.

With this doubtful prospect, therefore, I determined to attempt a return to my native air, and actually departed from Lisle, in such a melancholy enfeebled condition that I had almost fainted when I was put into the coach. But before I resolved upon this journey I was reduced to the utmost exigence of fortune, so that I could scarce afford to buy provisions, had it been in my power to eat, and should not have been able to defray my travelling expenses, had I not been generously befriended by Lord R(obert) M(anners), who, I am sure, would have done anything for my ease and accommodation, though he has unjustly incurred the imputation of being parsimonious, and I had no reason to expect any such favour at his hands.

In this deplorable state of health I was conveyed to Calais, being all the way, as it were, in the arms of death, without having swallowed the least sustenance on the road. So much was my indisposition augmented by the fatigue of the journey, that I swooned when I was brought into the inn, and had almost expired before I could receive the least assistance or advice. However, my spirits were a little revived by some bread and wine, which I took at the persuasion of a French surgeon, who, chancing to pass by the door, was called up to my relief. Having sent my servant to Brussels to take care of my clothes, I embarked in the packet-boat, and by the time we arrived at Dover was almost in extremity.

Here I found a return coach, in which I was carried to London, and was put to bed at the house we put up at, more dead than alive. The people of the inn sent for an apothecary, who administered some cordial that recalled me to life; and when I recovered the use of speech, I told him who I was, and desired him to wait upon Dr. S(mellie), and inform him of my situation. A young girl, who was niece to the landlord's wife, seeing me unattended, made a tender of her service to me, and I accepted the offer, as well as of a lodging in the apothecary's house, to which I was conveyed as soon as my strength would admit of my removal. There I was visited by my physician, who was shocked to find me in such a dangerous condition. However, having considered my case, he perceived that my indisposition proceeded from the calamities I had undergone, and encouraged me with the hope of a speedy cure, provided I could be kept easy and undisturbed.

I was accordingly attended with all imaginable care, my lord's name being never mentioned in my hearing, because I considered him as the fatal source of all my misfortunes; and in a month I recovered my health, by the great skill and tenderness of my doctor, who now finding me strong enough to encounter fresh troubles, endeavoured to persuade me that it would be my wisest step to return to my husband, whom at that time he had often occasion to see. But I rejected his proposal, commenced a new law-suit for separation, and took a small house in St. James's-square.

About this time my woman returned from Brussels, but without my clothes, which were detained on account of the money I owed in that place; and, asking her dismission from my service, set up shop for herself. I had not lived many weeks in my new habitation, when my persecutor renewed his attempts to make himself master of my person; but I had learned from experience to redouble my vigilance, and he was frustrated in all his endeavours. I was again happy in the conversation of my former acquaintance, and visited by a great number of gentlemen, mostly persons of probity and sense, who cultivated my friendship, without any other motive of attachment. Not that I was unsolicited on the article of love. That was a theme on which I never wanted orators; but could I have prevailed upon myself to profit by the advances that were made, I might have managed my opportunities so as to have set fortune at defiance for the future. But I was none of these economists who can sacrifice their hearts to interested considerations.

One evening, while I was conversing with three or four of my friends, my lawyer came in, and told me he had something of consequence to im-

part, upon which all the gentlemen but one went away. Then he gave me to understand that my suit would immediately come to trial; and, though he hoped the best, the issue was uncertain: that, if it should be given against me, the decision would inspire my lord with fresh spirits to disturb my peace; and therefore it would be convenient for me to retire, until the affair should be brought to a determination.

I was very much disconcerted at this intelligence, and the gentleman who stayed, perceiving my concern, asked what I intended to do, or if he could serve me in any shape, and desired to know whither I proposed to retreat. I affected to laugh, and answered, "To a garret, I believe." To this overstrained raillery he replied, that if I should, his friendship and regard would find the way to my apartment; and I had no reason to doubt the sincerity of his declaration. We consulted about the measures I should take, and I determined to remove into the country, where I was soon favoured with a letter from him, wherein he expressed the infinite pleasure he had in being able to assure me that my suit had been successful, and that I might appear again with great safety.

Accordingly I returned to town in his coach and six, which he had sent for my convenience, and the same evening went with him to the masquerade, where we passed the night very agreeably, his spirits, as well as mine, being elevated to a joyous pitch by the happy event of my process. This gentleman was a person of great honour, worth, and good-nature; he loved me extremely, but did not care that I should know the extent of his passion. On the contrary, he endeavoured to persuade me he had laid it down as a maxim, that no woman should ever have power enough over his heart to give him the least pain or disquiet. In short, he had made a progress in my affection, and to his generosity was I indebted for my subsistence two whole years; during which he was continually professing this philosophic indifference, while, at the same time, he was giving me daily assurances of his friendship and esteem, and treated me with incessant marks of the most passionate love: so that I concluded his intention was cold, though his temper was warm. Considering myself as an encumbrance upon his fortune, I redoubled my endeavours to obtain a separate maintenance from my lord, and removed from St. James's-square to lodgings at Kensington, where I had not long enjoyed myself in tranquillity before it was interrupted by a very unexpected visit.

While I was busy one day dressing in my dining-room, I found his lordship at my elbow before I was aware of his approach, although his coach was at the door, and the house already in the possession of his servants. He accosted me in the usual style, as if we had parted the night before; and I answered him with an appearance of the same careless familiarity, desiring him to sit down, while I retreated to my chamber, locked the door, and fairly went to bed, being perhaps the first woman who went thither for protection from the insults of a man. Here then I immured myself with my faithful Abigail. My lord finding me secured, knocked at the door, and through the keyhole begged to be admitted, assuring me that all he wanted was a conference. I desired to be excused, though I believed his assurance; but I had no inclination to converse with him, because I knew from experience the nature of his conversation, which was so disagreeable and tormenting, that I would have exchanged it at any time for a good beating, and thought myself a gainer by the bargain. However, he persisted in his importunities to such a degree that I assented to his proposal, on condition that the Duke of L(eeds) should be present at the interview; and he immediately sent a message for his grace, while I in peace ate my breakfast, conveyed in a basket, which was hoisted up to the window of my bed-chamber.

The duke was so kind as to come at my lord's request, and before I would open the door, gave me his word that I should be protected from all violence and compulsion. Thus assured, they were permitted to enter. My little gentleman, sitting down by my bedside, began to repeat the old hackneyed arguments he had formerly used, with a view of inducing me to live with him; and I, on my side, repeated my former objections, or pretended to listen to his representations, while my imagination was employed in contriving the means of effecting an escape, as the duke easily perceived by my countenance.

Finding all his remonstrances ineffectual, he quitted the chamber, and left his cause to the eloquence of his grace, who sat with me a whole half-hour, without exerting himself much in behalf of his client, because he knew I was altogether obstinate and determined on that score; but joked upon the behaviour of his lordship, who, though jealous of most people, had left him alone with me in my bed-chamber, observing, that he must either have great confidence in his virtue, or a very bad opinion of him otherwise. In short, I found means to defer the categorical answer till next day, and invited the duke and his lordship to dine with me to-morrow. My wise yoke-fellow seemed to doubt the sincerity of this invitation, and was very much disposed to keep possession of my house. But, by the persuasion of his grace, and the advice of H(oldma)n, who was his chief counsellor and back, he was prevailed upon to take my word, and for the present left me.

They were no sooner retired than I rose with great expedition, packed up my clothes, and took shelter in Essex for the first time. Next day, my lord and his noble friend came to dinner according to appointment; and being informed of my escape by my woman, whom I had left in the house, his lordship discovered some signs of discontent, and insisted upon seeing my papers; upon which my maid produced a parcel of bills which I owed to different people. Notwithstanding this disappointment, he sat down to what was provided for dinner, and with great deliberation ate up a leg of lamb, the best part of a fowl, and something else, which I do not now remember; and then very peaceably went away, giving my maid an opportunity of following me to the place of my retreat.

My intention was to have sought refuge, as formerly, in another country; but I was prevented from putting my design in execution by a fit of illness, during which I was visited by my physician and some of my own relations, particularly a distant cousin of mine, whom my lord had engaged in his interests, by promising to recompense her amply, if she could persuade me to comply with his desire. In this office she was assisted by the doctor, who was my friend, and a man of sense, for whom I have the most perfect esteem, though he and I have often differed in point of opinion. In a word, I was exposed to the incessant importunities of all my acquaintance, which, added to the desperate circumstances of my fortune, compelled me to embrace the terms that were offered, and I again returned to the domestic duties of a wife.

I was conducted to my lord's house by an old

friend of mine, a gentleman turned of fifty, of admirable parts and understanding; he was a pleasing companion, cheerful and humane, and had acquired a great share of my esteem and respect. In a word, his advice had great weight in my deliberations, because it seemed to be the result of experience and disinterested friendship. Without all doubt, he had an unfeigned concern for my welfare; but, being an admirable politician, his scheme was to make my interest coincide with his own inclinations; for I had unwittingly made an innovation upon his heart; and as he thought I should hardly favour his passion while I was at liberty to converse with the rest of my admirers, he counselled me to surrender that freedom, well knowing that my lord would be easily persuaded to banish all his rivals from the house; in which case he did not doubt of his being able to insinuate himself into my affections; because he laid it down as an eternal truth, that if any two persons of different sexes were obliged to live together in a desert, where they would be excluded from all other human intercourse, they would naturally and inevitably contract an inclination for each other.

How just this hypothesis might be I leave to the determination of the curious; though, if I may be allowed to judge from my own disposition, a couple so situated would be apt to imbibe mutual disgusts from the nature and necessity of their union, unless their association was at first the effect of reciprocal affection and esteem. Be this as it will, I honour the gentleman for his plan, which was ingeniously contrived, and artfully conducted; but I happened to have too much address for him in the sequel, cunning as he was, though at first I did not perceive his drift; and his lordship was much less likely to comprehend his meaning.

Immediately after this new accommodation, I was carried to a country house belonging to my lord, and was simple enough to venture myself, unattended by any servant on whose integrity I could depend, in the hands of his lordship, and H(oldma)n, whose villany I always dreaded, though at this time my apprehensions were considerably increased by recollecting that it was not his interest to let me live in the house, lest his conduct should be inquired into, and by remembering that the very house to which we were going had been twice burnt down in a very short space of time, not without suspicion of his having been the incendiary, on account of some box of writings which was lost in the conflagration. True it is, this imputation was never made good, and perhaps he was altogether innocent of the charge, which nevertheless affected my spirits in such a manner as rendered me the most miserable of all mortals. In this terror did I remain, till my consternation was weakened by the arrival of Mr. Bal—, a good-natured worthy man, whom my lord had invited to his house, and I thought would not see me ill-used. In a few weeks we were joined by Dr. S(mellie) and his lady, who visited us according to their promise; and it was resolved that we should set out for Tunbridge, on a party of pleasure, and at our return examine H(oldma)n's accounts.

This last part of our scheme was not at all relished by our worthy steward, who therefore determined to overturn our whole plan, and succeeded accordingly. My lord all of a sudden declared himself against the jaunt we had projected, and insisted upon my staying at home, without assigning any reason for this peremptory behaviour; his countenance being cloudy, and for the space of three days he did not open his mouth.

At last he one night entered my bed-chamber, to which he now had free access, with his sword under his arm, and, if I remember aright, it was ready drawn. I could not help taking notice of this alarming circumstance, which shocked me the more as it happened immediately after a gloomy fit of discontent. However, I seemed to overlook the incident, and, dismissing my maid, went to bed; because I was ashamed to acknowledge, even to my own heart, any dread of a person whom I despised so much. However, the strength of my constitution was not equal to the fortitude of my mind. I was taken ill, and the servants were obliged to be called up; while my lord himself, terrified at my situation, ran upstairs to Mrs. S(mellie), who was in bed, told her, with evident perturbation of spirits, that I was very much indisposed, and said he believed I was frightened by his entering my chamber with his sword in hand.

This lady was so startled at his information that she ran into my apartment half naked, and as she went down-stairs asked what reason could induce him to have carried his sword with him. Upon which he gave her to understand that his intention was to kill the bats. I believe and hope he had no other design than that of intimidating me; but when the affair happened I was of a different opinion. Mrs. S(mellie), having put on her clothes, sat up all night by my bedside, and was so good as to assure me, that she would not leave me until I should be safely delivered from the apprehensions that surrounded me in this house, to which she and the doctor had been the principal cause of my coming; for my lord had haunted and importuned them incessantly on this subject, protesting that he loved me with the most inviolable affection; and all he desired was that I would sit at his table, manage his family, and share his fortune. By these professions, uttered with an air of honesty and good-nature, he had imposed himself upon them for the best-tempered creature upon earth; and they used all their influence with me to take him into favour. This hath been the case with a great many people, who had but a superficial knowledge of his disposition; but, in the course of their acquaintance, they have never failed to discern and acknowledge their mistake.

The doctor, on his return from Tunbridge, to which place he had made a trip by himself, found me ill abed, and the whole family in confusion. Surprised and concerned at this disorder, he entered into expostulation with my lord, who owned that the cause of his displeasure and disquiet was no other than jealousy. H(oldma)n had informed him that I had been seen to walk out with Mr. Bal— in a morning; and that our correspondence had been observed, with many additional circumstances, which were absolutely false and groundless. This imputation was no sooner understood than it was resolved that the accuser should be examined in presence of us all. He accordingly appeared, exceedingly drunk, though it was morning, and repeated the articles of the charge, as an information he had received from a man who came from town to hang the bells, and was long ago returned to London.

This was an instance of his cunning and address, which did not forsake him even in his hours of intoxication. Had he fixed the calumny on any one of the servants, he would have been confronted and detected in his falsehood. Nevertheless, though he could not be legally convicted, it plainly appeared that he was the author of this defamation, which incensed Mr. Bal— to such a degree that he could scarce be withheld

from punishing him on the spot by manual chastisement. However, he was prevailed upon to abstain from such immediate vengeance, as a step unworthy of his character; and the affair was brought to this issue, that his lordship should either part with me or Mr. H(oldma)n, for I was fully determined against living under the same roof with such an incendiary.

This alternative being proposed, my lord dismissed his steward, and we returned to town with the doctor and Mrs. S(mellie); for I had imbibed such horror and aversion for this country-seat, though one of the pleasantest in England, that I could not bear to live in it. We therefore removed to a house in Bond-street, where, according to the advice of my friends, I exerted my whole power and complaisance in endeavours to keep my husband in good-humour, but was so unsuccessful in my attempts that, if ever he was worse tempered, more capricious, or intolerable at one time than at another, this was the season in which his ill-humour predominated to the most rancorous degree. I was scarce ever permitted to stir abroad, saw nobody at home but my old male friend, whom I have mentioned above, and the doctor, with his lady, from whose conversation also I was at last excluded.

Nevertheless, I contrived to steal a meeting now and then with my late benefactor, for whom I entertained a great share of affection, exclusive of that gratitude that was due to his generosity. It was not his fault that I compromised matters with my lord, for he was as free of his purse as I was unwilling to use it. It would therefore have been unfriendly, unkind, and ungrateful in me, now that I was in affluence, to avoid all intercourse with a man who had supported me in adversity. I think people cannot be too shy and scrupulous in receiving favours; but once they are conferred, they ought never to forget the obligation. And I was never more concerned at any incident of my life, than at hearing that this gentleman did not receive a letter, in which I acknowledged the last proof of his friendship and liberality which I had occasion to use, because I have since learned that he suspected me of neglect.

But, to return to my situation in Bond-street. I bore it as well as I could for the space of three months, during which I lived in the midst of spies, who were employed to watch my conduct, and underwent every mortification that malice, power, and folly could inflict. Nay, so ridiculous, so unreasonable was my tyrant in his spleen, that he declared he would even be jealous of Heydigger, if there was no other man to incur his suspicion. He expected that I should spend my whole time with him *tête-à-tête*. When I sacrificed my enjoyment to these comfortable parties, he never failed to lay hold on some innocent expression of mine, which he made the foundation of a quarrel; and, when I strove to avoid these disagreeable misinterpretations by reading or writing, he incessantly teased and tormented me with the imputation of being peevish, sullen, and reserved.

Harassed by this insufferable behaviour, I communicated my case to Dr. S(mellie) and his lady, intimating that I neither could nor would expose myself any longer to such usage. The doctor exhorted me to bear my fate with patience; and Mrs. S(mellie) was silent on the subject; so that I still hesitated between staying and going, when the doctor, being one night at supper, happened to have some words with my lord, who was so violently transported with passion, that I was actually afraid of going to bed with him; and next morning, when he awaked, there was such an expression of frantic wildness in his countenance, that I imagined he was actually distracted.

This alarming circumstance confirmed me in my resolution of decamping; and I accordingly moved my quarters to a house in Sackville-street, where I had lodged when I was a widow. From thence I sent a message to the Duke of L(eeds), desiring he would make my lord acquainted with the place of my abode, my reasons for removing, and my intention to defend myself against all his attempts. The first night of this separation I went to bed by myself with as much pleasure as a man would feel in going to bed to his mistress whom he had long solicited in vain, so rejoiced was I to be delivered from my obnoxious bed-fellow.

From these lodgings I soon moved to Brook-street, where I had not long enjoyed the sweets of my escape, when I was importuned to return by a new steward whom my lord had engaged in the room of H(oldma)n. This gentleman, who bore a very fair character, made such judicious representations, and behaved so candidly in the discharge of his function, that I agreed he should act as umpire in the difference betwixt us; and once more a reconciliation was effected, though his lordship began to be dissatisfied even before the execution of our agreement; in consequence of which he attended me to Bath, whither I went for the benefit of my health, which was not a little impaired.

This accommodation had a surprising effect upon my lover, who, notwithstanding his repeated declarations that no woman should ever gain such an ascendency over his heart as to be able to give him pain, suffered all the agonies of disappointed love when he now found himself deprived of the opportunities of seeing me, and behaved very differently from what he had imagined he should. His words and actions were desperate. One of his expressions to me was, "It was like twisting my heart-strings, and tearing it out of my body." Indeed, I never should have acted this part had I foreseen what he would have suffered; but I protest I believed him when he said otherwise so much, that his declaration on that subject was the occasion of my giving him up; and it was now too late to retract.

In our expedition to Bath I was accompanied by a very agreeable young lady, with whom I passed my time very happily, amid the diversions of the place, which screened me, in a good measure, from the vexatious society of my hopeful partner. From this place we repaired to his seat in the country, where we spent a few months, and thence returned again to our house in Bond-street. Here, while I was confined to my bed by illness, it was supposed my indisposition was no other than a private lying-in, though I was under the roof with my lord, and attended by his servants.

While the distemper continued, my lord, to do him justice, behaved with all imaginable tenderness and care; and his concern on these occasions I have already mentioned as a strange inconsistency in his disposition. If his actions were at all accountable, I should think he took pains to fret me into a fever first, in order to manifest his love and humanity afterward. When I recovered my strength and spirits, I went abroad, saw company, and should have been easy, had he been contented; but as my satisfaction increased his good-humour decayed, and he banished from his house, one by one, all the people whose conversation could have made my life agreeable.

I often expostulated with him on his malignant behaviour, protesting my desire of living peaceably with him, and begging he would not lay me under the necessity of changing my measures. He was deaf to all my remonstrances, though I warned him more than once of the event, persisted in his maxims of persecution; and, after repeated quarrels, I again left his house, fully determined to suffer all sorts of extremity rather than subject myself to the tyranny of his disposition.

This year was productive of one fatal event, which I felt with the utmost sensibility of sorrow, and I shall always remember with regret—I mean the death of Mr. B(erkeley),[1] with whom I had constantly maintained an intimate correspondence since the first commencement of our acquaintance. He was one of the most valuable men, and promised to be one of the brightest ornaments that this or any other age had produced. I enjoyed his friendship without reserve; and such was the confidence he reposed in my integrity, from long experience of my truth, that he often said he would believe my bare assertion, even though it should contradict the evidence of his own senses. These being the terms upon which we lived, it is not to be supposed that I bore the loss of him without repining. Indeed, my grief was unspeakable; and though the edge of it be now smoothed by the lenient hand of time, I shall never cease to cherish his memory with the most tender remembrance.

During the last period of my living with my lord, I had agreed to the expediency of obtaining an act of Parliament, which would enable him to pay his debts; on which occasion there was a necessity of cancelling a deed that subsisted between us, relating to a separate maintenance, to which, on certain provisions, I was entitled; and this was to be set aside, so far as it interfered with the above-mentioned scheme, while the rest of it should remain in force. When this affair was about to be transacted, my lord very generously insisted upon my concurrence in annulling the whole settlement; and when I refused to comply with this demand, because this was the sole resource I had against his ill usage, he would not proceed in the execution of his plan, though, by dropping it, he hurt nobody but himself; and he accused me of having receded from my word, after I had drawn him into considerable expense.

This imputation of breaking my word, which I defy the whole world to prove I ever did, incensed me the more, as I myself had proposed the scheme for his service, although I knew the accomplishment of it would endanger the validity of my own settlement; and my indignation was still more augmented by the behaviour of Mr. G—, who had always professed a regard for my interest, and, upon my last accommodation with my lord, undertaken to effect a reconciliation between my father and me; but, when he was questioned about the particulars of this difference, and desired to declare whether his lordship or I was to blame, he declined the office of arbitrator, refused to be explicit upon the subject, and by certain shrewd hums and ha's signified his disapprobation of my conduct. Yet this very man, when I imparted to him, in confidence, my intention of making another retreat, and frankly asked his opinion of my design, seemed to acquiesce in the justice of it in these remarkable words:—"Madam, if I thought or had hopes of my lord's growing better, I would down on my knees to desire you to stay; but as I have not, I say nothing."

If he connived at my conduct in this particular, why should he disapprove of it when all I asked was but common justice? But he was a dependant; and therefore I excuse his phlegmatic (not to call it unfriendly) behaviour. Indeed, he could not be too cautious of giving offence to his lordship, who sometimes made him feel the effects of that wrath which other people had kindled; particularly in consequence of a small adventure which happened about this very period of time.

A very agreeable, sprightly, good-natured young man, a near relation of my lord, happening to be at our house one evening when there was a fire in the neighbourhood, we agreed to go and sup at a tavern *en famille;* and having spent the evening with great mirth and good-humour, this young gentleman, who was naturally facetious, in taking his leave, saluted us all round. My lord, who had before entertained some jealousy of his kinsman, was very much provoked by this trifling incident, but very prudently suppressed his displeasure till he returned to his own house, where his rage co-operating with the champagne he had drank, inflamed him to such a degree of resolution, that he sprung upon the innocent G—n, and collared him with great fury, though he was altogether unconcerned in the cause of his indignation.

This extravagant and frantic behaviour, added to other grievances under which I laboured, hastened my resolution of leaving him; and he to this day blames his relation as the immediate cause of my escape, whereas he ought to place it to the account of his own madness and indiscretion. When I retired to Park-street, he cautioned all my tradesmen, not even excepting my baker, against giving me credit, assuring them that he would not pay any debts I should contract; and the difficulties to which I was reduced, in consequence of this charitable declaration, together with the reflection of what I had suffered, and might undergo, from the caprice and barbarity of his disposition, affected my health so much, that I was taken again ill, and my life thought in danger.

My constitution, however, got the better of my distemper, and I was ordered into the country by my physicians, for the benefit of the air; so that I found myself under the necessity of keeping two houses, when I was little able to support one, and set up my chariot, because I could not defray the expense of a hackney coach; for I had as much credit given me as I asked for, notwithstanding my lord's orders to the contrary.

Having recruited my spirits in the country, I returned to town, and was visited by my friends, who never forsook me in adversity, and, in the summer, removed to a house in Essex, where I lived a few months in great tranquillity, unmolested by my tyrant, who sometimes gave me a whole year's respite. Here I used to ride and drive by turns, as my humour dictated, with horses which were lent me; and I had the company of my lover and another gentleman, who was a very agreeable companion, and of singular service to me in the sequel.

At last, my lord having received intelligence of the place of my abode, and his tormenting humour recurring, he set out for my habitation, and in the morning appeared in his coach and six, attended by Mr. G—n and another person, whom he had engaged for the purpose, with several domestics armed. I immediately shut up my doors at his approach, and refused him admit-

[1] Killed at the battle of Dettingen, 1743. See note, pages 365-6.

tance, which he endeavoured to obtain by a succession of prayers and threats; but I was deaf to both, and resolved to hold out to the last. Seeing me determined, he began his attack, and his servants actually forced their way into the house; upon which I retreated upstairs, and fortified myself in my apartment, which the assailants stormed with such fury that the door began to give way, and I retired into another room.

Whilst I remained in this post, Mr. G—n demanded a parley, in which he begged I would favour my lord with an interview, otherwise he knew not what might be the consequence. To this remonstrance I replied that I was not disposed to comply with his request, and though their design should be murder, I was not at all afraid of death. Upon this declaration they renewed their attacks, which they carried on with indifferent success till the afternoon, when my lord, as if he had been at play, sent a formal message to me, desiring that all hostilities should cease, till after both parties should have dined. At the same time my own servants came for instructions, and I ordered them to let him have everything which he should call for, as far as the house would afford.

He did not fail to make use of this permission; but sitting down with his companions, ate up my dinner without hesitation, after he had paid me the compliment of desiring to know what he should send up to my apartment. Far from having any stomach to partake of his meal, I sat solitary upon my bed, in a state of melancholy expectation, having fastened the door of the outward room for my security, while I kept my chamber open for the convenience of air, the weather being excessively hot.

His lordship, having indulged his appetite, resumed his attempt, and all of a sudden I heard a noise in the next room; upon which I started up, and perceiving that he had got into my antechamber, by the help of a bench that stood under the window, I flung to the door of my room, which I locked with great expedition, and opening another that communicated with the staircase, ran out of the house, through a crowd of more than a hundred people, whom this fray had gathered together.

Being universally beloved in the neighbourhood, and respected by my lord's servants, I passed among them untouched, and took refuge in a neighbouring cottage; while his lordship bawled and roared for assistance, being afraid to come out as he had gone in. Without waiting for his deliberations, I changed clothes with the poor woman who had given me shelter, and in her blue apron and straw hat sallied out into the fields, intending to seek protection in the house of a gentleman not far off, though I was utterly ignorant of the road that led to it. However, it was my good fortune to meet with a farmer, who undertook to conduct me to the place; otherwise I should have missed my way, and in all probability lain in the fields; for by this time it was eight o'clock at night.

Under the direction of this guide, I traversed hedges and ditches (for I would not venture to travel in the highway, lest I should fall into the hands of my pursuer), and after I had actually tumbled in the mire, and walked six or seven long miles by the help of a good spirit, which never failed me on such occasions, I arrived at the place, and rung the bell at the garden gate for admittance. Seeing my figure, which was very uncouth, together with my draggled condition, they denied me entrance; but, when they understood who I was, immediately opened the door, and I was hospitably entertained, after having been the subject of mirth, on account of my dress and adventure.

Next day I returned and took possession of my house again, where I resumed my former amusements, which I enjoyed in quiet for the space of a whole month, waiting with resignation for the issue of my lawsuit; when, one afternoon, I was apprised of his lordship's approach by one of my spies, whom I always employed to reconnoitre the road; and so fortunate was I in the choice of these scouts, that I never was betrayed by one of them, though they were often bribed for that purpose.

I no sooner received this intelligence than I ordered my horse to be saddled, and, mounting, rode out of sight immediately, directing my course a different way from the London road. I had not long proceeded in this track, when my career was all of a sudden stopped by a five-bar gate, which, after some hesitation, I resolved to leap (my horse being an old hunter), if I should find myself pursued. However, with much difficulty I made a shift to open it, and arrived in safety at the house of my very good friend Mr. G—, who, being a justice of the peace, had promised me his protection, if it should be wanted.

Thus secured for the present, I sent out spies to bring information of his lordship's proceedings, and understood that he had taken possession of my house, turned my servants adrift, and made himself master of all my moveables, clothes, and papers. As for the papers, they were of no consequence, but of clothes I had a good stock; and when I had reason to believe that he did not intend to relinquish his conquest, I thought it was high time for me to remove to a greater distance from his quarters. Accordingly, two days after my escape, I set out at eleven o'clock at night, in a chariot and four, which I borrowed of my friend, attended by a footman, who was a stout fellow, and well armed, I myself being provided with a brace of good pistols, which I was fully determined to use against any person who should presume to lay violent hands upon me, except my lord, for whom a less mortal weapon would have sufficed, such as a bodkin or a tinderbox. Nothing could be farther from my intention than the desire of hurting any living creature, much less my husband; my design was only to defend myself from cruelty and oppression, which I knew, by fatal experience, would infallibly be my lot, should he get me into his power. And I thought I had as good a right to preserve my happiness as that which every individual has to preserve his life, especially against a set of ruffians, who were engaged to rob me of it for a little dirty lucre.

In the midst of our journey the footman came up, and told me I was dogged; upon which I looked out, and, seeing a man riding by the chariot side, presented one of my pistols out of my window, and preserved that posture of defence until he thought proper to retreat, and rid me of the fears that attended his company. I arrived in town, and, changing my equipage, hired an open chaise, in which, though I was almost starved with cold, I travelled to Reading, which I reached by ten next morning; and from thence proceeded farther in the country, with a view of taking refuge with Mrs. C—, who was my particular friend. Here I should have found shelter, though my lord had been beforehand with me, and endeavoured to prepossess her against my conduct, had not the house been

crowded with company, among whom I could not possibly have been concealed, especially from her brother, who was an intimate friend of my persecutor.

Things being thus situated, I enjoyed but a very short interview with her, in which her sorrow and perplexity on my account appeared with great expression in her countenance; and, though it was not in her power to afford me the relief I expected, she, in the most genteel manner, sent after me a small sum of money, thinking that, considering the hurry in which I left my house, I might have occasion for it on the road. I was by this time benumbed with cold, fatigued with travelling, and almost fretted to death by my disappointment. However, this was no time to indulge despondence; since nobody could or would assist me, I stood the more in need of my own resolution and presence of mind. After some deliberation, I steered my course back to London; and being unwilling to return by the same road in which I came, as well as impatient to be at the end of my journey, I chose the Bagshot way, and ventured to cross the heath by moonlight.

Here I was attacked by a footpad armed with a broadsword, who came up and demanded my money. My stock amounted to twelve guineas; and I foresaw that, should I be stripped of the whole sum, I could not travel without discovering who I was, and consequently running the risk of being detected by my pursuer. On these considerations I gave the fellow three guineas and some silver, with which he was so far from being satisfied, that he threatened to search me for more. But I ordered the coachman to proceed, and by good fortune escaped that ceremony, though I was under some apprehension of being overtaken with a pistol-bullet in my flight, and therefore held down my head in the chaise, in imitation of some great men, who are said to have ducked in the same manner in the day of battle.

My fears happened to be disappointed. I lay at an inn upon the road, and next day arrived in town, in the utmost difficulty and distress; for I knew not where to fix my habitation, and was destitute of all means of support. In this dilemma I applied to my lawyer, who recommended me to the house of a tradesman in Westminster, where I lodged and boarded upon credit, with my faithful Abigail, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Mrs. S—r, for the space of ten weeks, during which I saw nobody, and never once stirred abroad.

While I was thus harassed out of all enjoyment of life, and reduced to the utmost indigence, by the cruelty of my persecutor, who had even stripped me of my wearing apparel, I made a conquest of Lord D—, a nobleman who is now dead, and therefore I shall say little of his character, which is perfectly well known. This only will I observe, that, next to my own tyrant, he was the person of whom I had the greatest abhorrence. Nevertheless, when these two came in competition, I preferred the offers of this new lover, which were very considerable; and as an asylum was the chief thing I wanted, agreed to follow him to his country seat, whither I actually sent my clothes, which I had purchased upon credit.

However, upon mature deliberation, I changed my mind, and signified my resolution in a letter, desiring, at the same time, that my baggage might be sent back. In consequence of this message I expected a visit from him, in all the rage of indignation and disappointment, and gave orders that he should not be admitted into my house. Yet, notwithstanding this precaution, he found means to procure entrance; and one of the first objects that I saw next morning in my bed-chamber, was my lover armed with a horse-whip, against which, from the knowledge of the man, I did not think myself altogether secure, though I was not much alarmed, because I believed myself superior to him in point of bravery, should the worst come to the worst. But, contrary to my expectation, and his usual behaviour to our sex, he accosted me very politely, and began to expostulate upon the contents of my letter. I freely told him that I had rashly assented to his proposal for my own convenience only; that, when I reflected on what I had done, I thought it ungenerous in me to live with him upon these terms; and that, as I did not like him, and could not dissemble, such a correspondence could never tend to the satisfaction of either. He allowed the inference was just, though he was very much chagrined at my previous proceeding. He relinquished his claim, restored my clothes, and never afterwards upbraided me with my conduct in this affair, though he at one time owned that he still loved me, and ever should, because I had used him ill; a declaration that strongly marks the peculiarity of his character. As for my own part, I own that my behaviour on this occasion is no other way excusable, than on account of the miserable perplexity of my circumstances, which were often so calamitous that I wonder I have not been compelled to take such steps as would have rendered my conduct much more exceptionable than it really is.

At last all my hopes were blasted by the issue of my suit, which was determined in favour of my lord. Even then I refused to yield; on the contrary, coming out of retirement, I took lodgings in Suffolk-street, and set my tyrant at defiance. But, being unwilling to trust my doors to the care of other people, I hired a house in Conduit-street, and no sooner appeared in the world again than I was surrounded by divers and sundry sorts of admirers. I believe I received the incense and addresses of all kinds under the sun, except that sort which was most to my liking, a man capable of contracting and inspiring a mutual attachment; but such a one is equally rare and inestimable; not but that I own myself greatly obliged to all those who cultivated my good graces, though they were very little beholden to me, for where I did not really love, I could never profess that passion; that sort of dissimulation is a slavery that no honest nature will undergo. Except one worthy young man whom I sometimes saw, they were a strange medley of insignificant beings; one was insipid, another ridiculously affected, a third void of all education, a fourth altogether inconsistent; and, in short, I found as many trifling characters among the men as ever I observed in my own sex. Some of them I endeavoured to bring over to my maxims, while they attempted to make a proselyte of me; but finding the task impracticable on both sides, we very wisely dropt each other.

At length, however, I was blessed with the acquaintance of one nobleman, who is, perhaps, the first character in England in point of honour, integrity, wit, sense, and benevolence; when I have thus distinguished him, I need scarce mention Lord (Fortescue).[1] This great, this good man, pos-

[1] This seems to refer to Hugh Fortescue, thirteenth Baron Clinton, created in 1746 Lord Fortescue and Earl of Clinton. He died unmarried, in 1751, the year in which this panegyric of him was published.

sesses every accomplishment requisite to inspire admiration, love, and esteem. With infinitely more merit than almost ever fell to one man's share, he manifests such diffidence of his own qualifications as cannot fail to prepossess every company in his favour. He seems to observe nothing, yet sees everything; his manner of telling a story, and making trifles elegant, is peculiar to himself; and, though he has a thousand oddities, they serve only to make him more agreeable. After what I have said, it may be supposed that I was enamoured of his person; but this was not the case; love is altogether capricious and fanciful; yet I admire, honour, and esteem him to the highest degree, and when I observe that his character resembled that of my dear departed friend Mr. B(erkeley); or rather, that Mr. B(erkeley), had he lived, would have resembled Lord (Fortescue), I pay the highest compliment I can conceive both to the living and the dead.

In this nobleman's friendship and conversation I thought myself happy, though I was, as usual, exposed to the indefatigable efforts of my lord, who one day, while I was favoured with the company of this generous friend, appeared at my door in his coach, attended by another gentleman, who demanded entrance with an air of authority. A very honest footman, who had been long in my service, ran up-stairs in the utmost consternation, and gave me an account of what had happened below. Upon which I told him he had nothing to answer for, and ordered him to keep the door fast shut against all opposition, though I was so much affected with this unexpected assault that Lord (Fortescue) said, he was never more surprised and shocked in his life than at the horror which appeared in my countenance when I saw the coach stop at my door.

My little hero being refused admittance, went away, threatening to return speedily with a reinforcement; and during this interval, I provided myself with a soldier, whom I placed sentinel at the door, within side, to guard me from the danger of such assaults for the future. My lord, true to his promise, marched back with his auxiliaries, reinforced with a constable, and repeated his demand of being admitted; and my soldier opening the sash, in order to answer him, according to my directions, he no sooner perceived the red coat, than he was seized with such a panic that he instantly fled with great precipitation; and, when he recounted the adventure, like Falstaff in the play, multiplied my guard into a whole file of musqueteers. He also made a shift to discover the gentleman who had been so kind as to lend me one of his company, and complained of him to the Duke of N(ewcastle), in hopes of seeing him broke for his misdemeanour; but in that expectation he was luckily disappointed.

Perceiving that in England I should never enjoy peace, but be continually subject to those alarms and disquiets which had already impaired my health and spirits, I resolved to repair again to France, my best refuge and sure retreat from the persecution of my tyrant. Yet, before I took this step, I endeavoured, by the advice of my friends, to conceal myself near Windsor; but was in a little time discovered by my lord, and hunted out of my lurking-place accordingly. I then removed to Chelsea, where I suffered inconceivable uneasiness and agitation of mind from the nature of my situation, my tranquillity being thus incessantly invaded by a man who could not be satisfied with me, and yet could not live without me. So that, though I was very much indisposed, I set out for France, by the way of the Hague, as the war had shut up all other communication, having no other attendant but my woman S—r, who, though she dreaded the sea, and was upon the brink of matrimony, would not quit me in such a calamitous condition, until I was joined by my footman and another maid, whom I ordered to follow me with the baggage. But before my departure, I sent a message to Lord (Vane), demanding my clothes, which he had seized in Essex; and he refusing to deliver them, I was obliged to equip myself anew, upon credit.

I was supplied with money for my journey by my good friend L—; and, after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at the Hague, where I stayed two months, and parted with S—r, on whom I settled an annuity of five-and-twenty pounds, payable out of the provision which I had or might obtain from my husband. The same allowance had I prevailed upon Lord B(erkeley) to grant to another maid who attended me while I lived in his house.

I did not much relish the people in Holland, because they seemed entirely devoted to self-interest, without any taste for pleasure or politeness; a species of disposition that could not be very agreeable to me, who always despised money, had an unbounded benevolence of heart, and loved pleasure beyond every other consideration. When I say pleasure, I would not be understood to mean sensuality, which constitutes the supreme happiness of those only who are void of sentiment and imagination. Nevertheless, I received some civilities in this place; and among the rest, the reputation of having for my lover the King of P—'s minister, who was young and airy, and visited me often; circumstances that were sufficient to lay me under the imputation of an amour, which I frequently incurred without having given the least cause of suspicion.

Having taken leave of my Dutch friends, I departed from the Hague, in company with an Englishwoman, whom I had chosen for that purpose, and arrived at Antwerp with much difficulty and danger, the highway being infested with robbers. After having reposed myself a few days in this city, I hired a coach for myself, and set out with my companion for Brussels; but, before we reached Mechlin, our vehicle was attacked by two hussars, who, with their sabres drawn, obliged the coachman to drive into a wood near the road. I at first imagined they wanted to examine our passports, but was soon too well convinced of their design; and, though very much shocked at the discovery, found resolution enough to suppress my concern, so that it should not aggravate the terrors of the young woman, who had almost died with apprehension. I even encouraged her to hope for the best; and, addressing myself to the robbers in French, begged, in the most suppliant manner, that they would spare our lives; upon which one of them, who was a little fellow, assured me, in the same language, that we had nothing to fear for our persons.

When we were conveyed in a state of dreadful suspense above three-quarters of a mile into the wood, the ruffians came into the coach, and taking my keys, which I kept ready in my hand for them, opened three large trunks that contained my baggage, and emptying them of everything but my hoops and a few books, packed up their booty in a cloth; then robbed me of my money and jewels, even to my shoe-buckles and sleeve-buttons, took my footman's laced hat, and gave it, by way of gratification, to a peasant, who

came from behind the bushes, and assisted them in packing.

This affair being despatched, they ordered us to return to the road by a different way from that in which we were carried into the wood; and mounting their horses, rode off with the plunder, though not before the little fellow, who was the least ferocious of the two, had come and shaken me by the hand, wishing us a good journey; a compliment which I heartily returned, being extremely well pleased with the retreat of two such companions, who had detained us a whole half-hour; during which, notwithstanding the assurance I had received, I was in continual apprehension of seeing their operation concluded with the murder of us all; for I suppose they were of that gang who had some time before murdered a French officer, and used a lady extremely ill, after having rifled her of all she had.

Having thus undergone pillage, and being reduced to the extremity of indigence in a foreign land, it is not to be supposed that my reflections were very comfortable; and yet, though I sustained the whole damage, I was the only person in the company who bore the accident with any resolution and presence of mind. My coachman and valet seemed quite petrified with fear; and it was not till I had repeated my directions that the former drove farther into the wood, and took the first turning to the right, in order to regain the road, according to the command of the robbers, which I did not choose to disobey.

This misfortune I suffered by the misinformation I received at Antwerp, where I would have provided myself with an escort, had not I been assured that there was not the least occasion to put myself to such extraordinary expense. And indeed the robbers took the only half-hour in which they could have had an opportunity of plundering us; for we no sooner returned into the highway, than we met with the French artillery, coming from Brussels, which was a security to us during the rest of our journey. We were afterwards informed at a small village, that there was actually a large gang of deserters, who harboured in that wood, from which they made excursions in the neighbourhood, and kept the peasants in continual alarms.

Having proceeded a little way, we were stopped by the artillery crossing a bridge; and as the train was very long, must have been detained till night, had not a soldier informed me, that if I would take the trouble to come out of my coach, and apply to the commandant, he would order them to halt, and allow me to pass. I took the man's advice, and was by him conducted, with much difficulty, through the crowd to some officers, who seemed scarce to deserve the name; for when I signified my request, they neither rose up, nor desired me to sit down; but lolling in their chairs, with one leg stretched out, asked, with an air of disrespectful raillery, where I was going, and when I answered, "To Paris," desired to know what I would do there.

I, who am naturally civil where I am civilly used, and saucy enough where I think myself treated with disregard, was very much piqued at their insolent and unmannerly behaviour, and began to reply to the impertinent questions very abruptly; so that a very tart dialogue would have ensued, had not the conversation been interrupted by a tall, thin, genteel young French nobleman, an officer in the army, who, chancing to come in, asked with great politeness what I would please to have. I then repeated my desire, and produced my passports, by which he learnt who I was. He immediately gave orders that my coach should pass; and afterwards visited me at Paris, having obtained my permission, and taking my address at parting; while the others, understanding my name and quality, asked pardon for their impolite carriage, which they told me was owing to the representation of the soldier, who gave them to understand that I was a strolling actress.

I could not help laughing heartily at this mistake, which might have proceeded from the circumstances of my appearance, my footman having been obliged to change hats with the peasant, and myself being without buckles in my shoes, and buttons in my riding-shirt, while my countenance still retained marks of the fear and confusion I had undergone. After all, perhaps the fellow was a droll, and wanted to entertain himself at my expense.

The day was so far consumed in these adventures, that I was obliged to take up my lodgings at Mechlin, where I addressed myself to the intendant, giving him an account of the disaster I had met with, and desiring I might have credit at the inn, as our whole company could not raise the value of a sixpence. This gentleman, though a provincial, was polite in his way, and not only granted my request, but invited me to lodge at his own house. I accordingly gave him my company at supper, but did not choose to sleep at his quarters, because he appeared to be what the French call *un vieu débauché*.

Next day, he sent a trumpet to the general, with a detail of my misfortune, in hopes of retrieving what I had lost; but, notwithstanding all possible search, I was fain to put up with my damage, which, in linen, laces, clothes, and baubles, amounted to upwards of seven hundred pounds, a loss which never deprived me of one moment's rest; for though I lodged at a miserable inn, and lay in a paltry bed, I slept as sound as if nothing extraordinary had happened, after I had written to London and Paris, directing that the payment of my bills of credit might be stopped. Indeed, I know but of two misfortunes in life capable of depressing my spirits, namely, the loss of health and friends; all others may be prevented or endured. The articles of that calamity which I chiefly regretted were a picture of Lord W(illiam), and some inimitable letters from Mr. B(erkeley).

From Mechlin I proceeded to Brussels, where, being known, I got credit for some necessaries, and borrowed twenty guineas, to defray the expense of my journey to Paris. Having consulted with my friends about the safest method of travelling through Flanders, I was persuaded to take places in the public voiture; and accordingly departed, not without fears of finding one part of the country as much infested with robbers as another. Nor were these apprehensions assuaged by the conversation of my fellow-travellers, who being of the lower sort of people, that delight in exaggerating dangers, entertained me all the way with an account of all the robberies and murders which had been committed on that road, with many additional circumstances of their own invention.

After having been two days exposed to this comfortable conversation, among very disagreeable company, which is certainly one of the most disagreeable situations in life, I arrived at Lisle, where, thinking the dangerous part of the journey was now past, I hired a post-chaise, and in two days more reached Paris without any further molestation.

Upon my arrival in the capital, I was immediately visited by my old acquaintances, who,

hearing my disaster, offered me their clothes, and insisted upon my wearing them, until I could be otherwise provided. They likewise engaged me in parties, with a view of amusing my imagination, that I might not grow melancholy in reflecting upon my loss; and desired me to repeat the particulars of my story forty times over, expressing great surprise at our not being murdered, or ravished at least. As for this last species of outrage, the fear of it never once entered my head, otherwise I should have been more shocked and alarmed than I really was. But it seems this was the chief circumstance of my companion's apprehension; and I cannot help observing, that a homely woman is always more apt to entertain those fears, than one whose person exposes her to much more imminent danger. However, I now learned that the risk I ran was much greater than I imagined it to be, those ruffians being familiarized to rape as well as murder.

Soon after my appearance at Paris I was favoured with the addresses of several French lovers; but I never had any taste for foreigners, or indeed for any amusement of that kind, except such as were likely to be lasting, and settled upon a more agreeable footing than that of common gallantry. When I deviated from this principle, my conduct was the effect of compulsion, and therefore I was never easy under it, having been reduced to the alternative of two evils, the least of which I was obliged to choose, as a man leaps into the sea in order to escape from a ship that is on fire.

Though I rejected their love, I did not refuse their company and conversation; and though my health was considerably impaired by the shock I received in my last adventure, which was considerably greater than I at first imagined, and affected my companion so much that she did not recover her spirits till she returned to England; I say, though I was for some time a valetudinarian, I enjoyed myself in great tranquillity for the space of ten months, during which I was visited by English, Scotch, and French, of all parties and persuasions; for pleasure is of no faction, and that was the chief object of my pursuit; neither was I so ambitious of being a politician as to employ my time and thoughts upon subjects which I did not understand. I had admirers of all sides, and should have spent my time very much to my liking, had not I felt my funds sensibly diminish, without any prospect of their being repaired; for I had been obliged to lay out a great part of the sum allotted for my subsistence in supplying my companion, my servant, and myself with necessaries, in lieu of those which we had lost.

Having before my eyes the uncomfortable prospect of wanting money in a strange place, I found myself under the necessity of returning to England, where I had more resources than I could possibly have among foreigners; and with that view wrote to Lord (Vane)'s agents, desiring that I might be enabled to discharge my obligations at Paris, by the payment of my pin-money. Thus a negotiation commenced, and his lordship promised to remit money for the clearance of my Paris debts, which amounted to four hundred pounds; but he would not advance one farthing more, though I gave him to understand that, while he protracted the agreement, I must inevitably be adding to my encumbrances, and that I should be as effectually detained by a debt of twenty pounds as if I owed a thousand. Notwithstanding all my representations, he would not part with one shilling over the net sum which I at first stipulated; so that all my measures were rendered abortive, and I found it altogether impracticable to execute those resolutions I had formed in his favour.

Thus did he, for a mere trifle, embarrass the woman for whom he professes the most unlimited love, and whose principles he pretends to hold in the utmost veneration. Indeed, his confidence in my integrity is not without foundation; for many wives, with one half of my provocation, would have ruined him to all intents and purposes; whereas, notwithstanding all the extraordinary expenses to which I have been exposed by his continual persecution, he never paid a shilling on my account except one thousand pounds, exclusive of the small allowance which was my due. In a word, so much time elapsed before my lord could prevail upon himself to advance the bare four hundred, that I was involved in fresh difficulties, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself; and though I had occasion to write a letter to my benefactor Lord (Fortescue), in which I expressed my acknowledgment for past favours, I could not venture to solicit more, even when I was encouraged by a very obliging answer, wherein he declared that the good qualities of my mind and heart would bind him to me in friendship for ever.

While I ruminated on my uncomfortable situation, which would neither permit me to return to England, nor to stay much longer where I was, a young Englishman of immense fortune took Paris in his way from Italy, accompanied by a most agreeable Scotchman, of very good sense and great vivacity. It was my good or ill fortune to become acquainted with these gentlemen, who, having seen me at the opera, expressed a desire of being known to me, and accordingly favoured me with a visit one afternoon, when the brisk North Briton engrossed the whole conversation, while the other seemed fearful and diffident even to a degree of bashfulness, through which, however, I could discern a delicate sensibility and uncommon understanding. There was in his person (which was very agreeable), as well as in his behaviour, a certain *naïveté* that was very pleasing; and at this first interview we relished each other's company so well, that a sort of intimacy immediately commenced, and was carried on in a succession of parties of pleasure, in the course of which I found him fraught with all the tenderness and sentiment that render the heart susceptible of the most refined love; a disposition that immediately made me partial to him, while it subjected his own heart to all the violent impressions of a passion which I little imagined our correspondence would have produced.

Nevertheless, I was far from being displeased with my conquest, because his person and qualifications, as well as his manner of address, were very much to my liking, and recommended him in a particular manner to my affection. Indeed, he made greater progress in my heart than I myself suspected; for there was something congenial in our souls, which, from our first meeting, I believe, had attracted us, unknown to ourselves, under the notions of friendship and regard, and now disclosed itself in the most passionate love.

I listened to his addresses, and we were truly happy. His attachment was the quintessence of tenderness and sincerity, while his generosity knew no bounds. Not contented with having paid twelve hundred pounds on my account, in the space of one fortnight, he would have loaded me with present after present, had I not abso-

lately refused to accept such expensive marks of his munificence. I was even mortified at those instances of his liberality which my situation compelled me to receive, lest, being but little acquainted with my disposition, he should suspect me of being interested in my love, and judge my conduct by the malicious reports of common fame, which, he afterwards owned, had at first obtained such credit with him, that he believed our mutual attachment would not be of long duration. But in this particular he was soon undeceived. His heart, though naturally adapted for the melting passion, had hitherto escaped untouched by all the ladies of Italy and France; and therefore the first impressions were the more deeply fixed. As he was unpractised in the ways of common gallantry and deceit, the striking simplicity in his character was the more likely to engage the heart of one who knew the perfidy of the world, and despised all the farce and bombast of fashionable profession, which I had always considered as the phrase of vanity and ostentation, rather than the genuine language of love. Besides, gratitude had a considerable share in augmenting my affection, which manifested itself in such a warm, cordial, artless manner, as increased his esteem and riveted his attachment; for he could easily perceive, from the whole tenor of my conduct, that my breast was an utter stranger to craft and dissimulation; yet I was at first fearful of contracting any engagement with him, because, being younger than myself, he might be more apt to change, and the world might be malicious enough to suppose I had practised upon his inexperience; but, conscious of my own integrity, I set slander at defiance, trusting to my own behaviour and his natural probity for the continuance of his love. Though we did not live together in the same house, the greatest part of our time was spent in each other's company;—we dined and supped at the same table, frequented public places, went upon parties to the country, and never parted but for a few hours in the night, which we passed in the utmost impatience to meet again.

In this agreeable manner did the days roll on, when my felicity was interrupted by a fit of jealousy with which I happened to be seized. I had contracted an acquaintance with a young married lady, who, though her personal attractions were but slender, was, upon the whole, an agreeable, cheerful, good-natured companion, with a little dash of the coquette in her composition. This woman being in very indigent circumstances, occasioned by some losses her husband had sustained, no sooner had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with my lover, than she formed the design of making a conquest of him. I should have forgiven her for this scheme, whatever pangs it might have cost me, had I believed it the effect of real passion; but I knew her too well to suppose her heart was susceptible of love, and accordingly resented it. In the execution of her plan she neglected nothing which she thought capable of engaging his attention. She took all opportunities of sitting near him at table, ogled him in the most palpable manner, directed her whole discourse to him, trod upon his toes; nay, I believe, squeezed his hand. My blood boiled at her, though my pride, for some time, enabled me to conceal my uneasiness; till at length her behaviour became so arrogant and gross that I could no longer suppress my indignation, and one day told my lover that I would immediately renounce his correspondence.

He was greatly alarmed at this unexpected declaration; and, when he understood the cause of it, assured me that for the future he would never exchange one word with her. Satisfied with this mark of his sincerity and regard, I released him from his promise, which he could not possibly keep while she and I lived upon any terms; and we continued to visit each other as usual, though she still persisted in her endeavours to rival me in his affection, and contracted an intimacy with his companion, who seemed to entertain a passion for her, that she might have the more frequent opportunities of being among us; for she had no objection against favouring the addresses of both. One evening, I remember, we set out in my coach for the opera; and, in the way, this inamorata was so busy with her feet, that I was incensed at her behaviour, and, when we arrived at the place, refused to alight; but, setting them down, declared my intention of returning home immediately. She was so much pleased with this intimation, that she could not conceal the joy she felt at the thoughts of conversing with him, uninterrupted by my presence,—an opportunity with which I had never favoured her before. This open exultation increased my anger and anxiety. I went home; but, being still tortured with the reflection of having left them together, adjusted myself in the glass, though I was too angry to take notice of my own figure, and without further delay returned to the opera.

Having inquired for the box in which they sat, I took possession of one that fronted them, and reconnoitring them, without being perceived, had the satisfaction of seeing him removed to as great a distance from her as the place would permit, and his head turned another way. Composed by this examination, I joined them without further scruple, when my young gentleman expressed great joy at my appearance, and told me he was determined to have left the entertainment, and come in quest of me, had I not returned at that instant.

In our way homewards my rival repeated her usual hints, and with her large hoop almost overshadowed my lover from my view; upon which my jealousy and wrath recurred with such violence, that I pulled the string as a signal for the coachman to stop, with a view of getting out and going home afoot; a step which would have afforded a new spectacle to the people of Paris. But I reflected in a moment upon the folly of such a resolution, and soon recollected myself by calling my pride to my assistance. I determined, however, that she should act no more scenes of this kind in my presence, and that same night insisted upon my lover's dropping all intercourse and connexion with this tormentor. He very cheerfully complied with my desire, and was even glad of an occasion to break off his acquaintance with a person about whom I had plagued him so much.

Thus was I freed from the persecution of one of those creatures, who, though of little consequence in themselves, are yet the pests of society, and find means to destroy that harmony which reigns between two lovers, by the intrusion of a loose appetite, void of all sensibility and discretion; having no feeling themselves, they cannot sympathize with that of other people, and do mischief out of mere wantonness.

My lover being obliged to go to England, had settled me in a genteel house in Paris, with a view of returning when his affairs should be adjusted; but, when the time of his departure approached, he began to be uneasy at the prospect of separation, and, in order to alleviate his anxiety, desired me to accompany him to Calais, where we stayed together three or four

days, during which the dread of parting became more and more intense; so that we determined upon my following him into England by the first opportunity, where I should live altogether incog., that I might be concealed from the inquiries and attempts of my lord. Even after this resolution was fixed, we parted with all the agonies of lovers who despair of ever meeting again; and the wind blowing very high after he had embarked, increased my fears. But by the return of the packet-boat I was blessed with the report of his being safe arrived in England, and had the satisfaction of perusing his letters by every post.

My admirer being thus detached from me, my thoughts were entirely employed in concerting some private method of conveying myself to him. As I would not trust myself in the common packet for fear of being discovered, after having revolved divers schemes I determined to transport myself in one of the Dutch fishing-boats, though I knew the passage would be hazardous; but, in a case of such interesting concern, I overlooked all danger and inconvenience. Before I put this resolution in practice, I was so fortunate as to hear of a small English vessel that arrived at Calais with a prisoner of war, in which I embarked with my companion and another lady, who lived with me for some time afterwards; and, when we came on board, discovered that the ship was no other than a light collier, and that her whole company amounted to no more than three men. Nevertheless, though the sea was so rough, and the weather so unpromising, that no other boat would venture to put to sea, we set sail, and, between two storms, in about three hours arrived in safety in Dover.

From hence my first companion went to her friends in the stage-coach, while the other lady and I hired an open post-chaise, though it snowed very hard, and, without any accident, performed our journey to London, where I met with my lover, who flew to my arms in all the transports of impatient joy; and, doubtless, I deserved his affection for the hardships, perils, and difficulties I had undergone to be with him; for I never scrupled to undertake anything practicable, in order to demonstrate the sincerity of what I professed.

In consequence of our plan, I assumed a fictitious name, and never appeared in public, being fully satisfied and happy in the company and conversation of the man I loved; and, when he went into the country, contented myself with his correspondence, which he punctually maintained, in a series of letters, equally sensible, sincere, and affectionate.

Upon his return to town for the remainder of the season, he devoted the greatest part of his time to our mutual enjoyment; left me with reluctance when he was called away by indispensable business, and the civility which was due to his acquaintance, and very seldom went to any place of public entertainment, because I could not accompany and share with him in the diversion; nay, so much did I engross his attention, that one evening, after he had been teased into an agreement of meeting some friends at a play, he went thither precisely at the appointed hour, and, as they did not arrive punctually at the very minute, he returned to me immediately, as much rejoiced at his escape as if he had met with some signal deliverance. Nor was his constancy inferior to the ardour of his love. We went once together to a ball in the Haymarket, where, in the midst of a thousand fine women, whose charms were enhanced by the peculiarity of the dresses they wore, he remained unshaken, unseduced, preserving his attachment for me in spite of all temptation.

In the summer he provided me with a house in the neighbourhood of his own; but the accommodations being bad, and that country affording no other place fit for my residence, he brought me home to his own seat, and by that step raised an universal clamour; though I saw no company, and led such a solitary life, that nothing but excessive love could have supported my spirits. Not but that he gave me as much of his time as he could possibly spare from the necessary duties of paying and receiving visits, together with the avocations of hunting, and other country amusements which I could not partake. Formerly, indeed, I used to hunt and shoot, but I had left off both, so that I was now reduced to the alternative of reading and walking by myself; but love made up for all deficiencies to me, who think nothing else worth the living for! Had I been blessed with a partner for life, who could have loved sincerely, and inspired me with a mutual flame, I would have asked no more of fate. Interest and ambition have no share in my composition; love, which is pleasure, or pleasure, which is love, makes up the whole. A heart so disposed cannot be devoid of other good qualities; it must be subject to the impressions of humanity and benevolence, and enemy to nothing but itself. This you will give me leave to affirm, in justice to myself, as I have frankly owned my failings and misconduct.

Towards the end of summer my heart was a little alarmed by a report that prevailed, of my lover's being actually engaged in a treaty of marriage; however, I gave little credit to this rumour, till I was obliged to go to town about business, and there I heard the same information confidently affirmed. Though I still considered it as a vague surmise, I wrote to him an account of what I had heard; and in his answer, which is still in my possession, he assured me, with repeated vows and protestations, that the report was altogether false. Satisfied with this declaration, I returned to his house; and, though the tale was incessantly thundered in my ears, still believed it void of all foundation, till my suspicion was awakened by a very inconsiderable circumstance.

One day, on his return from hunting, I perceived he had a very fine pair of Dresden ruffles on his shirt, which I could not suppose he would wear at such a rustic exercise; and, therefore, my fears immediately took the alarm. When I questioned him about this particular of his dress his colour changed; and, though he attempted to elude my suspicion, by imputing it to a mistake of his servant, I could not rest satisfied with this account of the matter, but inquired into the truth with such eagerness and penetration that he could not deny he had been to make a visit. By degrees, I even extorted from him a confession that he had engaged himself farther than he ought to have proceeded, without making me acquainted with his design, though he endeavoured to excuse his conduct, and pacify my displeasure, by saying that the affair would not be brought to bear for a great while, and perhaps might never come to a determination; but he was in great confusion, and, indeed, hardly knew what he said.

I would have quitted his house that moment, had not he beforehand obtained a promise that I would take no rash resolution of that kind, and put it out of my power to procure any method of conveyance by which I could make my retreat.

I gave no vent to reproaches, but only upbraided him with his having permitted me to return in ignorance to the country, after I was once fairly gone; upon which he swore that he could not bear the thoughts of parting with me. This declaration was a mystery at that time, but I have been since so fully satisfied of his reasons for his conduct, that I heartily acquit him of all injustice to me. And, indeed, it is my sincere opinion, that, if ever young man deserved to be happy, he is certainly entitled to that privilege; and, if I may be allowed to judge, has a heart susceptible of the most refined enjoyment.

The violence of the grief and consternation which I suffered from this stroke having a little subsided, I deliberated with myself about the measures I should take, and determined to leave his house some day when he should be abroad. I was encouraged in this resolution by the advice of our Scotch friend, who came about this time from London, on a visit to his fellow-traveller. We thought such an abrupt departure would be less shocking than to stay and take a formal leave of my lover, whose heart was of such a delicate frame, that, after I told him I should one day withdraw myself in his absence, he never came home from the chase, or any other avocation, without trembling with apprehension that I had escaped.

After he had been some time accustomed to these fears by my previous intimation, I at length decamped in good earnest, though my heart ached upon the occasion, because I left him loving and beloved; for his affection was evident, notwithstanding the step he had taken by the advice and importunity of all his relations, who laid a disagreeable restraint upon his inclinations, while they consulted his interest in every other particular.

While I halted in the next great town until I could be supplied with fresh horses, I was visited by a gentleman who had been formerly intimate with my lover; but a breach had happened in their friendship, and he now came to complain of the treatment he had received. Perceiving that I was not in a humour to listen to his story, he shifted the conversation to my own, and observed that I had been extremely ill-used. I told him that I was of a different opinion; that it was not only just, but expedient, that a young man of Mr. ——'s fortune should think of making some alliance to strengthen and support the interest of his family; and that I had nothing to accuse him of but his letting me remain so long in ignorance of his intention. He then gave me to understand that I was still ignorant of a great part of the ill usage I had received; affirming that, while I lived in his house, he had amused himself with all the common women in that town, to some of whom this gentleman had personally introduced him.

At first I could not believe this imputation; but he supported his assertion with so many convincing circumstances that I could no longer doubt the truth of them; and I felt so much resentment that my love vanished immediately into air. Instead of proceeding on my journey to London, I went back a considerable way, and sent a messsge desiring to see him in a little house, about midway between his own habitation and the town from whence I came. He obeyed my summons, and appeared at the place appointed, where I reproached him with great bitterness. He pleaded guilty to the charge, so far as acknowledging that he had corresponded with other women lately, in order to get the better of his affection for me, but the experiment had failed, and he found that he should be for ever miserable.

I did not look upon this candid confession as a sufficient atonement for his past dissimulation, and, in the sharpness of my revenge, demanded a settlement, which he peremptorily refused; so that for the present we held each other in the utmost contempt. Indeed, I afterwards despised myself for my condescension, which was owing to the advice of my companion, supported and inflamed by the spirit of resentment. Nevertheless he begged that I would return to his house, or stay all night where I was; but I was deaf to his entreaties, and, after a great deal of ironical civility on my side, I took my leave, and went away; yet, before I set out, I looked back, and saw him on horseback, with such an air of simplicity and truth as called up a profound sigh, notwithstanding all that had passed in our conversation.

Upon my arrival in London I took lodgings in Leicester Fields, and answered a letter which I had some months before received from my lord, telling him that I would go home to him, without stipulating for any terms, to try what effect my confidence would have upon his generosity. He readily embraced the offer, and took a house in St. James's-street, where I proposed to comply with his humour in everything that was consistent with my own peace and tranquillity.

Meanwhile my lover passed his time very disagreeably in the country with his friend, of whom, it seems, he had conceived some jealousy, which was increased by a letter I wrote to that gentleman, till he was made acquainted with the contents, which he read over forty times; and then his passion breaking out with more violence than ever, he not only expressed his feeling in an epistle which I immediately received, but when he came to town suffered such agonies of despair as I had never seen before, except in Lord B(erkeley). It was then in my power to have taken ample revenge upon him, as well as upon my insolent rival, who had insisted upon my leaving his house in a very abrupt manner, though he absolutely refused to gratify her malice, for he was now disposed to do anything for my satisfaction. But I knew his worth, and had too much regard for his reputation to advise him to act inconsistent with his honour.

About this time many tender meetings and sorrowful partings happened between us, till the marriage knot was tied, when he sent me a banknote for a thousand pounds, by way of specimen, as he called it, of his friendship, and of what he would do for me, should I ever want his assistance. This mark of his generosity I received in a most tender billet, which I shall never part with, together with his picture set in diamonds.

I now employed my thoughts in keeping measures with my lord. We lay in the same apartment, and for the first four or five months I neither dined nor supped abroad above twice; and then he knew where I was, and approved of my company. But all this complacency and circumspection had no effect upon his temper, which remained as capricious and dissatisfied as ever. Nay, to such a provoking degree did this unhappy humour prevail, that one day, in the presence of his lawyer, he harangued upon my misconduct since our last reunion, and very freely affirmed that every step I had taken was diametrically opposite to his will.

Conscious of the pains I had been at to please him, I was so incensed at these unjust invectives, that, starting up, I told him he was a little dirty fellow; and would have left the house imme-

diately, had not his lawyer and others who were in the room interposed, and by dint of argument and importunity diverted me from my purpose. By the bye, I have been informed by a person of rank, that my lord discovered exactly the same disposition in his father's lifetime, and only changed the subject of his complaint from the word *father* to that of *wife*. Indeed, he takes all opportunities of plaguing my dear parent, as he has just sagacity enough to know that this is the most effectual way he can take to distress me.

After repeated trials I have given up all hopes of making him happy, or of finding myself easy in my situation, and live with him at present to avoid a greater inconvenience. Not that his ill-nature is all the grievance of which I complain; exclusive of the personal disgust I entertain for him, his folly is of that species which disobliges rather than diverts, and his vanity and affectation altogether intolerable; for he actually believes himself, or at least would impose himself upon mankind, as a pattern of gallantry and taste; and, in point of business, a person of infinite sagacity and penetration. But the most ridiculous part of his character is, his pretended talent for politics, in which he so deeply concerns himself that he has dismissed many a good servant, because he suspected him of having wrong connexions,—a theme upon which he has often quarrelled with me, even almost to parting, accusing me with holding correspondence with the Earls of B(ath) and C(hesterfield),[1] and Mr. H(enry) V(ane)[2] though I never had the least acquaintance with any of these gentlemen except the Earl of C(hesterfield), to whom I have not spoken these ten years past.

In short, I have often been at a loss to know whether he was more mad or malicious in those fits of enthusiasm, wherein he seemed transported with zeal for the commonwealth, and tormented me with his admonitions out of all temper and patience. At length, however, I contrived an expedient which freed me from these troublesome expostulations, and silenced him effectually on the score of politics. This was no other than an open avowal of being connected with all those people whom I have named. Indeed, I knew him too well to believe there was anything solid in his intention or professions, even when he carried himself so far as to demand a private audience of the King, in order to communicate a scheme for suppressing the rebellion; and that being denied, solicited the Duke of D(orset)'s[3] interest for permission to raise and head a regiment of Kentish smugglers. Nay, to such a pitch did his loyalty soar, that he purchased a firelock of particular mechanism, calculated for the safety of the bearer, in case he had been placed sentinel at his Majesty's door, and kept his horses ready caparisoned, with a view of attending his sovereign to the field. Notwithstanding all these pompous preparations, had he been put to the proof, he would have infallibly crept out of his engagements, through some sneaking evasion, his imagination being very fertile in such saving pretences. Yet he will talk sometimes so fervently, and even sensibly, on the subject, that a stranger would mistake him for a man of understanding, and determined zeal for the good of his country.

Since my last return to his house, that Act of Parliament passed by which he was enabled to pay his debts, and, among the rest, a thousand pounds of my contracting, the only burden of that kind I ever entailed upon him, exclusive of my pin-money, which was never regularly paid; nor would he have been subject to this, had he not, by his persecution and pursuit, exposed me to an extraordinary expense. I have also had it in my power to reward some of my faithful Abigails; in particular, to relieve from extreme distress that maid to whom, as I have already observed, Lord B(erkeley) granted an annuity, which she had sold; so that she was reduced to the most abject poverty, and I found her in a dismal hole with two infants perishing for want; a spectacle which drew tears from my eyes, and indeed could not but make deep impression upon a heart like mine, which the misery of my fellow-creatures never failed to melt.

Nor did I upon this occasion forget the attachment and fidelity of my other woman, Mrs. S—, who, hearing I was robbed in my passage through Flanders, had generously relinquished the allowance I had settled upon her at parting. The exercise of such acts of humanity and benevolence, and the pleasure of seeing my dear and tender parent often, in some measure alleviate the chagrin to which I am subject from the disagreeable disposition of my lord, who, consistent with his former inconsistency, upon our last reconciliation, cheerfully agreed to a proposal I made of having concerts in the house, and even approved of the scheme with marks of particular satisfaction. But before one half of the winter was expired, he found means to banish all the company, beginning with Lord R(obert) B(ertie), who, as he walked up-stairs one evening, was stopped by a footman, who plainly told him he had orders to say to him in particular, that his lordship was not at home; yet the very next day, perceiving that nobleman and me walking together in the park, he joins us with an air of alacrity, as if no such thing had happened, and even behaved to Lord R(obert) with the most fawning complaisance. His deportment was equally absurd and impertinent to the rest of his friends, who forsook us gradually, being tired of maintaining any friendly communication with such a disagreeable composition of ignorance and arrogance. For my own part, I look upon him as utterly incorrigible; and, as fate had subjected me to his power, endeavour to make the bitter draught go down, by detaching myself as much as possible from the supposition that there is any such existence upon earth. Indeed, if I had not fatal experience to the contrary, I should be apt to believe that such a character is not to be found among the sons of men; because his conduct is altogether unaccountable by the known rules and maxims of life, and falls entirely under the poet's observation, when he says,

"'Tis true, no meaning puzzles more than wit."

Her ladyship having thus concluded her story, to the entertainment of the company and the admiration of Peregrine, who expressed his astonishment at the variety of adventures she had undergone, which was such as he thought sufficient to destroy the most hardy and robust constitution, and therefore infinitely more than enough to overwhelm one of her delicate frame. One of the gentlemen present roundly taxed her with want of candour, in suppressing some cir-

[1] Most probably, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Their political position warrants this conjecture.

[2] See note, page 360.

[3] Perhaps Lionel Cranfield, first Duke of Dorset, was, on May 8th, 1724, constituted Custos Rotulorum of the county of Kent. He was also Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and Constable of Dover.

cumstances of her life which he thought essential in the consideration of her character.

She reddened at this peremptory charge, which had an evident effect upon the countenances of the whole audience, when the accuser proceeded to explain his imputation by observing that, in the course of her narration, she had omitted to mention a thousand acts of uncommon charity, of which he himself knew her to be guilty; and that she had concealed a great many advantageous proposals of marriage, which she might have accepted before she was engaged.

The company were agreeably undeceived by this explanation, which her ladyship acknowledged in very polite terms, as a compliment equally genteel and unexpected. And our hero, after having testified the sense he had of her complaisance and condescension, in regaling him with a mark of her confidence and esteem, took his leave, and went home in a state of confusion and perplexity; for, from the circumstances of the tale he had heard, he plainly perceived that her ladyship's heart was too delicate to receive such incense as he, in the capacity of an admirer, could at present pay; because, though he had in some measure abridged the empire of Emilia in his own breast, it was not in his own power to restrain it so effectually but that it would interfere with any other sovereign whom his thoughts should adopt; and, unless Lady (Vane) could engross his whole love, time, and attention, he foresaw that it would be impossible for him to support the passion which he might have the good fortune to inspire. He was, moreover, deterred from declaring his love by the fate of her former admirers, who seemed to have been wound up to a degree of enthusiasm that looked more like the effect of enchantment than the inspiration of human attractions; an ecstasy of passion which he durst not venture to undergo. He therefore resolved to combat with the impressions he had already received, and, if possible, cultivate her friendship without soliciting her affection. But, before he could fix upon this determination, he desired to know the footing on which he stood in her opinion; and, by the intelligence of Crabtree, obtained in the usual manner, understood that her sentiments of him were very favourable, though without the least tincture of love. He would have been transported with joy had her thoughts of him been of a more tender texture; though his reason was better pleased with the information he received; in consequence of which he mustered up the ideas of his first passion, and set them in opposition to those of this new and dangerous attachment; by which means he kept the balance *in equilibrio*, and his bosom tolerably quiet.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

He persuades Cadwallader to assume the character of a Magician, in which he acquires a great share of Reputation, by his responses to three Females of Distinction, who severally consult the researches of his Art.

His heart being thus, as it were, suspended between two objects that lessened the force of each other's attraction, he took this opportunity of enjoying some respite, and for the present detached his sentiments from both, resolving to indulge himself in the exercise of that practical satire which was so agreeable and peculiar to his disposition. In this laudable determination he was confirmed by the repeated suggestions of his friend Cadwallader, who taxed him with letting his talents rust in indolence, and stimulated his natural vivacity with a succession of fresh discoveries in the world of scandal.

Peregrine was now seized with a strange whim, and when he communicated the conceit to Cadwallader, it in a moment acquired his approbation. This notion he imparted in a proposal to subject the town to their ridicule, by giving responses to the character of a professed conjuror, to be personated by the old misanthrope, whose aspect was extremely well calculated for the purpose. The plan was immediately adjusted in all its parts; an apartment hired in a house accommodated with a public stair, so that people might have free ingress and egress, without being exposed to observation; and this tenement being furnished with the apparatus of a magician, such as globes, telescopes, a magic lantern, a skeleton, a dried monkey, together with the skins of an alligator, otter, and snake, the conjuror himself took possession of his castle, after having distributed printed advertisements containing the particulars of his undertaking.

These bills soon operated according to the wish of the projectors. As the price of the oracle was fixed at half-a-guinea, the public naturally concluded that the author was no common fortune-teller; and the very next day Peregrine found some ladies of his quality acquaintance infected with the desire of making an experiment upon the skill of this new conjuror, who pretended to be just arrived from the Mogul's empire, where he had learned the art from a Brahman philosopher. Our young gentleman affected to talk of the pretensions of this sage with ridicule and contempt, and with seeming reluctance undertook to attend them to his apartment, observing that it would be a very easy matter to detect the fellow's ignorance, and no more than common justice to chastise him for his presumption. Though he could easily perceive a great fund of credulity in the company, they affected to espouse his opinion, and, under the notion of a frolic, agreed that one particular lady should endeavour to baffle his art, by appearing before him in the dress of her woman, who should at the same time personate her mistress, and be treated as such by our adventurer, who promised to squire them to the place. These measures being concerted, and the appointment fixed for the next audience day, Peregrine furnished his friend with the necessary information; and when the hour of assignation arrived, conducted his charge to this oraculous seer.

They were admitted by our hero's valet-de-chambre, whose visage, being naturally meagre and swarthy, was adorned with artificial whiskers, so that he became the Persian dress which he wore, and seemed a very proper master of the ceremonies to an oriental necromancer. Having crossed his arms upon his breasts, with an inclination of the head, he stalked in solemn silence before them into the penetralia of the temple, where they found the conjuror sitting at a table, provided with pen, ink, and paper, divers books, mathematical instruments, and a long white wand lying across the whole. He was habited in a black gown and fur cap. His countenance, over and above a double proportion of philosophic gravity, which he had assumed for the occasion, was improved by a thick beard, white as snow, that reached to his middle, and upon each shoulder sat a prodigious large black cat which had been tutored for the purpose.

Such a figure, which would have startled Peregrine himself, had not he been concerned in the

mystery, could not fail to make an impression upon those whom he accompanied. The fictitious chambermaid, in spite of all her natural pertness and vivacity, changed colour when she entered the room, while the pretended lady, whose intellects were not quite so enlightened, began to tremble in every joint, and ejaculate petitions to Heaven for her safety. Their conductor, advancing to the table, presented his offering, and, pointing to the maid, told him that lady desired to know what would be her destiny in point of marriage. The philosopher, without lifting up his eyes to view the person in whose behalf he was consulted, turned his ear to one of the sable familiars that purred upon his shoulder, and, taking up the pen, wrote upon a detached slip of paper these words, which Peregrine, at the desire of the ladies, repeated aloud: "Her destiny will, in a great measure, depend upon what happened to her about nine o'clock in the morning on the third day of last December."

This sentence was no sooner pronounced than the counterfeit lady screamed, and ran into the antechamber, exclaiming, "Christ have mercy upon us! Sure he is the devil incarnate!" Her mistress, who followed her with great consternation, insisted upon knowing the transaction to which the response alluded; and Mrs. Abigail, after some recollection, gave her to understand that she had an admirer, who, on that very hour and day mentioned by the cunning man, had addressed himself to her in a serious proposal of marriage. This explanation, however, was more ingenious than candid; for the admirer was no other than the identical Mr. Pickle himself, who was a mere dragon among the chambermaids, and in his previous information communicated to his associate, had given an account of this assignation, with which he had been favoured by the damsel in question.

Our hero, seeing his company very much affected with the circumstance of the wizard's art, which had almost frightened both mistress and maid into hysteric fits, pretended to laugh them out of their fears, by observing that there was nothing extraordinary in this instance of his knowledge, which might have been acquired by some of those secret emissaries whom such impostors are obliged to employ for intelligence, or imparted by the lover himself, who had, perhaps, come to consult him about the success of his amour. Encouraged by this observation, or rather prompted by an insatiable curiosity, which was proof against all sorts of apprehension, the disguised lady returned to the magician's own apartment, and assuming the air of a pert chambermaid, "Mr. Conjurer," said she, "now you have satisfied my mistress, will you be so good as to tell me if ever I shall be married?" The sage, without the least hesitation, favoured her with an answer in the following words:—"You cannot be married before you are a widow; and whether or not that will ever be the case, is a question which my art cannot resolve, because my foreknowledge exceeds not the term of thirty years."

This reply, which at once cut her off from her pleasing prospect of seeing herself independent in the enjoyment of youth and fortune, in a moment clouded her aspect; all her good-humour was overcast, and she went away without further inquiry, muttering, in the rancour of her chagrin, that he was a silly, impertinent fellow, and a mere quack in his profession. Notwithstanding the prejudice of this resentment, her conviction soon recurred; and when the report of his answers was made to those confederates by whom she had been deputed to make trial of his skill, they were universally persuaded that his art was altogether supernatural, though each affected to treat it with contempt, resolving in her own breast to have recourse to him in private.

In the meantime, the maid, though laid under the most peremptory injunctions of secrecy, was so full of the circumstance which related to her own conduct, that she extolled his prescience in whispers to all acquaintances, assuring them that he had told her all the particulars of her life; so that his fame was almost instantaneously conveyed, through a thousand different channels, to all parts of the town, and the very next time he assumed the chair, his doors were besieged by curious people of all sects and denominations.

Being an old practitioner in this art, Cadwallader knew it would be impossible for him to support his reputation in the promiscuous exercise of fortune-telling, because every person that should come to consult him would expect a sample of his skill relating to things past; and it could not be supposed that he was acquainted with the private concerns of every individual who might apply to him for that purpose. He therefore ordered his minister, whom he distinguished by the name of Hadgi Rourk, to signify to all those who demanded entrance, that his price was half-a-guinea, and that all such as were not disposed to gratify him with that consideration would do well to leave the passage free for the rest.

This declaration succeeded to his wish, for this congregation consisted chiefly of footmen, chambermaids, prentices, and the lower class of tradesmen, who could not afford to purchase prescience at such a price; so that, after fruitless offers of shillings and half-crowns, they dropped off one by one, and left the field open for customers of a high rank.

The first person of this species who appeared was dressed like the wife of a substantial tradesman; but this disguise could not screen her from the penetration of the conjurer, who at first sight knew her to be one of the ladies of whose coming he had been apprised by Peregrine, on the supposition that their curiosity was rather inflamed than allayed by the intelligence they had received from his first client. This lady approached the philosopher with that intrepidity of countenance so conspicuous in matrons of her dignified sphere, and in a soft voice asked, with a simper, of what complexion her next child would be. The necromancer, who was perfectly well acquainted with her private history, forthwith delivered his response in the following question, written in the usual form:—"How long has Pompey the black been dismissed from your ladyship's service?"

Endued as she was with a great share of that fortitude which is distinguished by the appellation of effrontery, her face exhibited some signs of shame and confusion at the receipt of this oracular interrogation, by which she was convinced of his extraordinary intelligence; and accosting him in a very serious tone, "Doctor," said she, "I perceive you are a person of great abilities in the art you profess; and therefore, without pretending to dissemble, I will own you have touched the true string of my apprehensions. I am persuaded I need not be more particular in my inquiries. Here is a purse of money; take it, and deliver me from a most alarming and uneasy suspense." So saying, she deposited her offering upon the table, and waited for his answer, with a face of fearful expectation, while he was employed in writing this sentence for her perusal: "Though I see into the womb of time, the pro-

spect is not perfectly distinct; the seeds of future events lie mingled and confused; so that I am under the necessity of assisting my divination in some cases by analogy and human intelligence; and cannot possibly satisfy your present doubts, unless you will condescend to make me privy to all those occurrences which you think might have interfered with the cause of your apprehension."

The lady having read the declaration, affected a small emotion of shyness and repugnance, and, seating herself upon a settee, after having cautiously informed herself of the privacy of the apartment, gave such a detail of the succession of her lovers, as amazed while it entertained the necromancer, as well as his friend Pickle, who, from a closet in which he had concealed himself, overheard every syllable of her confession. Cadwallader listened to her story with a look of infinite importance and sagacity, and after a short pause told her that he would not pretend to give a categorical answer, until he should have deliberated maturely upon the various circumstances of the affair; but if she would take the trouble of honouring him with another visit on his next public day, he hoped he should be able to give her full satisfaction. Conscious of the importance of her doubts, she could not help commending his caution, and took her leave, with a promise of returning at the appointed time. Then the conjurer being joined by his associate, they gave a loose to their mirth, which having indulged, they began to concert measures for inflicting some disgraceful punishment on the shameless and insatiate termagant who had so impudently avowed her own prostitution.

They were interrupted, however, in their conference, by the arrival of a new guest, who being announced by Hadgi, our hero retreated to his lurking-place, and Cadwallader resumed his mysterious appearance. This new client, though she hid her face in a mask, could not conceal herself from the knowledge of the conjurer, who, by her voice, recognised her to be an unmarried lady of his own acquaintance. She had, within a small compass of time, made herself remarkable for two adventures, which had not at all succeeded to her expectation. Being very much addicted to play, she had, at a certain rout, indulged that passion to such excess, as not only got the better of her justice, but also of her circumspection; so that she was unfortunately detected in her endeavours to appropriate to herself what was not lawfully her due. This small slip was attended with another indiscretion, which had likewise an unlucky effect upon her reputation. She had been favoured with the addresses of one of those hopeful heirs who swarm and swagger about town, under the denomination of bucks; and, in the confidence of his honour, consented to be one of a party that made an excursion as far as Windsor, thinking herself secured from scandal by the company of another young lady, who had also condescended to trust her person to the protection of her admirer. The two gallants, in the course of this expedition, were said to use the most perfidious means to intoxicate the passions of their mistresses by mixing drugs with their wine, which inflamed their constitutions to such a degree that they fell an easy sacrifice to the appetites of their conductors, who, upon their return to town, were so base and inhuman as to boast among their companions of the exploit they had achieved. Thus the story was circulated, with a thousand additional circumstances, to the prejudice of the sufferers, one of whom had thought proper to withdraw into the country, until the scandal raised at her expense should subside; while the other, who was not so easily put out of countenance, resolved to outface the report, as a treacherous aspersion, invented by her lover as an excuse for his own inconstancy; and actually appeared in public as usual till she found herself neglected by the greatest part of her acquaintance.

In consequence of this disgrace, which she knew not whether to impute to the card affair, or to the last *faux pas* she had committed, she now came to consult the conjurer, and signified her errand by asking whether the cause of her present disquiet was of the town or the country. Cadwallader at once perceiving her allusion, answered her question in these terms:—"This honest world will forgive a young gamester for indiscretion at play, but a favour granted to a babbling coxcomb is an unpardonable offence." This response she received with equal astonishment and chagrin; and, fully convinced of the necromancer's omniscience, implored his advice touching the retrieval of her reputation: upon which he counselled her to wed with the first opportunity. She seemed so well pleased with his admonition that she gratified him with a double fee, and, dropping a low curtsey, retired.

Our undertakers now thought it high time to silence the oracle for the day, and Hadgi was accordingly ordered to exclude all comers, while Peregrine and his friend renewed the deliberations which had been interrupted, and settled a plan of operations for the next occasion. Meanwhile it was resolved that Hadgi should not only exercise his own talents, but also employ inferior agents in procuring general intelligence for the support of their scheme; that the expense of this ministry should be defrayed from the profits of their professions; and the remainder be distributed to poor families in distress.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Peregrine and his friend Cadwallader proceed in the exercise of the mystery of Fortune-telling, in the course of which they achieve various Adventures.

THESE preliminaries being adjusted, our hero forthwith repaired to a card assembly which was frequented by some of the most notable gossips in town, and having artfully turned the conversation upon the subject of the fortune-teller, whose talents he pretended to ridicule, incensed their itch of knowing secrets to such a degree of impatience, that their curiosity became flagrant, and he took it for granted that all or some of them would visit Albumazar on his very first visiting-day. While Peregrine was thus engaged, his associate made his appearance in another convocation of fashionable people, where he soon had the pleasure of hearing the conjurer brought upon the carpet by an elderly gentlewoman, remarkable for her inquisitive disposition, who, addressing herself to Cadwallader, asked, by the help of the finger-alphabet, if he knew anything of the magician that made such a noise in town? The misanthrope answered, as usual, in a surly tone, "By your question you must either take me for a pimp or an idiot. What, in the name of nonsense, should I know of such a rascal, unless I were to court his acquaintance with a view to feast my own spleen, in seeing him fool the whole nation out of their money? though, I suppose, his chief profits arise from his practice in quality of pander. All fortune-tellers

are bawds, and, for that reason, are so much followed by people of fashion. This fellow, I warrant, has got sundry convenient apartments for the benefit of procreation; for it is not to be supposed that those who visit him on the pretence of consulting his supernatural art can be such fools, such drivellers, as to believe that he can actually prognosticate future events."

The company, according to his expectation, imputed his remarks to the rancour of his disposition, which could not bear to think that any person upon earth was wiser than himself; and his ears were regaled with a thousand instances of the conjurer's wonderful prescience, for which he was altogether indebted to fiction. Some of these specimens being communicated to him by way of appeal to his opinion, "They are," said he, "mere phantoms of ignorance and credulity, swelled up in the repetition like those unsubstantial bubbles which the boys blow up in soap-suds with a tobacco-pipe. And this will ever be the case in the propagation of all extraordinary intelligence. The imagination naturally magnifies every object that falls under its cognizance, especially those that concern the passions of fear and admiration; and when the occurrence comes to be rehearsed, the vanity of the relater exaggerates every circumstance in order to enhance the importance of the communication. Thus an incident, which is but barely uncommon, often gains such accession in its progress through the fancies and mouths of those who represent it, that the original fact cannot possibly be distinguished. This observation might be proved and illustrated by a thousand undeniable examples, out of which I shall only select one instance, for the entertainment and edification of the company. A very honest gentleman, remarkable for the gravity of his deportment, was one day in a certain coffee-house accosted by one of his particular friends, who, taking him by the hand, expressed uncommon satisfaction in seeing him abroad, and in good health, after the dangerous and portentous malady he had undergone. Surprised at this salutation, the gentleman replied, it was true he had been a little out of order overnight, but there was nothing at all extraordinary in his indisposition. 'Jesu! not extraordinary!' cried the other, 'when you vomited three black crows.' This strange exclamation the grave gentleman at first mistook for raillery, though his friend was no joker; but perceiving in him all the marks of sincerity and astonishment, he suddenly changed his opinion, and, after a short reverie, taking him aside, expressed himself in these words:—'Sir, it is not unknown to you that I am at present engaged in a treaty of marriage, which would have been settled long ago, had it not been retarded by the repeated machinations of a certain person who professed himself my rival. Now I am fully persuaded that this affair of the three crows is a story of his invention, calculated to prejudice me in the opinion of the lady, who, to be sure, would not choose to marry a man who has a rookery in his bowels; and therefore I must insist upon knowing your author of this scandalous report, that I may be able to vindicate my character from the malicious aspersion.' His friend, who thought the demand was very reasonable, told him, without hesitation, that he was made acquainted with the circumstances of his distemper by Mr. Such-a-one, their common acquaintance; upon which the person who conceived himself injured went immediately in quest of his supposed defamer, and, having found him, 'Pray, sir,' said he, with a peremptory tone, 'who told you that I vomited three black crows?'—'Three?' answered the gentleman, 'I mentioned two only.'—'Zounds! sir,' cried the other, incensed at his indifference, 'you will find the two too many if you refuse to discover the villanous source of such calumny.' The gentleman, surprised at his heat, said he was sorry to find he had been the accidental instrument of giving him offence, but translated the blame, if any there was, from himself to a third person, to whose information he owed his knowledge of the report. The plaintiff, according to the direction he received, repaired to the house of the accused; and his indignation being inflamed at finding the story had already circulated among his acquaintance, he told him, with evident marks of displeasure, that he was come to pluck the the same brace of crows which he said he had disgorged. The defendant seeing him very much irritated, positively denied that he had mentioned a brace: 'One indeed,' said he, 'I own I took notice of, upon the authority of your own physician, who gave me an account of it this morning.'—'By the Lord!' cried the sufferer in a rage, which he could no longer contain, 'that rascal has been suborned by my rival to slander my character in this manner; but I'll be revenged, if there be either law or equity in England.' He had scarce pronounced these words when the doctor happened to enter the room, when his exasperated patient, lifting up his cane, 'Sirrah,' said he, 'if I live, I'll make that black crow the blackest circumstance of thy whole life and conversation!' The physician, confounded at this address, assured him that he was utterly ignorant of his meaning, and when the other gentleman explained it, absolutely denied the charge, affirming he had said no more than that he had vomited a quantity of something as black as a crow. The landlord of the house acknowledged that he might have been mistaken; and thus the whole mystery was explained."

The company seeming to relish the story of the three black crows, which they considered as an impromptu of Cadwallader's own invention; but, granting it to be true, they unanimously declared that it could have no weight in invalidating the testimony of divers persons of honour, who had been witnesses of the magician's supernatural skill. On the next day of consultation, the necromancer being in the chair, and his friend behind the curtain, the outward door was scarce opened, when a female visitant flounced in, and discovered to the magician the features of one of those inquisitive ladies, whose curiosity, he knew, his confederate had aroused in the manner above described. She addressed herself to him with a familiar air, observing, that she had heard much of his great knowledge, and was come to be a witness of his art, which she desired him to display, in declaring what he knew to be her ruling passion.

Cadwallader, who was no stranger to her disposition, assumed the pen without hesitation, and furnished her with an answer, importing that the love of money predominated, and scandal possessed the next place in her heart. Far from being offended at his freedom, she commended his frankness with a smile; and, satisfied of his uncommon talents, expressed a desire of being better acquainted with his person; nay, she began to catechise him upon the private history of divers great families, in which he happened to be well versed; and he, in a mysterious manner, dropt such artful hints of his knowledge, that she was amazed at his capacity, and actually asked if his art was communicable. The con-

juror replied in the affirmative; but, at the same time, gave her to understand, that it was attainable by those only who were pure and undefiled in point of chastity and honour, or such as, by a long course of penitence, had weaned themselves from all attachments to the flesh. She not only disapproved, but seemed to doubt the truth of this assertion, telling him, with a look of disdain, that his art was not worth having, if one could not use it for the benefit of one's pleasure; she had even penetration enough to take notice of an inconsistency in what he had advanced; and asked, why he himself exercised his knowledge for hire, if he was so much detached from all worldly concerns. "Come, come, doctor," added she, "you are in the right to be cautious against impertinent curiosity, but perhaps I may make it worth your while to be communicative."

These overtures were interrupted by a rap at the door, signifying the approach of another client; upon which the lady inquired for his private passage through which she might retire, without the risk of being seen. When she understood he was deficient in that convenience, she withdrew into an empty room adjoining to the audience-chamber, in order to conceal herself from the observation of the new-comer. This was no other than the inamorata who came by appointment to receive the solution of her doubts; and the misanthrope, glad of an opportunity to expose her to the censure of such an indefatigable minister of fame as the person who he knew would listen from the next apartment, laid her under the necessity of refreshing his remembrance with a recapitulation of her former confession, which was almost finished, when she was alarmed by a noise at the door, occasioned by two gentlemen who attempted to enter by force.

Terrified at this uproar, which disconcerted the magician himself, she ran for shelter into the place which was pre-occupied by the other lady, who, hearing this disturbance, had closed the window-shutters, that she might have the better chance of remaining unknown. Here they ensconced themselves in the utmost consternation, while the necromancer, after some recollection, ordered Hadgi to open the door, and admit the rioters, who, he hoped, would be overawed by the authority of his appearance. The janitor had no sooner obeyed his instructions, than in rushed a young libertine, who had been for some time upon the town, together with his tutor, who was a worn-out debauchee, well known to the magician. They were both in that degree of intoxication necessary to prepare such dispositions for what they commonly call frolics, and the sober part of mankind feel to be extravagant outrages against the laws of their country and the peace of their fellow-subjects. Having staggered up to the table, the senior, who undertook to be spokesman, saluted Cadwallader with, "How do'st do, old Capricorn? Thou seem'st to be a most venerable pimp, and, I doubt not, hast abundance of discretion. Here is this young whore-master, a true chip of the old venereal block his father, and myself, come for a comfortable cast of thy function. I don't mean that stale pretence of conjuring—damn futurity; let us live for the present, old Haly. Conjure me up a couple of hale wenches, and I warrant we shall get into the magic circle in a twinkling. What says Galileo? What says the Reverend Brahe? Here is a purse, you pimp. Hark, how it chinks! This is sweeter than the music of the spheres."

Our necromancer, perplexed at this rencounter, made no reply; but, taking up his wand, waved it around his head in a very mysterious motion, with a view of intimidating these forward visitants, who, far from being awed by this sort of evolution, became more and more obstreperous, and even threatened to pull him by the beard, if he would not immediately comply with their desire. Had he called his associate, or even Hadgi, to his aid, he knew he could have soon calmed their turbulence; but, being unwilling to run the risk of a discovery, or even of a riot, he bethought himself of chastising their insolence in another manner, that would be less hazardous, and rather more effectual. In consequence of this suggestion, he pointed his wand towards the door of the apartment in which the ladies had taken sanctuary; and the two rakes, understanding the hint, rushed in without hesitation.

The females, finding their place of retreat taken by assault, ran about the room in great consternation, and were immediately taken prisoners by the assailants, who, pulling them towards the windows, opened the shutters at the same instant of time, when, strange to tell! one of the heroes discovered in the prize he had made, the very wife of his bosom; and his companion perceived that he had stumbled in the dark upon his own mother. Their mutual astonishment was unspeakable at this eclaircissement, which produced a universal silence for the space of several minutes. During this pause, the ladies having recollected themselves, an expostulation was begun by the elder of the two, who roundly took her son to task for his disorderly life, which laid her under the disagreeable necessity of watching his motions, and detecting him in such an infamous place.

While the careful mother thus exercised her talent for reprehension, the hopeful young gentleman, with a hand in each fob, stood whistling an opera tune, without seeming to pay the most profound regard to his parent's reproof; and the other lady, in imitation of such a consummate pattern, began to open upon her husband, whom she bitterly reproached with his looseness and intemperance, demanding to know what he had to allege in alleviation of his present misconduct. The surprise occasioned by such an unexpected meeting had already, in a great measure, destroyed the effects of the wine he had so plentifully drank, and the first use he made of his recovered sobriety was to revolve within himself the motives that could possibly induce his wife to give him the rendezvous in this manner. As he had good reason to believe she was utterly void of jealousy, he naturally placed this rencounter to the account of another passion; and his chagrin was not at all impaired by the effrontery with which she now presumed to reprimand him. He listened to her, therefore, with a grave or rather grim aspect; and to the question with which she concluded her rebuke, answered with great composure, "All that I have to allege, madam, is, that the bawd has committed a mistake, in consequence of which we are both disappointed; and so, ladies, your humble servant." So saying, he retired with manifest confusion in his looks; and as he passed through the audience-chamber, eyeing the conjurer askance, pronounced the epithet of *precious rascal* with great emphasis. Meanwhile the junior, like a dutiful child, handed his mamma to her chair; and the other client, after having reviled the necromancer because he could not foresee this event, went away in a state of mortification.

The coast being clear, Peregrine came forth from his den, and congratulated his friend upon

the peaceable issue of the adventure which he had overheard; but, that he might not be exposed to such inconvenience for the future, they resolved that a grate should be fixed in the middle of the outward door, through which the conjurer himself might reconnoitre all the visitants before their admission; so that, to those whose appearance he might not like, Hadgi should, without opening, give notice that his master was engaged. By this expedient, too, they provided against those difficulties which Cadwallader must have encountered in giving satisfaction to strangers whom he did not know: for the original intention of the founders was to confine the practice of their art to people of fashion only, most of whom were personally known to the counterfeit magician and his coadjutors.

Indeed, these associates, Cadwallader in particular, notwithstanding his boasted insight into the characters of life, never imagined that his pretended skill would be consulted by any but the weaker-minded of the female sex, incited by that spirit of curiosity which he knew was implanted in their nature; but in the course of his practice he found himself cultivated in his preternatural capacity by people of all sexes, complexions, and degrees of reputation, and had occasion to observe, that, when the passions are concerned, howsoever cool, cautious, and deliberate the disposition may otherwise be, there is nothing so idle, frivolous, or absurd, to which they will not apply for encouragement and gratification. The last occurrence, according to the hopes and expectation of the confederates, was whispered about by the ladies concerned, in such a manner that the whole affair was in a few days the universal topic of discourse, in which it was retailed with numberless embellishments, invented by the parties themselves, who had long indulged a pique at each other, and took this opportunity of enjoying their revenge.

These incidents, while they regaled the spleen, at the same time augmented the renown of the conjurer, who was described on both sides as a very extraordinary person in his way; and the alteration in his door was no sooner performed than he had occasion to avail himself of it, against the intrusion of a great many, with whom he would have found it very difficult to support the fame he had acquired.

Among those who appeared at his grate, he perceived a certain clergyman, whom he had long known a humble attendant on the great, and with some the reputed minister of their pleasures. This Levite had disguised himself in a great-coat, boots, and dress quite foreign to the habit worn by those of his function; and, being admitted, attempted to impose himself as a country squire upon the conjurer, who, calling him by his name, desired him to sit down. This reception corresponding with the report he had heard, touching our magician's art, the doctor said he would lay aside all dissimulation. After having professed an explicit belief that his supernatural knowledge did not proceed from any communication with evil spirits, but was the immediate gift of Heaven, he declared the intention of his coming was to inquire into the health of a good friend and brother of his, who possessed a certain living in the country, which he named; and as he was old and infirm, to know what space of time was allotted to him in this frail state of mortality, that he might have the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last moments, and assisting him in his preparations for eternity.

The conjurer, who at once perceived the purport of this question, after a solemn pause, during which he seemed absorbed in contemplation, delivered this response to his consulter:—"Though I foresee some occurrences, I do not pretend to be omniscient. I know not to what age that clergyman's life will extend; but so far I can penetrate into the womb of time, as to discern that the incumbent will survive his intended successor." This dreadful sentence in a moment banished the blood from the face of the appalled consulter, who, hearing his own doom pronounced, began to tremble in every joint; he lifted up his eyes in the agony of fear, and saying, "The will of God be done," withdrew in silent despondence, his teeth chattering with terror and dismay.

This client was succeeded by an old man about the age of seventy-five, who being resolved to purchase a lease, desired to be determined in the term of years by the necromancer's advice, observing, that, as he had no children of his own body, and had no regard for his heirs-at-law, the purchase would be made with a view to his own convenience only; and therefore, considering his age, he himself hesitated in the period of the lease, between thirty and threescore years.

The conjurer, upon due deliberation, advised him to double the last specified term, because he distinguished in his features something portending extreme old age and second childhood, and he ought to provide for that state of incapacity, which otherwise would be attended with infinite misery and affliction. The superannuated wretch, thunderstruck with this prediction, held up his hands, and in the first transports of his apprehension, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me! I have not wherewithal to purchase such a long lease, and I have long outlived all my friends; what then must become of me, sinner that I am, one hundred and twenty years hence!" Cadwallader, who enjoyed his terror, under pretence of alleviating his concern, told him that what he had prognosticated did not deprive him of the means which he and every person had in their power to curtail a life of misfortune; and the old gentleman went away, seemingly comforted with the assurance that it would always be in his power to employ a halter for his own deliverance.

Soon after the retreat of this elder, the magician was visited by one of those worthies known among the Romans by the appellation of *Heredipetes*, who had amassed a large fortune by a close attention to the immediate wants and weakness of raw inexperienced heirs. This honourable usurer had sold an annuity upon the life of a young spendthrift, being thereto induced by the affirmation of his physician, who had assured him his patient's constitution was so rotten that he could not live one year to an end. He had, nevertheless, made shift to weather eighteen months, and now seemed more vigorous and healthy than he had ever been known; for he was supposed to have nourished a hereditary pox from his cradle. Alarmed at this alteration, the seller came to consult Cadwallader, not only about the life of the annuitant, but also concerning the state of his health at the time of his purchasing the annuity, purposing to sue the physician for false intelligence, should the conjurer declare that the young man was sound when the doctor pronounced him diseased. But this was a piece of satisfaction he did not obtain from the misanthrope, who, in order to punish his sordid disposition, gave him to understand that the physician had told him the truth, and nothing but the truth; and that the young gentleman was in a fair way of attaining a com-

fortable old age. "That is to say," cried the client, in the impatience of his mortification at this answer, "bating accidents; for, thank God, the annuitant does not lead the most regular life. Besides, I am credibly informed he is choleric and rash, so that he may be concerned in a duel. Then there are such things as riots in the street, in which a rake's skull may be casually cracked; he may be overturned in a coach, overset in the river, thrown from a vicious horse, overtaken with a cold, endangered by a surfeit; but what I place my chief confidence in, is a hearty pox, a distemper which hath been fatal to his whole family. Not but that the issue of all these things is uncertain, and expedients might be found which would more effectually answer the purpose. I know they have arts in India, by which a man can secure his own interest, in the salutation of a friendly shake by the hand; and I don't doubt that you, who have lived in that country, are master of the secret. To be sure, if you was inclined to communicate such a nostrum, there are abundance of people who would purchase it at a very high price."

Cadwallader understood this insinuation, and was tempted to amuse him in such a manner as would tend to his disgrace and confusion; but, considering that the case was of too criminal a nature to be tampered with, he withstood his desire of punishing this rapacious cormorant any other way than by telling him he would not impart the secret for his whole fortune ten times doubled; so that the usurer retired, very much dissatisfied with the issue of his consultation.

The next person who presented himself at this altar of intelligence was an author, who recommended himself to a gratis advice, by observing that a prophet and poet were known by the same appellation among the ancients; and that at this day both the one and the other spoke by inspiration. The conjurer refused to own this affinity, which, he said, formerly subsisted, because both species of the *Vates* were the children of fiction; but as he himself did not fall under that predicament, he begged leave to disown all connexion with the family of the poets; and the poor author would have been dismissed without his errand, though he offered to leave an ode as security for the magician's fee, to be paid from the profits of his first third night, had not Cadwallader's curiosity prompted him to know the subject of this gentleman's inquiry. He therefore told him that, in consideration of his genius, he would for once satisfy him without a fee; and desired him to specify the doubts in which he wished to be resolved.

The son of Parnassus, glad of this condescension, for which he thanked the necromancer, gave him to understand that he had some time before presented a play in manuscript to a certain great man, at the head of taste, who had not only read and approved the performance, but also undertaken to introduce and support it on the stage; that he, the author, was assured by this patron that the play was already, in consequence of his recommendation, accepted by one of the managers, who had faithfully promised to bring it to light; but that, when he waited on this said manager, to know when he intended to put his production in rehearsal, the man declared he had never seen or heard of the piece. "Now, Mr. Conjurer," said he, "I want to know whether or not my play has been presented, and if I have any sort of chance of seeing it acted this winter."

Cadwallader, who had, in his younger days, sported among the theatrical Muses, began to lose his temper at this question, which recalled the remembrance of his own disappointments; and despatched the author with an abrupt answer, importing that the affairs of the stage were altogether without the sphere of his divination, being entirely regulated by the demons of dissimulation, ignorance, and caprice.

It would be an endless task to recount every individual response which our magician delivered in the course of his conjuration. He was consulted in all cases of law, physic, and trade, over and above the ordinary subjects of marriage and fornication; his advice and assistance were solicited by sharpers, who desired to possess an infallible method of cheating unperceived; by fortune-hunters, who wanted to make prize of widows and heiresses; by debauchees, who were disposed to lie with other men's wives; by coxcombs, who longed for the death of their fathers; by wenches with child, who wished themselves rid of their burdens; by merchants, who had insured above value, and thirsted after the news of a wreck; by underwriters, who prayed for the gift of prescience, that they might venture money upon such ships only as should perform the voyage in safety; by Jews, who wanted to foresee the fluctuations of stock; by usurers, who advance money upon undecided causes; by clients who were dubious of the honesty of their counsel. In short, all matters of uncertain issue were appealed to this tribunal; and, in point of calculation, *De Moivre* was utterly neglected.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

The Conjurer and his Associate execute a Plan of Vengeance against certain Infidels who pretend to despise their Art; and Peregrine achieves an Adventure with a young Nobleman.

By these means the whole variety of characters, undisguised, passed, as it were, in review before the confederates, who, by divers ingenious contrivances, punished the most flagrant offenders with as much severity as the nature of their plan would allow. At length they projected a scheme for chastising a number of their own acquaintance, who had all along professed the utmost contempt for the talent of this conjurer, which they endeavoured to ridicule in all companies, where his surprising art was the subject of discourse; not that they had sense and discernment enough to perceive the absurdity of his pretensions, but affected a singularity of opinion, with a view of insulting the inferior understandings of those who were deceived by such an idle impostor.

Peregrine, indeed, for obvious reasons, had always espoused their judgment in this case, and joined them in reviling the public character of his friend. But he knew how far the capacities of those virtuosi extended, and had frequently caught them in the fact of recounting their exploits against the conjurer, which were the productions of their own invention only. On these considerations, his wrath was kindled against them, and he accordingly concerted measures with his coadjutor for overwhelming them with confusion and dismay.

In the first place, a report was spread by his emissaries, that the magician had undertaken to entertain their view with the appearance of any person whom his customers should desire to see, whether dead, or at the distance of a thousand leagues. This extraordinary proposal chancing

to be the subject of conversation in a place where most of those infidels were assembled, they talked of it in the usual style, and some of them swore the fellow ought to be pilloried for his presumption.

Our hero, seizing this favourable opportunity, acquiesced in their remarks, and observed, with great vehemence, that it would be a meritorious action to put the rascal to the proof, and then toss him in a blanket for non-performance. They were wonderfully pleased with this suggestion, and forthwith determined to try the experiment; though, as they understood the apparition would be produced to one only at a time, they could not immediately agree in the choice of the person who should stand the first brunt of the magician's skill. While each of them severally excused himself from this preference on various pretences, Peregrine readily undertook the post, expressing great confidence of the conjurer's incapacity to give him the least cause of apprehension.

This point being settled, they detached one of their number to Crabtree, in order to bespeak and adjust the hour and terms of the operation, which he insisted upon performing at his own apartment, where everything was prepared for the occasion. At the appointed time, they went thither in a body, to the number of seven, in full expectation of detecting the impostor; and were received with such gloomy formality as seemed to have an effect upon the countenances of some among them; though they were encouraged by the vivacity of Pickle, who affected a double share of petulance, for the more effectual accomplishment of his purpose.

Cadwallader made no reply to the interrogations they uttered, in the levity of their insolence, at the first entrance, but ordered Hadgi to conduct them through the next room, that they might see there was no previous apparatus to affright their deputy with objects foreign to his undertaking. They found nothing but a couple of wax tapers burning on a table that stood with a chair by it in the middle of the apartment, and returned to the audience chamber, leaving Peregrine by himself, to encounter the phantom of that person whom they should, without his knowledge, desire the magician to conjure up to his view.

All the doors being shut, and the company seated, a profound silence ensued, together with a face of dreadful expectation, encouraged by the blue flame of the candles, which were tipped with sulphur for that purpose, and heightened by the dismal sound of a large bell, which Hadgi tolled in the antechamber. Cadwallader having thus practised upon their ignorance and fear, desired them to name the person to be produced. After some whispers among themselves, one of them took the pen, and, writing the name of Commodore Trunnion upon a slip of paper, put it into the hands of the magician, who rose from his seat, and, opening the door of his closet, displayed to their view a skull, with thigh-bones crossed, upon a table covered with black cloth.

This melancholy spectacle made a remarkable impression upon the imaginations of the company, already prepossessed by the previous ceremony; and they began to survey one another with looks of consternation, while Cadwallader, shutting himself in the closet that was contiguous to the chamber in which his friend Peregrine was stationed, thrust the label with his uncle's name through a small chink in the partition, according to agreement, muttering at the time a sort of gibberish that increased the panic of his audience; then returning to his chair, the knell was tolled again, and Pickle called aloud, "Damn your mummery, why don't you despatch?"

This was a signal to Crabtree, who thus certified of his having received the paper, stood up and waved his wand in the figure of an S. The motion being thrice performed, their ears were all of a sudden invaded by a terrible noise in the next room, accompanied with the voice of Peregrine, who exclaimed, in a tone of horror and amazement, "Guard me, Heaven! my uncle Trunnion!" This ejaculation had such an effect upon the hearers that two of them swooned with fear, a third fell upon his knees and prayed aloud, while the other three, in a transport of dismay and distraction, burst open the door, and rushed into the haunted chamber, where they found the table and chair overturned, and Peregrine extended (in all appearance) without sense or motion upon the floor.

They immediately began to chafe his temples, and the first symptom of his recovery which they perceived was a hollow groan; after which he pronounced these words: "Merciful powers! if I live I saw the commodore with his black patch, in the very clothes he wore at my sister's wedding." This declaration completed their astonishment and terror; they observed a wildness in his looks, which he seemed to bend on something concealed from their view; and were infected by his appearance to such a pitch of superstition, that it would have been an easy matter to persuade them that the chair and table were apparitions of their forefathers. However, they conducted Peregrine into the council chamber, where the conjuror and Hadgi were employed in ministering to those who had fainted. The patients having retrieved the use of their faculties, Cadwallader, assuming a double portion of severity in his aspect, asked if they were not ashamed of their former incredulity; declaring, that he was ready to give them more convincing proofs of his art upon the spot, and would immediately recall three generations of their progenitors from the dead, if they were disposed to relish such company. Then turning to one of them, whose grandfather had been hanged, "Are you," said he, "ambitious of seeing the first remarkable personage of your family? Say the word, and he shall appear."

This youth, who had been the most insolent and obstreperous in the whole society, and was now depressed with the same proportion of fear, alarmed at the proposal, assured the magician he had no curiosity of that sort remaining; and that what he had already seen would, he hoped, have a good effect upon his future life and conversation. Every one of these heroes made an acknowledgment and profession of the same kind, some of which were attended with tears; and Hadgi having provided chairs for the whole company, they departed exceedingly crest-fallen. Two of the number actually sickened with the agitation they had undergone, while our hero and his associate made themselves merry with the success of their enterprise.

But this scheme of fortune-telling did not engross his whole attention; he still continued to maintain his appearance in the beau monde; and, as his expense far exceeded his income, strove to contract intimacies with people of interest and power; he showed himself regularly at Court, paid his respects to them in all places of public diversion, and frequently entered into their parties, either of pleasure or cards. In the course of this cultivation, he happened one evening, at a certain chocolate-house, to overlook a match at piquet, in which he perceived a

couple of sharpers making prey of a young nobleman, who had neither temper nor skill sufficient to cope with such antagonists.

Our hero, being a professed enemy to all knights of industry, could not bear to see them cheat in public with such insolent audacity. Under pretence of communicating some business of importance, he begged the favour of speaking to the young gentleman in another corner of the room, and in a friendly manner cautioned him against the arts of his opponents. This hot-headed representative, far from thinking or owning himself obliged to Pickle for his good counsel, looked upon his advice as an insult upon his understanding; and replied, with an air of ferocious displeasure, that he knew how to take care of his own concerns, and would not suffer either him or them to bubble him out of one shilling.

Peregrine, offended at the association, as well as at the ingratitude and folly of this conceited coxcomb, expressed his resentment by telling him that he expected at least an acknowledgment for his candid intention; but he found his intellects too much warped by his vanity to perceive his own want of capacity and experience. Inflamed by this reproof, the young nobleman challenged him to play for five hundred pounds, with many opprobrious, or at least contemptuous, terms of defiance, which provoked our hero to accept the proposal. After the other had disengaged himself from the old rooks, who were extremely mortified at the interruption, the two young champions sat down, and fortune acting with uncommon impartiality, Pickle, by the superiority of his talents, in two hours won to the amount of as many thousand pounds, for which he was obliged to take his antagonist's note, the sharpers having previously secured his ready money.

Frantic with his loss, the rash young man would have continued the game, and doubled stakes every time; so that Peregrine might have increased his acquisition to ten times the sum he had gained; but he thought he had already sufficiently chastised the presumption of the challenger, and was unwilling to empower fortune to ravish from him the fruits of his success; he therefore declined my lord's proposal, unless he would play for ready money; and his lordship having in vain tried his credit among the company, our adventurer withdrew, leaving him in an ecstasy of rage and disappointment.

As the insolence of his behaviour had increased with his ill luck, and he had given vent to divers expressions which Peregrine took amiss, our young gentleman resolved to augment his punishment, by teasing him with demands which could not, he knew, be immediately satisfied; and next day sent Pipes to his father's house with the note, which was drawn payable upon demand. The debtor, who had gone to bed half distracted with his misfortune, finding himself waked with such a disagreeable dun, lost all patience, cursed Pickle, threatened his messenger, blasphemed with horrible execrations, and made such a noise as reached the ears of his father, who, ordering his son to be called into his presence, examined him about the cause of that uproar which had disturbed the whole family. The young gentleman, after having essayed to amuse him with sundry equivocations, which served only to increase his suspicion and desire of knowing the truth, acknowledged that he had lost some money over night at cards, to a gamester who had been so impertinent as to send a message demanding it that morning, though he had told the fellow that it would not suit him to pay him immediately. The father, who was a man of honour, reproached him with great severity for his profligate behaviour in general, and this scandalous debt in particular, which he believed to be some trifle; then, giving him a bank-note for five hundred pounds, commanded him to go and discharge it without loss of time. This well-principled heir took the money; but, instead of waiting upon his creditor, he forthwith repaired to the gaming-house, in hopes of retrieving his loss; and, before he rose from the table, saw his note mortgaged for seven-eighths of its value.

Meanwhile Pickle, incensed at the treatment which his servant had received, and informed of his lordship's second loss, which aggravated his resentment, determined to preserve no medium; and, taking out a writ the same day, put it immediately in execution upon the body of his debtor, just as he stept into his chair at the door of White's Chocolate-house. The prisoner being naturally fierce and haughty, attempted to draw upon the bailiffs, who disarmed him in a twinkling; and this effort served only to heighten his disgrace, which was witnessed by a thousand people, most of whom laughed very heartily at the adventure of a lord's being arrested.

Such a public transaction could not long escape the knowledge of his father, who that very day had the satisfaction to hear that his son was in a spunging-house. In consequence of this information he sent his steward to learn the particulars of the arrest, and was equally offended, surprised, and concerned, when he understood the nature of the debt, which he imagined his son had already discharged. Unwilling to pay such a considerable sum for a spendthrift, whom he had but too much indulged, and who in less than one week might involve himself in such another difficulty, the old gentleman wrote a letter to Peregrine, representing what a hardship it would be upon him to forfeit such sums by the indiscretion of a son, whose engagements he was not bound to fulfil, and desiring some mitigation in his demand, as it was not a debt contracted for value received, but incurred without subjecting him to the least damage or inconvenience.

Our adventurer no sooner received this letter, than he went in person to wait upon the author, to whom he, in a candid manner, related the particular circumstances of the match, together with the ingratitude and audacity of his son, which he owned had stimulated him to such measures as he otherwise would have scorned to take. The nobleman acknowledged that the revenge was hardly adequate to the provocation, and condemned the conduct of his son with such justice and integrity as disarmed Peregrine of his resentment, and disposed him to give an undoubted proof of his own disinterestedness, which he immediately exhibited by producing the note, and tearing it to pieces, after having assured his lordship that the writ should be withdrawn, and the prisoner discharged before night.

The earl, who perfectly well understood the value of money, and was no stranger to the characters of mankind, stood amazed at this sacrifice, which Pickle protested was offered by his esteem for his lordship, and, after having complimented him upon his generosity, in a very uncommon strain of encomium, begged the favour of his acquaintance, and insisted upon his dining with him next day. The youth, proud of having met with such an opportunity to distinguish himself, in less than an hour performed every article of his promise, and in the morning was visited by

the debtor, who came, by the express order of his father, to thank him for the obligation under which he was laid, and to ask pardon for the offence he had given.

This condescension was very glorious for our hero, who graciously received his submission, and accompanied him to dinner, where he was caressed by the old earl with marks of particular affection and esteem. Nor was his gratitude confined to exterior civility; he offered him the use of his interest at Court, which was very powerful, and repeated his desire of serving him so pressingly, that Peregrine thought he could not dispense with the opportunity of assisting his absent friend Godfrey, in whose behalf he begged the influence of his lordship.

The earl, pleased with this request, which was another proof of the young gentleman's benevolence, said he would not fail to pay the utmost regard to his recommendation; and in six weeks a captain's commission was actually signed for the brother of Emilia, who was very agreeably surprised at the intimation he received from the War Office, though he was utterly ignorant of the canal through which he obtained that promotion.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Peregrine is celebrated as a Wit and Patron, and proceeds to entertain himself at the expense of whom it did concern.

In the meantime, Peregrine flourished in the gay scenes of life, and, as I have already observed, had divers opportunities of profiting in the way of marriage, had not his ambition been a little too inordinate, and his heart still biassed by a passion which all the levity of youth could not balance, nor all the pride of vanity overcome. Nor was our hero unmarked in the world of letters and taste. He had signalized himself in several poetical productions, by which he had acquired a good share of reputation. Not that the pieces were such as ought to have done much honour to his genius; but any tolerable performance from a person of his figure and supposed fortune, will always be considered by the bulk of readers as an instance of astonishing capacity, though the very same production, ushered into the world with the name of an author in less affluent circumstances, would be justly disregarded and despised, so much is the opinion of most people influenced and overawed by ridiculous considerations.

Be this as it will, our young gentleman was no sooner distinguished as an author, than he was marked out as a patron by all the starving retainers to poetry; he was solemnized in odes, celebrated in epigrams, and fed with the milk of soft dedication. His vanity even relished this incense, and, though his reason could not help despising those that offered it, not one of them was sent away unowned by his munificence. He began to think himself, in good earnest, that superior genius which their flattery had described; he cultivated acquaintance with the wits of fashion, and even composed in secret a number of bons mots, which he uttered in company as the impromptus of his imagination. In this practice, indeed, he imitated some of the most renowned geniuses of the age, who, if the truth were known, have laboured in secret, with the sweat of their brows, for many a repartee which they have vended as the immediate production of fancy and expression. He was so successful in this exercise of his talents, that his fame actually came in competition with that great man who had long sat at the helm of wit; and, in a dialogue that once happened between them, on the subject of a cork-screw, wherein the altercation was discharged (according to Bayes), slap for slap, dash for dash, our hero was judged to have the better of his lordship by some of the minor satellites that commonly surround and reflect the rays of such mighty luminaries.

In a word, he dipped himself so far in these literary amusements, that he took the management of the pit into his direction, putting himself at the head of those critics who call themselves the town; and in that capacity chastised several players, who had been rendered insolent and refractory by unmerited success. As for the new productions of the stage, though generally unspirited and insipid, they always enjoyed the benefit of his influence and protection; because he never disliked the performance so much as he sympathized with the poor author, who stood behind the scenes in the most dreadful suspense, trembling, as it were, on the very brink of damnation. Yet, though he extended his generosity and compassion to the humble and needy, he never let slip one opportunity of mortifying villany and arrogance. Had the executive power of the legislature been vested in him, he would have doubtless devised strange species of punishment for all offenders against humanity and decorum; but, restricted as he was, he employed his invention in subjecting them to the ridicule and contempt of their fellow-subjects.

It was with this view he set on foot the scheme of conjuration, which was still happily carried on, and made use of the intelligence of his friend Cadwallader; though he sometimes converted this advantage to the purposes of gallantry, being, as the reader may have perceived, of a very amorous complexion. He not only acted the reformer, or rather the castigator, in the fashionable world, but also exercised his talents among the inferior class of people who chanced to incur his displeasure.

One mischievous plan that entered our hero's imagination was suggested by two advertisements published in the same paper, by persons who wanted to borrow certain sums of money, for which they promised to give undeniable security. Peregrine, from the style and manner of both, concluded they were written by attorneys, a species of people for whom he entertained his uncle's aversion. In order to amuse himself and some of his friends with their disappointment, he wrote a letter, signed A. B., to each advertiser, according to the address specified in the newspaper, importing that if he would come with his writings to a certain coffee-house near the Temple, precisely at six in the evening, he would find a person sitting in the right-hand box next to the window, who would be glad to treat with him about the subject of his advertisement; and, should his security be liked, would accommodate him with the sum which he wanted to raise. Before the hour of this double appointment, Pickle, with his friend Cadwallader, and a few more gentlemen, to whom he had thought proper to communicate the plan, went to the coffee-house, and seated themselves near the place that was destined for their meeting.

The hope of getting money had such an evident effect upon their punctuality, that one of them arrived a considerable time before the hour; and having reconnoitred the room, took his station according to the direction he had received, fixing his eye upon a clock that stood

before him, and asking of the bar-keeper if it was not too slow. He had not remained in this posture many minutes, when he was joined by a strange figure that waddled into the room, with a bundle of papers in his bosom, and the sweat running over his nose. Seeing a man in the box to which he had been directed, he took it for granted he was the lender; and as soon as he could recover his breath, which was almost exhausted by the despatch he had made, "Sir," said he, "I presume you are the gentleman I was to meet about that loan." Here he was interrupted by the other, who eagerly replied, "A. B., sir, I suppose?" "The same," cried the last comer. "I was afraid I should be too late, for I was detained beyond my expectation by a nobleman at the other end of the town, that wants to mortgage a small trifle of his estate, about a thousand a year; and my watch happens to be in the hands of the maker, having met with an accident a few nights ago, which set it asleep. But, howsomever, there is no time lost, and I hope this affair will be transacted to the satisfaction of us both. For my own part I love to do good offices myself, and therefore I expect nothing but what is fair and honest of other people."

His new friend was exceedingly comforted by this declaration, which he considered as a happy omen of his success; and the hope of fingering the cash operated visibly in his countenance, while he expressed his satisfaction at meeting with a person of such caudour and humanity. "The pleasure," said he, "of dealing with an easy conscientious man is, in my opinion, superior to that of touching all the money upon earth; for what joy can be compared with what a generous mind feels in befriending its fellow-creatures? I was never so happy in my life as at one time, in lending five hundred pounds to a worthy gentleman in distress, without insisting upon rigid security. Sir, one may easily distinguish an upright man by his countenance. For example now, I think I could take your word for ten thousand pounds." The other, with great joy, protested that he was right in his conjecture, and returned the compliment a thousand-fold; by which means the expectation of both was wound up to a very interesting pitch, and both, at the same instant, began to produce their papers, in the untying of which their hands shook with transports of eagerness and impatience; while their eyes were so intent upon their work that they did not perceive the occupation of each other.

At length, one of them, having got the start of the other, and unrolled several skins of musty parchment, directed his view to the employment of his friend; and seeing him fumbling at his bundle, asked if that was a blank bond and conveyance which he had brought along with him. The other, without lifting up his eyes, or desisting from his endeavours to loose the knot, which by this time he had applied to his teeth, answered this question in the negative, observing that the papers in his hand were the security which he proposed to give for the money.

This reply converted the looks of the inquirer into a stare of infinite stolidity, accompanied with the word Anan! which he pronounced in a tone of fear and astonishment. The other, alarmed at this note, cast his eyes towards the supposed lender, and was in a moment infected by his aspect. All the exultation of hope that sparkled in their eyes was now succeeded by disappointment and dismay; and while they gazed ruefully at each other, their features were gradually elongated, like the transient curls of a middle-row periwig.

This emphatic silence was, however, broke by the last comer, who, in a faltering accent, desired the other to recollect the contents of his letter. "Of your letter!" cried the first, putting into his hand the advertisement he had received from Pickle, which he had no sooner perused, than he produced his own for the satisfaction of the other party. So that another gloomy pause ensued, at the end of which each uttered a profound sigh, or rather groan, and, rising up, sneaked off without further communication; he who seemed to be the most afflicted of the two taking his departure with an exclamation of "Humbugged, egad!"

Such were the amusements of our hero, though they did not engross his whole time, some part of which was dedicated to nocturnal riots and revels, among a set of young noblemen, who had denounced war against temperance, economy, and common sense, and were indeed the devoted sons of tumult, waste, and prodigality. Not that Peregrine relished those scenes, which were a succession of absurd extravagance, devoid of all true spirit, taste, or enjoyment. But his vanity prompted him to mingle with those who are entitled the choice spirits of the age; and his disposition was so pliable as to adapt itself easily to the measures of his company, where he had not influence enough to act in the capacity of a director. Their rendezvous was a certain tavern, which might be properly styled the Temple of Excess, where they left the choice of their fare to the discretion of the landlord, that they might save themselves the pains of exercising their own reason; and, in order to avoid the trouble of adjusting the bill, ordered the waiter to declare how much every individual must pay, without specifying the articles of the charge. This proportion generally amounted to two guineas per head for each dinner and supper, and frequently exceeded that sum; of which the landlord durst not abate, without running the risk of having his nose slit for his moderation.

But this was puny expense compared with that which they often incurred, by the damage done to the furniture and servants, in the madness of their intoxication, as well as the loss they sustained at hazard, an amusement to which all of them had recourse in the progress of their debauches. This elegant diversion was introduced, encouraged, and promoted by a crew of rapacious sharpers, who had made themselves necessary companions to this hopeful generation, by the talents of pimping and buffoonery. Though they were universally known, even by those they preyed upon, to have no other means of earning their livelihood than the most infamous and fraudulent practices, they were caressed and courted by these infatuated dupes, when a man of honour, who would not join in their excesses, would have been treated with the utmost indignity and contempt.

Though Peregrine, in his heart, detested those abandoned courses, and was a professed enemy to the whole society of gamesters, whom he considered, and always treated, as the foes of humankind, he was insensibly accustomed to licentious riot, and even led imperceptibly into play by those cormorants, who are no less dangerous in the art of cheating than by their consummate skill in working up the passions of unwary youth. They are, for the most part, naturally cool, phlegmatic, and crafty, and, by a long habit of dissimulation, have gained an absolute dominion over the hasty passions of the heart; so that they engage with manifest advantage over the impatience and impetuosity of a warm undesign-

ing temper, like that of our young gentleman, who, when he was heated with wine, misled by example, invited on one hand and defied on the other, forgot all his maxims of caution and sobriety, and plunging into the reigning folly of the place, had frequent occasions to moralize in the morning upon the loss of the preceding night.

These penitential reflections were attended with many laudable resolutions of profiting by the experience which he had so dearly purchased; but he was one of those philosophers who always put off till another day the commencement of their reformation.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Peregrine receives a Letter from Hatchway, in consequence of which he repairs to the Garrison, and performs the last offices to his Aunt. He is visited by Mr. Gauntlet, who invites him to his marriage.

In this circle of amusements our hero's time was parcelled out, and few young gentlemen of the age enjoyed life with greater relish, notwithstanding those intervening checks of reason, which served only to whet his appetite for a repetition of the pleasures she so prudently condemned; when he received the following letter, by which he was determined to visit his estate in the country:—

"Cousin Pickle,—I hope you are in a better trim than your aunt, who hath been fast moored to her bed these seven weeks, by several feet of under-water lodging in her hold and hollop, whereby I doubt her planks are rotted so that she cannot choose but fall to pieces in a short time. I have done all in my power to keep her tight and easy, and free from sudden squalls that might overstrain her. And here have been the doctors, who have scuttled her lower deck, and let out six gallons of water. For my own part, I wonder how the devil it came there; for you know as how it was a liquor she never took in. But as for those fellows the doctors, they are like unskilful carpenters, that in mending one leak make a couple; and so she fills again apace. But the worst sign of all is this here, she won't let a drop of Nantz go between the combings of her teeth, and has quite lost the rudder of her understanding, whereby she yaws woundily in her speech, palavering about some foreign part called the New Geereusalem, and wishing herself in a safe birth in the river Geordun. The parson, I must say, strives to keep her steady concerning the navigation of her soul, and talks very sensibly of charity and the poor, whereof she hath left a legacy of two hundred pounds in her will. And here has been Mr. Gamaliel and your brother my lord, demanding entrance at the gate, in order to see her; but I would not suffer them to come aboard, and pointed my patereroes, which made them sheer off. Your sister, Mrs. Clover, keeps close watch upon her kinswoman, without ever turning in, and a kind-hearted young woman it is. I should be glad to see you at the garrison, if the wind of your inclination sits that way; and mayhap it may be a comfort to your aunt to behold you alongside of her when her anchor is apeak. So no more at present, but rests, your friend and humble servant to command,

"John Hatchway."

Next morning, after the receipt of this epistle, Peregrine, in order to manifest his regard to his aunt, as well as his friendship for honest Jack, set out on horseback for their habitation, attended by Pipes, who longed to see his old messmate; but, before he had reached the garrison, Mrs. Hatchway had given up the ghost, in the threescore and fifth year of her age. The widower seemed to bear his loss with resignation, and behaved very decently upon the occasion, though he did not undergo those dangerous transports of sorrow which some tender-hearted husbands have felt at the departure of their wives. The lieutenant was naturally a philosopher, and so well disposed to acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence, that in this, as well as in every other emergency of his life, he firmly believed that everything which happened was for the best.

Peregrine's task, therefore, was not so great in comforting him, as in consoling his own sister, who, with great poignancy and sincerity of grief, lamented the death of the only relation with whom she had maintained any intimacy of correspondence; for her mother was as implacable as ever in her enmity against her and Peregrine, and rather more determined in her rancour; that which was originally a sudden transport of indignation being by this time settled into a confirmed inveteracy of hate. As for Gam, who was now dignified by the country people with the appellation of the young squire, he still acted in the capacity of minister to the caprice and vengeance of his mother, taking all opportunities of disturbing Julia's peace, slandering her reputation, and committing outrages against the tenants and domestics of her husband, who was a man of a quiet and timorous disposition.

But the chief amusement of young Pickle in his later years was the chase, in which he acquired some renown by his intrepidity and remarkable figure, which improved every day in deformity; insomuch as to suggest a ludicrous scheme of revenge to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Having been affronted by the insolence of Crookback, he clothed a large baboon that was in his possession, in a dress that resembled the hunting equipage of Gam; and ordering the animal to be set astride, and tied upon the back of his keenest hunter, turned them out one day after the hounds. The horse in a little time outstripping all the rest in the field, the rider was mistaken for Gam by the whole company, who saluted him as he passed with a halloo, observing that the squire had his usual good luck, in being better mounted than his neighbours. Pickle afterwards appearing in his own person, created great astonishment in the spectators, one of whom asked if he had split himself in twain, and pointed out his representative, who was by this time almost up with the hounds. Upon which the identical Gam went in pursuit of the impostor. When he overtook him, he was so much enraged at the counterfeit, that he attacked the baboon, whip in hand, and, in all probability, would have sacrificed him to his resentment, had not he been prevented by the other fox-hunters. They interposed, in order to make up the difference betwixt two brothers of the sport, and were equally surprised and diverted when they distinguished the quality of Crookback's antagonist, which they rescued from his rage, and reconveyed to its master.

Peregrine, at the request of his friend Jack, took charge of his aunt's funeral, to which his parents were invited, though they did not think proper to appear, or pay the least regard to his solicitations, when he desired permission to wait upon them in person. Nevertheless, old Gamaliel, at the instigation of his wife, afterwards obtained an order from Doctors' Commons, obliging Hatchway to produce the will of his wife, on the supposition that she had bequeathed to him some part of the money, which, he knew, was at her own disposal. But from this step he reaped no other satisfaction than that of finding himself altogether neglected by the testatrix, who had left all her effects to her husband, except one thousand pounds, with her jewels, to Julia's daughter,

the benefaction mentioned in the lieutenant's letter, and some inconsiderable legacies to her favourite domestics.

A few days after the interment of this good lady, our hero was agreeably surprised with a visit from his friend Godfrey, who had come to England in consequence of that promotion which he owed to his interest, though the soldier himself placed it to the credit of a certain courtier who had formerly promised to befriend him, and now, finding his advancement unowned, very modestly arrogated the merit of it to himself. He communicated his good fortune to Pickle, who complimented him upon it as an event of which he had no precognition; and at the same time told him, that, in consequence of his preferment, his cousin at Windsor had consented to his being immediately united in the bands of wedlock with his lovely Sophy; that the wedding-day was already fixed; and that nothing would be wanting to his happiness, if Peregrine would honour the nuptials with his presence.

Our hero accepted the invitation with great eagerness, when he learnt that Emilia would be there in quality of bride's-maid; and now repeated what he had formerly written to his friend, namely, that he was not only willing, but extremely impatient, to atone for his mad behaviour to that young lady, by laying himself and his whole fortune at her feet. Godfrey thanked him for his honourable intention, and promised to use his influence, and that of Sophy, in his behalf, though he seemed dubious of their success, on account of his sister's delicacy, which could not pardon the least shadow of disrespect. He owned, indeed, he was not certain that she would appear in the same company with Pickle; but as she made no stipulations on that score, he would interpret her silence in the most favourable manner, and keep her in ignorance of his design, until she should find it too late to retract with any decency. The hope of seeing and conversing with Emilia, and perhaps of being reconciled to her, after having suffered so much and so long from her displeasure, raised a tumult of ideas in his breast, and produced a strange inquietude of joy and perturbation. Gauntlet having stayed with him a few days, and signified the time appointed for his spousals, took his leave, in order to prepare for the occasion; while Peregrine, with his friend Hatchway, made a tour among his acquaintance in the country, with a view of sounding their inclinations touching a project which he had lately conceived, of offering himself as a candidate for a certain borough in the neighbourhood, at the ensuing election for members of Parliament.

This scheme, which was suggested to him by one of his quality patrons, would have succeeded according to his wish, had the election taken place immediately; but, before that happened, his interest was overbalanced by some small accidents that will be recorded in the sequel. In the mean time he repaired to Windsor, on the eve of his friend's marriage, and understood from Godfrey that it was with the utmost difficulty he and Sophy could prevail upon his sister to be present at the wedding, when she was informed that her lover was invited; and that her consent had not been obtained until they had promised, on the part of Peregrine, that he should not renew the old topic, nor even speak to her in the style of a former acquaintance.

Our young gentleman was nettled at this preliminary, to which, however, he said he would adhere; and so well did he think himself fortified with pride and resentment, that he resolved to behave towards her with such indifference, as would, he hoped, mortify her vanity, and thereby punish her for the implacability of her disposition. Armed with these sentiments, he was next day introduced by Godfrey to the bride, who received him with her usual sweetness of temper and affability; and Emilia being present, he saluted her with a distant bow, which she acknowledged with a cold courtesy, and an aspect of ice. Though this deportment confirmed his displeasure, her beauty undermined his resolution; he thought her charms infinitely improved since their last parting, and a thousand fond images recurring to his imagination, he felt his whole soul dissolving into tenderness and love.

In order to banish those dangerous ideas, he endeavoured to enter into a gay conversation with Sophy on the subject of the approaching ceremony; but his tongue performed its office awkwardly, his eyes were attracted towards Emilia, as if they had been subject to the power of fascination; in spite of all his efforts, a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, and his whole appearance indicated anxiety and confusion.

The bridegroom, perceiving his condition, abridged the visit, and having conducted his companion to his own lodgings, expressed his concern at having been the innocent occasion of his uneasiness, by exposing him to the sight of Emilia, which he perceived had given him pain. Peregrine, who had by this time recollected the dictates of his pride, assured him that he was very much mistaken in the cause of his disorder, which was no other than a sudden qualm, to which he had been for some time subject; and to show him how philosophically he could bear the disdain of Emilia, which, with all deference to her conduct, he could not help thinking a little too severe, he desired, as the bridegroom had made preparation for a private ball in the evening, that he would provide him with an agreeable partner; in which case he would exhibit undoubted proofs of the tranquillity of his heart. "I was in hopes," answered Godfrey, "of being able, with the assistance of Sophy, to make up matters between you and my sister, and for that reason kept her unengaged to any other gentleman for the night; but since she was so peevishly obstinate, I shall take care to accommodate you with a very handsome young lady, whose partner will not be sorry to exchange her for Emilia."

The thoughts of having an opportunity to coquette with another woman, under the eye of this implacable mistress, supported his spirits during the ceremony, which put Gauntlet in possession of his heart's desire; and, by means of this cordial, he found himself so undisturbed at dinner, though he sat opposite to his fair enemy, that he was able to pass some occasional jokes upon the new-married couple, with some appearance of mirth and good-humour. Nor did Emily any otherwise seem affected by his presence, than by excepting him from the participation of those genial regards which she distributed to the rest of the company. This easiness of behaviour on her side reinforced his resolution, by giving him pretence to call her sensibility in question; for he could not conceive how any woman of acute feelings could sit unmoved in presence of a man with whom she had such recent and intimate connexion; not considering that she had much more reason to condemn his affectation of unconcern, and that her external deportment, might, like his own, be an effort of pride and resentment.

This contest, in point of dissimulation, continued till night, when the company was paired for dancing, and Peregrine began the ball by walking a minuet with the bride; then he took out the young lady to whom he was recommended by Gauntlet, being very well pleased to see that her person was such as might have inspired even Emily herself with jealousy, though, at the same time, he perceived his mistress coupled with a gay young officer, whom, with all due deference to his own qualifications, he considered as no despicable rival. However, he himself first began hostilities, by becoming all of a sudden particular with his partner, whom he forthwith assailed with flattering compliments, that soon introduced the subject of love, upon which he expatiated with great art and elocution, using not only the faculty of speech, but also the language of the eyes, in which he was a perfect connoisseur.

This behaviour soon manifested itself to the whole assembly, the greatest part of whom believed that he was in good earnest captivated by the charms of his partner; while Emilia, penetrating into his design, turned his own artillery upon himself, by seeming to listen with pleasure to the addresses of his rival, who was no novice in the art of making love. She even affected uncommon vivacity, and giggled aloud at every whisper which he conveyed into her ear, insomuch that she, in her turn, afforded speculation to the company, who imagined the young soldier had made a conquest of the bridegroom's sister.

Pickle himself began to cherish the same opinion, which gradually invaded his good-humour, and at length filled his bosom with rage. He strove to suppress his indignation, and called every consideration of vanity and revenge to his aid. He endeavoured to wean his eyes from the fatal object that disturbed him, but they would not obey his direction and command. He wished himself deprived of all sensation, when he heard her laugh and saw her smile upon the officer; and, in the course of country dancing, when he was obliged to join hands with her, the touch thrilled through all his nerves, and kindled a flame within him which he could not contain. In a word, his endeavours to conceal the situation of his thoughts were so violent, that his constitution could not endure the shock; the sweat ran down his forehead in a stream, the colour vanished from his cheeks, his knees began to totter, and his eyesight to fail; so that he must have fallen at his full length upon the floor, had not he retired very abruptly into another room, where he threw himself upon a couch, and fainted.

In this condition he was found by his friend, who seeing him withdraw with such symptoms of disorder, followed him thither; and, when he recovered the use of his faculties, pressed him to make use of a bed in that house, rather than expose himself in the night air, by going home to his own lodgings; but not being able to prevail upon him to accept the offer, he wrapped him up in a cloak, and, conducting him to the inn where he lodged, helped him to undress and go to bed, where he was immediately seized with a violent fit of the ague. Godfrey behaved with great tenderness, and would have actually bore him company all night, notwithstanding the circumstances of his own situation, had not his friend insisted upon his returning to the company, and making his apology to his partner for his sudden departure.

This was a step absolutely necessary towards maintaining the quiet of the assembly, which he found in great consternation occasioned by his absence; for some of the ladies, seeing the bridegroom follow the stranger in his retreat, the meaning of which they did not comprehend, began to be afraid of a quarrel. Emilia, upon pretence of that supposition, was so much alarmed that she could not stand, and was fain to have recourse to a smelling-bottle.

The bride, who understood the whole mystery, was the only person that acted with deliberation and composure; she imputed Emilia's disorder to the right cause, which was no other than concern for the condition of her lover, and assured the ladies there was nothing extraordinary in Mr. Pickle's going off, he being subject to fainting fits, by which he was often overtaken without any previous notice. The arrival of Gauntlet confirmed the truth of this declaration. He made an apology to the company in the name of his friend, who, he told them, was suddenly taken ill; and they returned to their diversion of dancing, with this variation: Emilia was so disordered and fatigued that she begged to be excused from continuing the exercise; and Peregrine's partner being disengaged, was paired with the young officer for whom she was originally designed.

Meanwhile, the bride withdrew into another apartment with her sister, and expostulated with her upon her cruelty to Mr. Pickle, assuring her, from Godfrey's information, that he had undergone a severe fit on her account, which, in all likelihood, would have a dangerous effect upon his constitution. Though Emily was inflexible in her answers to the kind remonstrances of the gentle Sophy, her heart was melting with the impressions of pity and love; and finding herself unable to perform the duty of her function, in putting the bride to bed, she retired to her own chamber, and in secret sympathized with the distemper of her lover.

In the morning, as early as decency would permit him to leave the arms of his dear wife, Captain Gauntlet made a visit to Peregrine, who had passed a very tedious and uneasy night, having been subject to short intervals of delirium, during which Pipes had found it very difficult to keep him fast belayed. He owned indeed to Godfrey that his imagination had been haunted by the ideas of Emilia and her officer, which tormented him to an unspeakable degree of anguish and distraction; and that he would rather suffer death than a repetition of such excruciating reflections. He was, however, comforted by his friend, who assured him that his sister's inclinations would in time prevail over all the endeavours of resentment and pride, illustrating this asseveration by an account of the manner in which she was affected by the knowledge of his disorder, and advising him to implore the mediation of Sophy, in a letter which she should communicate to Emilia.

This was an opportunity which our hero thought too favourable to be neglected; calling for paper, he sat up in his bed, and, in the first transports of his emotion, wrote the following petition to Godfrey's amiable wife:—

"DEAR MADAM,—The affliction of a contrite heart can never appeal to your benevolence in vain, and therefore I presume to approach you in this season of delight, with the language of sorrow, requesting that you will espouse the cause of an unhappy lover, who mourns with unutterable anguish over his ruined hope, and intercede for my pardon with that divine creature, whom, in the intemperance and excess of passion, I have so mortally offended. Good heaven! is my guilt inexpiable? Am I excluded from all hope of remission? Am I devoted to misery and despair? I have offered

all the atonement which the most perfect and sincere penitence could suggest, and she rejects my humility and repentance. If her resentment would pursue me to the grave, let her signify her pleasure, and may I be branded with the name of villain, and remembered with infamy and detestation to all posterity, if I hesitate one moment in sacrificing a life which is odious to Emilia. Ah! madam, while I thus pour forth the effusions of my grief and distraction, I look around the apartment in which I lie, and every well-known object that salutes my view recalls to my remembrance that fond, that happy day, on which the fair, the good, the tender-hearted Sophy became my advocate, though I was a stranger to her acquaintance, and effected a transporting reconciliation between me and that same enchanting beauty that is now so implacably incensed. If she is not satisfied with the pangs of remorse and disappointment, the transports of madness I have undergone, let her prescribe what further penance she thinks I ought to endure, and when I decline her sentence, let me be the object of her eternal disdain.

"I commit myself, dear madam! dear Sophy! dear partner of my friend! to your kind interposition. I know you will manage my cause, as a concern on which my happiness entirely depends; and I hope everything from your compassion and beneficence, while I fear everything from her rigour and barbarity. Yes! I call it barbarity, a savageness of delicacy altogether inconsistent with the tenderness of human nature; and may the most abject contempt be my portion if I live under its scourge! But I begin to rave. I conjure you by your own humanity and sweetness of disposition, I conjure you by your love for the man whom Heaven hath decreed your protector, to employ your influence with that angel of wrath, in behalf of—Your obliged and obedient servant, P. PICKLE."

This epistle was immediately transmitted by Godfrey to his wife, who perused it with marks of the most humane sympathy; and, carrying it into her sister's chamber, "Here is something," said she, presenting the paper, "which I must recommend to your serious attention." Emilia, who immediately guessed the meaning of this address, absolutely refused to look upon it, or even to hear it read, till her brother, entering her apartment, reprimanded her sharply for her obstinacy and pride, accused her of folly and dissimulation, and entered so warmly into the interests of his friend that she thought him unkind in his remonstrances, and, bursting into a flood of tears, reproached him with partiality and want of affection. Godfrey, who entertained the most perfect love and veneration for his sister, asked pardon for having given offence, and kissing the drops from her fair eyes, begged she would, for his sake, listen to the declaration of his friend.

Thus solicited, she could not refuse to hear the letter, which when he had repeated, she lamented her own fate in being the occasion of so much uneasiness, desired her brother to assure Mr. Pickle that she was not a voluntary enemy to his peace; on the contrary, she wished him all happiness, though she hoped he would not blame her for consulting her own, in avoiding any future explanation or connexion with a person whose correspondence she found herself under a necessity to renounce.

In vain did the new-married couple exhaust their eloquence in attempting to prove that the reparation which our hero had offered was adequate to the injury she had sustained; that, in reconciling herself to a penitent lover, who subscribed to her own terms of submission, her honour would be acquitted by the most scrupulous and severe judges of decorum; and that her inflexibility would be justly ascribed to the pride and insensibility of her heart. She turned a deaf ear to all their arguments, exhortations, and entreaties, and threatened to leave the house immediately, if they would not promise to drop that subject of discourse.

Godfrey, very much chagrined at the bad success of his endeavours, returned to his friend, and made as favourable a report of the affair as the nature of his conversation with Emilia would permit; but as he could not avoid mentioning her resolution in the close, Peregrine was obliged to drink again the bitter draught of disappointment, which put his passions into such a state of agitation as produced a short ecstasy of despair, in which he acted a thousand extravagances. This paroxysm, however, soon subsided into a settled reserve of gloomy resentment, which he in secret indulged, detaching himself as soon as possible from the company of the soldier, on pretence of retiring to rest.

While he lay ruminating upon the circumstances of his present situation, his friend Pipes, who knew the cause of his anxiety, and firmly believed that Emilia loved his master at her heart, howsoever she might attempt to disguise her sentiments; I say Thomas was taken with a conceit which he thought would set everything to rights, and therefore put it in execution without farther delay. Laying aside his hat, he ran directly to the house of Sophy's father, and, affecting an air of surprise and consternation, to which he had never before been subject, thundered at the door with such an alarming knock as in a moment brought the whole family into the hall. When he was admitted, he began to gape, stare, and pant at the same time, and made no reply when Godfrey asked what was the matter, till Mrs. Gauntlet expressed her apprehensions about his master. When Pickle's name was mentioned, he seemed to make an effort to speak, and, in a bellowing tone, pronounced, "Brought himself up, split my topsails!" So saying, he pointed to his own neck, and rose upon his tiptoes, by way of explaining the meaning of his words.

Godfrey, without staying to ask another question, rushed out, and flew towards the inn, with the utmost horror and concern; while Sophy, who did not rightly understand the language of the messenger, addressing herself to him a second time, said, "I hope no accident has happened to Mr. Pickle?" "No accident at all," replied Tom; "he has only hanged himself for love." These words had scarcely proceeded from his mouth, when Emilia, who stood listening at the parlour door, shrieked aloud, and dropped down senseless upon the floor; while her sister, who was almost equally shocked at the intelligence, had recourse to the assistance of her maid, by whom she was supported from falling.

Pipes, hearing Emily's voice, congratulated himself upon the success of his stratagem. He sprung to her assistance, and, lifting her up into an easy-chair, stood by her until he saw her recover from her swoon, and heard her call upon his master's name, with all the frenzy of despairing love. Then he bent his course back to the inn, overjoyed at the opportunity of telling Peregrine what a confession he had extorted from his mistress, and extremely vain of this proof of his own sagacity.

In the meantime, Godfrey arriving at the house in which he supposed this fatal catastrophe had happened, ran up-stairs to Peregrine's chamber, without staying to make any inquiry below; and, finding the door locked, burst it open with one stroke of his foot. But what was his amazement when, upon entrance, our hero, starting up from the bed, saluted him with a boisterous exclamation of "Zounds! who's there?" He was struck

dumb with astonishment, which also riveted him to the place where he stood, scarce crediting the testimony of his own senses, till Peregrine, with an air of discontent which denoted him displeased with his intrusion, dispelled his apprehension by a second address, saying, "I see you consider me as a friend, by your using me without ceremony."

The soldier, thus convinced of the falsehood of the information he had received, began to imagine that Pickle had projected the plan which was executed by his servant; and looking upon it as a piece of unjustifiable finesse, which might be attended with very melancholy consequences to his sister or wife, he answered in a supercilious tone, that Mr. Pickle must blame himself for the interruption of his repose, which was entirely owing to the sorry jest he had set on foot.

Pickle, who was the child of passion, and more than half mad with impatience before this visit, hearing himself treated in such a cavalier manner, advanced close up to Godfrey's breast, and assuming a stern or rather frantic countenance, "Hark ye, sir," said he, "you are mistaken if you think I jest; I am in downright earnest, I assure you." Gauntlet, who was not a man to be browbeaten, seeing himself thus bearded by a person of whose conduct he had he thought reason to complain, put on his military look of defiance, and erecting his chest, replied with an exalted voice, "Mr. Pickle, whether you was in jest or earnest, you must give me leave to tell you that the scheme was childish, unseasonable, and unkind, not to give it a harsher term." "Death, sir!" cried our adventurer, "you trifle with my disquiet; if there is any meaning in your insinuation, explain yourself, and then I shall know what answer it will befit me to give." "I came with very different sentiments," resumed the soldier, "but since you urge me to expostulation, and behave with such unprovoked loftiness of displeasure, I will, without circumlocution, tax you with having committed an outrage upon the peace of my family, in sending your fellow to alarm us with such an abrupt account of your having done violence upon yourself." Peregrine, confounded at this imputation, stood silent, with a most savage aspect of surprise, eager to know the circumstance to which his accuser alluded, and incensed to find it beyond the sphere of his comprehension.

While these two irritated friends stood fronting each other with mutual indignation in their eyes and attitudes, they were joined by Pipes, who, without taking the least notice of the situation in which he found them, told his master that he might up with the topgallant-masts of his heart, and out with his rejoicing pendants; for as to Mrs. Emily, he had clapped her helm aweather, the vessel wore, and now she was upon the other tack, standing right into the harbour of his good-will.

Peregrine, who was not yet a connoisseur in the terms of his lacquey, commanded him, upon pain of his displeasure, to be more explicit in his intelligence; and, by dint of divers questions, obtained a perfect knowledge of the scheme which he had put in execution for his service. This information perplexed him not a little; he would have chastised his servant upon the spot for his temerity, had he not plainly perceived that the fellow's intention was to promote his ease and satisfaction; and, on the other hand, he knew not how to acquit himself of the suspicion which he saw Godfrey entertain of his being the projector of the plan, without condescending to an explanation, which his present disposition could not brook. After some pause, however, turning to Pipes with a severe frown, "Rascal!" said he, "this is the second time I have suffered in the opinion of that lady by your ignorance and presumption; if ever you intermeddle in my affairs for the future, without express order and direction, by all that 's sacred! I will put you to death without mercy. Away, and let my horse be saddled this instant."

Pipes having withdrawn, in order to perform this piece of duty, our young gentleman, addressing himself again to the soldier, and laying his hand upon his breast, said, with a solemnity of regard, "Captain Gauntlet, upon my honour I am altogether innocent of that shallow device which you impute to my invention; and I don't think you do justice either to my intellects or honour in supposing me capable of such insolent absurdity. As for your sister, I have once in my life affronted her in the madness and impetuosity of desire; but I have made such acknowledgments, and offered such atonement, as few women of her sphere would have refused; and before God! I am determined to endure every torment of disappointment and despair, rather than prostrate myself again to the cruelty of her unjustifiable pride." So saying, he stalked suddenly down-stairs, and took horse immediately, his spirits being supported by resentment, which prompted him to vow within himself, that he would seek consolation for the disdain of Emilia, in the possession of the first willing wench he should meet upon the road.

While he set out for the garrison with these sentiments, Gauntlet, in a suspense between anger, shame, and concern, returned to the house of his father-in-law, where he found his sister still violently agitated from the news of Peregrine's death; the mystery of which he forthwith unravelled, recounting at the same time the particulars of the conversation which had happened at the inn, and describing the demeanour of Pickle with some expressions of asperity, which were neither agreeable to Emilia, nor approved by the gentle Sophy, who tenderly chid him, for allowing Peregrine to depart in terms of misunderstanding.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Peregrine sets out for the Garrison, and meets with a Nymph of the Road, whom he takes into Keeping, and metamorphoses into a fine Lady.

In the meantime, our hero jogged along in a profound reverie, which was disturbed by a beggar woman and her daughter, who solicited him for alms, as he passed them on the road. The girl was about the age of sixteen, and, notwithstanding the wretched equipage in which she appeared, exhibited to his view a set of agreeable features, enlivened with the complexion of health and cheerfulness. The resolution I have already mentioned was still warm in his imagination; and he looked upon this young mendicant as a very proper object for the performance of his vow. He therefore entered into a conference with the mother, and for a small sum of money purchased her property in the wench, who did not require much courtship and entreaty, before she consented to accompany him to any place that he should appoint for her habitation.

This contract being settled to his satisfaction,

he ordered Pipes to seat his acquisition behind him upon the crupper, and, alighting at the first public-house which they found upon the road, he wrote a letter to Hatchway, desiring him to receive this hedge inamorata, and direct her to be cleaned and clothed in a decent manner, with all expedition, so that she should be touchable upon his arrival, which, on that account, he would defer for the space of one day. This billet, together with the girl, he committed to the charge of Pipes, after having laid strong injunctions upon him to abstain from all attempts upon her chastity, and ordered him to make the best of his way to the garrison, while he himself crossed the country to a market-town, where he proposed to spend the night.

Tom, thus cautioned, proceeded with his charge, and, being naturally taciturn, opened not his lips, until he had performed the best half of his journey. But Thomas, notwithstanding his irony appearance, was in reality composed of flesh and blood. His desire being titillated by the contact of a buxom wench, whose right arm embraced his middle as he rode, his thoughts began to mutiny against his master, and he found it almost impossible to withstand the temptation of making love.

Nevertheless, he wrestled with these rebellious suggestions with all the reason that Heaven had enabled him to exert; and that being totally overcome, his victorious passion suddenly broke out in this address:—"'Sblood! I believe master thinks I have no more stuff in my body than a dried haddock, to turn me adrift in the dark with such a spanker. D'ye think he don't, my dear?" To this question his fellow-traveller replied, "Swanker anan!" And the lover resumed his suit, saying, "Oons! how you tickle my timber! Something shoots from your arm, through my stowage, to the very keelstone. Ha'nt you got quicksilver in your hand?" "Quicksilver!" said the lady. "Damn the silver that has crossed my hand this month. D'ye think, if I had silver, I shouldn't buy me a smock?" "Adsooks! you baggage," cried the lover, "you shouldn't want a smock nor a petticoat neither, if you could have a kindness for a true-hearted sailor, as sound and strong as a nine-inch cable, that would keep all clear above board, and everything snug under the hatches." "Curse your gum," said the charmer, "what's your gay balls and your hatches to me?" "Do but let us bring-to a little," answered the wooer, whose appetite was by this time whetted to a most ravenous degree, "and I'll teach you to box the compass, my dear. Ah! you strapper, what a jolly bitch you are!" "Bitch!" exclaimed this modern dulcinea, incensed at the opprobrious term, "such a bitch as your mother, you dog. Damn you, I've a good mind to box your jaws instead of your comepiss. I'll let you know, as how I am meat for your master, you saucy blackguard. You are worse than a dog, you old flinty-faced, flea-bitten scrub. A dog wears his own coat, but you wear your master's."

Such a torrent of disgraceful epithets from a person who had no clothes at all, converted the gallant's love into choler, and he threatened to dismount and seize her to a tree, when she should have a taste of his cat-o'-nine-tails athwart her quarters; but, instead of being intimidated by his menaces, she set him at defiance, and held forth with such a flow of eloquence as would have entitled her to a considerable share of reputation, even among the nymphs of Billingsgate; for this young lady, over and above a natural genius for altercation, had her talents cultivated among the venerable society of weeders, podders, and hoppers, with whom she had associated from her tender years. No wonder, then, that she soon obtained a complete victory over Pipes, who, as the reader may have observed, was very little addicted to the exercise of speech. Indeed, he was utterly disconcerted by her volubility of tongue; and being altogether unfurnished with answers to the distinct periods of her discourse, very wisely chose to save himself the expense of breath and argument, by giving her a full swing of cable, so that she might bring herself up; while he rode onwards, in silent composure, without taking any more notice of his fair fellow-traveller than if she had been his master's cloak-bag.

In spite of all the despatch he could make, it was late before he arrived at the garrison, where he delivered the letter and the lady to the lieutenant, who no sooner understood the intention of his friend, than he ordered all the tubs in the house to be carried into the hall, and filled with water. Tom having provided himself with swabs and brushes, divested the fair stranger of her variegated drapery, which was immediately committed to the flames, and performed upon her soft and sleek person the ceremony of scrubbing, as it is practised on board of the king's ships of war. Yet the nymph herself did not submit to this purification without repining. She cursed the director, who was upon the spot, with many abusive allusions to his wooden leg; and as for Pipes, the operator, she employed her talons so effectually upon his face that the blood ran over his nose in sundry streams; and next morning, when those rivulets were dry, his countenance resembled the rough bark of a plum-tree, plastered with gum. Nevertheless he did his duty with great perseverance, cut off her hair close to the scalp, handled his brushes with dexterity, applied his swabs of different magnitude and texture, as the case required; and, lastly, rinsed the whole body with a dozen pails of cold water, discharged upon her head.

These ablutions being executed, he dried her with towels, accommodated her with a clean shift, and, acting the part of a valet-de-chambre, clothed her from head to foot, in clean and decent apparel which had belonged to Mrs. Hatchway; by which means her appearance was altered so much for the better, that when Peregrine arrived next day, he could scarce believe his own eyes. He was, for that reason, extremely well pleased with his purchase, and now resolved to indulge a whim, which seized him at the very instant of his arrival.

He had, as I believe the reader will readily allow, made considerable progress in the study of character, from the highest rank to the most humble station of life, and found it diversified in the same manner, through every degree of subordination and precedency. Nay, he moreover observed that the conversation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company, is neither more edifying nor entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind; and that the only essential difference, in point of demeanour, is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire, without much study or application. Possessed of this notion, he determined to take the young mendicant under his own tutorage and instruction; in consequence of which, he hoped he should, in a few weeks, be able to produce her in company as an accomplished young lady of uncommon wit, and an excellent understanding.

This extravagant plan he forthwith began to execute with great eagerness and industry; and his endeavours succeeded even beyond his expectation. The obstacle in surmounting of which he found the greatest difficulty, was an inveterate habit of swearing, which had been indulged from her infancy, and confirmed by the example of those among whom she had lived. However, she had the rudiments of good sense from nature, which taught her to listen to wholesome advice, and was so docile as to comprehend and retain the lessons which her governor recommended to her attention; insomuch that he ventured in a few days to present her at table, among a set of country squires, to whom she was introduced as niece to the lieutenant. In that capacity she sat with becoming easiness of mien (for she was as void of the *mauvaise honte* as any duchess in the land), bowed very graciously to the compliments of the gentlemen; and though she said little or nothing, because she was previously cautioned on that score, she more than once gave way to laughter, and her mirth happened to be pretty well timed. In a word, she attracted the applause and admiration of the guests, who, after she was withdrawn, complimented Mr. Hatchway upon the beauty, breeding, and good-humour of his kinswoman.

But what contributed more than any other circumstance to her speedy improvement, was some small insight into the Primer, which she had acquired at a day-school, during the life of her father, who was a day-labourer in the country. Upon this foundation did Peregrine build a most elegant superstructure; he culled out choice sentences from Shakspeare, Otway, and Pope, and taught her to repeat them with an emphasis and theatrical cadence. He then instructed her in the names and epithets of the most celebrated players, which he directed her to pronounce occasionally, with an air of careless familiarity; and, perceiving that her voice was naturally clear, he enriched it with remnants of opera tunes, to be hummed during a pause in conversation, which is generally supplied with the circulation of a pinch of snuff. By means of this cultivation, she became a wonderful proficient in the polite graces of the age; she, with great facility, comprehended the scheme of whist, though cribbage was her favourite game, with which she had amused herself in her vacant hours, from her first entrance into the profession of hopping; and brag soon grew familiar to her practice and conception.

Thus prepared, she was exposed to the company of her own sex, being first of all visited by the parson's daughter, who could not avoid showing that civility to Mr. Hatchway's niece, after she had made her public appearance at church. Mrs. Clover, who had a great share of penetration, could not help entertaining some doubts about this same relation, whose name she had never heard the uncle mention during the whole term of her residence at the garrison. But as the young lady was treated in that character, she would not refuse her acquaintance; and after having seen her at the castle, actually invited Miss Hatchway to her house. In short, she made a progress through almost all the families in the neighbourhood; and by dint of her quotations (which, by the bye, were not always judiciously used), she passed for a sprightly young lady of uncommon learning and taste.

Peregrine having in this manner initiated her in the *beau monde* of the country, conducted her to London, where she was provided with private lodgings and a female attendant; and put her immediately under the tuition of his valet-de-chambre, who had orders to instruct her in dancing and the French language. He attended her to plays and concerts three or four times a week; and when our hero thought her sufficiently accustomed to the sight of great company, he squired her in person to a public assembly, and danced with her among all the gay ladies of fashion; not but that there was still an evident air of rusticity and awkwardness in her demeanour, which was interpreted into an agreeable wildness of spirit, superior to the forms of common breeding. He afterwards found means to make her acquainted with some distinguished patterns of her own sex, by whom she was admitted into the most elegant parties, and continued to make good he. pretensions to gentility with great circumspection. But one evening, being at cards with a certain lady, whom she detected in the very fact of unfair conveyance, she taxed her roundly with the fraud, and brought upon herself such a torrent of sarcastic reproof, as overbore all her maxims of caution, and burst open the floodgates of her own natural repartee, twanged off with the appellation of bugger and whore, which she repeated with great vehemence, in an attitude of mannal defiance, to the terror of her antagonist, and the astonishment of all present; nay, to such an unguarded pitch was she provoked, that, starting up, she snapt her fingers in testimony of disdain, and, as she quitted the room, applied her hand to that part which was the last of her that disappeared, inviting the company to kiss it, by ono of its coarsest denominations.

Peregrine was a little disconcerted at this oversight in her behaviour, which by the demon of intelligence was in a moment conveyed to all the private companies in town; so that she was absolutely excluded from all polite communication, and Peregrine, for the present, disgraced among the modest part of his female acquaintance, many of whom not only forbade him their houses, on account of the impudent insult he had committed upon their honour, as well as understanding, in palming a common trull upon them as a young lady of birth and education; but also aspersed his family, by affirming that she was actually his own cousin-german, whom he had precipitately raised from the most abject state of humility and contempt. In revenge for this calumny, our young gentleman explained the whole mystery of her promotion, together with the motives that induced him to bring her into the fashionable world; and repeated among his companions the extravagant encomiums which had been bestowed upon her by the most discerning matrons of the age.

Meanwhile, the infanta herself being rebuked by her benefactor for this instance of misbehaviour, promised faithfully to keep a stricter guard for the future over her conduct, and applied herself with great assiduity to the studies, in which she was assisted by the Swiss, who gradually lost the freedom of his heart, while she was profiting by his instruction. In other words, she made a conquest of her preceptor, who, yielding to the instigations of the flesh, chose a proper opportunity to declare his passion, which was powerfully recommended by his personal qualifications; and his intentions being honourable, she listened to his proposals of espousing her in private. In consequence of this agreement they made an elopement together; and being buckled at the Fleet, consummated their nuptials in private lodgings, by the Seven Dials, from which the husband next

morning sent a letter to our hero, begging forgiveness for the clandestine step he had taken, which he solemnly protested was not owing to any abatement in his inviolable regard for his master, whom he should always honour and esteem to his latest breath, but entirely to the irresistible charms of the young lady, to whom he was now so happy as to be joined in the silken bonds of marriage.

Peregrine, though at first offended at his valet's presumption, was, upon second thoughts, reconciled to the event, by which he was delivered from an encumbrance; for by this time he had performed his frolic, and began to be tired of his acquisition. He reflected upon the former fidelity of the Swiss, which had been manifested in a long course of service and attachment; and thinking it would be cruelly severe to abandon him to poverty and distress for one venial trespass, he resolved to pardon what he had done, and enable him in some shape to provide for the family which he had entailed upon himself.

With these sentiments, he sent a favourable answer to the delinquent, desiring to see him as soon as his passion should permit him to leave the arms of his spouse for an hour or two; and Hadgi, in obedience to this intimation, repaired immediately to the lodgings of his master, before whom he appeared with a most penitential aspect. Peregrine, though he could scarce help laughing at his rueful length of face, reprimanded him sharply for his disrespect and ingratitude, in taking that by stealth which he might have had for asking. The culprit assured him that, next to the vengeance of God, his master's displeasure was that which of all evils he dreaded to incur; but that love had distracted his brain in such a manner as to banish every other consideration but that of gratifying his desire; and he owned that he should not have been able to preserve his fidelity and duty to his own father, had they interfered with the interest of his passion. He then appealed to his master's own heart for the remission of his guilt, alluding to certain circumstances of our hero's conduct, which evinced the desperate effects of love. In short, he made such an apology as extorted a smile from his offended judge, who not only forgave his trangression, but also promised to put him in some fair way of earning a comfortable subsistence.

The Swiss was so much affected with this instance of generosity, that he fell upon his knees, and kissed his hand, praying to Heaven, with great fervour, to make him worthy of such goodness and condescension. His scheme, he said, was to open a coffee-house and tavern in some creditable part of the town, in hopes of being favoured with the custom of a numerous acquaintance he had made among upper servants and reputable tradesmen, not doubting that his wife would be an ornament to his bar, and a careful manager of his affairs. Peregrine approved of the plan, towards the execution of which he made him and his wife a present of five hundred pounds, together with a promise of erecting a weekly club among his friends, for the reputation and advantage of the house.

Hadgi was so transported with his good fortune that he ran to Pipes, who was in the room, and having hugged him with great cordiality, and made his obedience to his master, hied him home to his bride, to communicate his happiness, cutting capers and talking to himself all the way.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

He is visited by Pallet—Contracts an Intimacy with a Newmarket Nobleman, and is by the Knowing-ones taken in.

This affair being settled, and our adventurer, for the present, free of all female connexions, he returned to his former course of fast living among the bucks of the town, and performed innumerable exploits among whores, bullies, rooks, constables, and justices of the peace.

In the midst of these occupations he was one morning visited by his old fellow-traveller, Pallet, whose appearance gave him equal surprise and concern. Though the weather was severe, he was clothed in the thin summer dress which he had worn at Paris, and was now not only threadbare, but in some parts actually patched; his stockings, by a repetition of that practice known among economists by the term of coaxing, hung like pudding bags about his ankles; his shirt, though new washed, was of the saffron hue, and in divers places appeared through the crannies of his breeches; he had exchanged his own hair for a smoke-dried tie-periwig, which all the flour in his drudging-box had not been able to whiten; his eyes were sunk, his jaws lengthened beyond their usual extension; and he seemed twenty years older than he looked when he and our hero parted at Rotterdam.

In spite of all these evidences of decay, he accosted him with a meagre affectation of content and good-humour, struggled piteously to appear gay and unconcerned, professed his joy at seeing him in England, excused himself for having delayed so long to come and present his respects; alleging that, since his return, he had been a mere slave to the satisfaction of some persons of quality and taste, who had insisted upon his finishing some pieces with the utmost expedition.

Peregrine received him with that compassion and complaisance which was natural to his disposition, inquired about the health of Mrs. Pallet and his family, and asked if his friend the doctor was in town. The painter seemed to have resumed his resentment against that gentleman, of whom he spoke in contemptuous terms. "The doctor," said he, "is so much overshadowed with presumption and self-conceit that his merit has no relief. It does not rise. There is no keeping in the picture, my dear sir. All the same as if I were to represent the moon under a cloud; there will be nothing but a deep mass of shade, with a little tiny speck of light in the middle, which would only serve to make, as it were, the darkness visible. You understand me. Had he taken my advice, it might have been better for him; but he is bigoted to his own opinion. You must know, Mr. Pickle, upon our return to England, I counselled him to compose a little smart clever ode upon my Cleopatra. As God shall judge me, I thought it would have been of some service in helping him out of obscurity, for you know, as Sir Richard observes,

> Soon will that die, which adds thy fame to mine;
> Let me then live, join'd to a work of thine.

By the bye, there is a most picturesque contrast in these lines, of *thy* and *me*, *living* and *dying*, and *thine* and *mine*. Ah! a pize upon it! Dick, after all, was the man. Ecod! he rounded it off. But, to return to this unhappy young man, would you believe it, he tossed up his nose at my friendly proposal, and gabbled something in Greek, which is not worth repeating. The

case was this, my dear sir, he was out of humour at the neglect of the world. He thought the poets of the age were jealous of his genius, and strove to crush it accordingly, while the rest of mankind wanted taste sufficient to discern it. For my own part, I profess myself one of these; and as the clown in Billy Shakspeare says of the courtier's oath, had I sworn by the doctor's genius that the pancakes were naught, they might have been for all that very good, yet shouldn't I have been forsworn? Let that be as it will, he retired from town in great dudgeon, and set up his rest near a hill in Derbyshire, with two tops, resembling Parnassus, and a well at the bottom, which he had christened Hyp-o'-the-Green. Egad! if he stays in that habitation, 'tis my opinion he'll soon grow green with the hip indeed. He'll be glad of an opportunity to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and pay his court to the slighted queen Cleopatra. Ha! well remembered; by this light you shall know, my good sir, that this same Egyptian princess has been courted by so many gallants of taste, that, as I hope to live, I found myself in some sort of dilemma, because in parting with her to one, I should have disobliged all his rivals. Now a man would not choose to give offence to his friends, at least I lay it down as a maxim, to avoid the smallest appearance of ingratitude. Perhaps I may be in the wrong. But every man has his way. For this reason, I proposed to all the candidates, that a lottery or raffle should be set on foot, by which every individual would have an equal chance for her good graces, and the prize be left to the decision of fortune. The scheme was mightily relished, and the terms being such a trifle as half a guinea, the whole town crowded into my house in order to subscribe. But there I was their humble servant. Gentlemen, you must have a little patience till my own particular friends are served. Among that number I do myself the honour to consider Mr. Pickle. Here is a copy of the proposals; and if the list should be adorned with his name, I hope, notwithstanding his merited success among the young ladies, he will for once be shunned by that little vixen called Miss Fortune! he, he, he!"

So saying, he bowed with a thousand apish congés, and presented his paper to Peregrine, who, seeing the number of subscribers was limited to one hundred, said he thought him too moderate in his expectations, as he did not doubt that his picture would be a cheap purchase at five hundred, instead of fifty pounds, at which the price was fixed. To this unexpected remark Pallet answered, that among the connoisseurs he would not pretend to appraise his picture; but that, in valuing his works, he was obliged to have an eye to the Gothic ignorance of the age in which he lived.

Our adventurer saw at once into the nature of this raffle, which was no other than a begging shift to dispose of a paltry piece that he could not otherwise have sold for twenty shillings. However, far from shocking the poor man in distress, by dropping the least hint of his conjecture, he desired to be favoured with six chances, if the circumstances of his plan would indulge him so far; and the painter, after some hesitation, condescended to comply with his request, out of pure friendship and veneration; though he observed that, in so doing, he must exclude some of his most intimate companions. Having received the money he gave Pickle his address, desiring he would, with his convenience, visit the princess, who he was sure would display her most engaging attractions, in order to captivate his fancy; and took his leave, extremely well pleased with the success of his application.

Though Peregrine was tempted with the curiosity of seeing this portrait, which he imagined must contain some analogy to the ridiculous oddity of the painter, he would not expose himself to the disagreeable alternative of applauding the performance, contrary to the dictates of conscience and common sense, or of condemning it, to the unspeakable mortification of the miserable author, and therefore never dreamt of returning the painter's visit. Nor did he ever hear of the lottery's being drawn.

About this time he was invited to spend a few weeks at the country seat of a certain nobleman, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance in the course of his debauches, which we have already described. His lordship being remarkable for his skill and success in horse-racing, his house was continually filled with the connoisseurs and admirers of that sport, upon which the whole conversation turned, insomuch that Peregrine gradually imbibed some knowledge in horse-flesh and the diversions of the course; for the whole occupation of the day, exclusive of eating and drinking, consisted in viewing, managing, and exercising his lordship's stud.

Our hero looked upon these amusements with an eye of taste as well as curiosity. He contemplated the animal as a beautiful and elegant part of the creation, and relished the surprising exertion of its speed with a refined and classical delight. In a little time he became personally acquainted with every horse in the stable, and interested himself in the reputation of each; while he also gratified his appetite for knowledge in observing the methods of preparing their bodies, and training them to the race. His landlord saw and encouraged his eagerness, from which he promised himself some advantage; he formed several private matches for his entertainment, and flattered his discernment by permitting him to be successful in the first bets he made. Thus was he artfully decoyed into a spirit of keenness and adventure, and disposed to depend upon his own judgment, in opposition to that of people who had made horse-racing the sole study of their lives. He accompanied my lord to Newmarket, and entering at once into the genius of the place, was marked as fair game by all the knowing ones there assembled, many of whom found means to *take him in*, in spite of all the cautions and admonitions of his lordship, who wanted to reserve him for his own use.

It is almost impossible for any man, let him be ever so fearful or phlegmatic, to be an unconcerned spectator in this busy scene. The demon of play hovers in the air like a pestilential vapour, tainting the minds of all present with infallible infection, which communicates from one person to another, like the circulation of a general panic. Peregrine was seized with this epidemic distemper to a violent degree; and, after having lost a few loose hundreds in his progress through the various rookeries of the place, entered into partnership with his noble friend in a grand match, upon the issue of which he ventured no less than three thousand pounds. Indeed, he would not have risked such a considerable sum, had not his own confidence been reinforced by the opinion and concurrence of his lordship, who hazarded an equal bet upon the same event. These two associates engaged themselves, in the penalty of six thousand pounds, to run one chaise and four against another, three times round the course; and our adventurer had the satisfaction of seeing his antagonist distanced in the first and second

heat; but, all of a sudden, one of the horses of his machine was knocked up, by which accident the victory was ravished almost from his very grasp, and he was obliged to endure the damage and the scorn.

He was deeply affected with this misfortune, which he imputed to his own extravagance and temerity, but discovered no external signs of affliction, because his illustrious partner bore his loss with the most philosophic resignation, consoling himself, as well as Pickle, with the hope of making it up on some other occasion. Nevertheless, our young gentleman could not help admiring, and even envying, his equanimity, not knowing that his lordship had managed matters so as to be a gainer by the misfortune, which, to retrieve, Peregrine purchased several horses at the recommendation of his friend; and, instead of returning to London, made a tour with him to all the celebrated races in England, at which, after several vicissitudes of fortune, he made shift, before the end of the season, to treble his loss.

But his hopes seemed to increase with his ill luck. In the beginning of winter he came to town, fully persuaded that fortune must necessarily change, and that next season he should reap the happy fruits of his experience. In this confidence he seemed to drown all ideas of prudence and economy. His former expense was mere parsimony compared with that which he now incurred. He subscribed to the opera and half a dozen concerts at different parts of the town; was a benefactor to several hospitals; purchased a collection of valuable pictures; took a house, and furnished it in a most magnificent taste, laid in a large stock of French wines, and gave extravagant entertainments to his quality friends, who, in return, loaded him with compliments, and insisted upon his making use of their interest and good-will.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

He is taken into the Protection of a great Man; sets up for a Member of Parliament; is disappointed in his expectation, and finds himself egregiously outwitted.

Among these professed patrons, the greatest part of whom Peregrine saw through, there was one great personage, who seemed to support with dignity the sphere in which fortune had placed him. His behaviour to Pickle was not a series of grinning complaisance in a flat repetition of general expressions of friendship and regard. He demeaned himself with a seemingly honest reserve, in point of profession; his advances to Peregrine appeared to be the result of deliberation and experiment; he chid the young gentleman for his extravagance, with the authority of a parent, and the sincerity of a fast friend; and having, by gradual inquiries, made himself acquainted with the state of his private affairs, condemned his conduct with an air of candour and concern. He represented to him the folly and dangerous consequences of the profligate life in which he had plunged himself, counselled him with great warmth to sell off his race-horses, which would otherwise insensibly eat him up; to retrench all superfluous expense, which would only serve to expose him to the ridicule and ingratitude of those who were benefited by it; to lay out his money upon secure mortgages, at good interest; and carry into execution his former design of standing candidate for a borough, at the ensuing election for a new parliament; in which case this nobleman promised to assist him with his influence and advice; assuring him that, if he could once procure a seat in the House, he might look upon his fortune as already made.

Our adventurer, perceiving the wisdom and sanity of this advice, for which he made his acknowledgments to his generous monitor, protested that he would adhere to it in every particular, and immediately set about a reformation. He accordingly took cognizance of his most minute affairs, and, after an exact scrutiny, gave his patron to understand that, exclusive of his furniture, his fortune was reduced to fourteen thousand three hundred and thirty pounds, in Bank and South-sea annuities, over and above the garrison and its appendages, which he reckoned at sixty pounds a year. He therefore desired that, as his lordship had been so kind as to favour him with his friendship and advice, he would extend his generosity still farther, by putting him in a way of making the most advantage of his money. My lord said that, for his own part, he did not choose to meddle in money matters; that Mr. Pickle would find abundance of people ready to borrow it upon land security; but that he ought to be extremely cautious in a transaction of such consequence; promising, at the same time, to employ his own steward in seeking out a mortgager to whom it might be safely lent.

This agent was accordingly set at work, and for a few days made a fruitless inquiry; so that the young gentleman was obliged to have recourse to his own intelligence, by which he got notice of several people of reputed credit, who offered him mortgages for the whole sum; but when he made a report of the particulars to his noble friend, his lordship started such doubts and objections relating to each, that he was deterred from entering into any engagements with the proposers; congratulating himself, in the meantime, on his good fortune in being favoured with the advice and direction of such a sage counsellor. Nevertheless, he began to be impatient, after having unsuccessfully consulted all the money-brokers and conveyancers about town, and resolved to try the expedient of a public advertisement. But he was persuaded by my lord to postpone that experiment, until every other method should have failed, because it would attract the attention of all the pettifoggers in London, who, though they might not be able to over-reach, would infallibly harass and tease him out of all tranquillity.

It was on the back of this conversation that Peregrine, chancing to meet the steward near his lord's house, stopped him in the street, to give him an account of his bad luck; at which the other expressed some concern, and rubbing his chin with his hand, in a musing posture, told Pickle there was a thought just come into his head, pointing out one way of doing his business effectually. The youth, upon this intimation, begged he would accompany him to the next coffee-house, in which, after having chosen a private situation, this grave manager gave him to understand that a part of my lord's estate was mortgaged, in consequence of a debt contracted by his grandfather, for provision to the younger children of the family; and that the equity of redemption would be foreclosed in a few months, unless the burden could be discharged. "My lord," said he, "has always lived in a splendid manner, and notwithstanding

his ample fortune, together with the profits accruing from the posts he enjoys, he saves so little money, that, upon this occasion, I know he will be obliged to borrow ten thousand pounds to make up the sum that is requisite to redeem the mortgage. Now, certain I am, that, when his design comes to be known, he will be solicited on all hands by people desirous of lending money upon such undoubted security; and 'tis odds but he has already promised the preference to some particular acquaintance. However, as I know he has your interest very much at heart, I will, if you please, sound his lordship upon the subject, and in a day or two give you notice of my success."

Peregrine, ravished with the prospect of settling this affair so much to his satisfaction, thanked the steward for his friendly hint and undertaking, which he assured him should be acknowledged by a more solid proof of his gratitude, provided the business could be brought to bear; and next day he was visited by this kind manager, with the happy news of his lordship's having consented to borrow ten thousand pounds of his stock upon mortgage, at the interest of five per cent. This information he received as an instance of the singular esteem of his noble patron; and the papers being immediately drawn and executed, the money was deposited in the hands of the mortgager, who, in the hearing of the lender, laid strong injunctions on his steward to pay the interest punctually at quarter-day.

The best part of our hero's fortune being thus happily deposited, and the agent gratified with a present of fifty pieces, he began to put his retrenchment scheme in execution; all his servants, Pipes excepted, were discharged, his chariot and running horses disposed of, his housekeeping broke up, and his furniture sold by auction. Nay, the heat of his disposition was as remarkable in this as any other transaction in his life; for every step of his saving project was taken with such eagerness, and even precipitation, that most of his companions thought he was either ruined or mad. But he answered all their expostulations with a string of prudent apophthegms, such as, "The shortest follies are the best;" "Better to retrench upon conviction than compulsion;" and divers other wise maxims, seemingly the result of experience and philosophic reflection. To such a degree of enthusiasm did his present economy prevail, that he was actually seized with the desire of amassing. And as he every day received proposals from those brokers whom he had employed, about the disposal of his cash, he at length ventured fifteen hundred pounds upon bottomry, being tempted by the excessive premium.

But it must be observed, for the honour of our adventurer, that this reformation did not at all interfere with the good qualities of his heart. He was still as friendly and benevolent as ever, though his liberality was more subject to the restraint of reason; and he might have justly pleaded, in vindication of his generosity, that he retrenched the superfluities in his own way of living, in order to preserve the power of assisting his fellow-creatures in distress. Numberless were the objects to which he extended his charity in private. Indeed, he exerted this virtue in secret, not only on account of avoiding the charge of ostentation, but also because he was ashamed of being detected in such an awkward unfashionable practice, by the censorious observers of this humane generation. In this particular he seemed to confound the ideas of virtue and vice; for he did good as other people do evil, by stealth; and was so capricious in point of behaviour, that frequently, in public, he wagged his tongue in satirical animadversions upon that poverty which his hand had in private relieved. Yet far from shunning the acquaintance, or discouraging the solicitation of those who, he thought, wanted his assistance, he was always accessible, open, and complaisant to them, even when the haughtiness of his temper kept his superiors at a distance; and often saved a modest man the anguish and confusion of declaring himself, by penetrating into his necessity, and anticipating his request, in a frank offer of his purse and friendship.

Not that he practised this beneficence to all the needy of his acquaintance without distinction; there is always a set of idle profligate fellows, who, having squandered away their own fortunes, and conquered all sense of honour and shame, maintain themselves by borrowing from those who have not yet finished the same career, and want resolution to resist their importunate demands. To these he was always inflexible; though he could not absolutely detach himself from their company, because, by dint of effrontery, and such of their original connexions as they have been able to retain, they find admission to all places of fashionable resort.

Several unsuccessful attacks had been made upon his pocket by beggars of this class. One of the most artful of them, having one day joined him in the Mall, and made the usual observation on the weather, damned all the fogs of London, and began a dissertation on the difference of air, preferring that of the county in which he was born to any climate under the sun. "Was you ever in Gloucestershire?" said he to Peregrine; who replying in the negative, he thus went on: "I have got a house there, where I should be glad to see you. Let us go down together during the Easter holidays; I can promise you good country fare and wholesome exercise; for I have everything within myself, and as good a pack of fox-hounds as any in the three kingdoms. I shan't pretend to expatiate upon the elegance of the house, which, to be sure, is an old building; and these, you know, are generally cold, and not very convenient. But, curse the house; the dirty acres about it are the thing; and a damned fine parcel they are, to be sure. If my old grandmother was dead—she can't live another season, for she's turned of fourscore, and quite wore out. Nay, as for that matter, I believe I have got a letter in my pocket, giving an account of her being despaired of by the doctors. Let me see— No, damn it, I left it at home, in the pocket of another coat."

Pickle, who, from the beginning of this harangue, saw its tendency, seemed to yield the most serious attention to what he said; breaking in upon it, every now and then, with the interjections, hum! ha! the deuce! and several civil questions, from which the other conceived happy omens of success; till perceiving they had advanced as far as the passage into St. James's, the mischievous youth interrupted him all at once, saying, "I see you are for the end of the walk; this is my way." With these words he took leave of the saunterer, who would have delayed his retreat, by calling to him aloud that he had not yet described the situation of his castle. But Peregrine, without stopping, answered in the same tone, "Another time will do as well;" and in a moment disappeared, leaving the projector very much mortified with his disappointment; for his intention was to close the description with a demand of twenty

pieces, to be repaid out of the first remittance he should receive from his estate.

It would have been well for our hero had he always acted with the same circumspection. But he had his unguarded moments, in which he fell a prey to the unsuspecting integrity of his own heart. There was a person among the number of his acquaintances, whose conversation he particularly relished, because it was frank, agreeable, and fraught with many sensible observations upon the craft and treachery of mankind. This gentleman had made shift to discuss a very genteel fortune, though it was spent with taste and reputation, and now he was reduced to his shifts for the maintenance of his family, which consisted of a wife and child. Not that he was destitute of the necessaries of life, being comfortably supplied by the bounty of his friends; but this was a provision not at all suited to his inclination; and he had endeavoured, by divers unsuccessful schemes, to retrieve his former independency.

Peregrine happened one evening to be sitting alone in a coffee-house, where he overheard a conversation between this schemer and another gentleman, touching an affair that engaged his attention. The stranger had been left trustee for fifteen hundred pounds bequeathed to the other's daughter by an aunt, and was strongly solicited to pay the money to the child's father, who assured him he had then an opportunity to lay it out in such a manner as would greatly conduce to the advantage of his family. The trustee reminded him of the nature of his charge, which made him accountable for the money until the child should have attained the age of eighteen; but at the same time gave him to understand that, if he could procure such security as would indemnify him from the consequences, he would forthwith pay the legacy into his hands. To this proposal the father replied that it was not to be supposed he would risk the fortune of his only child upon any idle scheme or precarious issue; and therefore he thought it reasonable that he should have the use of it in the meantime; and that, as to security, he was loth to trouble any of his friends about an affair which might be compromised without their interposition; observing, that he would not look upon his condescension as a favour if obtained by security, on which he could borrow the same sum from any usurer in town.

After much importunity on one side, and evasion on the other, the moneyed gentleman told him that, though he would not surrender the sum deposited in his hands for the use of his daughter, he would lend him what he should have occasion for in the meantime; and if, upon her being of age, he should be able to obtain her concurrence, the money should be placed to her account, provided he could find any person of credit who would join with him in a bond for the assurance of the lender. This proviso was an obstruction which the other would not have been able to surmount without great difficulty, had not his cause been espoused by our hero, who thought it was a pity a man of honour and understanding should suffer in his principal concerns on such a paltry consideration. He therefore, presuming on his acquaintance, interposed in the conversation as a friend who interested himself in the affair; and, being fully informed of the particulars, offered himself as a security for the lender.

This gentleman being a stranger to Peregrine, was next day made acquainted with his funds; and, without further scruple, accommodated his friend with one thousand pounds, for which he took their bond payable in six months, though he protested that the money should never be demanded until the infant should be of age, unless some accident should happen which he could not then foresee. Pickle believed this declaration sincere, because he could have no interest in dissembling; but what he chiefly depended upon for his own security was the integrity and confidence of the borrower, who assured him that, happen what would, he should be able to stand between him and all danger; the nature of his plan being such as would infallibly treble the sum in a very few months.

In a little time after this transaction, writs being issued out for electing a new parliament, our adventurer, by the advice of his patron, went into the country in order to canvass for a borough, and lined his pockets with a competent share of bank-notes for the occasion. But in this project he unfortunately happened to interfere with the interest of a great family in the opposition, who for a long series of years had made members for that place, and were now so much offended at the intrusion of our young gentleman, that they threatened to spend ten thousand pounds in frustrating his design. This menace was no other than an incitement to Peregrine, who confided so much in his own influence and address, that he verily believed he should be able to baffle his Grace, even in his own territories. By that victory he hoped to establish his reputation and interest with the minister, who, through the recommendation of his noble friend, countenanced his cause, and would have been very well pleased to see one of his greatest enemies suffer such a disgraceful overthrow, which would have, moreover, in a great measure shaken his credit with his faction.

Our hero, intoxicated with the ideas of pride and ambition, put all his talents to the test in the execution of this project. He spared no expense in treating the electors; but finding himself rivalled in this respect by his competitor, who was powerfully supported, he had recourse to those qualifications in which he thought himself superior. He made balls for the ladies, visited the matrons of the corporation, adapted himself to their various humours with surprising facility, drank with those who loved a cherishing cup in private, made love to the amorous, prayed with the religious, gossiped with those who delighted in scandal, and with great sagacity contrived agreeable presents to them all. This was the most effectual method of engaging such electors as were under the influence of their wives. As for the rest, he assailed them in their own way, setting whole hogsheads of beer and wine abroach, for the benefit of all comers; and into those sordid hearts that liquor would not open, he found means to convey himself by the help of a golden key.

While he thus exerted himself, his antagonist was not idle; his age and infirmities would not permit him to enter personally into their parties; but his stewards and adherents bestirred themselves with great industry and perseverance. The market for votes ran so high, that Pickle's ready money was exhausted before the day of election, and he was obliged to write to his patron an account of the dilemma to which he was reduced, entreating him to take such speedy measures as would enable him to finish the business which he had so happily begun.

This nobleman communicated the circumstances of the case to the minister, and in a day or two

our candidate found credit with the receiver-general of the county, who lent him twelve hundred pounds on his personal note, payable on demand. By means of this new supply he managed matters so successfully, that an evident majority of votes was secured in his interest, and nothing could have obstructed his election, had not the noble peer who set up his competitor, in order to avoid the shame and mortification of being foiled in his own borough, offered to compromise the affair with his honour, by giving up two members in another place, provided the opposition should cease in his own corporation. This proposal was greedily embraced. On the eve of the election, Peregrine received an intimation from his patron, desiring him to quit his pretensions, on pain of his and the minister's displeasure, and promising that he should be elected for another place.

No other disappointment in life could have given him such chagrin as he felt at the receipt of this tantalizing order, by which the cup of success was snatched from his lip, and all the vanity of his ambitious hope humbled in the dust. He cursed the whole chain of his court connexions, inveighed with great animosity against the rascally scheme of politics to which he was sacrificed, and, in conclusion, swore he would not give up the fruits of his own address for the pleasure of any minister upon earth. This laudable resolution, however, was rendered ineffectual by his friend the receiver-general, who was bearer of the message, and, after having in vain endeavoured to persuade him to submission, fairly arrested him upon the spot for the money he had advanced; this expedient being performed by virtue of a writ, which he had been advised to take out in case the young man should prove refractory.

The reader, who by this time must be pretty well acquainted with the disposition of our hero, may easily conceive how he relished this adventure. At first, all the faculties of his soul were swallowed up in astonishment and indignation; and some minutes elapsed before his nerves would obey the impulse of his rage, which manifested itself in such an application to the temples of the plaintiff, as laid him sprawling on the floor. This assault, which was committed in a tavern, whither he had been purposely decoyed, attracted the regard of the bailiff and his followers, who, to the number of four, rushed upon him at once, in order to overpower him; but his wrath inspired him with such additional strength and agility, that he disengaged himself from them in a trice, and, seizing a poker, which was the first weapon that presented itself to his hand, exercised it upon their skulls with incredible dexterity and execution. The officer himself, who had been the first that presumed to lay violent hands upon him, felt the first effects of his fury in a blow upon the jaws, in consequence of which he lost three of his teeth, and fell athwart the body of the receiver, with which he formed the figure of a St. Andrew's cross. One of his myrmidons, seeing the fate of his chief, would not venture to attack the victor in front, but, wheeling to one side, made an attempt upon him in flank, and was received obliquely by our hero's left hand and foot, so masterly disposed to the right side of his leg, and the left side of his neck, that he bolted head-foremost into the chimney, where his chin was encountered by the grate, which in a moment scared him to the bone. The rest of the detachment did not think proper to maintain the dispute, but, evacuating the room with great expedition, locked the door on the outside, and bellowed aloud to the receiver's servants, beseeching them to come to the assistance of their master, who was in danger of his life.

Meanwhile, this gentleman having recollected himself, demanded a parley; which having with difficulty obtained of our incensed candidate, in consequence of the most submissive application, he complained grievously of the young gentleman's intemperance and heat of disposition, and very calmly represented the danger of his rashness and indiscretion. He told him that nothing could be more outrageous or idle than the resistance he had made against the laws of his country, because he would find it impracticable to withstand the whole executive power of the country, which he could easily raise to apprehend and secure him; that over and above the disgrace that would accrue to him from this imprudent conduct, he would knock his own interest on the head, by disobliging his friends in the administration, who were, to his knowledge, at present very well disposed to do him service; that, for his own part, what he had done was by the express order of his superiors, and not out of any desire of distressing him; and that far from being his enemy, notwithstanding the shocking insult he had sustained, he was ready to withdraw the writ, provided he would listen to any reasonable terms of accommodation.

Peregrine, who was not more prone to anger than open to conviction, being appeased by his condescension, moved by his arguments, and chid by his own reflection for what he had done in the precipitation of his wrath, began to give ear to his remonstrances; and the bailiffs being ordered to withdraw, they entered into a conference, the result of which was our adventurer's immediate departure for London; so that next day his competitor was unanimously chosen, because nobody appeared to oppose his election.

The discontented Pickle, on his arrival in town, went directly to the house of his patron, to whom, in the anguish of his disappointment, he bitterly complained of the treatment he had received, by which, besides the disgrace of his overthrow, he was no less than two thousand pounds out of pocket, exclusive of the debt for which he stood engaged to the receiver. His lordship, who was prepared for this expostulation, on his knowledge of the young man's impetuous temper, answered all the articles of his charge with great deliberation, giving him to understand the motives that induced the minister to quit his interest in that borough; and soothing him with assurances that his loss would be amply rewarded by his honour, to whom he was next day introduced by this nobleman, in the warmest style of recommendation. The minister, who was a pattern of complaisance, received him with the most engaging affability; thanked him very kindly for his endeavours to support and strengthen the interest of the administration; and faithfully promised to lay hold on the first opportunity to express the sense he had of his zeal and attachment; desiring to see him often at his levee, that, in the multiplicity of business, he might not be in danger of forgetting his services and desert.

CHAPTER XC.

Peregrine commences Minister's Dependant—Meets by Accident with Mrs. Gauntlet—And descends gradually in the Condition of Life.

This reception, favourable as it was, did not please Peregrine, who had too much discernment

to be cajoled with general promises, at a time when he thought himself entitled to the most particular assurance. He accordingly signified his disgust to his introductor, giving him to understand that he had laid his account with being chosen representative of one of those boroughs for which he had been sacrificed. His lordship agreed to the reasonableness of his expectation, observing, however, that he could not suppose the minister would enter upon business with him on his first visit; and that it would be time enough at his next audience to communicate his demand.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, our hero continued to indulge his suspicion and chagrin, and even made a point of it with his patron, that his lordship should next day make application in his behalf, lest the two seats should be filled up, on pretence of his inclinations being unknown. Thus importuned, my lord went to his principal, and returned with an answer, importing that his honour was extremely sorry that Mr. Pickle had not signified his request before the boroughs in question were promised to two gentlemen whom he could not now disappoint, with any regard to his own credit or interest; but as several persons who would be chosen were, to his certain knowledge, very aged and infirm, he did not doubt that there would be plenty of vacant seats in a very short time, and then the young gentleman might depend upon his friendship.

Peregrine was so much irritated at this intimation, that, in the first transports of his anger, he forgot the respect he owed his friend, and in his presence inveighed against the minister, as a person devoid of gratitude and candour, protesting that if ever an opportunity should offer itself, he would spend the whole remains of his fortune in opposing his measures. The nobleman having given him time to exhaust the impetuosity of his passion, rebuked him very calmly for his disrespectful expressions, which were equally injurious and indiscreet; assured him that this project of revenge, if ever put in execution, would redound to his own prejudice and confusion, and advised him to cultivate and improve, with patience and assiduity, the footing he had already obtained in the minister's good graces.

Our hero, convinced of the truth, though not satisfied with the occasion, of his admonitions, took his leave in a fit of sullen discontent, and began to ruminate upon the shattered posture of his affairs. All that now remained of the ample fortune he had inherited, was the sum he had deposited in his lordship's hands, together with fifteen hundred pounds he had ventured on bottomry, and the garrison, which he had left for the use and accommodation of the lieutenant; and, on the per contra side of his account, he was debtor for the supply he had received from the receiver-general, and the money for which he was bound in behalf of his friend; so that he found himself, for the first time of his life, very much embarrassed in his circumstances. For, of the first half-year's interest of his ten thousand, which was punctually paid, he had but fourscore pounds in bank, without any prospect of a further supply till the other term, which was at the distance of four long months. He seriously reflected upon the uncertainty of human affairs: the ship with his fifteen hundred pounds might be lost; the gentleman for whom he was security might miscarry in this as well as in his former projects; and the minister might one day, through policy or displeasure, expose him to the mercy of his dependant, who was in possession of his notes.

These suggestions did not at all contribute to the ease of our adventurer's mind, already ruffled by his disappointment. He cursed his own folly and extravagance, by which he was reduced to such an uncomfortable situation. He compared his own conduct with that of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, who, while he was squandering away the best part of his inheritance, had improved their fortunes, strengthened their interest, and increased their reputation. He was abandoned by his gaicty and good-humour; his countenance gradually contracted itself into a representation of severity and care; he dropped all his amusements and the companions of his pleasure, and turned his whole attention to the minister, at whose levee he never failed to appear.

While he thus laboured in the wheel of dependence, with all that mortification which a youth of his pride and sensibility may be supposed to feel from such a disagreeable necessity, he one day heard himself called by name, as he crossed the Park; and, turning, perceived the wife of Captain Gauntlet, with another lady. He no sooner recognised the kind Sophy than he accosted her with his wonted civility and friendship; but his former sprightly air was metamorphosed into such austerity, or rather dejection of feature, that she could scarce believe her own eyes; and, in her astonishment, "Is it possible," said she, "that the gay Mr. Pickle should be so much altered in such a short space of time!" He made no other reply to this exclamation but by a languid smile; and asked how long she had been in town; observing that he would have paid his compliments to her at her own lodgings, had he been favoured with the least intimation of her arrival. After having thanked him for his politeness, she told him it was not owing to any abatement of her friendship and esteem for him that she had omitted to give him notice, but his abrupt departure from Windsor, and the manner in which he quitted Mr. Gauntlet, had given her just grounds to believe that they had incurred his displeasure; which suspicion was reinforced by his long silence and neglect from that period to the present time. She observed it was still farther confirmed by his forbearing to inquire for Emilia and her brother. "Judge, then," said she, "if I had any reason to believe that you would be pleased to hear that I was in town. However, I will not detain you at present, because you seem to be engaged about some particular business; but, if you will favour me with your company at breakfast to-morrow, I shall be much pleased, and honoured to boot, by the visit." So saying, she gave him a direction to her lodgings; and he took his leave, with a faithful promise of seeing her at the appointed time.

He was very much affected with this advance of Sophy, which he considered as an instance of her uncommon sweetness of temper. He felt strange longings of returning friendship towards Godfrey, and the remembrance of Emilia melted his heart, already softened with grief and mortification. Next day he did not neglect his engagement, and had the pleasure of enjoying a long conversation with this sensible young lady, who gave him to understand that her husband was with his regiment; and presented to him a fine boy, the first fruits of their love, whom they had christened by the name of Peregrine, in memory of the friendship which had subsisted between Godfrey and our youth.

This proof of their regard, notwithstanding the interruption in their correspondence, made a deep impression upon the mind of our adventurer, who having made the warmest acknowledgments for

this undeserved mark of respect, took the child in his arms, and almost devoured him with kisses, protesting before God that he should always consider him with the tenderness of a parent. This was the highest compliment he could pay to the gentle Sophy, who again kindly chid him for his disdainful and precipitate retreat immediately after her marriage, and expressed an earnest desire of seeing him and the captain reconciled. He assured her nothing could give him greater satisfaction than such an event, to which he would contribute all that lay in his power, though he could not help looking upon himself as injured by Captain Gauntlet's behaviour, which denoted a suspicion of his honour, as well as contempt for his understanding. The lady undertook for the concession of her husband, who, she told him, had been extremely sorry for his own heat after Mr. Pickle's departure, and would have followed him to the garrison in order to solicit his forgiveness, had he not been restrained by certain punctilios, occasioned by some acrimonious expressions that dropped from Peregrine at the inn.

After having cleared up this misunderstanding, she proceeded to give an account of Emilia, whose behaviour at that juncture plainly indicated a continuance of affection for her first lover, and desired that he would give her full powers to bring that matter also to an accommodation: "For I am not more certain of my own existence," said she, "than that you are still in possession of my sister's heart." At this declaration the tear started in his eye; but he shook his head and declined her good offices, wishing that the young lady might be much more happy than ever he should be able to make her.

Mrs. Gauntlet, confounded at these expressions, and moved by the desponding manner in which they were delivered, begged to know if any new obstacle was raised, by some late change in his sentiments or situation. And he, in order to avoid a painful explanation, told her that he had long despaired of being able to vanquish Emilia's resentment, and for that reason quitted the pursuit which he would never renew, howsoever his heart might suffer by that resolution; though he took Heaven to witness, that his love, esteem, and admiration of her were not in the least impaired. But the true motive of his laying aside his design, was the consciousness of his decayed fortune, which, by adding to the sensibility of his pride, increased the horror of another repulse. She expressed her concern for this determination, both on his own account, and in behalf of Emilia, whose happiness, in her opinion, depended upon his constancy and affection; and she would have questioned him more minutely about the state of his affairs, had not he discouraged the inquiry, by seeking to introduce another subject of conversation.

After mutual protestations of friendship and regard, he promised to visit her often during her residence in town; and took his leave in a strange perplexity of mind, occasioned by the images of love intruding upon the remonstrances of carking care. He had some time ago forsaken those extravagant companions with whom he had rioted in the heyday of his fortune, and began to consort with a graver and more sober species of acquaintance. But he now found himself disabled from cultivating the society of these also, who were men of ample estates and liberal dispositions; in consequence of which their parties were too expensive for the consumptive state of his finances; so that he was obliged to descend to another degree, and mingle with a set of old bachelors and younger brothers, who subsisted on slender annuities, or what is called a bare competency in the public funds. This association was composed of second-hand politicians and minor critics, who in the forenoon saunter in the Mall, or lounge at shows of pictures, appear in the drawing-room once or twice a week, dine at an ordinary, decide disputes in a coffee-house with an air of superior intelligence, frequent the pit of the playhouse, and once in a month spend an evening with some noted actor, whose remarkable sayings they repeat for the entertainment of their ordinary friends.

After all he found something comfortable enough in the company of these gentlemen, who never interested his passions to any violence of transport, nor teased him with impertinent curiosity about his private affairs. For though many of them had maintained a very long, close, and friendly correspondence with each other, they never dreamt of inquiring into particular concerns; and if one of the two who were most intimately connected had been asked how the other made a shift to live, he would have answered with great truth, "Really, that is more than I know." Notwithstanding this phlegmatic indifference, which is of the true English production, they were all inoffensive, good-natured people, who loved a joke and a song, delighted in telling a merry story, and prided themselves in the art of catering, especially in the articles of fish, venison, and wild fowl.

Our young gentleman was not received among them on the footing of a common member, who makes interest for his admission; he was courted as a person of superior genius and importance, and his compliance looked upon as an honour to their society. This their idea of his pre-eminence was supported by his conversation, which, while it was more liberal and learned than that to which they had been accustomed, was tinctured with an assuming air, so agreeably diffused, that, instead of producing aversion, it commanded respect. They not only appealed to him in all doubts relating to foreign parts to which one and all of them were strangers, but also consulted his knowledge in history and divinity, which were frequently the topics of their debates; and in poetry of all kinds he decided with such magisterial authority as even weighed against the opinions of the players themselves. The variety of characters he had seen and observed, and the high spheres of life in which he had so lately moved, furnished him with a thousand entertaining anecdotes. When he became a little familiarized to his disappointments, so that his natural vivacity began to revive, he flashed among them in such a number of bright sallies, as struck them with admiration, and constituted himself a classic in wit; insomuch that they began to retail his remnants, and even invited some particular friends to come and hear him hold forth. One of the players who had for many years strutted about the taverns in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden as the Grand Turk of wit and humour, began to find his admirers melt away; and a certain petulant physician, who had shone at almost all the port clubs in that end of the town, was actually obliged to import his talents into the city, where he has now happily taken root.

Nor was this success to be wondered at, if we consider that, over and above his natural genius and education, our adventurer still had the opportunity of knowing everything which happened among the great, by means of his friend Cadwallader, with whom he still maintained his former intimacy, though it was now chequered with

many occasional tifts, owing to the sarcastic remonstrances of the misanthrope, who disapproved of those schemes which miscarried with Peregrine, and now took unseasonable methods of valuing himself upon his own foresight. Nay, he was between whiles like a raven, croaking presages of more ill luck from the deceit of the minister, the dissimulation of his patron, the folly of the projector for whom he was bound, the uncertainty of the seas, and the villany of those with whom he had intrusted his cash, for Crabtree saw and considered everything through a perspective of spleen that always reflected the worst side of human nature.

For these reasons our young gentleman began to be disgusted at certain intervals with the character of this old man, whom he now thought a morose cynic, not so much incensed against the follies and vices of mankind as delighted with the distress of his fellow-creatures. Thus he put the most unfavourable construction on the principles of his friend, because he found himself justly fallen under the lash of his animadversion.

Thus self-accusation very often dissolves the closest friendship. A man, conscious of his own indiscretion, is implacably offended at the rectitude of his companion's conduct, which he considers as an insult upon his failings never to be forgiven, even though he has not tasted the bitterness of reproof, which no sinner can commodiously digest. The friendship, therefore, subsisting between Crabtree and Pickle, had of late suffered several symptomatic shocks that seemed to prognosticate a total dissolution; a great deal of smart dialogue had passed in their private conversations, and the senior began to repent of having placed his confidence in such an imprudent, headstrong, ungovernable youth.

It was in such paroxysms of displeasure that he prophesied misfortune to Peregrine, and even told him one morning that he had dreamed of the shipwreck of the two East Indiamen, on board of which he had hazarded his money. But this was no other than a false vision; for in a few weeks one of them arrived at her moorings in the river, and he received a thousand in lieu of eight hundred pounds which he had lent upon bond to one of the mates. At the same time he was informed that the other ship in which he was concerned, had, in all probability, lost her passage for the season, by being unable to weather the Cape. He was not at all concerned at that piece of news, knowing that the longer he should lie out of his money, he would have the more interest to receive; and finding his present difficulties removed by this supply, his heart began to dilate, and his countenance to resume its former alacrity.

This state of exultation, however, was soon interrupted by a small accident, which he could not foresee. He was visited one morning by the person who had lent his friend a thousand pounds on his security, and given to understand that the borrower had absconded, in consequence of a disappointment, by which he had lost the whole sum and all hopes of retrieving it; so that our hero was now liable for the debt, which he besought him to discharge according to the bond, that he, the lender, might not suffer by his humanity. It may be easily conceived that Peregrine did not receive this intelligence in cold blood. He cursed his own imprudence in contracting such engagements with an adventurer whom he did not sufficiently know. He exclaimed against the treachery of the projector; and having for some time indulged his resentment in threats and imprecations, inquired into the nature of the scheme which had miscarried.

The lender, who had been informed himself of the whole affair, gratified his curiosity in this particular, by telling him that the fugitive had been cajoled by a certain knight of the post, who undertook to manage the thousand pounds in such a manner as would, in a very little time, make him perfectly independent; and thus he delineated the plan: "One-half of the sum," said he, "shall be laid out in jewels, which I will pawn to certain persons of credit and fortune who lend money upon such pledges at an exorbitant interest. The other shall be kept for relieving them, so that they may be again deposited with a second set of those honourable usurers; and when they shall have been circulated in this manner through a variety of hands, we will extort money from each of the pawnbrokers, by threatening them with a public prosecution for exacting illegal interest; and I know that they will bleed freely, rather than be exposed to the infamy attending such an accusation." The scheme was feasible, and though not very honourable, made such an impression upon the needy borrower, that he assented to the proposal; and, by our hero's credit the money was raised. The jewels were accordingly purchased, pawned, relieved, and repledged by the agent, who undertook to manage the whole affair; and so judiciously was the project executed, that he could have easily proved each lender guilty of the charge. Having thus far successfully transacted the business, this faithful agent visited them severally on his own account, to give them intimation that his employer intended to sue them on the statute of usury; upon which, every one for himself bribed the informer to withdraw his evidence by which alone he could be convicted; and having received these gratifications, he had thought proper to retreat into France with the whole booty, including the original thousand that put them in motion. In consequence of this decampment, the borrower had withdrawn himself; so that the lender was obliged to have recourse to his security.

This was a very mortifying account to our young gentleman, who in vain reminded the narrator of his promise, importing that he would not demand the money until he should be called to an account by his ward; and observed, that, long before that period, the fugitive might appear and discharge the debt. But the other was deaf to these remonstrances; alleging that his promise was provisional, on the supposition that the borrower would deal candidly and fairly; that he had forfeited all title to his friendship and trust, by the scandalous scheme in which he had embarked; and that his treacherous flight from his security was no proof of his honesty and intended return; but, on the contrary, a warning by which, he (the lender) was taught to take care of himself. He therefore insisted upon his being indemnified immediately, on pain of letting the law take its course; and Peregrine was actually obliged to part with the whole sum he had so lately received. But this payment was not made without extreme reluctance, indignation, and denunciation of eternal war against the absconder and the rigid creditor, betwixt whom he suspected some collusion.

CHAPTER XCI.

Cadwallader acts the part of a Comforter to his Friend; and in his turn is consoled by Peregrine, who begins to find himself a most egregious Dupe.

This new misfortune, which he justly charged to the account of his own folly, recalled his chagrin; and though he endeavoured with all his might to conceal the affair from the knowledge of Cadwallader, that prying observer perceived his countenance overcast. The projector's sudden disappearance alarming his suspicion, he managed his inquiries with so much art, that in a few days he made himself acquainted with every particular of the transaction, and resolved to gratify his spleen at the expense of the impatient dupe. With this view he took an opportunity to accost him with a very serious air, saying a friend of his had immediate occasion for a thousand pounds, and as Peregrine had the exact sum lying by him, he would take it as a great favour if he would part with it for a few months on undoubted security. Had Pickle known the true motive of this demand, he would in all likelihood have made a very disagreeable answer; but Crabtree had wrapt himself up so securely in the dissimulation of his features, that the youth could not possibly penetrate into his intention; and in the most galling suspense replied that the money was otherwise engaged. The misanthrope, not contented with this irritation, assumed the prerogative of a friend, and questioned him so minutely about the disposal of the cash, that, after numberless evasions, which cost him a world of torture to invent, he could contain his vexation no longer, but exclaimed in a rage, "Damn your impertinence! 'tis gone to the devil, and that's enough!" "Thereafter, as it may be," said his tormentor, with a most provoking indifference of aspect, "I should be glad to know upon what footing; for I suppose you have some expectation of advantage from that quarter." "'Sdeath! sir," cried the impatient youth, "if I had any expectation from hell, I would make interest with you; for I believe from my soul you are one of its most favoured ministers upon earth." With these words he flung out of the room, leaving Cadwallader very well satisfied with the chastisement he had bestowed.

Peregrine having cooled himself with a solitary walk in the Park, during which the violence of his choler gradually evaporated, and his reflection was called to a serious deliberation upon the posture of his affairs, he resolved to redouble his diligence and importunity with his patron and the minister, in order to obtain some sinecure, which would indemnify him for the damage he had sustained on their account. He accordingly went to his lordship and signified his demand, after having told him that he had suffered several fresh losses, which rendered an immediate provision of that sort necessary to his credit and subsistence.

His noble friend commended him for the regard he manifested for his own interest, which he considered as a proof of his being at last detached from the careless inadvertency of youth; he approved of his demand, which he assured him should be faithfully transmitted to the minister, and backed with all his influence; and encouraged his hope by observing that some profitable places were at that time vacant, and, so far as he knew, unengaged.

This conversation helped to restore the tranquillity of Pickle's breast, though he still harboured resentment against Cadwallader on account of the last insult; and on the instant he formed a plan of revenge. He knew the misanthrope's remittances from his estate in the country had been of late very scanty, in consequence of repairs and bankruptcies among his tenants; so that, in spite of all his frugality, he had been but barely able to maintain his credit, and even that was engaged on the strength of his running rent. Being therefore intimately acquainted with the particulars of his fortune, he wrote a letter to Crabtree, subscribed with the name of his principal farmer's wife, importing that her husband being lately dead, and the greatest part of her cattle destroyed by the infectious distemper, she found herself utterly incapable of paying the rent which was due, or even of keeping the farm, unless he would, out of his great goodness, be pleased to give her some assistance, and allow her to sit free for a twelvemonth to come. This intimation he found means to convey by post from a market town adjoining to the farm, directed in the usual style to the cynic, who seeing it stamped with the known marks, could not possibly suspect any imposition.

Hackneyed as he was in the ways of life, and steeled with his boasted stoicism, this epistle threw him into such an agony of vexation, that a double proportion of souring was visible in his aspect, when he was visited by the author, who having observed and followed the postman at a proper distance, introduced a conversation upon his own disappointments, in which, among other circumstances of his own ill luck, he told him, that his patron's steward had desired to be excused from paying the last quarter of his interest precisely at the appointed term, for which reason he should be utterly void of cash, and therefore requested that Crabtree would accommodate him with a hundred pieces of his next remittance from the country.

This demand galled and perplexed the old man to such a degree, that the muscles of his face assumed a contraction peculiarly virulent, and exhibited the character of Diogenes with a most lively expression; he knew that a confession of his true situation would furnish Pickle with an opportunity to make reprisals upon him, with intolerable triumph; and that, by a downright refusal to supply his wants, he would for ever forfeit his friendship and esteem, and might provoke him to take ample vengeance for his sordid behaviour, by exposing him, in his native colours, to the resentment of those whom he had so long deceived. These considerations kept him some time in a most rancorous state of suspense, which Peregrine affected to misinterpret, by bidding him freely declare his suspicion, if he did not think it safe to comply with his request, and he would make shift elsewhere.

This seeming misconstruction increased the torture of the misanthrope, who, with the utmost irritation of feature, "Oons!" cried he, "what villany have you noted in my conduct, that you treat me like a rascally usurer!" Peregrine very gravely replied that the question needed no answer; "for," said he, "had I considered you as a usurer, I would have come with a security under my arm; but, all evasion apart, will you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I have the money?" "Would it were in your belly, with a barrel of gunpowder!" exclaimed the enraged cynic, "since I must be excruciated, read that plaguy paper! 'Sblood! why didn't Nature clap a pair of long ears and a tail upon

me, that I might be a real ass, and champ thistles on some common, independent of my fellow-creatures? Would I were a worm, that I might creep into the earth, and thatch my habitation with a single straw; or rather a wasp or a viper, that I might make the rascally world feel my resentment. But why do I talk of rascality? folly, folly, is the scourge of life! Give me a scoundrel, so he be a sensible one, and I will put him in my heart of hearts! but a fool is more mischievous than famine, pestilence, and war. The idiotical hag that writes, or causes to be writ, this same letter, has ruined her family, and broke her husband's heart, by ignorance and mismanagement; and she imputes her calamity to Providence with a vengeance; and so I am defrauded of three hundred pounds, the greatest part of which I owe to tradesmen, whom I have promised to pay this very quarter. Pox upon her! I would she were a horned beast, that the distemper might lay hold on her. The beldame has the impudence too, after she has brought me into this dilemma, to solicit my assistance to stock the farm anew! Before God, I have a good mind to send her a halter, and perhaps I might purchase another for myself, but that I would not furnish food for laughter to knaves and coxcombs."

Peregrine having perused the billet, and listened to this ejaculation, replied with great composure that he was ashamed to see a man of his years and pretensions to philosophy so ruffled by a trifle. "What signify all the boasted hardships you have overcome," said he, "and the shrewd observations you pretend to have made on human nature? Where is that stoical indifference you affirm you have attained, if such a paltry disappointment can disturb you in this manner? What is the loss of three hundred pounds compared with the misfortunes which I myself have undergone within these two years? Yet you will take upon you to act the censor, and inveigh against the impatience and impetuosity of youth, as if you yourself had gained an absolute conquest over all the passions of the heart. You was so kind as to insult me t'other day in my affliction, by reproaching me with indiscretion and misconduct; suppose I were now to retort the imputation, and ask how a man of your profound sagacity could leave your fortune at the discretion of ignorant peasants? How could you be so blind as not to foresee the necessity of repairs, together with the danger of bankruptcy, murrain, or thin crop? Why did you not convert your land into ready money, and, as you have no connexions in life, purchase an annuity, on which you might have lived at your ease, without any fear of the consequence?—Can't you, from the whole budget of your philosophy, cull one apophthegm to console you for this trivial mischance?"

"Rot your rapidity!" said the cynic, half choked with gall; "if the cancer or the pox were in your throat I should not be thus tormented with your tongue; and yet a magpie shall speak infinitely more to the purpose. Don't you know, Mr. Wiseacre, that my case does not fall within the province of philosophy? Had I been curtailed of all my members, racked by the gout and gravel, deprived of liberty, robbed of an only child, or visited with the death of a dear friend like you, philosophy might have contributed to my consolation; but will philosophy pay my debts, or free me from the burden of obligation to a set of fellows whom I despise? Speak—pronounce—demonstrate—or may Heaven close your mouth for ever!"

"These are the comfortable fruits of your misanthropy," answered the youth; "your laudable scheme of detaching yourself from the bonds of society, and of moving in a superior sphere of your own. Had you not been so peculiarly sage, and intent upon laughing at mankind, you could never have been disconcerted by such a pitiful inconvenience; any friend would have accommodated you with the sum in question. But now the world may retort the laugh; for you stand upon such an agreeable footing with your acquaintance, that nothing could please them better than an account of your having given disappointment the slip, by the help of a noose properly applied. This I mention by way of hint, upon which I would have you chew the cud of reflection; and, should it come to that issue, I will use my whole interest with the coroner to bring in his verdict *Lunacy*, that your carcass may have Christian burial."

So saying, he withdrew, very well satisfied with the revenge he had taken, which operated so violently upon Crabtree, that, if it had not been for the sole consideration mentioned above, he would, in all probability, have had recourse to the remedy proposed. But his unwillingness to oblige and entertain his fellow-creatures hindered him from practising that expedient, till, by course of post, he was happily undeceived with regard to the situation of his affairs; and that information had such an effect upon him, that he not only forgave our hero for the stratagem, which he immediately ascribed to the right author, but also made him a tender of his purse; so that matters for the present were brought to an amicable accommodation.

Meanwhile Peregrine never slacked in his attendance upon the great; he never omitted to appear upon every levee-day, employed his industry and penetration in getting intelligence of posts that were unfilled, and every day recommended himself to the good offices of his patron, who seemed to espouse his interest with great cordiality; nevertheless he was always too late in his application, or the place he demanded chanced to be out of the minister's gift.

These intimations, though communicated in the most warm professions of friendship and regard, gave great umbrage to the young gentleman, who considered them as the evasions of an insincere courtier, and loudly complained of them as such to his lordship, signifying, at the same time, an intention to sell his mortgage for ready money, which he would expend to the last farthing in thwarting his honour, in the very first election he should patronize. His lordship never wanted a proper exhortation upon these occasions. He did not now endeavour to pacify him with assurances of the minister's favour, because he perceived that these medicines had, by repeated use, lost their effect upon our adventurer, whose menaces he now combated by representing that the minister's purse was heavier than that of Mr. Pickle; that, therefore, should he make a point of opposing his interest, the youth must infallibly fail in the contest; in which case he would find himself utterly destitute of the means of subsistence, and consequently precluded from all hope of provision.

This was an observation the truth of which our young gentleman could not pretend to doubt, though it did not at all tend to the vindication of his honour's conduct. Indeed, Pickle began to suspect the sincerity of his own patron, who, in his opinion, had trifled with his impatience, and even eluded, by sorry excuses, his desire of having another private audience of the first

mover. His lordship also began to be less accessible than usual; and Peregrine had been obliged to dun the steward with repeated demands before he could finger the last quarter of his interest.

Alarmed by these considerations, he went and consulted the nobleman whom he had obliged in the affair of his son, and had the mortification to hear but a very indifferent character of the person in whom he had so long confided. This new adviser, who, though a courtier, was a rival of the other, gave our adventurer to understand that he had been leaning upon a broken reed; that his professed patron was a man of a shattered fortune and decayed interest, which extended no farther than a smile and a whisper; that, for his own part, he should have been proud of an opportunity to use his influence with the minister in behalf of Mr. Pickle. "But, since you have put yourself under the protection of another peer," said he, "whose connexions interfere with mine, I cannot now espouse your cause, without incurring the imputation of seducing that nobleman's adherents—a charge which, of all others, I would most carefully avoid. However, I shall always be ready to assist you with my private advice, as a specimen of which, I now counsel you to insist upon having another interview with Sir Steady Steerwell himself, that you may in person explain your pretensions, without any risk of being misrepresented, and endeavour, if possible, to draw him into some particular promise, from which he cannot retract with any regard to his reputation; for general profession is a necessary armour worn by all ministers in their own defence, against the importunity of those whom they will not befriend, and would not disoblige."

This advice was so conformable to his own sentiments, that our adventurer seized the first opportunity to demand a hearing, and plainly told his patron that, if he could not be indulged with that favour, he should look upon his lordship's influence to be very small, and his own hopes to be altogether desperate; in which case he was resolved to dispose of the mortgage, purchase an annuity, and live independent.

CHAPTER XCII.

He is indulged with a second Audience by the Minister, of whose Sincerity he is convinced —His Pride and Ambition revive, and again are mortified.

If the young gentleman's money had been in other hands, perhaps the peer would have been at very little pains, either in gratifying his demand, or opposing his revenge; but he knew that the sale of the mortgage could not be effected without an inquiry, to which he did not wish to be exposed. He therefore employed all his interest in procuring the solicited audience. This being granted, Peregrine, with great warmth and elocution, expatiated upon the injury his fortune had suffered in the affair of the borough for which he had stood candidate; he took notice of the disappointment he had sustained in the other election, reminded him of the promises with which he had been amused, and, in conclusion, desired to know what he had to expect from his favour.

The minister having patiently heard him to an end, replied with a most gracious aspect, that he was very well informed of his merit and attachment, and very much disposed to convince him of the regard which he paid to both; that till of late he did not know the nature of his expectations, neither had he the power of creating posts for those whom he was inclined to serve; but if Mr. Pickle would chalk out any feasible method by which he could manifest his sentiments of friendship, he should not be backward in executing the plan.

Peregrine, laying hold on this declaration, mentioned several places which he knew to be vacant. But the old evasion was still used; one of them was not in his department of business, another had been promised to the third son of a certain earl before the death of the last possessor, and a third was encumbered with a pension that ate up a good half of the appointments. In short, such obstructions were started to all his proposals as he could not possibly surmount, though he plainly perceived they were no other than specious pretexts to cover the mortifying side of a refusal. Exasperated, therefore, at this lack of sincerity and gratitude, "I can easily foresee," said he, "that such difficulties will never be wanting when I have anything to ask, and for that reason will save myself the trouble of any farther application." So saying, he withdrew in a very abrupt manner, breathing defiance and revenge. But his patron, who did not think proper to drive him to extremities, found means to persuade his honour to do something for the pacification of the young man's choler; and that same evening our adventurer received a message from his lordship, desiring to see him immediately.

In consequence of this intimation, Pickle went to his house, and appeared before him with a very cloudy aspect, which signified to whom it might concern that his temper was at present too much galled to endure reproof; and therefore the sagacious peer forbore taking him to task for his behaviour during the audience he had obtained, but gave him to understand that the minister, in consideration of his services, had sent him a bank-note of three hundred pounds, with a promise of the like sum yearly, until he could be otherwise provided for. This declaration in some measure appeased the youth, who condescended to accept the present, and, next levee-day, made his acknowledgment to the donor, who favoured him with a smile of infinite complacency, which entirely dissipated all the remains of his resentment; for, as he could not possibly divine the true cause of his being temporized with, he looked upon this condescension as an undoubted proof of Sir Steady's sincerity, and firmly believed that he would settle him in some place with the first opportunity, rather than continue to pay this pension out of his own pocket. In all probability his prediction would have been verified, had not an unforeseen accident in a moment overwhelmed the bark of his interest at Court.

Meanwhile, this short gleam of good fortune recalled the ideas of pride and ambition which he had formerly cherished. His countenance was again lifted up, his good-humour retrieved, and his mien re-exalted. Indeed, he began to be considered as a rising man by his fellow dependants, who saw the particular notice with which he was favoured at the public levee; and some of them, for that reason, were at pains to court his good graces. He no longer shunned his former intimates, with whom a good part of his fortune had been spent, but made up to them in all places of public resort, with the same ease and familiarity as he had been used to express, and even re-embarked in some of their excesses, upon the strength of his sanguine expectation. Cadwallader and he renewed their consultations

in the court of ridicule, and divers exploits were achieved, to the confusion of those who had sailed into the north of their displeasure.

But these enjoyments were soon interrupted by a misfortune equally fatal and unexpected. His noble patron was seized with an apoplectic fit, from which he was recovered by the physicians, that they might despatch him according to rule, and in two months after they were called he went the way of all flesh. Peregrine was very much afflicted at this event, not only on account of his friendship for the deceased, to whom he thought himself under many and great obligations, but also because he feared that his own interest would suffer a severe shock by the removal of this nobleman, whom he considered as its chief support. He put himself therefore in mourning, out of regard to the memory of his departed friend, and exhibited genuine marks of sorrow and concern, though he had in reality more cause to grieve than he as yet imagined.

When quarter-day came about, he applied to the steward of his lordship's heir for the interest of his money, as usual; and the reader will readily own he had some reason to be surprised, when he was told he had no claim either to principal or interest. True it is, the manager talked very civilly as well as sensibly on the subject. "Your appearance, sir," said he to Pickle, "screens you from all suspicion of an intended fraud; but the mortgage upon those lands you mention was granted to another person many years before you pretend to have lent that sum; and I have this very morning paid one quarter's interest, as appears from this receipt, which you may peruse for your satisfaction."

Peregrine was so thunderstruck at this information, which stripped him of his all, that he could not utter one word; a circumstance that did no great honour to his character in the opinion of the steward, who, in good earnest, began to entertain some doubts of his integrity. For, among the papers of the deceased, which he had examined, there was no writing, memorandum, or receipt relating to this encumbrance. After a long pause of stupefaction, Peregrine recollected himself so far as to observe that either he was egregiously mistaken, or the predecessor of his lord the greatest villain upon earth. "But, Mr. Whatd'ycallum," said he, "you must give me leave to tell you that your bare assertion in this affair will by no means induce me to put up quietly with the loss of ten thousand pounds."

Having thus expressed himself, he retired from the house so discontented at this demur, that he scarce knew whether he moved upon his head or heels; and the Park chancing to lie in his way, he sauntered about, giving vent to a soliloquy in praise of his departed friend, the burden of which was a string of incoherent curses imprecated upon himself; till his transports by degrees giving way to his reflection, he deliberated seriously and sorrowfully upon his misfortune, and resolved to consult lawyers without loss of time. But, first of all, he proposed to make personal application to the heir, who, by a candid representation of the case, might be inclined to do him justice.

In consequence of this determination, he next morning put his writings in his pocket, and went in a chair to the house of the young nobleman, to whom, being admitted by virtue of his appearance, and a small gratification to the porter, he explained the whole affair, corroborating his assertions with the papers which he produced, and describing the disgrace that would be entailed upon the memory of the deceased, should he be obliged to seek redress in a public court of justice.

The executor, who was a person of good-breeding, condoled him upon his loss with great goodnature, though he did not seem much surprised at his account of the matter; but wished that, since the fraud must have been committed, the damage had fallen upon the first mortgager, who, he said, was a thievish usurer, grown rich by the distresses of his fellow-creatures. In answer to our hero's remonstrances, he observed that he did not look upon himself as obliged to pay the least regard to the character of his predecessor, who had used him with great barbarity and injustice, not only in excluding him from his countenance and assistance, but also in prejudicing his inheritance as much as lay in his power; so that it could not be reasonably expected that he would pay ten thousand pounds of his debt, for which he had received no value. Peregrine, in spite of his chagrin, could not help owning within himself that there was a good deal of reason in this refusal. After having given loose to his indignation in the most violent invectives against the defunct, he took his leave of the complaisant heir, and had immediate recourse to the advice of counsel, who assured him that he had an excellent plea, and was accordingly retained in the cause.

All these measures were taken in the first vigour of his exertion, during which his spirits were so fluttered with the diversity of passions produced by his mischance, that he mistook for equanimity that which was no other than intoxication; and two whole days elapsed before he attained a due sense of his misfortune. Then, indeed, he underwent a woful self-examination; every circumstance of the inquiry added fresh pangs to his reflection; and the result of the whole was a discovery that his fortune was totally consumed, and himself reduced to a state of the most deplorable dependence. This suggestion alone might, in the anguish of his despondency, have driven him to some desperate course, had it not been in some measure qualified by the confidence of his lawyers, and the assurance of the minister, which, slender as the world hath generally found them, were the only bulwarks between misery and him.

The mind is naturally pliable, and, provided it has the least hope to lean upon, adapts itself wonderfully to the emergencies of fortune, especially when the imagination is gay and luxuriant. This was the case with our adventurer; instead of indulging the melancholy ideas which his loss inspired, he had recourse to the flattering delusions of hope, soothing himself with unsubstantial plans of future greatness, and endeavouring to cover what was past with the veil of oblivion.

After some hesitation, he resolved to make Crabtree acquainted with his misfortune, that once for all he might pass the ordeal of his satire, without subjecting himself to a long series of sarcastic hints and doubtful allusions, which he could not endure. He accordingly took the first opportunity of telling him that he was absolutely ruined by the perfidy of his patron, and desired that he would not aggravate his affliction by those cynical remarks which were peculiar to men of his misanthropical disposition. Cadwallader listened to this declaration with internal surprise, which, however, produced no alteration in his countenance; and, after some pause, observed that our hero had no reason to look for any new observation from him upon this event, which he had long foreseen, and daily expected; and exhorted him, with an ironical sneer, to con-

sole himself with the promise of the minister, who would doubtless discharge the debts of his deceased bosom friend.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Peregrine commits himself to the Public, and is admitted Member of a College of Authors.

THE bitterness of this explanation being passed, our young gentleman began to revolve within himself schemes for making up the deficiencies of his yearly income, which was now so grievously reduced; and determined to profit, in some shape or other, by those talents which he owed to nature and education. He had, in his affluence, heard of several authors, who, without any pretensions to genius, or human literature, earned a very genteel subsistence by undertaking work for booksellers, in which reputation was not at all concerned. One, for example, professed all manner of translation, at so much per sheet, and actually kept five or six amanuenses continually employed, like so many clerks in a counting-house; by which means he was enabled to live at his case, and enjoy his friend and his bottle, ambitious of no other character than that of an honest man and a good neighbour. Another projected a variety of plans for new dictionaries, which were executed under his eye by day-labourers; and the province of a third was history and voyages collected or abridged by understrappers of the same class.

Mr. Pickle, in his comparisons, paid such deference to his own capacity, as banished all doubts of his being able to excel any of those undertakers in their different branches of profession, if ever he should be driven to that experiment; but his ambition prompted him to make his interest and glory coincide, by attempting some performance which should do him honour with the public, and at the same time establish his importance among the copy-purchasers in town. With this view he worshipped the Muse; and, conscious of the little regard which is in this age paid to every species of poetic composition in which neither satire nor obscenity occurs, he produced an imitation of Juvenal, and lashed some conspicuous characters, with equal truth, spirit, and severity. Though his name did not appear in the title-page of this production, he managed matters so as that the work was universally imputed to the true author, who was not altogether disappointed in his expectations of success; for the impression was immediately sold off, and the piece became the subject of conversation in all assemblies of taste.

This happy exordium not only attracted the addresses of the booksellers, who made interest for his acquaintance, but also roused the notice of a society of authors, who styled themselves, "The College," from which he was honoured with a deputation, offering to enroll him a member by unanimous consent. The person employed for this purpose being a bard who had formerly tasted of our hero's bounty, used all his eloquence to persuade him to comply with the advances of their fraternity, which he described in such a manner as inflamed the curiosity of Pickle, who dismissed the ambassador, with an acknowledgment of the great honour they conferred upon him, and a faithful promise of endeavouring to merit the continuance of their approbation.

He was afterwards, by the same minister, instructed in the ceremonies of the college; and, in consequence of his information, composed an ode, to be publicly recited on the evening of his introduction. He understood that this constitution was no other than a body of authors, incorporated by mutual consent, for their joint advantage and satisfaction, opposed to another assembly of the same kind, their avowed enemies and detractors. No wonder, then, that they sought to strengthen themselves with such a valuable acquisition as our hero was like to prove. The college consisted of authors only, and these of all degrees in point of reputation, from the fabricator of a song, set to music, and sung at Marybone, to the dramatic bard who had appeared in buskins upon the stage; nay, one of the members had actually finished eight books of an epic poem, for the publication of which he was, at that time, soliciting subscriptions.

It cannot be supposed that such a congregation of the sons of Apollo would sit a whole evening with order and decorum, unless they were under the check of some established authority; and this inconvenience having been foreseen, they had elected a president, vested with full power to silence any member or members that should attempt to disturb the harmony and subordination of the whole. The sage who at this time possessed the chair was a person in years, whose countenance was a lively portraiture of that rancorous discontent which follows repeated damnation. He had been extremely unfortunate in his theatrical productions, and was (to use the words of a profane wag, who assisted at the condemnation of his last play) by this time *damned beyond redemption.* Nevertheless he still tarried about the skirts of Parnassus, translating some of the classics, and writing miscellanies; and by dint of an invincible assurance, supercilious insolence, the most undaunted virulence of tongue, and some knowledge of life, he made shift to acquire and maintain the character of a man of learning and wit, in the opinion of people who had neither; that is, thirty-nine in forty of those with whom he associated himself. He was even looked upon in this light by some few of the college; though the major part of those who favoured his election were such as dreaded his malice, respected his experience and seniority, or hated his competitor, who was the epic poet.

The chief end of this society, as I have already hinted, was to assist and support each other in their productions, which they mutually recommended to sale, with all their art and influence, not only in private conversation, but also in occasional epigrams, criticisms, and advertisements, inserted in the public papers. This science, which is known by the vulgar appellation of *puffing*, they carried to such a pitch of finesse, that an author very often wrote an abusive answer to his own performance, in order to inflame the curiosity of the town by which it had been overlooked. Notwithstanding this general unanimity in the college, a private animosity had long subsisted between the two rivals I have mentioned, on account of precedence, to which both laid claim, though, by a majority of votes, it had been decided in favour of the present chairman. The grudge indeed never proceeded to any degree of outrage or defiance, but manifested itself at every meeting, in attempts to eclipse each other in smart sayings and pregnant repartee; so that there was always a delicate mess of this kind of wit served up in the front of the evening, for the entertainment and example of the junior members, who never failed to divide

upon this occasion, declaring themselves for one or other of the combatants, whom they encouraged by their looks, gestures, and applause, according to the circumstances of the dispute.

This honourable consistory was held in the best room of an ale-house, which afforded wine, punch, or beer, suitable to the purse or inclination of every individual, who separately paid for his own choice;—and here was our hero introduced in the midst of twenty strangers, who, by their looks and equipage, formed a very picturesque variety. He was received with a most gracious solemnity, and placed upon the right hand of the president, who, having commanded silence, recited aloud his introductory ode, which met with universal approbation. Then was tendered to him the customary oath, obliging him to consult the honour and advantage of the society as far as it should lie in his power, in every station of life; and this being taken, his temples were bound with a wreath of laurel, which was kept sacred for such inauguration.

When these rites were performed with all due ceremony, the new member cast his eyes around the place, and took a more accurate survey of his brethren; among whom he observed a strange collection of periwigs, with regard to the colour, fashions, and dimensions, which were such as he had never seen before. Those who sat on each side, nearest the president, were generally distinguished by venerable ties, the foretops of which exhibited a surprising diversity: some of them rose slanting backwards, like the glacis of a fortification; some were elevated in two distinct eminences, like the hills Helicon and Parnassus: and others were curled and reflected, as the horns of Jupiter Ammon. Next to these, the majors took place, many of which were mere succedanea, made by the application of an occasional rose to the tail of a lank bob; and in the lower form appeared masses of hair, which would admit of no description.

Their clothes were tolerably well suited to the furniture of their heads, the apparel of the upper bench being decent and clean, while that of the second class was threadbare and soiled; and at the lower end of the room he perceived divers efforts made to conceal their rent breeches and dirty linen. Nay, he could distinguish by their countenances the different kinds of poetry in which they exercised the Muse. He saw Tragedy conspicuous in a grave solemnity of regard, Satire louring in a frown of envy and discontent, Elegy whining in a funeral aspect, Pastoral dozing in a most insipid languor of face, Ode-writing delineated in a distracted stare, and Epigram squinting with a pert sneer. Perhaps our hero refined too much in his penetration, when he affirmed that, over and above these discoveries, he could plainly perceive the state of every one's finances, and would have undertaken to have guessed each particular sum, without varying three farthings from the truth.

The conversation, instead of becoming general, began to fall into parties; and the epic poet had actually attracted the attention of a private committee, when the chairman interposed, calling aloud, "No cabals, no conspiracies, gentlemen." His rival, thinking it incumbent upon him to make some reply to this rebuke, answered, "We have no secrets; he that hath ears, let him hear." This was spoke as an intimation to the company, whose looks were instantly whetted with the expectation of their ordinary meal; but the president seemed to decline the contest; for, without putting on his fighting face, he calmly replied that he had seen Mr. Metaphor tip the wink, and whisper to one of his confederates, and thence judged that there was something mysterious on the carpet.

The epic poet, believing his antagonist crest-fallen, resolved to take the advantage of his dejection, that he might enhance his own character in the opinion of the stranger; and, with that view, asked, with an air of exultation, if a man might not be allowed to have a convulsion in his eye, without being suspected of a conspiracy? The president, perceiving his drift, and piqued at his presumption, "To be sure," said he, "a man of a weak head may be very well supposed to have convulsions in his eyes." This repartee produced a laugh of triumph among the chairman's adherents; one of whom observed that his rival had got a smart rap on the pate. "Yes," replied the bard, "in that respect Mr. Chairman has the advantage of me. Had my head been fortified with a horn-work, I should not have been so sensible of the stroke." This retort, which carried a severe allusion to the president's wife, lighted up the countenances of the aggressor's friends, which had begun to be a little obumbrated, and had a contrary effect upon the other faction, till their chief, collecting all his capacity, returned the salute, by observing that there was no occasion for a horn-work when the covered way was not worth defending.

Such a reprisal upon Mr. Metaphor's yoke-fellow, who was by no means remarkable for her beauty, could not fail to operate upon the hearers; and as for the bard himself, he was evidently ruffled by the reflection; to which, however, he, without hesitation, replied, "Egad! 'tis my opinion that, if your covered way was laid open, few people would venture to give the assault." "Not unless their batteries were more effectual than the fire of your wit," said the president. "As for that matter," cried the other with precipitation, "they would have no occasion to batter in breach; they would find the angle of the *la pucelle* bastion demolished to their hands—he, he!" "But I believe it would surpass your understanding," resumed the chairman, "to fill up the *fosse*." "That, I own, is impracticable," replied the bard, "there I should meet with a *hiatus maxime deflendus!*"

The president, exasperated at this insinuation, in presence of the new member, exclaimed, with indignation in his looks, "And yet, if a body of pioneers were set at work upon your skull, they would find rubbish enough to choke up all the common sewers in town." Here a groan was uttered by the admirers of the epic poet, who, taking a pinch of snuff with great composure, "When a man grows scurrilous," said he, "I take it for an undoubted proof of his overthrow." "If that be the case," cried the other, "you yourself must be the vanquished party, for you was the first that was driven to personal abuse." "I appeal," answered the bard, "to those who can distinguish.—Gentlemen, your judgment."

This reference produced a universal clamour, and the whole college was involved in confusion. Every man entered into dispute with his neighbour on the merits of this cause. The chairman interposed his authority in vain; the noise grew louder and louder; the disputants waxed warm; the epithets of *blockhead*, *fool*, and *scoundrel*, were bandied about. Peregrine enjoyed the uproar, and, leaping upon the table, sounded the charge to battle, which was immediately commenced in ten different duels. The lights were extin-

guished; the combatants thrashed one another without distinction; the mischievous Pickle distributed sundry random blows in the dark; and the people below, being alarmed with the sound of application, the overturning of chairs, and the outcries of those who were engaged, came upstairs in a body with lights to reconnoitre, and, if possible, quell this hideous tumult.

Objects were no sooner rendered visible than the field of battle exhibited strange groups of the standing and the fallen. Each of Mr. Metaphor's eyes was surrounded with a circle of a livid hue: and the president's nose distilled a quantity of clotted blood. One of the tragic authors, finding himself assaulted in the dark, had, by way of a poniard, employed upon his adversary's throat a knife which lay upon the table, for the convenience of cutting cheese; but by the blessing of God, the edge of it was not keen enough to enter the skin, which it had only scratched in divers places. A satirist had almost bit off the ear of a lyric bard. Shirts and neckcloths were torn to rags; and there was such a woful wreck of periwigs on the floor, that no examination could adjust the property of the owners, the greatest part of whom were obliged to use handkerchiefs by way of nightcap.

The fray, however, ceased at the approach of those who interposed; part of the combatants being tired of an exercise in which they had received nothing but hard blows; part of them being intimidated by the remonstrances of the landlord and his company, who threatened to call the watch; and a very few being ashamed of the scandalous dispute in which they were detected. But, though the battle was ended, it was impossible, for that evening, to restore harmony and good order to the society, which broke up, after the president had pronounced a short and confused apology to our adventurer, for the indecent uproar which had unfortunately happened on the first night of his admission.

Indeed, Peregrine deliberated with himself whether or not his reputation would allow him to appear again among this venerable fraternity; but, as he knew some of them to be men of real genius, how ridiculous soever their carriage might be modified, and was of that laughing disposition which is always seeking food for mirth, as Horace observes of Philippus,

Risus undique quærit;

he resolved to frequent the college, notwithstanding this accident, which happened at his inauguration; being thereto, moreover, induced by his desire of knowing the private history of the stage, with which he supposed some of the members perfectly well acquainted. He was also visited before the next meeting by his introductor, who assured him that such a tumult had never happened since the first institution of the assembly till that very night; and promised that, for the future, he should have no cause to be scandalized at their behaviour.

Persuaded by these motives and assurances, he trusted himself once more in the midst of their community, and everything proceeded with great decorum; all dispute and altercation was avoided, and the college applied itself seriously to the purposes of its meeting, namely, to hear the grievances of individuals, and assist them with salutary advice. The first person that craved redress was a noisy North Briton, who complained, in a strange dialect, that he had, in the beginning of the season, presented a comedy to the manager of a certain theatre, who, after it had lain six weeks in his hands, returned it to the author, affirming there was neither sense nor English in the performance.

The president, who, by the bye, had revised the piece, thinking his own reputation concerned, declared, in presence of the whole society, that, with regard to sense, he would not undertake to vindicate the production; but, in point of language, no fault could be justly laid to its charge. "The case, however, is very plain," said he; "the manager never gave himself the trouble to peruse the play, but formed a judgment of it from the conversation of the author, never dreaming that it had undergone the revisal of an English writer; be that as it will, you are infinitely obliged to him for having despatched you so soon, and I shall have the better opinion of him for it so long as I live; for I have known otherguise authors than you, that is, in point of interest and fame, kept in continual attendance and dependence during the best part of their lives, and, after all, disappointed in the expectation of seeing their performances exhibited on the stage."

CHAPTER XCIV.

Further Proceedings of the College.

THIS affair was no sooner discussed, than another gentleman exhibited a complaint, signifying that he had undertaken to translate into English a certain celebrated author, who had been cruelly mangled by former attempts; and that, soon as his design took air, the proprietors of those miserable translations had endeavoured to prejudice his work, by industrious insinuations, contrary to truth and fair-dealing, importing that he did not understand one word of the language which he pretended to translate. This being a case that nearly concerned the greatest part of the audience, it was taken into serious deliberation. Some observed that it was not only a malicious effort against the plaintiff, but also a spiteful advertisement to the public, tending to promote an inquiry into the abilities of all other translators, few of whom, it was well known, were so qualified as to stand the test of such examination. Others said that, over and above this consideration, which ought to have its due weight with the college, there was a necessity for concerting measures to humble the presumption of booksellers, who had, from time immemorial, taken all opportunities to oppress and enslave their authors; not only by limiting men of genius to the wages of journeymen tailors, without even allowing them one Sabbath in the week, but also in taking such advantages of their necessities as were inconsistant with justice and humanity. "For example," said one of the members, "after I myself had acquired a little reputation with the town, I was caressed by one of those tyrants, who professed a friendship for me, and even supplied me with money, according to the exigencies of my situation; so that I looked upon him as the mirror of disinterested benevolence; and had he known my disposition, and treated me accordingly, I should have writ for him upon his own terms. After I had used his friendship in this manner for some time, I happened to have occasion for a small sum of money, and with great confidence made another application to my good friend, when all of a sudden he put a stop to his generosity, refused to accommodate me in the

most abrupt and mortifying style; and though I was at that time pretty far advanced in a work for his benefit, which was a sufficient security for what I owed him, he roundly asked how I proposed to pay the money which I had already borrowed. Thus was I used like a young whore just come upon the town, whom the bawd allows to run into her debt, that she may have it in her power to oppress her at pleasure; and if the sufferer complains, she is treated like the most ungrateful wretch upon earth; and that too with such appearance of reason, as may easily mislead an unconcerned spectator. 'You unthankful drab!' she will say, 'didn't I take you into my house when you hadn't a shift to your back, a petticoat to your tail, nor a morsel of bread to put into your belly? Ha'nt I clothed you from head to foot like a gentlewoman, supported you with board, lodging, and all necessaries, till your own extravagance hath brought you into distress; and now you have the impudence, you nasty, stinking, brimstone bungaway! to say you are hardly dealt with, when I demand no more than my own?' Thus the whore and the author are equally oppressed, and even left without the melancholy privilege of complaining; so that they are fain to subscribe to such terms as their creditors shall please to impose."

This illustration operated so powerfully upon the conviction and resentment of the whole college, that revenge was universally denounced against those who had aggrieved the plaintiff; and, after some debate, it was agreed that he should make a new translation of some other saleable book, in opposition to a former version belonging to the delinquents, and print it in such a small size as would enable him to undersell their property; and that this new translation should be recommended and introduced into the world with the whole art and influence of the society.

This affair being settled to the satisfaction of all present, an author of some character stood up, and craved the advice and assistance of his fellows in punishing a certain nobleman of great pretensions to taste, who, in consequence of a production which this gentleman had ushered into the world with universal applause, not only desired, but even eagerly courted, his acquaintance. "He invited me to his house," said he, "where I was overwhelmed with civility and professions of friendship. He insisted upon my treating him as an intimate, and calling upon him at all hours, without ceremony; he made me promise to breakfast with him at least three times a week. In short, I looked upon myself as very fortunate in meeting with such advances from a man of his interest and reputation, who had it in his power to befriend me effectually in my passage through life; and, that I might not give him any cause to think I neglected his friendship, I went to his house in two days, with a view of drinking chocolate, according to appointment; but he had been so much fatigued with dancing at an assembly over night that his valet-de-chambre would not venture to wake him so early; and I left my compliments to his lordship, with a performance in manuscript, which he had expressed a most eager desire to peruse. I repeated my visit next morning, that his impatience to see me might not have some violent effect upon his constitution, and received a message from his minister, signifying that he had been highly entertained with the manuscript I had left, a great part of which he had read, but was at present so busy in contriving a proper dress for a private masquerade, which would be given that same evening, that he could not have the pleasure of my company at breakfast. This was a feasible excuse, which I admitted accordingly, and in a day or two appeared again, when his lordship was particularly engaged. This might possibly be the case; and therefore I returned the fourth time, in hopes of finding him more at leisure; but he had gone out about half an hour before my arrival, and left my performance with his valet-de-chambre, who assured me that his lord had perused it with infinite pleasure. Perhaps I might have retired very well satisfied with this declaration, had not I, in my passage through the hall, heard one of the footmen upon the top of the staircase, pronounce with an audible voice, 'Will your lordship please to be at home when he calls?' It is not to be supposed that I was pleased at this discovery, which I no sooner made, than, turning to my conductor, 'I find,' said I, 'his lordship is disposed to be abroad to more people than me this morning.' The fellow, though a valet-de-chambre, blushed at this observation; and I withdrew, not a little irritated at the peer's disingenuity, and fully resolved to spare him my visits for the future. It was not long after this occasion that I happened to meet him in the Park, and, being naturally civil, I could not pass him without a salutation of the hat, which he returned in the most distant manner, though we were both solitary, and not a soul within view; and when that very performance, which he had applauded so warmly, was lately published by subscription, he did not bespeak so much as one copy. I have often reflected with wonder upon this inconsistency of his conduct. I never courted his patronage, nor indeed thought of his name, until he made interest for my acquaintance; and if he was disappointed in my conversation, why did he press me so much to further connexion?"

"The case is very clear," cried the chairman, interrupting him; "he is one of those connoisseurs who set up for taste, and value themselves upon knowing all men of genius, whom they would be thought to assist in their productions. I will lay an even bet with any man that his lordship, on the strength of that slender interview, together with the opportunity of having seen your performance in manuscript, has already hinted to every company in which he is conversant, that you solicited his assistance in retouching the piece which you have now offered to the public, and that he was pleased to favour you with his advice, but found you obstinately bigoted to your own opinion, in some points relating to those very passages which have not met with the approbation of the town. As for his caresses, there was nothing at all extraordinary in his behaviour. By that time you have lived to my age, you will not be surprised to see a courtier's promise and performance of a different complexion; not but that I would willingly act as an auxiliary in your resentment."

The opinion of the president was strengthened by the concurrence of all the members; and all other complaints and memorials being deferred till another sitting, the college proceeded to an exercise of wit, which was generally performed once every fortnight, with a view to promote the expectoration of genius. The subject was occasionally chosen by the chairman, who opened the game with some shrewd remark naturally arising from the conversation; and then the ball was tossed about from one corner of the room to the other, according to the motions of the spirit.

That the reader may have a just idea of this sport, and of the abilities of those who carried

it on, I shall repeat the sallies of this evening, according to the order and succession in which they escaped. One of the members observing that Mr. Metaphor was absent, was told by the person who sat next to him, that the poet had foul weather at home, and could not stir abroad. "What!" said the president, interposing, with the signal upon his countenance, "is he wind-bound in port?" "Wine-bound, I suppose," cried another. "Hooped with wine! a strange metaphor!" said the third. "Not if he has got into a hogshead," answered the fourth. "The hogshead will sooner get into him," replied a fifth, "it must be a tun or an ocean." "No wonder, then, if he should be overwhelmed," said a sixth. "If he should," cried a seventh, "he will cast up when his gall breaks." "That must be very soon," roared an eighth, "for it has been long ready to burst." "No, no," observed a ninth, "he'll stick fast at the bottom, take my word for it; he has a *natural alacrity in sinking.*" "And yet," remarked a tenth, "I have seen him in the clouds." "Then was he cloudy, I suppose," cried the eleventh. "So dark," replied the other, "that his meaning could not be perceived." "For all that," said the twelfth, "he is easily seen through." "You talk," answered the thirteenth, "as if his head was made of glass." "No, no," cried the fourteenth, "his head is made of more durable stuff; it will bend before it breaks." "Yet I have seen it broken," resumed the president. "Did you perceive any wit come out at the hole?" said another. "His wit," replied the chairman, "is too subtle to be perceived."

A third mouth was just open, when the exercise was suddenly interrupted by the dreadful cry of fire, which issued from the kitchen, and involved the whole college in confusion. Every man endeavoured to be the first in making his exit; the door and passage were blocked up; each individual was pummelled by the person that happened to be behind him. This communication produced noise and exclamation; clouds of smoke rolled upwards into the apartment, and terror sat on every brow; when Peregrine, seeing no prospect of retreating by the door, opened one of the windows, and fairly leaped into the street, where he found a crowd of people assembled to contribute their assistance in extinguishing the flames. Several members of the college followed his example, and happily accomplished their escape. The chairman himself, being unwilling to use the same expedient, stood trembling on the brink of descent, dubious of his own agility, and dreading the consequence of such a leap, when a chair happening to pass, he laid hold on the opportunity, and by an exertion of his muscles, pitched upon the top of the carriage, which was immediately overturned in the kennel, to the grievous annoyance of the fare, which happened to be a certain effeminate beau, in full dress, on his way to a private assembly.

This phantom, hearing the noise overhead, and feeling the shock of being overthrown at the same time, thought that some whole tenement had fallen upon the chair, and, in the terror of being crushed to pieces, uttered a scream, which the populace supposed to proceed from the mouth of a woman; and therefore went to his assistance, while the chairmen, instead of ministering to his occasions, no sooner recollected themselves, than they ran in pursuit of their overthrower, who, being accustomed to escape from bailiffs, dived into a dark alley, and vanishing in a trice, was not visible to any living soul, until he appeared next day on Tower-hill.

The humane part of the mob, who bestirred themselves for the relief of the supposed lady, no sooner perceived their mistake in the appearance of the beau, who stared around him with horror and affright, than their compassion was changed into mirth, and they began to pass a great many unsavoury jokes upon his misfortune, which they now discovered no inclination to alleviate; and he found himself very uncomfortably beset, when Pickle, pitying his situation, interposed in his behalf, and prevailed upon the chairmen to carry him into the house of an apothecary in the neighbourhood, to whom his mischance proved a very advantageous accident; for the fright operated so violently upon his nerves that he was seized with a delirium, and lay a whole fortnight deprived of his senses, during which period he was not neglected in point of medicines, food, and attendance, but royally regaled, as appeared by the contents of his landlord's bill.

Our adventurer having seen this unfortunate beau safely housed, returned to the scene of the other calamity, which, as it was no other than a foul chimney, soon yielded to the endeavours of the family, and was happily overcome, without any other bad consequence than that of alarming the neighbours, disturbing the college, and disordering the brain of a beau.

Eager to be acquainted with the particular constitutions of a society which seemed to open upon him by degrees, Mr. Pickle did not fail to appear at the next meeting, when several petitions were laid before the board, in behalf of those members who were confined in the prisons of the Fleet, Marshalsea, and King's Bench. As those unhappy authors expected nothing from their brethren but advice and good offices, which did not concern the purse, the memorials were considered with great care and humanity; and, upon this occasion, Peregrine had it in his power to manifest his importance to the community; for he happened to be acquainted with the creditor of one of the prisoners, and knew that gentleman's severity was owing to his resentment at the behaviour of the debtor, who had lampooned him in print, because he refused to comply with a fresh demand, after he had lent him money to the amount of a considerable sum. Our young gentleman, therefore, understanding that the author was penitent, and disposed to make a reasonable submission, promised to employ his influence with the creditor towards an accommodation, and in a few days actually obtained his release.

The social duties being discharged, the conversation took a general turn, and several new productions were freely criticised; those especially which belonged to authors who were either unconnected with or unknown to the college. Nor did the profession of stage-playing escape the cognizance of the assembly; a deputation of the most judicious members being sent weekly to each theatre, with a view of making remarks upon the performance of the actors. The censors for the preceding week were accordingly called upon to give in their report, and the play which they had reviewed was the *Revenge*.

"Mr. Q(uin)," said the second censor, "take him all in all, is certainly the most complete and unblemished performer that ever appeared on our stage, notwithstanding the blind adoration which is paid to his rival. I went two nights ago, with an express design to criticise his action. I could find no room for censure, but infinite subject for admiration and applause. In *Pierre* he is great, in *Othello* excellent, but in *Zanga* beyond all imitation. Over and above the distinctness of

pronunciation, the dignity of attitude and expression of face, his gestures are so just and significant, that a man, though utterly bereft of the sense of hearing, might, by seeing him only, understand the meaning of every word he speaks! sure nothing can be more exquisite than his manner of telling Isabella how Alonzo behaved when he found the incendiary letter which he had dropped by the Moor's direction; and when, to crown his vengeance, he discovers himself to be the contriver of all the mischief that had happened, he manifests a perfect masterpiece of action, in pronouncing these four little monosyllables, *Know then, 'twas—I.*"

Peregrine having eyed the critic some minutes, "I fancy," said he, "your praise must be ironical, because, in the very two situations you mention, I think I have seen that player out-Herod Herod, or, in other words, exceed all his other extravagances. The intention of the author is, that the Moor should communicate to his confidant a piece of information contained in a few lines, which, doubtless, ought to be repeated with an air of eagerness and satisfaction, not with the ridiculous grimace of a monkey, to which, methought, his action bore an intimate resemblance, in uttering this plain sentence:—

—— He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,
Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.

In pronouncing the first two words, this egregious actor stoops down, and seems to take up something from the stage, then proceeding to repeat what follows, mimics the manner of unfolding a letter; when he mentions the simile of an arrow piercing the eye, he darts his forefinger towards that organ, then recoils with great violence when the word *started* is expressed; and when he comes to *trembling dropt it on the ground,* he throws all his limbs into a tremulous motion, and shakes the imaginary paper from his hand. The latter part of the description is carried on with the same minute gesticulation, while he says—

Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguised a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.

"The player's countenance assumes a wild stare, he sighs twice most piteously, as if he were on the point of suffocation, scrubs his forehead, and, bending his body, apes the action of snatching an object from the floor. Nor is this dexterity of dumb-show omitted when he concludes his imitation in these three lines:—

At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Here the judicious performer imitates the confusion and concern of Alonzo, seems to cast his eyes upon something from which they are immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation; then shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose, he rams it in his own bosom, with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the manner. Were the player debarred the use of speech, and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial, forced, unnatural, and antic, than this superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments, clothed in the most exquisite expression, would appear unanimated and insipid; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanour of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage. And, for the truth of what I allege, I appeal to the observation of any person who has considered the elegance of attitude and propriety of gesture, as they are universally acknowledged in the real characters of life. Indeed, I have known a Gascon, whose limbs were as eloquent as his tongue: he never mentioned the word sleep without reclining his head upon his hand; when he had occasion to talk of a horse, he always started up and trotted across the room, except when he was so situated that he could not stir without incommoding the company, and in that case he contented himself with neighing aloud. If a dog happened to be the subject of his conversation, he wagged his tail, and grinned in a most significant manner; and one day he expressed his desire of going backwards with such natural imitation of his purpose, that everybody in the room firmly believed he had actually overshot himself, and fortified their nostrils accordingly. Yet no man ever looked upon this virtuoso to be the standard of propriety in point of speaking and deportment. For my own part, I confess the player in question would, by dint of these qualifications, make a very good figure in the character of Pantaloon's lacquey in the entertainment of Perseus and Andromeda, and perhaps might acquire some reputation by turning the *Revenge* into a pantomime; in which case I would advise him to come upon the stage provided with a handful of flour, in order to besmear his face when he pronounces *pale and aghast,* etc.; and methinks he ought to illustrate the adder with a hideous hiss. But let us now come to the other situation, in which this modern Æsopus is supposed to distinguish himself so much; I mean that same eclaircissement comprehended in, *Know then, 'twas—I.* His manner, I own, may be altered since I was present at the representation of that performance; but certain I am, when I beheld him in that critical conjuncture, his behaviour appeared to me so uncouth that I really imagined he was visited by some epileptic distemper; for he stood tottering and gasping for the space of two minutes, like a man suddenly struck with the palsy; and, after various distortions and side-shakings, as if he had got fleas in his doublet, heaved up from his lungs the letter *I,* like a huge anchor from foul ground."

This criticism was acceptable to the majority of the college, who had no great veneration for the player in question; and his admirer, without making any reply, asked in a whisper, of the gentleman who sat next to him, if Pickle had not offered some production to the stage, and met with a repulse.

CHAPTER XCV.

The young Gentleman is introduced to a Virtuoso of the first Order, and commences Yelper.

HITHERTO Peregrine had professed himself an author without reaping the fruits of that occupation, except the little fame he had acquired by his late satire; but now he thought it high time to weigh *solid pudding against empty praise;* and therefore engaged with some booksellers in a certain translation, which he obliged himself to perform for the consideration of two hundred

pounds. The articles of agreement being drawn, he began his task with great eagerness, rose early in the morning to his work, at which he laboured all day long, went abroad with the bats in the evening, and appeared in the coffee-house, where he amused himself with the newspapers and conversation till nine o'clock; then he retired to his own apartment, and, after a slight repast, betook himself to rest, that he might be able to unroost with the cock. This sudden change from his former way of life agreed so ill with his disposition, that, for the first time, he was troubled with flatulencies and indigestion, which produced anxiety and dejection of spirits, and the nature of his situation began in some measure to discompose his brain; a discovery which he no sooner made, than he had recourse to the advice of a young physician, who was a member of the college of authors, at this time one of our hero's most intimate acquaintance.

The son of Æsculapius, having considered his case, imputed his disorder to the right cause, namely, want of exercise; dissuaded him from such close application to study, until he should be gradually familarized to a sedentary life; advised him to enjoy his friend and his bottle in moderation, and wean himself from his former customs by degrees; and, above all things, to rise immediately after his first sleep, and exercise himself in a morning's walk. In order to render this last part of the prescription the more palatable, the doctor promised to attend him in these early excursions, and even to introduce him to a certain personage of note, who gave a sort of public breakfasting to the minor virtuosi of the age, and often employed his interest in behalf of those who properly cultivated his countenance and approbation.

This proposal was extremely acceptable to our young gentleman, who, besides the advantage which might accrue to him from such a valuable connexion, foresaw much entertainment and satisfaction in the discourse of so many learned guests. The occasions of his health and interest, moreover, coincided in another circumstance: the minister's levee being kept betimes in the morning, so that he could perform his walk, yield his attendance, and breakfast at this philosophical board, without encroaching a great deal upon his other avocations.

Measures being thus preconcerted, the physician conducted our adventurer to the house of this celebrated sage, to whom he recommended him as a gentleman of genius and taste, who craved the honour of his acquaintance; but he had previously smoothed the way to his introduction, by representing Peregrine as a young fellow of great ambition, spirit, and address, who could not fail to make a figure in the world; that therefore he would be a creditable addition to the subordinates of such a patron, and by his qualifications, intrepidity, and warmth of temper, turn out a consummate herald of his fame. Upon these considerations he met with a most engaging reception from the entertainer, who was a well-bred man, of some learning, generosity, and taste; but his foible was the desire of being thought the inimitable pattern of all three.

It was with a view to acquire and support this character that his house was open to all those who had any pretensions to literature; consequently he was surrounded by a strange variety of pretenders; but none were discouraged, because he knew that even the most insignificant might, in some shape, conduce to the propagation of his praise. A babbler, though he cannot run upon the scent, may spring the game, and, by his yelping, help to fill up the cry. No wonder, then, that a youth of Pickle's accomplishments was admitted, and even invited, into the pack. After having enjoyed a very short private audience in the closet, our young gentleman was shown into another room, where half a dozen of his fellow-adherents waited for their Mæcenas, who in a few minutes appeared, with a most gracious aspect, received the compliments of the morning, and sat down to breakfast, in the midst of them, without any further ceremony.

The conversation at first turned upon the weather, which was investigated in a very philosophical manner by one of the company, who seemed to have consulted all the barometers and thermometers that ever were invented, before he would venture to affirm that it was a chill morning. This subject being accurately discussed, the chief inquired about the news of the learned world; and his inclination was no sooner expressed than every guest opened his mouth, in order to gratify his curiosity. But he that first captivated his attention was a meagre, shrivelled antiquary, who looked like an animated mummy, which had been scorched among the sands of the desert. He told the patron that he had, by accident, met with a medal, which, though it was defaced by time, he would venture to pronounce a genuine antique, from the ringing and taste of the metal, as well as from the colour and composition of the rust. So saying, he produced a piece of copper coin, so consumed and disguised by age, that scarce a vestige of the impression was to be perceived. Nevertheless this connoisseur pretended to distinguish a face in profile, from which he concluded that the piece was of the Upper Empire, and on the reverse he endeavoured to point out the bulb of the spear, and part of the parazonium, which were the insignia of the Roman Virtus, together with the fragment of one fold of the multicium in which she was clothed. He likewise had discovered an angle of the letter N, and, at some distance, an entire I; from these circumstances conjecturing, and indeed concluding, that the medal was struck by Severus, in honour of the victory he obtained over his rival Niger, after he had forced the passes of Mount Taurus. This criticism seemed very satisfactory to the entertainer, who having examined the coin by the help of his spectacles, plainly discerned the particulars which the owner had mentioned, and was pleased to term his account of the matter a very ingenious explanation.

The curiosity was circulated through the hands of all present, and every virtuoso, in his turn, licked the copper, and rung it upon the hearth, declaring his assent to the judgment which had been pronounced. At length it fell under the inspection of our young gentleman, who, though no antiquarian, was very well acquainted with the current coin of his own country, and no sooner cast his eyes upon the valuable antique, than he affirmed, without hesitation, that it was no other than the ruins of an English farthing, and that same spear, parazonium, and multicium, the remains of the emblems and drapery with which the figure of Britannia is delineated on our copper money.

This hardy asseveration seemed to disconcert the patron, while it incensed the medallist, who, grinning like an enraged baboon, "What d'ye tell me of a brass farthing?" said he. "Did you ever know modern brass of such a relish? Do but taste it, young gentleman; and sure I am,

if you have ever been conversant with subjects of this kind, you will find as wide a difference in the savour between this and an English farthing as can possibly be perceived betwixt an onion and a turnip. Besides, this medal has the true Corinthian ring; then the attitude is upright, whereas that of Britannia is reclining; and how is it possible to mistake a branch of palm for a parazonium?"

All the rest of the company espoused the virtuoso's side of the question, because the reputation of each was concerned. The patron, finding himself in the same circumstances, assumed a solemnity of feature, dashed with a small mixture of displeasure, and told Peregrine that, as he had not made that branch of literature his particular study, he was not surprised to see him mistaken in his opinion. Pickle immediately understood the reproof, though he was shocked at the vanity or infatuation of his entertainer and fellow-guests, asked pardon for his presumption, which was accordingly excused, in consideration of his inexperience; and the English farthing dignified with the title of a true antique.

The next person that addressed himself to the chief was a gentleman of a very mathematical turn, who valued himself upon the improvements he had made in several domestic machines, and now presented the plan of a new contrivance for cutting cabbages, in such a manner as would secure the stock against the rotting rain, and enable it to produce a plenteous after-crop of delicious sprouts. In this important machine he had united the whole mechanic powers, with such massy complication of iron and wood that it could not have been moved without the assistance of a horse, and a road made for the convenience of the draught. These objections were so obvious that they occurred at first sight to the inspector-general, who greatly commended the invention, which, he observed, might be applied to several other useful purposes, could it once be rendered a little more portable and commodious.

The inventor, who had not foreseen these difficulties, was not prepared to surmount them; but he took the hint in good part, and promised to task his abilities anew, in altering the construction of his design. Not but that he underwent some severe irony from the rest of the virtuosi, who complimented him upon the momentous improvement he had made, by which a family might save a dish of greens in a quarter for so trifling an expense as that of purchasing, working, and maintaining such a stupendous machine; but no man was ever more sarcastic in his remarks upon this piece of mechanism than the naturalist, who next appealed to the patron's approbation for a curious disquisition he had made touching the procreation of muck-flies, in which he had laid down a curious method of collecting, preserving, and hatching the eggs of these insects, even in the winter, by certain modifications of artificial heat. The nature of this discovery was no sooner communicated, than Peregrine, unable to contain himself, was seized with a fit of laughter, which infected every person at the table, the landlord himself not excepted, who found it impossible to preserve his wonted gravity of face.

Such unmannerly mirth did not fail to mortify the philosopher, who, after some pause, during which indignation and disdain were painted in his countenance, reprehended our young gentleman for his unphilosophical behaviour, and undertook to prove that the subject of his inquiry was of infinite consequence to the progress and increase of natural knowledge. But he found no quarter from the vengeful engineer, who now retorted his ironical compliments, with great emphasis, upon this hot-bed for the generation of vermin, and advised him to lay the whole process before the Royal Society, which would doubtless present him with a medal, and give him a place among their memoirs, as a distinguished promoter of the useful arts. "If," said he, "you had employed your studies in finding out some effectual method to destroy those insects which prejudice and annoy mankind, in all probability you must have been contented with the contemplation of the good you had done; but this curious expedient for multiplying maggots will surely entitle you to an honourable rank in the list of learned philosophers." "I don't wonder," replied the naturalist, "that you should be so much averse to the propagation of insects, because, in all likelihood, you are afraid that they will not leave you a cabbage to cut down with that same miraculous machine." "Sir," answered the mechanic, with great bitterness of voice and aspect, "if the cabbage be as light-headed as some muck-worm philosophers, it will not be worth cutting down." "I never dispute upon cabbage with the son of a cucumber," said the fly-breeder, alluding to the pedigree of his antagonist; who, impatient of the affront, started up with fury in his looks, exclaiming, "'Sdeath! meaning me, sir?"

Here the patron, perceiving things drawing towards a rupture, interposed his authority, rebuking them for their intemperance, and recommending to them amity and concord against the Goths and Vandals of the age, who took all opportunities of ridiculing and discouraging the adherents of knowledge and philosophy. After this exhortation, they had no pretence for carrying on the dispute, which was dropt in all appearance, though the mechanic still retained his resentment; and after breakfast, when the company broke up, accosted his adversary in the street, desiring to know how he durst be so insolent as to make that scurrilous reflection upon his family. The fly-fancier, thus questioned, accused the mathematician of having been the aggressor, in likening his head to a light cabbage; and here the altercation being renewed, the engineer proceeded to the illustration of his mechanics, tilting up his hand like a balance, thrusting it forward by way of lever, embracing the naturalist's nose like a wedge betwixt two of his fingers, and turning it round with the momentum of a screw or peritrochium. Had they been obliged to decide the dispute with equal arms, the assailant would have had great advantage over the other, who was very much his inferior in muscular strength; but the philosopher being luckily provided with a cane, no sooner disengaged himself from this opprobrious application, than he handled his weapon with great dexterity about the head and shoulders of his antagonist, who, finding this shower of blows very disagreeable, was fain to betake himself to his heels for shelter, and was pursued by the angry victor, who chased him from one end of the street to the other, affording unspeakable satisfaction to the multitude, as well as to our hero and to his introductor, who were spectators of the whole scene.

Thus was our adventurer initiated into the society of Yelpers, though he did not as yet fully understand the nature of his office, which was explained by the young physician, who chid him for his blunt behaviour in the case of the medal; and gave him to understand that their patron's favour was neither to be gained nor preserved by any man that would pretend to convict him of a mistake. He therefore counselled

him to respect this foible, and cultivate the old gentleman with all the zeal and veneration which a regard to his own character would permit him to pay. This task was the easier to one of our young gentleman's pliant disposition, because the virtuoso's behaviour was absolutely free from that insolent self-conceit, which he could not bear without disgust. The senior was, on the contrary, mild and beneficent; and Pickle was rather pleased than shocked at his weakness; because it flattered his vanity with the supposition of his own superior sense.

Cautioned in this manner, Peregrine profited so much by his insinuating qualifications, that in a very little time he was looked upon as one of the chief favourites of the patron, to whom he dedicated a small occasional poem; and everybody believed he would reap the fruits of his attachment among the first of the old gentleman's dependants.

CHAPTER XCVI.

Peregrine, finding himself neglected by Sir Steady Steerwell, expostulates with him in a Letter; in consequence of which he is forbid his House, loses his Pension, and incurs the Charge of Lunacy.

This prospect of success, together with his expectations from the minister, whom he did not neglect, helped to comfort him under the reverse of fortune which he had undergone, and the uncertainty of the lawsuit, which he still maintained, for the recovery of his ten thousand pounds. The lawyers, indeed, continued to drain his pocket of money, while they filled his brain with unsubstantial hope; and he was actually obliged to borrow money from his bookseller, on the strength of the translation, in order to satisfy the demands of those ravenous harpies, rather than lay the misanthrope under any difficulties, or have recourse to his friend Hatchway, who lived at the garrison, entirely ignorant of his distress. This was not at all alleviated by the arrival of the Indiaman, in which he had ventured seven hundred pounds, as we have already observed; for he was given to understand that the borrower was left dangerously ill at Bombay when the ship sailed, and that his chance for retrieving his money was extremely slender.

So situated, it is not to be supposed that he led a life of tranquillity, though he made a shift to struggle with the remonstrances of misfortune. Yet such a gush of affliction would sometimes rush upon his thought as overwhelmed all the ideas of his hope, and sunk him to the very bottom of despondence. Every equipage that passed him in the street, every person of rank and fortune that occurred to his view, recalled the gay images of his former life, with such mortifying reflection as stabbed him to the very soul. He lived, therefore, incessantly exposed to all the pangs of envy and disquiet. When I say envy, I do not mean that sordid passion, in consequence of which a man repines at his neighbour's success, howsoever deserved; but that self-tormenting indignation which is inspired by the prosperity of folly, ignorance, and vice. Without the intervening gleams of enjoyment, which he felt in the conversation of a few friends, he could not have supported his existence; or, at least, he must have suffered some violent discomposure of the brain. But one is still finding some circumstance of alleviation, even in the worst of conjunctures; and Pickle was so ingenious in these researches, that he maintained a good battle with disappointment, till the revolution of the term at which he had received his pension of three hundred pounds.

However, seeing the day elapse without touching his allowance, notwithstanding his significant method of presenting himself at the minister's levee, when the year was expired, he wrote a letter to Sir Steady, reminding him of his situation and promise, and giving him to understand that his occasions were such as compelled him to demand his salary for the ensuing year.

In the morning after this letter was conveyed, the author went to his honour's house, in expectation of being admitted by particular order; but was mistaken in his hope, the minister not being visible. He then made his appearance at the levee, in hopes of being closeted; but though he took all opportunities of watching Sir Steady's eyes, he could not obtain one glance, and had the pleasure of seeing him retire, without being favoured with the least notice. These circumstances of wilful neglect were not over and above agreeable to our young hero, who, in the agonies of vexation and resentment, went home and composed a most acrimonious remonstrance to his honour; in consequence of which he was not only deprived of all pretensions to a private audience, but expressly denied admittance on a public day, by Sir Steady's own order.

This prohibition, which announced his total ruin, filled him with rage, horror, and despair. He insulted the porter who signified the minister's command, threatening to chastise him upon the spot for his presumption, and vented the most virulent imprecations upon his master, to the astonishment of those who chanced to enter during this conference. Having exhausted himself in these vain exclamations, he returned to his lodgings in a most frantic condition, biting his lips so that the blood ran from his mouth, dashing his head and fists against the sides of his chimney, and weeping with the most bitter expressions of woe.

Pipes, whose perception had just been sufficient to let him see that there was some difference between the present and former situation of his master, overhearing his transports, essayed to enter his apartment, with a view of administering consolation; and finding the door locked on the inside, desired admittance, protesting that otherwise he would down with the bulkhead in the turning of a handspike. Peregrine ordered him to retire, on pain of his displeasure, and swore that if he should offer to break open the door, he would instantly shoot him through the head. Tom, without paying the least regard to this injunction, set himself at work immediately. His master, exasperated at his want of reverence and respect, which in his present paroxysm appeared with the most provoking aggravation, flew into his closet, and snatching up one of his pistols, already loaded, no sooner saw his valet enter the apartment, in consequence of having forced the lock, than he presented it full at his face, and drew the trigger. Happily the priming flashed in the pan, without communicating with the charge; so that his furious purpose did not take effect upon the countenance of honest Pipes, who, disregardful of the attempt, though he knew the contents of the piece, asked, without the least alteration of feature, if it must be foul weather through the whole voyage.

Peregrine, mad as he was, repented of his mischievous intent against such a faithful adherent, in the very moment of execution; and had it

proved fatal, according to the design, in all probability he would have applied another to his own head. There are certain considerations that strike upon the mind with irresistible force, even in the midst of its distraction; the momentary recollection of some particular scene, occasioned by the features of the devoted victim, hath often struck the dagger from the assassin's hand. By such an impulse was Pipes protected from any repeated effort of his master's rage; the friendly cause of his present disobedience flashed upon the conviction of Peregrine, when he beheld the rugged front of his valet, in which also stood disclosed his long and faithful service, together with the recommendation of the deceased commodore.

Though his wrath was immediately suppressed, and his heart torn with remorse for what he had done, his brows remained still contracted; and darting a most ferocious regard at the intruder, "Villain!" said he, "how dare you treat me with such disrespect?" "Why shouldn't I lend a hand for the preservation of the ship," answered the unruffled Pipes, "when there is more sail than ballast aboard, and the pilot quits the helm in despair? What signifies one or two broken voyages, so long as our timbers are strong, and our vessel in good trim. If she loses upon one tack, mayhap she may gain upon t'other; and I'll be damn'd if one day or other we don't fetch up our lee-way. As for the matter of provision, you have started a pretty good stock of money into my hold, and you are welcome to hoist it up again when you wool?"

Here Tom was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Crabtree, who, seeing Peregrine with a pistol in his hand, and such wild disorder in his looks, his head, hands, and mouth besmeared with blood, and, moreover, smelling the gunpowder which had been burnt, actually believed he had either committed, or was bent upon murder, and accordingly retreated down-stairs with infinite despatch. All his speed could not convey him without the reach of Pipes, who, overtaking him in his passage, carried him back into his master's apartment, observing, by the way, that this was no time to sheer off, when his consort stood in need of his assistance.

There was something so ruefully severe in the countenance of Cadwallader, thus compelled, that, at any other time, our hero would have laughed at his concern; but at present there was nothing risible in his disposition. He had, however, laid aside his pistol, and endeavoured, though in vain, to compose his internal disturbance; for he could not utter one syllable to the misanthrope, but stood staring at him in silence, with a most delirious aspect. This did not tend to dispel the dismay of his friend, who, after some recollection, "I wonder," said he, "that you have never killed your man before. Pray how may you have disposed of the body?" Pickle having recovered the faculty of speech, ordered his lacquey out of the room, and, in a most incoherent detail, made Crabtree acquainted with the perfidious conduct of the minister.

The confidant was very glad to find his fears disappointed; for he had really concluded that some life was lost. Perceiving the youth too much agitated to be treated by him in his usual style, he owned that Sir Steady was a rascal, and encouraged Pickle with the hope of being one day able to make reprisals upon him; in the meantime offered him money for his immediate occasions, exhorted him to exert his own qualifications in rendering himself independent of such miscreants, and finally counselled him to represent his wrongs to the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged, with a view of interesting that peer in his behalf, or at least of obtaining a satisfactory explanation from the minister, that he might take no premature measures of revenge.

These admonitions were so much milder and more agreeable than our hero expected from the misanthrope, that they had a very favourable effect upon his transports, which gradually subsided, until he became so tractable as to promise that he would conform to his advice; in consequence of which he next morning waited upon his lordship, who received him very politely, as usual, and with great patience heard his complaint, which, by the bye, he could not repeat without some hasty ebullitions of passionate resentment. This peer, after having gently disapproved of the letter of expostulation, which had produced such unfortunate effects, kindly undertook to recommend his case to the minister, and actually performed his promise that same day, when Sir Steady informed him, to his utter astonishment, that the poor young gentleman was disordered in his brain, so that he could not possibly be provided for in a place of importance, with any regard to the service; and it could not be expected that he, Sir Steady, would support his extravagance from his own private purse;—that he had, indeed, at the solicitation of a nobleman deceased, made him a present of three hundred pounds, in consideration of some loss that he pretended to have sustained in an election; but, since that time, had perceived in him such indisputable marks of lunacy, both by his distracted letters and personal behaviour, as obliged him to give order that he should not be admitted into the house. To corroborate this assertion, the minister actually called in the evidence of his own porter, and one of the gentlemen of his household, who had heard the execrations that escaped our youth when he first found himself excluded. In short, the nobleman was convinced that Peregrine was certainly and *bona fide* mad as a March hare; and, by the help of this intimation, began to recollect some symptoms of distraction which appeared in his last visit; he remembered a certain incoherence in his speech, a violence of gesture and wildness of look, that now evidently denoted a disturbed understanding; and he determined, for his own credit and security, to disentangle himself from such a dangerous acquaintance.

With this view, he, in imitation of Sir Steady, commanded his gate to be shut against our adventurer; so that, when he went to know the result of his lordship's conference with the minister, the door was flung in his face, and the janitor told him, through an iron grate, that he needed not to give himself the trouble of calling again, for his lord desired to be excused from seeing him. He spoke not a word in answer to this declaration, which he immediately imputed to the ill offices of the minister, against whom he breathed defiance and revenge, in his way to the lodgings of Cadwallader; who, being made acquainted with the manner of his reception, begged he would desist from all schemes of vengeance, until he, Crabtree, should be able to unriddle the mystery of the whole, which he did not doubt of unveiling by means of his acquaintance with a family in which his lordship often spent the evening at whist.

It was not long before he had the desired opportunity. The nobleman being under no injunctions or obligation to keep the affair secret, discovered the young gentleman's misfortune, by way of news, to the first company in which he

happened to be; and Peregrine's name was not so obscure in the fashionable world, but that his disorder became the general topic of conversation for a day; so that his friend soon partook of the intelligence, and found means to learn the particulars of the minister's information, as above related. Nay, he was in danger of becoming a proselyte to Sir Steady's opinion, when he recalled and compared every circumstance which he knew of Pickle's impatience and impetuosity.

Indeed, nothing more easily gains credit than an imputation of madness fixed upon any person whatsoever; for when the suspicion of the world is roused, and its observation once set at work, the wisest, the coolest man upon earth, will, by some particulars in his behaviour, convict himself of the charge. Every singularity in his dress and manner (and such are observable in every person), that before passed unheeded, now rises up in judgment against him, with all the exaggeration of the observer's fancy; and the sagacious examiner perceives distraction in every glance of the eye, turn of the finger, and motion of the head. When he speaks, there is a strange peculiarity in his argument and expression; when he holds his tongue, his imagination teems with some extravagant reverie; his sobriety of demeanour is no other than a lucid interval, and his passion mere delirium.

If people of the most sedate and insipid life and conversation are subject to such criticisms, no wonder that they should take place upon a youth of Peregrine's fiery disposition, which, on some occasions, would have actually justified any remarks of this kind which his greatest enemies could make. He was accordingly represented as one of those enterprising bucks, who, after having spent their fortunes in riot and excess, are happily bereft of their understanding, and consequently insensible of the want and disgrace which they have entailed upon themselves.

Cadwallader himself was so much affected with the report, that for some time he hesitated in his deliberations upon our hero, before he could prevail upon himself to communicate to him the information he had received, or to treat him in other respects as a man of sound intellects. At length, however, he ventured to make Pickle acquainted with the particulars he had learned, imparting them with such caution and circumlocution as he thought necessary to prevent the young gentleman from transgressing all bounds of temper and moderation; but for once he was agreeably deceived in his prognostic. Incensed as our hero was at the conduct of the minister, he could not help laughing at the ridiculous aspersion, which he told his friend he would soon refute in a manner that should not be very agreeable to his calumniator; observing that it was a common practice with the State pilot thus to slander those people to whom he lay under obligations which he had no mind to discharge. "True it is," said Peregrine, "he has succeeded more than once in contrivances of this kind, having actually reduced divers people of weak heads to such extremity of despair as hath issued in downright distraction, whereby he was rid of their importunities, and his judgment confirmed at the same time. But I have now, thank Heaven, attained to such a pitch of philosophical resolution as will support me against all his machinations; and I will forthwith exhibit the monster to the public, in his true lineaments of craft, perfidy, and ingratitude.

This indeed was the plan with which Mr. Pickle had amused himself during the researches of Crabtree; and by this time it so effectually flattered his imagination, that he believed he should be able to bring his adversary, in spite of all his power, to his own terms of submission, by distinguishing himself in the list of those who, at that period, wrote against the administration. Nor was this scheme so extravagant as it may seem to be, had not he overlooked one material circumstance, which Cadwallader himself did not recollect, when he approved of this project.

While he thus meditated vengeance, the fame of his disorder, in due course of circulation, reached the ears of that lady of quality whose memoirs have already appeared in these adventures. The correspondence with which she had honoured our hero had been long broke off, for the reason already advanced, namely, his dread of being exposed to her infatuating charms. He had been candid enough to make her acquainted with the cause of exiling himself from her presence; and she admitted the prudence of self-restraint, although she would have been very well satisfied with the continuance of his intimacy and conversation, which were not at all beneath the desire of any lady in the kingdom. Notwithstanding this interruption, she still retained a friendship and regard for his character, and felt all the affliction of a humane heart at the news of his misfortunes and deplorable distemper. She had seen him courted and cultivated in the sunshine of his prosperity; but she knew, from sad experience, how all those insect-followers shrink away in the winter of distress. Her compassion represented him as a poor unhappy lunatic, destitute of all the necessaries of life, dragging about the ruins of human nature, and exhibiting the spectacle of blasted youth to the scorn and abhorrence of his fellow-creatures. Aching with these charitable considerations, she found means to learn in what part of the town he lodged; and laying aside all superfluous ceremony, went in a hackney chair to his door, which was opened by the ever-faithful Pipes.

Her ladyship immediately recollected the features of his trusty follower, whom she could not help loving in her heart for his attachment and fidelity, which after she had applauded with a most gracious commendation, she kindly inquired after the state of his master's health, and asked if he was in a condition to be seen.

Tom, who could not suppose that the visit of a fine lady would be unacceptable to a youth of Peregrine's complexion, made no verbal reply to the question; but beckoning her ladyship with an arch significance of feature, at which she could not forbear smiling, walked softly upstairs; and she, in obedience to the signal, followed her guide into the apartment of our hero, whom she found at a writing-table, in the very act of composing a eulogium upon his good friend Sir Steady. The nature of his work had animated his countenance with an uncommon degree of vivacity; and being dressed in a neat dishabille, his figure could not have appeared to more advantage in the eye of a person who despised the tinsel of unnecessary ornament. She was extremely well pleased to see her expectations so agreeably disappointed; for, instead of the squalid circumstances and wretched looks attending indigence and distraction, everything was decent and genteel; and the patient's aspect such as betokened internal satisfaction. Hearing the rustling of silk in his room, he lifted up his eyes from the paper, and seeing her ladyship, was struck with astonishment and awe, as at the unexpected apparition of some supernatural being.

Before he could recollect himself from his con-

fusion, which called the blood into his cheeks, she told him that, on the strength of old acquaintance, she was come to visit him, though it was a long time since he had given her good reason to believe he had absolutely forgot that there was such a person as she in being. After having made the most warm acknowledgments for this unforeseen honour, he assured her ladyship that the subject of her reproach was not his fault, but rather his very great misfortune; and that, if it had been in his power to forget her so easily as she seemed to imagine, he should never have given her cause to tax him with want of duty and respect.

Still dubious of his situation, she began to converse with him on different subjects; and he acquitted himself so well in every particular, that she no longer doubted his having been misrepresented by the malice of his enemies, and candidly told him the cause and intent of her coming. He was not deficient in expressions of gratitude for this instance of her generosity and friendship, which even drew tears from his eyes. As to the imputation of madness, he explained it so much to her ladyship's satisfaction, that she evidently perceived he had been barbarously dealt with, and that the charge was no other than a most villanous aspersion.

Notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal the true state of his finances, it was impossible for him to give this detail without disclosing some of the difficulties under which he laboured; and her ladyship's sagacity divining the rest, she not only made him a tender of assistance, but, presenting a bank-note for a considerable sum, insisted upon his acceptance of it as a trifling mark of her esteem, and a specimen of what she was inclined to do in his behalf. But this mark of her benevolence he would by no means receive; assuring her that, though his affairs were at present a little perplexed, he had never felt the least circumstance of distress, and begging that she would not subject him to the burden of such an unnecessary obligation.

Being obliged to put up with this refusal, she protested she would never forgive him should she ever hear that he rejected her offer, when he stood in need of her aid; or if, in time to come, he should not apply to her friendship, if ever he should find himself incommoded in point of fortune. "An over delicacy in this respect," said she, "I shall look upon as a disapprobation of my own conduct; because I myself have been obliged to have recourse to my friends in such emergencies."

These generous remonstrances and marks of particular friendship could not fail to make a deep impression upon the heart of our hero, which still smarted from the former impulse of her charms; he not only felt all those transports which a man of honour and sensibility may be supposed to feel upon such an occasion, but the sentiments of a more tender passion awaking in his breast, he could not help expressing himself in terms adapted to the emotions of his soul; and at length plainly told her, that, were he disposed to be a beggar, he would ask something of infinitely more importance to his peace than the charitable assistance she had proffered.

Her ladyship had too much penetration to mistake his meaning; but, as she did not choose to encourage his advances, pretended to interpret his intimation into a general compliment of gallantry, and, in a jocose manner, desired he would not give her any reason to believe his lucid interval was past. "In faith, my lady," said he, "I perceive the fit coming on; and I don't see why I may not use the privilege of my distemper, so far as to declare myself one of your most passionate admirers." "If you do," replied her ladyship, "I shall not be fool enough to believe a madman, unless I were assured that your disorder proceeded from your love; and that this was the case, I suppose you will find it difficult to prove." "Nay, madam," cried the youth, "I have in this drawer what will convince you of my having been mad on that strain; and, since you doubt my pretension, you must give me leave to produce my testimonials." So saying, he opened a scrutoire, and, taking out a paper, presented her with the following song, which he had written in her praise, immediately after he was made acquainted with the particulars of her story:—

While with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain;
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine;
Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when invoked to Beauty's aid,
I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd,
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate:
Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
The social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirit, sense, and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And, every faculty oppress'd,
Almighty love invades my breast!

Her ladyship having perused this production, "Were I inclined to be suspicious," said she, "I should believe that I had no share in producing this composition, which seems to have been inspired by a much more amiable object. However, I will take your word for your intention, and thank you for the unmerited compliment, though I have met with it in such an accidental manner. Nevertheless, I must be so free as to tell you it is now high time for you to contract that unbounded spirit of gallantry which you have indulged so long, into a sincere attachment for the fair Emilia, who, by all accounts, deserves the whole of your attention and regard." His nerves thrilled at mention of that name, which he never heard pronounced without agitation. Rather than undergo the consequence of a conversation upon this subject, he chose to drop the theme of love altogether, and industriously introduced some other topic of discourse.

CHAPTER XCVII.

He writes against the Minister, by whose Instigation he is arrested, and moves himself by Habeas Corpus *into the Fleet.*

My lady having prolonged her stay beyond the period of a common visit, and repeated her protestations in the most frank and obliging manner, took her leave of our adventurer, who promised to pay his respects to her in a few days at her own house. Meanwhile he resumed his task; and having finished a most severe remonstrance against Sir Steady, not only with regard to his private in-

gratitude, but also to his mal-administration of public affairs, he sent it to the author of a weekly paper, who had been long a professed reformer in politics; and it appeared in a very few days, with a note of the publisher, desiring the favour of further correspondence with the author.

The animadversions contained in this small essay were so spirited and judicious, and a great many new lights thrown upon the subject, with such perspicuity as attracted the notice of the public in an extraordinary manner, and helped to raise the character of the paper in which it was inserted. The minister was not the last who examined the performance, which, in spite of all his boasted temper, provoked him to such a degree that he set his emissaries at work, and, by dint of corruption, procured a sight of the manuscript in Peregrine's own handwriting, which he immediately recognised; but, for further confirmation of his opinion, he compared it with the two letters which he had received from our adventurer. Had he known the young gentleman's talents for declamation were so acute, perhaps he would never have given him cause to complain, but employed him in the vindication of his own measures; nay, he might still have treated him like some other authors whom he had brought over from the opposition, had not the keenness of this first assault incensed him to a desire of revenge. He therefore no sooner made this discovery than he conveyed his directions to his dependant, the receiver-general, who was possessed of Pickle's notes. Next day, while our author stood within a circle of his acquaintance, at a certain coffee-house, holding forth with great eloquence upon the diseases of the State, he was accosted by a bailiff, who, entering the room with five or six followers, told him aloud that he had a writ against him for twelve hundred pounds, at the suit of Mr. Ravage Gleanum.

The whole company were astonished at this address, which did not fail to discompose the defendant himself, who, as it were instinctively, in the midst of his confusion, saluted the officer across the head with his cane; in consequence of which application he was surrounded and disarmed in an instant by the gang, who carried him off to the next tavern in the most opprobrious manner. Nor did one of the spectators interpose in his behalf, or visit him in his confinement with the least tender of advice or assistance; such is the zeal of a coffee-house friendship.

This stroke was the more severe upon our hero, as it was altogether unexpected; for he had utterly forgot the debt for which he was arrested. His present indignation was, however, chiefly kindled against the bailiff, who had done his office in such a disrespectful manner; and the first use he made of his recollection in the house to which they conducted him, was to chastise him for the insolence and indecency of his behaviour. This task he performed with his bare fists, every other weapon being previously conveyed out of his reach; and the delinquent underwent his discipline with surprising patience and resignation, asking pardon with great humility, and protesting before God that he had never willingly and wittingly used any gentlemen with ill manners, but had been commanded to arrest our adventurer, according to the express direction of the creditor, on pain of forfeiting his place.

By this declaration Peregrine was appeased, and out of a delirium of passion waked to all the horrors of reflection. All the glory of his youth was now eclipsed, all the blossoms of his hope were blasted, and he saw himself doomed to the miseries of a jail, without the least prospect of enlargement, except in the issue of his lawsuit, of which he had, for some time past, grown less and less confident every day. What would become of the unfortunate, if the constitution of the mind did not permit them to bring one passion into the field against another? passions that operate in the human breast, like poisons of a different nature, extinguishing each other's effect. Our hero's grief reigned in full despotism, until it was deposed by revenge; during the predominancy of which he considered everything which had happened as a circumstance conducive to its gratification. "If I must be a prisoner for life," said he to himself, "if I must relinquish all my gay expectations, let me at least have the satisfaction of clanking my chains so as to interrupt the repose of my adversary; and let me search in my own breast for that peace and contentment which I have not been able to find in all the scenes of my success. In being detached from the world I shall be delivered from folly and ingratitude, as well as exempted from an expense which I should have found it very difficult, if not impracticable, to support; I shall have little or no temptation to misspend my time, and more undisturbed opportunity to earn my subsistence and prosecute my revenge. After all, a jail is the best tub to which a cynic philosopher can retire."

In consequence of these comfortable reflections he sent a letter to Mr. Crabtree, with an account of his misfortune, signifying his resolution to move himself immediately into the Fleet, and desiring that he would send him some understanding attorney of his acquaintance, who would direct him into the steps necessary to be taken for that purpose. The misanthrope, upon the receipt of this intimation, went in person to a lawyer, whom he accompanied to the spunging-house, whither the prisoner had by this time retired. Peregrine was, under the auspices of this director, conducted to the judges' chamber, where he was left in the custody of a tipstaff; and, after having paid for a warrant of *habeas corpus*, by him conveyed to the Fleet, and delivered to the care of the warden.

Here he was introduced to the lodge, in which he was obliged to expose himself a full half-hour to the eyes of all the turnkeys and door-keepers, who took an accurate survey of his person, that they might know him again at first sight; and then he was turned loose into the place called the master's side, having given a valuable consideration for that privilege. This is a large range of building, containing some hundreds of lodging-rooms for the convenience of the prisoners, who pay so much per week for that accommodation. In short, this community is like a city detached from all communication with the neighbouring parts, regulated by its own laws, and furnished with peculiar conveniences for the use of the inhabitants. There is a coffee-house for the resort of gentlemen, in which all sorts of liquors are kept, and a public kitchen, where any quantity of meat is sold at a very reasonable rate, or any kind of provision boiled and roasted *gratis* for the poor prisoners. Nay, there are certain servants of the public, who are obliged to go to market at the pleasure of individuals, without fee or reward from those who employ them. Nor are they cooped up, so as to be excluded from the benefit of fresh

air, there being an open area, of a considerable extent, adjacent to the building, on which they may exercise themselves in walking, skittles, bowls, and a variety of other diversions, according to the inclination of each.

Our adventurer being admitted a denizen of this community, found himself bewildered in the midst of strangers, who, by their appearance, did not at all prepossess him in their favour; and, after having strolled about the place with his friend Cadwallader, repaired to the coffee-house, in order to be further informed of the peculiar customs which it was necessary for him to know.

There, while he endeavoured to pick up intelligence from the bar-keeper, he was accosted by a person in canonicals, who very civilly asked if he was a new-comer. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave him the salutation of welcome to the society, and, with great hospitality, undertook to initiate him in the constitutions of the brotherhood. This humane clergyman gave him to understand that his first care ought to be that of securing a lodging; telling him there was a certain number of apartments in the prison let at the same price, though some were more commodious than others; and that when the better sort became vacant, by the removal of their possessors, those who succeeded in point of seniority had the privilege of occupying the empty tenements preferable to the rest of the inhabitants, howsoever respectable they might otherwise be. That, when the jail was very much crowded, there was but one chamber allotted for two lodgers; but this was not considered as any great hardship on the prisoners; because, in that case, there was always a sufficient number of males, who willingly admitted the females to a share in their apartments and beds. Not but that the time had been when this expedient would not answer the occasion; because, after a couple had been quartered in every room, there was a considerable residue still unprovided with lodging; so that, for the time being, the last comers were obliged to take up their habitation in Mount Scoundrel, an apartment most miserably furnished, in which they lay promiscuously, amidst filth and vermin, until they could be better accommodated in due course of rotation.

Peregrine, hearing the description of this place, began to be very impatient about his night's lodging; and the parson, perceiving his anxiety, conducted him, without loss of time, to the warden, who forthwith put him in possession of a paltry chamber, for which he agreed to pay half-a-crown a week. This point being settled, his director gave him an account of the different methods of eating, either singly, in a mess, or at an ordinary, and advised him to choose the last, as the most reputable, offering to introduce him next day to the best company in the Fleet, who always dined together in public.

Pickle having thanked this gentleman for his civilities, and promised to be governed by his advice, invited him to pass the evening at his apartment; and, in the meantime, shut himself up with Crabtree, in order to deliberate upon the wreck of his affairs. Of all his ample fortune nothing now remained but his wardrobe, which was not very sumptuous, about thirty guineas in cash, and the garrison, which the misanthrope counselled him to convert into ready money for his present subsistence. This advice, however, he absolutely rejected, not only on account of his having already bestowed it upon Hatchway during the term of his natural life, but also with a view of retaining some memorial of the commodore's generosity. He proposed, therefore, to finish in this retreat the translation which he had undertaken, and earn his future subsistence by labour of the same kind. He desired Cadwallader to take charge of his moveables, and send to him such linen and clothes as he should have occasion for in his confinement. But among all his difficulties, nothing embarrassed him so much as his faithful Pipes, whom he could no longer entertain in his service. He knew Tom had made shift to pick up a competency in the course of his ministration; but that reflection, though it in some measure alleviated, could not wholly prevent, the mortification he should suffer in parting with an affectionate adherent, who was by this time become as necessary to him as one of his own members, and who was so accustomed to live under his command and protection, that he did not believe the fellow could reconcile himself to any other way of life.

Crabtree, in order to make him easy on that score, offered to adopt him in the room of his own valet, whom he would dismiss; though he observed that Pipes had been quite spoiled in our hero's service. But Peregrine did not choose to lay his friend under that inconvenience, knowing that his present lacquey understood and complied with all the peculiarities of his humour, which Pipes would never be able to study or regard; he therefore determined to send him back to his shipmate Hatchway, with whom he had spent the fore-part of his life.

These points being adjusted, the two friends adjourned to the coffee-house, with a view of inquiring into the character of the clergyman to whose beneficence our adventurer was so much indebted. They learned he was a person who had incurred the displeasure of the bishop in whose diocese he was settled, and being unequal in power to his antagonist, had been driven to the Fleet, in consequence of his obstinate opposition; though he still found means to enjoy a pretty considerable income, by certain irregular practices in the way of his function, which income was chiefly consumed in acts of humanity to his fellow-creatures in distress.

His eulogium was scarce finished, when he entered the room, according to appointment with Peregrine, who, ordering wine and something for supper to be carried to his apartment, the triumvirate went thither; and Cadwallader taking his leave for the night, the two fellow-prisoners passed the evening very sociably, our hero being entertained by his new companion with a private history of the place, some particulars of which were extremely curious. He told him that the person who attended them at supper, bowing with the most abject servility, and worshipping them every time he opened his mouth, with the epithets of *your lordship* and *your honour*, had, a few years before, been actually a captain in the guards, who, after having run his career in the great world, had threaded every station in their community, from that of a buck of the first order, who swaggers about the Fleet in a laced coat with a footman and whore, to the degree of a tapster, in which he was now happily settled. "If you will take the trouble of going into the cook's kitchen," said he, "you will perceive a beau metamorphosed into a turnspit; and there are some hewers of wood and drawers of water in this microcosm, who have had forests and fishponds of their own. Yet, notwithstanding such a miserable reverse of fortune, they are neither objects of regard nor compassion, because their

misfortunes are the fruits of the most vicious extravagance, and they are absolutely insensible of the misery which is their lot. Those of our fellow-sufferers who have been reduced by undeserved losses, or the precipitation of inexperienced youth, never fail to meet with the most brotherly assistance, provided they behave with decorum, and a due sense of their unhappy circumstances. Nor are we destitute of power to chastise the licentious, who refuse to comply with the regulations of the place, and disturb the peace of the community with riot and disorder. Justice is here impartially administered by a court of equity, consisting of a select number of the most respectable inhabitants, who punish all offenders with equal judgment and resolution, after they have been fairly convicted of the crimes laid to their charge."

The clergyman having thus explained the economy of the place, as well as the cause of his own confinement, began to discover signs of curiosity touching our hero's situation; and Pickle, thinking he could do no less for the satisfaction of a man who had treated him in such a hospitable manner, favoured him with a detail of the circumstances which produced his imprisonment; at the same time gratifying his resentment against the minister, which delighted in recapitulating the injuries he had received. The parson, who had been prepossessed in favour of our youth at first sight, understanding what a considerable part he had acted on the stage of life, felt his veneration increase; and, pleased with the opportunity of introducing a stranger of his consequence to the club, left him to his repose, or rather to ruminate on an event which he had not as yet seriously considered.

I might here, in imitation of some celebrated writers, furnish out a page or two with the reflections he made upon the instability of human affairs, the treachery of the world, and the temerity of youth; and endeavour to decoy the reader into a smile, by some quaint observation of my own, touching the sagacious moralizer. But, besides that I look upon this practice as an impertinent anticipation of the peruser's thoughts, I have too much matter of importance upon my hands to give the reader the least reason to believe that I am driven to such paltry shifts in order to eke out the volume. Suffice it then to say, our adventurer passed a very uneasy night, not only from the thorny suggestions of his mind, but likewise from the anguish of his body, which suffered from the hardness of his couch, as well as from the natural inhabitants thereof, that did not tamely suffer his intrusion.

In the morning he was waked by Pipes, who brought upon his shoulder a portmanteau filled with necessaries, according to the direction of Cadwallader; and tossing it down upon the floor, regaled himself with a quid, without the least manifestation of concern. After some pause, "You see, Pipes," said his master, "to what I have brought myself." "Ey, ey," answered the valet, "once the vessel is ashore, what signifies talking? We must bear a hand to tow her off, if we can. If she won't budge for all the anchors and capstans aboard, after we have lightened her, by cutting away her masts, and heaving our guns and cargo overboard, why then, mayhap a brisk gale of wind, a tide, or current setting from shore, may float her again in the blast of a whistle. Here is two hundred and ten guineas by the tale in this here canvas bag; and upon this scrap of paper—no, avast—that's my discharge from the parish for Moll Trundle—ey, here it is—an order for thirty pounds upon the what-d'ye-call-'em in the city; and two tickets for twenty-five and eighteen, which I lent, d'ye see, to Sam Studding to buy a cargo of rum, when he hoisted the sign of the Commodore at St. Catherine's." So saying, he spread his whole stock upon the table, for the acceptance of Peregrine, who, being very much affected with this fresh instance of his attachment, expressed his satisfaction at seeing he had been such a good economist, and paid his wages up to that very day. He thanked him for his faithful services, and, observing that he himself was no longer in a condition to maintain a domestic, advised him to retire to the garrison, where he would be kindly received by his friend Hatchway, to whom he would recommend him in the strongest terms.

Pipes looked blank at this unexpected intimation, to which he replied that he wanted neither pay nor provision, but only to be employed as a tender; and that he would not steer his course for the garrison unless his master would first take his lumber aboard. Pickle, however, peremptorily refused to touch a farthing of the money, which he commanded him to put up; and Pipes was so mortified at his refusal, that, twisting the notes together, he threw them into the fire without hesitation, crying, "Damn the money!" The canvas bag, with its contents, would have shared the same fate, had not Peregrine started up, and snatching the paper from the flames, ordered his valet to forbear, on pain of being banished for ever from his sight. He told him that, for the present, there was a necessity for his being dismissed, and he discharged him accordingly; but if he would go and live quietly with the lieutenant, he promised, on the first favourable turn of his fortune, to take him again into his service. In the meantime he gave him to understand that he neither wanted nor would make any use of his money, which he insisted upon his pocketing immediately, on pain of forfeiting all title to his favour.

Pipes was very much chagrined at these injunctions, to which he made no reply; but sweeping the money into his bag, stalked off in silence, with a look of grief and mortification, which his countenance had never exhibited before. Nor was the proud heart of Pickle unmoved upon the occasion; he could scarce suppress his sorrow in the presence of Pipes, and soon as he was gone, it vented itself in tears.

Having no great pleasure in conversing with his own thoughts, he dressed himself with all convenient despatch, being attended by one of the occasional valets of the place, who had formerly been a rich mercer in the city; and this operation being performed, he went to breakfast at the coffee-house, where he happened to meet with his friend the clergyman, and several persons of genteel appearance, to whom the doctor introduced him as a new messmate. By these gentlemen he was conducted to a place, where they spent the forenoon in playing at fives, an exercise in which our hero took singular delight; and about one o'clock a court was held for the trial of two delinquents, who had transgressed the laws of honesty and good order.

The first who appeared at the bar was an attorney, accused of having picked a gentleman's pocket of his handkerchief. And the fact being proved by incontestable evidence, he received sentence: in consequence of which he was immediately carried to the public pump, and subjected to a severe cascade of cold water. This cause being discussed, they proceeded to the trial of the other offender, who was a lieutenant

of a man-of-war, indicted for a riot which he had committed in company with a female, not yet taken, against the laws of the place, and the peace of his fellow-prisoners. The culprit had been very obstreperous, and absolutely refused to obey the summons, with many expressions of contempt and defiance against the authority of the court; upon which the constables were ordered to bring him to the bar *vi et armis;* and he was accordingly brought before the judge, after having made a most desperate resistance with a hanger, by which one of the officers was dangerously wounded. This outrage was such an aggravation of his crime that the court would not venture to decide upon it, but remitted him to the sentence of the warden; who, by virtue of his dictatorial power, ordered the rioter to be loaded with irons, and confined in the strong room, which is a dismal dungeon, situated upon the side of the ditch, infested with toads and vermin, surcharged with noisome damps, and impervious to the least ray of light.

Justice being done upon these criminals, our adventurer and his company adjourned to the ordinary, which was kept at the coffee-house; and he found, upon inquiry, that his messmates consisted of one officer, two underwriters, three projectors, an alchemist, an attorney, a parson, a brace of poets, a baronet, and a knight of the bath. The dinner, though not sumptuous, nor very elegantly served up, was nevertheless substantial, and pretty well dressed. The wine was tolerable, and all the guests as cheerful as if they had been utter strangers to calamity; so that our adventurer began to relish the company, and mix in the conversation, with that sprightliness and ease which were peculiar to his disposition. The repast being ended, the reckoning paid, and part of the gentlemen withdrawn to cards or other avocations, those who remained, among whom Peregrine made one, agreed to spend the afternoon in conversation over a bowl of punch; and the liquor being produced, they passed the time very socially in various topics of discourse, including many curious anecdotes relating to their own affairs. No man scrupled to own the nature of the debt for which he was confined, unless it happened to be some piddling affair; but, on the contrary, boasted of the importance of the sum, as a circumstance that implied his having been a person of consequence in life; and he who made the most remarkable escapes from bailiffs was looked upon as a man of superior genius and address.

Among other extraordinary adventures of this kind, none was more romantic than the last elopement achieved by the officer; who told them he had been arrested for a debt of two hundred pounds, at a time when he could not command as many pence, and conveyed to the bailiff's house, in which he continued a whole fortnight, moving his lodgings higher and higher, from time to time, in proportion to the decay of his credit; until, from the parlour, he had made a regular ascent to the garret. There, while he ruminated on his next step, which would have been to the Marshalsea, and saw the night come on, attended with hunger and cold, the wind began to blow, and the tiles of the house rattled with the storm. His imagination was immediately struck with the idea of escaping unperceived, amidst the darkness and noise of the tempest, by creeping out of the window of his apartment, and making his way over the tops of the adjoining houses. Glowing with this prospect, he examined the passage, which, to his infinite mortification, he found grated with iron bars on the outside; but even this difficulty did not divert him from his purpose. Conscious of his own strength, he believed himself able to make a hole through the roof, which seemed to be slender and crazy; and on this supposition he barricaded the door with the whole furniture of the room; then setting himself to work with a poker, he in a few minutes effected a passage for his hand, with which he gradually stripped off the boards and tiling, so as to open a sallyport for his whole body, through which he fairly set himself free, groping his way towards the next tenement. Here, however, he met with an unlucky accident. His hat being blown off his head, chanced to fall into the court just as one of the bailiff's followers was knocking at the door; and this myrmidon recognising it, immediately gave the alarm to his chief, who, running upstairs to the garret, forced open the door in a twinkling, notwithstanding the precautions which the prisoner had taken, and, with his attendant, pursued the fugitive through his own track. "After this chase had continued some time," said the officer, "to the imminent danger of all three, I found my progress suddenly stopped by a skylight, through which I perceived seven tailors sitting at work upon a board. Without the least hesitation or previous notice, I plunged among them with my backside foremost. Before they could recollect themselves from the consternation occasioned by such a strange visit, I told them my situation, and gave them to understand that there was no time to be lost. One of the number, taking the hint, led me instantly down-stairs, and dismissed me at the street door; while the bailiff and his follower, arriving at the breach, were deterred from entering by the brethren of my deliverer, who, presenting their shears, like a range of *chevaux de frize,* commanded them to retire, on pain of immediate death. And the catchpole, rather than risk his carcass, consented to discharge the debt, comforting himself with the hope of making me prisoner again. There, however, he was disappointed. I kept snug, and laughed at his escape-warrant, until I was ordered abroad with the regiment, when I conveyed myself in a hearse to Gravesend, where I embarked for Flanders; but, being obliged to come over again on the recruiting service, I was nabbed on another score. And all the satisfaction my first captor has been able to obtain is a writ of detainer, which, I believe, will fix me in this place, until the parliament, in its great goodness, shall think proper to discharge my debts by a new act of insolvency."

Everybody owned that the captain's success was equal to the hardiness of his enterprise, which was altogether in the style of a soldier; but one of the merchants observed that he must have been a bailiff of small experience, who would trust a prisoner of that consequence in such an unguarded place. "If the captain," said he, "had fallen into the hands of such a cunning rascal as the fellow that arrested me, he would not have found it such an easy matter to escape; for the manner in which I was caught is perhaps the most extraordinary that ever was practised in these realms. You must know, gentlemen, I suffered such losses by insuring vessels during the war, that I was obliged to stop payment, though my expectations were such as encouraged me to manage one branch of business, without coming to an immediate composition with my creditors. In short, I received consignments from abroad as usual; and, that I might not be subject to the visits of those catchpoles, I never stirred abroad, but, turning

my first floor into a warehouse, ordered all my goods to be hoisted up by a crane fixed to the upper storey of my house. Divers were the stratagems practised by those ingenious ferrets, with a view of decoying me from the walls of my fortification. I received innumerable messages from people who wanted to see me at certain taverns upon particular business. I was summoned into the country, to see my own mother, who was said to be at the point of death. A gentlewoman one night was taken in labour on my threshold. At another time I was disturbed with the cry of murder in the street; and once I was alarmed by a false fire. But, being still upon my guard, I baffled all their attempts, and thought myself quite secure from their invention, when one of those blood-hounds, inspired, I believe, by the devil himself, contrived a snare by which I was at last entrapped. He made it his business to inquire into the particulars of my traffic; and understanding that, among other things, there were several chests of Florence entered at the custom-house on my behalf, he ordered himself to be enclosed in a box of the same dimensions, with air-holes in the bottom, for the benefit of breathing, and No. III. marked upon the cover; and being conveyed to my door in a cart, among other goods, was, in his turn, hoisted up to my warehouse, where I stood with a hammer, in order to open the chests, that I might compare the contents with the invoice. You may guess my surprise and consternation, when, upon uncovering the box, I saw a bailiff rearing up his head, like Lazarus from the grave, and heard him declare that he had a writ against me for a thousand pounds. Indeed, I aimed the hammer at his head, but, in the hurry of my confusion, missed my mark; before I could repeat the blow, he started up with great agility, and executed his office in sight of several evidences whom he had assembled in the street for that purpose; so that I could not possibly disentangle myself from the toil without incurring an escape-warrant, from which I had no protection. But, had I known the contents of the chest, by all that 's good ! I would have ordered my porter to raise it up as high as the crane would permit, and then have cut the rope by accident."

"That expedient," said the knight with the red ribbon, "would have discouraged him from such hazardous attempts for the future, and would have been an example *in terrorem* of all his brethren. The story puts me in mind of a deliverance achieved by Tom Hackabout, a very stout honest fellow, an old acquaintance of mine, who had been so famous for maiming bailiffs, that another gentleman having been ill-used at a spunging-house, no sooner obtained his liberty, than, with a view of being revenged upon the landlord, he, for five shillings, bought one of Tom's notes, which sold at a very large discount, and, taking out a writ upon it, put it into the hands of the bailiff, who had used him ill. The catchpole, after a diligent search, had an opportunity of executing the writ upon the defendant, who, without ceremony, broke one of his arms, fractured his skull, and belaboured him in such a manner that he lay without sense or motion on the spot. By such exploits this hero became so formidable that no single bailiff would undertake to arrest him; so that he appeared in all public places untouched. At length, however, several officers of the Marshalsea court entered into a confederacy against him; and two of the number, attended by three desperate followers, ventured to arrest him one day in the Strand, near Hungerford market. He found it impossible to make resistance, because the whole gang sprung upon him at once, like so many tigers, and pinioned his arms so fast that he could not wag a finger. Perceiving himself fairly overpowered, he desired to be conducted forthwith to jail, and was stowed in a boat accordingly; by the time they had reached the middle of the river, he found means to overset the wherry by accident, and every man disregarding the prisoner, consulted his own safety. As for Hackabout, to whom that element was quite familiar, he mounted astride upon the keel of the boat, which was uppermost, and exhorted the bailiffs to swim for their lives; protesting before God that they had no other chance to be saved.

"The watermen were immediately taken up by some of their own friends, who, far from yielding any assistance to the catchpoles, kept aloof, and exulted in their calamity. In short, two of the five went to the bottom, and never saw the light of God's sun, and the other three, with great difficulty, saved themselves by laying hold on the rudder of a dung barge, to which they were carried by the stream, while Tom, with great deliberation, swam across to the Surrey shore. After this achievement he was so much dreaded by the whole fraternity that they shivered at the very mention of his name; and this character, which some people would think an advantage to a man in debt, was the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to him; because no tradesman would give him credit for the least trifle, on the supposition that he could not indemnify himself in the common course of law."

The parson did not approve of Mr. Hackabout's method of escaping, which he considered as a very unchristian attempt upon the lives of his fellow-subjects :—"It is enough," said he, "that we elude the laws of our country, without murdering the officers of justice. For my own part, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and safely say that I forgive from my soul the fellow by whom I was made a prisoner, although the circumstances of his behaviour were treacherous, wicked, and profane. You must know, Mr. Pickle, I was one day called into my chapel, in order to join a couple in the holy bands of matrimony; and my affairs being at that time so situated as to lay me under apprehensions of an arrest, I cautiously surveyed the man through a lattice which was made for that purpose, before I would venture to come within his reach. He was clothed in a seaman's jacket and trousers, and had such an air of simplicity in his countenance as divested me of all suspicion. I therefore, without further scruple, trusted myself in his presence, began to exercise the duty of my function, and had actually performed one half of the ceremony, when the supposed woman, pulling out a paper from her bosom, exclaimed, with a masculine voice, 'Sir, you are my prisoner; I have got a writ against you for five hundred pounds.' I was thunderstruck at this declaration, not so much on account of my own misfortune, which, thank Heaven, I can bear with patience and resignation, as at the impiety of the wretch, first, in disguising such a worldly aim under the cloak of religion; and, secondly, in prostituting the service, when there was no occasion for so doing, his design having previously taken effect. Yet I forgive him, poor soul ! because he knew not what he did; and I hope you, Sir Sipple, will exert the same Christian virtue towards the man by whom you was likewise overreached."

"Oh! damn the rascal!" cried the knight; "were I his judge, he should be condemned to flames everlasting. A villain! to disgrace me in such a manner, before almost all the fashionable company in town." Our hero expressing a curiosity to know the particulars of this adventure, the knight gratified his desire by telling him that one evening, while he was engaged in a party of cards, at a drum in the house of a certain lady of quality, he was given to understand by one of the servants that a stranger, very richly dressed, was just arrived in a chair, preceded by five footmen with flambeaux, and that he refused to come up-stairs until he should be introduced by Sir Sipple. "Upon this notice," continued the knight, "I judged it was some of my quality friends; and having obtained her ladyship's permission to bring him up, went down to the hall, and perceived a person, whom, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen before. However, his appearance was so magnificent that I could not harbour the least suspicion of his true quality; and, seeing me advance, he saluted me with a very genteel bow, observing, that though he had not the honour of my acquaintance, he could not dispense with waiting upon me, even on that occasion, in consequence of a letter which he had received from a particular friend. So saying, he put a paper into my hand, intimating that he had got a writ against me for ten thousand pounds, and that it would be my interest to submit without resistance, for he was provided with a guard of twenty men, who surrounded the door in different disguises, determined to secure me against all opposition. Enraged at the scoundrel's finesse, and trusting to the assistance of the real footmen assembled in the hall, "So you are a rascally bailiff," said I, "who have assumed the garb of a gentleman, in order to disturb her ladyship's company. Take this fellow, my lads, and roll him in the kennel. Here are ten guineas for your trouble." These words were no sooner pronounced than I was seized, lifted up, placed in a chair, and carried off in the twinkling of an eye; not but that the servants of the house, and some other footmen, made a motion towards my rescue, and alarmed all the company above. But the bailiff affirming with undaunted effrontery that I was taken up upon an affair of State, and so many people appearing in his behalf, the countess would not suffer the supposed messenger to be insulted; and he carried me to the county jail without further let or molestation.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

Pickle seems tolerably well reconciled to his Cage; and is by the Clergyman entertained with the Memoirs of a noted Personage, whom he sees by accident in the Fleet.

THE knight had scarce finished his narrative, when our hero was told that a gentleman in the coffee-room wanted to see him; and when he went thither he found his friend Crabtree, who had transacted all his affairs, according to the determination of the preceding day; and now gave him an account of the remarks he had overheard on the subject of his misfortune;—for the manner of the arrest was so public and extraordinary, that those who were present immediately propagated it among their acquaintance, and it was that same evening discoursed upon at several tea and card tables, with this variation from the truth, that the debt amounted to twelve thousand, instead of twelve hundred pounds. From which circumstance it was conjectured that Peregrine was a bite from the beginning, who had found credit on account of his effrontery and appearance, and imposed himself upon the town as a young gentleman of fortune. They rejoiced, therefore, at his calamity, which they considered as a just punishment for his fraud and presumption, and began to review certain particulars of his conduct, that plainly demonstrated him to be a rank adventurer long before he had arrived at this end of his career.

Pickle, who now believed his glory was set for ever, received this intelligence with that disdain which enables a man to detach himself effectually from the world, and, with great tranquillity, gave the misanthrope an entertaining detail of what he had seen and heard since their last parting. While they amused themselves in this manner over a dish of coffee, they were joined by the parson, who congratulated our hero upon his bearing mischance with such philosophic quiet, and began to regale the two friends with some curious circumstances relating to the private history of the several prisoners, as they happened to come in.

At length a gentleman entered, at sight of whom the clergyman rose up, and saluted him with a most reverential bow, which was graciously returned by the stranger, who, with a young man that attended him, retired to the other end of the room. They were no sooner out of hearing than the communicative priest desired his company to take particular notice of this person to whom he had paid his respects. "That man," said he, "is this day one of the most flagrant instances of neglected virtue which the world can produce. Over and above a cool discerning head, fraught with uncommon learning and experience, he is possessed of such fortitude and resolution, as no difficulties can discourage, and no danger impair; and so indefatigable in his humanity, that even now, while he is surrounded with such embarrassments as would distract the brain of any ordinary mortal, he has added considerably to his encumbrances, by taking under his protection that young gentleman, who, induced by his character, appealed to his benevolence for redress of the grievances under which he labours from the villany of his guardian."

Peregrine's curiosity being excited by this encomium, he asked the name of this generous patron, of which when he was informed, "I am no stranger," said he, "to the fame of that gentleman, who has made a considerable noise in the world, on account of that great cause he undertook in defence of an unhappy orphan; and, since he is a person of such an amiable disposition, I am heartily sorry to find that his endeavours have not met with that successful issue which their good fortune in the beginning seemed to promise. Indeed, the circumstance of his espousing that cause was so uncommon and romantic, and the depravity of the human heart so universal, that some people, unacquainted with his real character, imagined his views were altogether selfish; and some were not wanting who affirmed he was a mere adventurer. Nevertheless I must do him the justice to own, I have heard some of the most virulent of those who were concerned on the other side of the question, bear testimony in his favour, observing that he was deceived into the expense of the whole by the plausible story which at first engaged his compassion. Your description of his character confirms me in the same opinion, though I am quite ignorant of the affair; the particulars of which

I should be glad to learn, as well as a genuine account of his own life, many circumstances of which are by his enemies, I believe, egregiously misrepresented."

"Sir," answered the priest, "that is a piece of satisfaction which I am glad to find myself capable of giving you. I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. M(ackercher)[1] from his youth, and everything which I shall relate concerning him you may depend upon as a fact which hath fallen under my own cognizance, or been vouched upon the credit of undoubted evidence.

"Mr. M(ackercher)'s father was a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, descended from a very ancient clan, and his mother nearly related to a noble family in the northern part of that kingdom. While the son was boarded at a public school, where he made good progress in the Latin tongue, his father died, and he was left an orphan to the care of an uncle, who, finding him determined against any servile employment, kept him at school, that he might prepare himself for the university, with a view of being qualified for his father's profession.

"Here his imagination was so heated by the warlike achievements he found recorded in the Latin authors, such as Cæsar, Curtius, and Buchanan, that he was seized with an irresistible thirst of military glory, and desire of trying his fortune in the army. His majesty's troops taking the field, in consequence of the rebellion which happened in the year seventeen hundred and fifteen, this young adventurer, thinking no life equal to that of a soldier, found means to furnish himself with a fusil and bayonet, and, leaving the school, repaired to the camp near Stirling, with a view of signalizing himself in the field, though he was at that time but just turned of thirteen. He offered his service to several officers, in hope of being enlisted in their companies; but they would not receive him, because they rightly concluded that he was some school-boy broke loose, without the knowledge or consent of his relations. Notwithstanding this discouragement, he continued in camp, curiously prying into every part of the service; and such was the resolution conspicuous in him, even at such a tender age, that, after his small finances were exhausted, he persisted in his design; and, because he would not make his wants known, actually subsisted for several days on hips, haws, and sloes, and other spontaneous fruits, which he gathered in the woods and fields. Meanwhile, he never failed to be present when any regiment or corps of men were drawn out to be exercised and reviewed, and accompanied them in all their evolutions, which he had learned to great perfection, by observing the companies which were quartered in the place where he was at school. This eagerness and perseverance attracted the notice of many officers, who, after having commended his spirit and zeal, pressed him to return to his parents, and even threatened to expel him from the camp, if he would not comply with their advice.

"These remonstrances having no other effect than that of warning him to avoid his monitors, they thought proper to alter their behaviour towards him, took him into their protection, and even into their mess; and what, above all other marks of favour, pleased the young soldier most, permitted him to incorporate in the battalion, and take his turn of duty with the other men. In this happy situation he was discovered by a relation of his mother, who was a captain in the army, and who used all his authority and influence in persuading M(ackercher) to return to school; but finding him deaf to his admonitions and threats, he took him under his own care, and, when the army marched to Dumblane, left him at Stirling, with express injunctions to keep himself within the walls.

"He temporized with his kinsman, fearing that, should he seem refractory, the captain would have ordered him to be shut up in the castle. Inflamed with the desire of seeing a battle, his relation no sooner marched off the ground than he mixed in with another regiment, to which his former patrons belonged, and proceeded to the field, where he distinguished himself, even at that early time of life, by his gallantry, in helping to retrieve a pair of colours belonging to M(oriso)n's regiment; so that, after the affair, he was presented to the Duke of Argyll, and recommended strongly to Brigadier Grant, who invited him into his regiment, and promised to provide for him with the first opportunity. But that gentleman in a little time lost his command upon the duke's disgrace, and the regiment was ordered for Ireland, being given to Colonel Nassau, whose favour the young volunteer acquired to such a degree, that he was recommended to the king for an ensigncy, which in all probability he would have obtained, had not the regiment been unluckily reduced.

"In consequence of this reduction, which happened in the most severe season of the year, he was obliged to return to his own country, through infinite hardships, to which he was exposed from the narrowness of his circumstances. And continuing still enamoured of a military life, he entered into the regiment of Scotch Greys, at that time commanded by the late Sir James Campbell, who being acquainted with his family and character, encouraged him with a promise of speedy preferment. In this corps he remained three years, during which he had no opportunity of seeing actual service, except at the affair of Glensheel; and this life of insipid quiet must have hung heavy upon a youth of M(ackercher)'s active disposition, had not he found exercise for the mind in reading books of amusement, history, voyages, and geography, together with those that treated of the art of war, ancient and modern, for which he contracted such an eager appetite that he used to spend sixteen hours a day in this employment. About that time he became acquainted with a gentleman of learning and taste, who, observing his indefatigable application and insatiable thirst after knowledge, took upon himself the charge of superintending his studies; and, by the direction of such an able guide, the young soldier converted his attention to a more solid and profitable course of reading. So inordinate was his desire of making speedy advances in the paths of learning, that, within the compass of three months, he diligently perused the writings of Locke and Malebranche, and made him-

[1] Daniel Mackercher, Esq., "the melting Scot" of Smollett's satire, Reproof, v. 122—

"From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot."

See note to this line. The part he took in supporting Mr. Annesley's pretensions to the Anglesea title and estates is the subject of what follows. It was to him that Smollett communicated his famous letter attacking the Hon. Alex. Hume-Campbell. Dr. Anderson supplies the following note when stating this fact:—"Smollett seems by the following note to have occasionally assisted Mr. Mackercher in his distress: 'I am much mortified that my rascally situation will not at present permit me to send more than the trifle enclosed, as nothing could give me more pleasure than an opportunity of showing with how much friendship and esteem I am, etc.'"—*Europ. Mag.* vol. v.

self master of the first six, and of the eleventh and twelfth, books of Euclid's Elements. He considered Puffendorf and Grotius with uncommon care, acquired a tolerable degree of knowledge in the French language, and his imagination was so captivated with the desire of learning, that, seeing no prospect of a war, or views of being provided for in the service, he quitted the army, and went through a regular course of university education. Having made such progress in his studies, he resolved to qualify himself for the church, and acquired such a stock of school divinity, under the instructions of a learned professor at Edinburgh, that he more than once mounted the rostrum in the public hall, and held forth with uncommon applause. But being discouraged from a prosecution of his plan by the unreasonable austerity of some of the Scotch clergy, by whom the most indifferent and innocent words and actions were often misconstrued into levity and misconduct, he resolved to embrace the first favourable opportunity of going abroad, being inflamed with the desire of seeing foreign countries, and actually set out for Holland, where, for the space of two years, he studied the Roman law, with the law of Nature and Nations, under the famous professors Tolieu and Barbeyrac.

"Having thus finished his school education, he set out for Paris, with a view to make himself perfect in the French language, and learn such useful exercises as might be acquired with the wretched remnant of his slender estate, which was by that time reduced very low. In his journey through the Netherlands he went to Namur, and paid his respects to Bishop Strickland and General Collier, by whom he was received with great civility, in consequence of letters of recommendation, with which he was provided from the Hague; and the old general assured him of his protection and interest for a pair of colours, if he was disposed to enter into the Dutch service.

"Though he was by that time pretty well cured of his military Quixotism, he would not totally decline the generous proffer, for which he thanked him in the most grateful terms, telling the general that he would pay his duty to him on his return from France, and then, if he could determine upon re-engaging in the army, should think himself highly honoured in being under his command.

"After a stay of two months in Flanders, he proceeded to Paris, and, far from taking up his habitation in the suburbs of St. Germain, according to the custom of English travellers, he hired a private lodging on the other side of the river, and associated chiefly with French officers, who, their youthful sallies being over, are allowed to be the politest gentlemen of that kingdom. In this scheme he found his account so much that he could not but wonder at the folly of his countrymen, who lose the main scope of their going abroad by spending their time and fortune idly with one another.

"During his residence in Holland, he had made himself acquainted with the best authors in the French language, so that he was able to share in their conversation; a circumstance from which he found great benefit; for it not only improved him in his knowledge of that tongue, but also tended to the enlargement of his acquaintance, in the course of which he contracted intimacies in some families of good fashion, especially those of the long robe, which would have enabled him to pass his time very agreeably, had he been a little easier in point of fortune. But his finances, notwithstanding the most rigid economy, being in a few months reduced to a very low ebb, the prospect of indigence threw a damp upon all his pleasures, though he never suffered himself to be thereby in any degree dispirited; being in that respect of so happy a disposition that conscious poverty or abundance made very slight impressions upon his mind.

"This consumption of his cash, however, involved him in some perplexity; and he deliberated with himself whether he should return to General Collier or repair to London, where he might possibly fall into some business not unbecoming a gentleman; though he was very much mortified to find himself incapable of gratifying an inordinate desire which possessed him of making the grand tour, or, at least, of visiting the southern parts of France.

"While he thus hesitated between different suggestions, he was one morning visited by a gentleman who had sought and cultivated his friendship, and for whom he had done a good office in supporting him with spirit against a brutal German, with whom he had an affair of honour. This gentleman came to propose a party for a fortnight to Fontainbleau, where the court then was; and the proposal being declined by M(ackercher) with more than usual stiffness, his friend was very urgent to know the reason of his refusal, and at length, with some confusion, said, 'Perhaps your finances are low.' M(ackercher) replied that he had wherewithal to defray the expense of his journey to London, where he could be furnished with a fresh supply; and this answer was no sooner made than the other, taking him by the hand, 'My dear friend,' said he, 'I am not unacquainted with your affairs, and would have offered you my credit long ago if I had thought it would be acceptable; even now I do not pretend to give you money, but desire and insist upon it, that you will accept of the loan of these two pieces of paper, to be repaid when you marry a woman with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, or obtain an employment of a thousand a year.' So saying, he presented him with two actions of above two thousand livres each.

"M(ackercher) was astonished at this unexpected instance of generosity in a stranger, and with suitable acknowledgment, peremptorily refused to incur such an obligation; but at length he was, by dint of importunity and warm expostulation, prevailed upon to accept one of the actions, on condition that the gentleman would take his note for the sum; and this he absolutely rejected, until M(ackercher) promised to draw upon him for double the value or more, in case he should at any time want a farther supply. This uncommon act of friendship and generosity, M(ackercher) afterwards had an opportunity to repay tenfold, though he could not help regretting the occasion, on his friend's account;—that worthy man having, by placing too much confidence in a villanous lawyer, and a chain of other misfortunes, involved himself and his amiable lady in a labyrinth of difficulties, which threatened the total ruin of his family. M(ackercher) felt the inexpressible satisfaction of delivering his benefactor from the snare.

"Being thus reinforced by the generosity of his friend, M(ackercher) resolved to execute his former plan of seeing the south of France, together with the sea-ports of Spain, as far as Cadiz, from whence he proposed to take a passage for London by sea; and, with this view, sent forward his trunks by the diligence to Lyons, determined to ride post, in order to enjoy a better view of the country, and for the conveniency of stopping

at those places where there was anything remarkable to be seen or inquired into. While he was employed in taking leave of his Parisian friends, who furnished him with abundant recommendation, a gentleman of his own country, who spoke little or no French, hearing of his intention, begged the favour of accompanying him in his expedition.

"With this new companion, therefore, he set out for Lyons, where he was perfectly well received by the intendant and some of the best families of the place, in consequence of his letters of recommendation; and, after a short stay in that city, proceeded down the Rhone to Avignon, in what is called the *coche d'eau;* then visiting the principal towns of Dauphine, Languedoc, and Provence, he returned to the delightful city of Marseilles, where he and his fellow-traveller were so much captivated by the serenity of the air, the good-nature and hospitality of the sprightly inhabitants, that they never dreamed of changing their quarters during the whole winter and part of the spring. Here he acquired the acquaintance of the Marquis d'Argens, attorney-general in the parliament of Aix, and of his eldest son, who now makes so great a figure in the literary world; and when the affair of Father Girard and Mademoiselle Cadiere began to make a noise, he accompanied these two gentlemen to Toulon, where the marquis was ordered to take a precognition of the facts.

"On his return to Marseilles, he found a certain noble lord of great fortune under the direction of a Swiss governor, who had accommodated him with two of his own relations, of the same country, by way of companions, together with five servants in his train. They being absolute strangers in the place, M(ackercher) introduced them to the intendant, and several other good families, and had the good fortune to be so agreeable to his lordship, that he proposed and even pressed him to live with him in England as a friend and companion, and to take upon him the superintendence of his affairs, in which case he would settle upon him four hundred a year for life.

"This proposal was too advantageous to be slighted by a person of no fortune or fixed establishment. He therefore made no difficulty of closing with it; but as his lordship's departure was fixed to a short day, and he urged him to accompany him to Paris, and from thence to England, M(ackercher) thought it would be improper and indecent to interfere with the office of his governor, who might take umbrage at his favour, and therefore excused himself from a compliance with his lordship's request, until his minority should be expired, as he was within a few months of being of age. However, he repeated his importunities so earnestly, and the governor joined in the request with such appearance of cordiality, that he was prevailed upon to comply with their joint desire, and in a few days set out with them for Paris, by the way of Lyons. But before they had been three days in the city, M(ackercher) perceived a total change in the behaviour of the Swiss and his two relations, who, in all probability, became jealous of his influence with his lordship; and he no sooner made this discovery than he resolved to withdraw himself from such a disagreeable participation of that young nobleman's favour. He therefore, in spite of all his lordship's entreaties and remonstrances, quitted him for the present, alleging, as a pretext, that he had a longing desire to see Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine, and promising to meet him again in England.

"This his intention being made known to the governor and his friends, their countenances immediately cleared up, their courtesy and complaisance returned, and they even furnished him with letters for Geneva, Lausanne, Bern, and Soleure, in consequence of which he met with unusual civilities at these places. Having made this tour with his Scotch friend, who came up to him before he left Lyons, and visited the most considerable towns on both sides of the Rhine, and the courts of the Electors Palatine, Mentz, and Cologne, he arrived in Holland; and from thence, through the Netherlands, repaired to London, where he found my lord just returned from Paris.

"His lordship received him with expressions of uncommon joy, would not suffer him to stir from him for several days, and introduced him to his relations.

"M(ackercher) accompanied his lordship from London to his country seat, where he was indeed treated with great friendship and confidence, and consulted in everything; but the noble peer never once made mention of the annuity which he had promised to settle upon him, nor did M(ackercher) remind him of it, because he conceived it was his affair to fulfil his engagements of his own accord. M(ackercher) being tired of the manner of living at this place, made an excursion to Bath, where he stayed about a fortnight, to partake of the diversions, and, upon his return, found his lordship making dispositions for another journey to Paris.

"Surprised at this sudden resolution, he endeavoured to dissuade him from it; but his remonstrances were rendered ineffectual by the insinuations of a foreigner who had come over with him, and filled his imagination with extravagant notions of pleasure, infinitely superior to any which he could enjoy while he was in the trammels and under the restraints of a governor. He therefore turned a deaf ear to all M(ackercher)'s arguments, and entreated him to accompany him in the journey; but this gentleman foreseeing that a young man, like my lord, of strong passions, and easy to be misled, would, in all probability, squander away great sums of money, in a way that would neither do credit to himself nor to those who were concerned with him, resisted all his solicitations, on pretence of having business of consequence at London; and afterwards had reason to be extremely well pleased with his own conduct in this particular.

"Before he set out on this expedition, M(ackercher), in justice to himself, reminded him of the proposal which he had made to him at Marseilles, desiring to know if he had altered his design in that particular; in which case he would turn his thoughts some other way, as he would not in the least be thought to intrude or pin himself upon any man. My lord protested in the most solemn manner that he still continued in his former resolution, and again beseeching him to bear him company into France, promised that everything should be settled to his satisfaction upon their return to England. M(ackercher), however, still persisted in his refusal, for the above-mentioned reasons, and though he never heard more of the annuity, he nevertheless continued to serve his lordship with his advice and good offices ever after: particularly in directing his choice to an alliance with a lady of eminent virtue, the daughter of a noble lord, more conspicuous for his shining parts than the splendour of his titles (a circumstance upon which he always reflected with particular satisfaction, as well on account of the extraordinary merit of the lady, as because it vested in her children a considerable part of that great estate

which of right belonged to her grandmother), and afterwards put him in a way to retrieve his estate from a heavy load of debt he had contracted. When my lord set out on his Paris expedition, the money M(ackercher) had received from his generous friend at Paris was almost reduced to the last guinea. He had not yet reaped the least benefit from his engagements with his lordship; and, disdaining to ask for a supply from him, he knew not how to subsist, with any degree of credit, till his return.

"This uncomfortable prospect was the more disagreeable to him, as, at that time of life, he was much inclined to appear in the gay world, had contracted a taste for plays, operas, and other public diversions, and acquired an acquaintance with many people of good fashion, which could not be maintained without a considerable expense. In this emergency he thought he could not employ his idle time more profitably than in translating, from foreign languages, such books as were then chiefly in vogue; and upon application to a friend, who was a man of letters, he was furnished with as much business of that kind as he could possibly manage, and wrote some pamphlets on the reigning controversies of that time, that had the good fortune to please. He was also concerned in a monthly journal of literature, and the work was carried on by the two friends jointly, though M(ackercher) did not at all appear in the partnership. By these means he not only spent his mornings in useful exercise, but supplied himself with money for what the French call the *menus plaisirs* during the whole summer. He frequented all the assemblies in and about London, and considerably enlarged his acquaintance among the fair sex.

"He had, upon his first arrival in England, become acquainted with a lady at an assembly not far from London; and though, at that time, he had no thoughts of extending his views farther than the usual gallantry of the place, he met with such distinguishing marks of her regard in the sequel, and was so particularly encouraged by the advice of another lady, with whom he had been intimate in France, and who was now of their parties, that he could not help entertaining hopes of making an impression upon the heart of his agreeable partner, who was a young lady of an ample fortune and great expectations. He therefore cultivated her good graces with all the assiduity and address of which he was master, and succeeded so well in his endeavours, that, after a due course of attendance, and the death of an aunt, by which she received an accession of fortune to the amount of three-and-twenty thousand pounds, he ventured to declare his passion, and she not only heard him with patience and approbation, but also replied in terms adequate to his warmest wish.

"Finding himself so favourably received, he pressed her to secure his happiness by marriage; but to this proposal she objected the recency of her kinswoman's death, which would have rendered such a step highly indecent, and the displeasure of her other relations, from whom she had still greater expectations, and who, at that time, importuned her to marry a cousin of her own, whom she could not like. However, that M(ackercher) might have no cause to repine at her delay, she freely entered with him into an intimacy of correspondence; during which nothing could have added to their mutual felicity, which was the more poignant and refined from the mysterious and romantic manner of their enjoying it; for though he publicly visited her as an acquaintance, his behaviour on these occasions was always so distant, respectful, and reserved, that the rest of the company could not possibly suspect the nature of their reciprocal attachment; in consequence of which they used to have private interviews, unknown to every soul upon earth, except her maid, who was necessarily intrusted with the secret.

"In this manner they enjoyed the conversation of each other for above twelve months, without the least interruption; and though the stability of Mr. M(ackercher)'s fortune depended entirely upon their marriage, yet as he perceived his mistress so averse to it, he never urged it with vehemence, nor was at all anxious on that score, being easily induced to defer a ceremony which, as he then thought, could in no shape have added to their satisfaction, though he hath since altered his sentiments.

"Be that as it will, his indulgent mistress, in order to set his mind at ease in that particular, and in full confidence of his honour, insisted on his accepting a deed of gift of her whole fortune, in consideration of their intended marriage; and, after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to receive this proof of her esteem, well knowing that it would still be in his power to return the obligation. Though she often entreated him to take upon himself the entire administration of her finances, and upon divers occasions pressed him to accept of large sums, he never once abused her generous disposition, or solicited her for money, except for some humane purpose, which she was always more ready to fulfil than he to propose.

"In the course of this correspondence he became acquainted with some of her female relations, and, among the rest, with a young lady, so eminently adorned with all the qualifications of mind and person, that, notwithstanding all his philosophy and caution, he could not behold and converse with her without being deeply smitten with her charms. He did all in his power to discourage this dangerous invasion in the beginning, and to conceal the least symptom of it from her relation; he summoned all his reflection to his aid, and, thinking it would be base and dishonest to cherish any sentiment repugnant to the affection which he owed to a mistress who had placed such unlimited confidence in him, he attempted to stifle the infant flame, by avoiding the amiable inspirer of it. But the passion had taken too deep a root in his heart to be so easily extirpated—his absence from the dear object increased the impatience of his love—the intestine conflict between that and gratitude deprived him of his rest and appetite—he was in a short time emaciated by continual watching, anxiety, and want of nourishment, and so much altered from his usual cheerfulness, that his mistress, being surprised and alarmed at the change, which, from the symptoms, she judged was owing to some uneasiness of mind, took all imaginable pains to discover the cause.

"In all probability it did not escape her penetration; for she more than once asked if he was in love with her cousin; protesting that, far from being an obstacle to his happiness, she would in that case be an advocate for his passion. However, this declaration was never made without manifest signs of anxiety and uneasiness, which made such an impression upon the heart of M(ackercher), that he resolved to sacrifice his happiness, and even his life, rather than take any step which might be construed into an injury or insult to a person who had treated him with such generosity and goodness.

"In consequence of this resolution he formed

another, which was to go abroad, under pretence of recovering his health, but in reality to avoid the temptation, as well as the suspicion of being inconstant; and in this design he was confirmed by his physician, who actually thought him in the first stage of a consumption, and therefore advised him to repair to the south of France. He communicated his design, with the doctor's opinion, to the lady, who agreed to it with much less difficulty than he found in conquering his own reluctance at parting with the dear object of his love. The consent of his generous mistress being obtained, he waited upon her with the instrument whereby she had made the conveyance of her fortune to him; and all his remonstrances being insufficient to persuade her to take it back, he cancelled it in her presence, and placed it in that state upon her toilet, while she was dressing; whereupon she shed a torrent of tears, saying she now plainly perceived that he wanted to tear himself from her, and that his affections were settled upon another. He was sensibly affected by this proof of her concern, and endeavoured to calm the perturbation of her mind, by vowing eternal fidelity, and pressing her to accept of his hand in due form before his departure. By these means her transports were quieted for the present, and the marriage deferred for the same prudential reasons which had hitherto prevented it.

"Matters being thus compromised, and the day fixed for his departure, she, together with her faithful maid, one morning visited him for the first time at his own lodgings; and, after breakfast, desiring to speak with him in private, he conducted her into another room, where, assuming an unusual gravity of aspect, 'My dear M(ackercher),' said she, 'you are now going to leave me, and God alone knows if ever we shall meet again; therefore, if you really love me with that tenderness which you profess, you will accept of this mark of my friendship and unalterable affection; it will at least be a provision for your journey, and if any accident should befall me, before I have the happiness of receiving you again into my arms, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not altogether without resource.' So saying, she put an embroidered pocket-book into his hand. He expressed the high sense he had of her generosity and affection in the most pathetic terms, and begged leave to suspend his acceptance, until he should know the contents of her present, which was so extraordinary that he absolutely refused to receive it. He was, however, by her repeated entreaties, in a manner compelled to receive about one-half, and she afterwards insisted upon his taking a reinforcement of a considerable sum for the expense of his journey.

"Having stayed with her ten days beyond the time he had fixed for his departure, and settled the method of their correspondence, he took his leave, with a heart full of sorrow, anxiety, and distraction, produced from the different suggestions of his duty and love. He then set out for France, and after a short stay at Paris proceeded to Aix in Provence, and from thence to Marseilles, at which two places he continued for some months. But nothing he met with being able to dissipate those melancholy ideas which still preyed upon his imagination, and affected his spirits, he endeavoured to elude them with a succession of new objects; and, with that view, persuaded a counsellor of the parliament of Aix, a man of great worth, learning, and good-humour, to accompany him in making a tour of those parts of France which he had not yet seen. On their return from this excursion they found at Aix an Italian Abbé, a person of character, and great knowledge of men and books, who, having travelled all over Germany and France, was so far on his return to his own country.

"M(ackercher) having, by means of his friend the counsellor, contracted an acquaintance with this gentleman, and being desirous of seeing some parts of Italy, particularly the carnival at Venice, they set out together from Marseilles in a tartan for Genoa, coasting it all the way, and lying on shore every night. Having shown him what was most remarkable in this city, his friend the Abbé was so obliging as to conduct him through Tuscany, and the most remarkable cities in Lombardy, to Venice, where M(ackercher) insisted upon defraying the expense of the whole tour, in consideration of the Abbé's complaisance, which had been of infinite service to him in the course of this expedition. Having remained five weeks at Venice, he was preparing to set out for Rome with some English gentlemen whom he had met by accident, when he was all of a sudden obliged to change his resolution by some disagreeable letters which he received from London. He had, from his first departure, corresponded with his generous though inconstant mistress, with a religious exactness and punctuality; nor was she, for some time, less observant of the agreement they had made. Nevertheless she, by degrees, became so negligent and cold in her expression, and so slack in her correspondence, that he could not help observing and upbraiding her with such indifference; and her endeavours to palliate it were supported by pretexts so frivolous as to be easily seen through by a lover of very little discernment.

"While he tortured himself with conjectures about the cause of this unexpected change, he received such intelligence from England as, when joined with what he himself had perceived by her manner of writing, left him little or no room to doubt of her fickleness and inconstancy. Nevertheless, as he knew by experience that informations of that kind are not to be entirely relied upon, he resolved to be more certainly apprised; and for that end departed immediately for London, by the way of Tyrol, Bavaria, Alsace, and Paris.

"On his arrival in England, he learned, with infinite concern, that his intelligence had not been at all exaggerated; and his sorrow was inexpressible to find a person endowed with so many other noble and amiable qualities, seduced into an indiscretion that of necessity ruined the whole plan which had been concerted between them for their mutual happiness. She made made several attempts, by letters and interviews, to palliate her conduct, and soften him into a reconciliation; but his honour being concerned, he remained deaf to all her entreaties and proposals. Nevertheless, I have often heard him say that he could not help loving her, and revering the memory of a person to whose generosity and goodness he owed his fortune, and one whose foibles were overbalanced by a thousand good qualities. He often insisted on making restitution; but far from complying with that proposal, she afterwards often endeavoured to lay him under yet greater obligations of the same kind, and importuned him with the warmest solicitations to renew their former correspondence, which he as often declined.

"M(ackercher) took this instance of the inconstancy of the sex so much to heart, that he had almost resolved for the future to keep clear of

all engagements for life, and returned to Paris, in order to dissipate his anxiety, where he hired an apartment in one of the academies, in the exercises whereof he took singular delight. During his residence at this place he had the good fortune to ingratiate himself with a great general, a descendant of one of the most ancient and illustrious families in France; having attracted his notice by some remarks he had written on Folard's Polybius, which were accidentally shown to that great man by one of his aides-de-camp, who was a particular friend of M(ackercher). The favour he had thus acquired was strengthened by his assiduities and attention. Upon his return to London, he sent some of Handel's newest compositions to the prince, who was particularly fond of that gentleman's productions, together with Clark's edition of Cæsar; and, in the spring of the same year, before the French army took the field, he was honoured with a most obliging letter from the prince, inviting him to come over, if he wanted to see the operations of the campaign, and desiring he would give himself no trouble about his equipage.

"M(ackercher) having still some remains of a military disposition, and conceiving this to be a more favourable opportunity than any he should ever meet with again, readily embraced the offer, and sacrificed the soft delights of love, which at that time he enjoyed without control, to an eager, laborious, and dangerous curiosity. In that and the following campaign, during which he was present at the siege of Philipsburgh, and several other actions, he enlarged his acquaintance among the French officers, especially those of the graver sort, who had a taste for books and literature; and the friendship and interest of those gentlemen were afterwards of singular service to him, though in an affair altogether foreign from their profession.

"He had all along made diligent inquiry into the trade and manufactures of the countries through which he had occasion to travel, more particularly those of Holland, England, and France; and, as he was well acquainted with the revenue and farms of this last kingdom, he saw with concern the great disadvantages under which our tobacco trade, the most considerable branch of our commerce with that people, was carried on; what inconsiderable returns were made to the planters out of the low price given by the French company; and how much it was in the power of that company to reduce it still lower. M(ackercher) had formed a scheme to remedy this evil, so far as it related to the national loss or gain, by not permitting the duty of one penny in the pound, old subsidy, to be drawn back on tobacco re-exported. He demonstrated to the ministry of that time, that so inconsiderable a duty could not in the least diminish the demand from abroad, which was the only circumstance to be apprehended, and that the yearly produce of that revenue would amount to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, without one shilling additional expense to the public; but the ministry having the excise scheme then in contemplation, could think of no other till that should be tried; and that project having miscarried, he renewed his application, when they approved of his scheme in every particular, but discovered a surprising backwardness to carry it into execution.

"His expectations in this quarter being disappointed, he, by the interposition of his friends, presented a plan to the French company, in which he set forth the advantages that would accrue to themselves from fixing the price, and securing that sort of tobacco which best suited the taste of the public and their manufacture; and finally proposed to furnish them with any quantity, at the price which they paid in the port of London.

"After some dispute, they agreed to his proposal, and contracted with him for fifteen thousand hogsheads a year, for which they obliged themselves to pay ready money, on its arrival in any one or more convenient ports in the south or western coasts of Great Britain that he should please to fix upon for that purpose. M(ackercher) no sooner obtained this contract than he immediately set out for America, in order to put it in execution; and, by way of companion, carried with him a little French Abbé, a man of humour, wit, and learning, with whom he had been long acquainted, and for whom he had done many good offices.

"On his arrival in Virginia, which opportunely happened at a time when all the gentlemen were assembled in the capital of that province, he published a memorial, representing the disadvantages under which their trade was carried on, the true method of redressing their own grievances in that respect, and proposing to contract with them for the yearly quantity of fifteen thousand hogsheads of such tobacco as was fit for the French market, at the price which he demonstrated to be considerably greater than that which they had formerly received.

"This remonstrance met with all the success and encouragement he could expect. The principal planters, seeing their own interest concerned, readily assented to the proposal, which, through their influence, was also relished by the rest; and the only difficulty that remained related to the security for payment of the bills on the arrival of the tobacco in England, and to the time stipulated for the continuance of the contract.

"In order to remove these objections, Mr. M(ackercher) returned to Europe, and found the French company of farmers disposed to agree to everything he desired for facilitating the execution of the contract, and perfectly well pleased with the sample which he had already sent; but his good friend the Abbé, whom he had left behind him in America, by an unparalleled piece of treachery, found means to overturn the whole project. He secretly wrote a memorial to the company, importing that he found by experience M(ackercher) could afford to furnish them at a much lower price than that which they had agreed to give; and that, by being in possession of the contract for five years, as was intended according to the proposal, he would have the company so much in his power, that they must afterwards submit to any price he should please to impose; and that, if they thought him worthy of such a trust, he would undertake to furnish them at an easier rate, in conjunction with some of the leading men in Virginia and Maryland, with whom, he said, he had already concerted measures for that purpose.

"The company were so much alarmed at these insinuations that they declined complying with Mr. M(ackercher)'s demands until the Abbé's return; and though they afterwards used all their endeavours to persuade him to be concerned with that little traitor in his undertaking, by which he might still have been a very considerable gainer, he resisted all their solicitations, and plainly told them, in the Abbé's presence, that he would never prostitute his own principles so far as to enter into engagements of any kind with a person of his character, much less in a scheme

that had a manifest tendency to lower the market price of tobacco in England.

"Thus ended a project the most extensive, simple, and easy, and, as appeared by the trial made, the best calculated to raise an immense fortune of any that was ever undertaken or planned by a private person; a project, in the execution of which M(ackercher) had the good of the public, and the glory of putting in a flourishing condition the valuable branch of our trade which gives employment to two great provinces and above two hundred sail of ships, much more at heart than his own private interest. It was reasonable to expect that a man whose debts M(ackercher) had paid more than once, whom he had obliged in many other respects, and whom he had carried with him at a very considerable expense, on this expedition, merely with a view of bettering his fortune, would have acted with common honesty, if not with gratitude; but such was the depravity of this little monster's heart, that, on his deathbed, he left a considerable fortune to mere strangers, with whom he had little or no connexion, without the least thought of refunding the money advanced for him by M(ackercher), in order to prevent his rotting in a jail.

"When M(ackercher) had once obtained a command of money, he, by his knowledge in several branches of trade, as well as by the assistance of some intelligent friends at Paris and London, found means to employ it to very good purpose; and had he been a man of that selfish disposition which too much prevails in the world, he might have been at this day master of a very ample fortune; but his ear was never deaf to the voice of distress, nor his beneficent heart shut against the calamities of his fellow-creatures. He was even ingenious in contriving the most delicate methods of relieving modest indigence, and, by his industrious benevolence, often anticipated the requests of misery.

"I could relate a number of examples to illustrate my assertions, in some of which you would perceive the most disinterested generosity; but such a detail would trespass too much upon your time, and I do not pretend to dwell upon every minute circumstance of his conduct. Let it suffice to say that, upon the declaration of war in Spain, he gave up all his commercial schemes, and called in his money from all quarters, with a view of sitting down, for the rest of his life, contented with what he had got, and restraining his liberalities to what he could spare from his yearly income. This was a very prudential resolution, could he have kept it; but, upon the breaking out of the war, he could not without concern see many gentlemen of merit, who had been recommended to him, disappointed of commissions, merely for want of money to satisfy the expectations of the commission-brokers of that time; and therefore launched out considerable sums for them on their bare notes, great part whereof was lost by the death of some in the unfortunate expedition to the West Indies.

"He at length, after many other actions of the like nature, from motives of pure humanity, love of justice, and abhorrence of oppression, embarked in a cause every way the most important that ever came under the discussion of the courts of law in these kingdoms, whether it be considered in relation to the extraordinary nature of the case, or the immense property of no less than fifty thousand pounds a year, and three peerages that depended upon it.

"In the year 1740, the brave admiral who at that time commanded his Majesty's fleet in the West Indies, among the other transactions of his squadron transmitted to the Duke of Newcastle, mentioned a young man, who, though in the capacity of a common sailor on board one of the ships under his command, laid claim to the estate and titles of the Earl of A(nglesea).[1] These pretensions were no sooner communicated in the public papers than they became the subject of conversation in all companies; and the person whom they chiefly affected, being alarmed at the appearance of a competitor, though at such a distance, began to put himself in motion, and take all the precautions which he thought necessary to defeat the endeavour of the young upstart. Indeed, the early intelligence he received of Mr. A(nnesle)y's making himself known in the West Indies, furnished him with numberless advantages over that unhappy young gentleman; for, being in possession of a plentiful fortune, and lord of many manors in the neighbourhood of the very place where the claimant was born, he knew all the witnesses who could give the most material evidence of his legitimacy; and, if his probity did not restrain him, had, by his power and influence, sufficient opportunity and means of applying to the passions and interests of the witnesses, to silence many, and gain over others to his side; while his competitor, by an absence of fifteen or sixteen years from his native country, the want of education and friends, together with his present helpless situation, was rendered absolutely incapable of taking any step for his own advantage. And although his worthy uncle's conspicuous virtue, and religious regard for justice and truth, might possibly be an unconconquerable restraint to his taking any undue advantages, yet the consciences of that huge army of emissiaries he kept in pay were not altogether so very tender and scrupulous. This much, however, may be said, without derogation from, or impeachment of, the noble earl's nice virtue and honour, that he took care to compromise all differences with the other branches of the family, whose interests were, in this affair, connected with his own, by sharing the estate with them, and also retained most of the eminent counsel within the bar of both kingdoms against this formidable bastard, before any suit was instituted by him.

"While he was thus entrenching himself against the attack of a poor forlorn youth, at the distance of fifteen hundred leagues, continually exposed to the dangers of the sea, the war, and an unhealthy climate, Mr. M(ackercher), in the common course of conversation, chanced to ask some questions relating to this romantic pretender, of one H(igginson), who was at that time the present Lord A(nglese)a's chief agent. This man, when pressed, could not help owning that the late Lord A(ltha)m actually left a son, who had been spirited away into America soon after his father's death, but said he did not know whether this was the same person.

"This information could not fail to make an impression on the humanity of Mr. M(ackercher),

[1] The trial between James Annesley, Esq., and Richard Earl of Anglesea, is fully reported in successive numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, all comprised in vol. xiv., which contains that journal for the year 1744. In the 13th vol. there is an account of "The Memoirs of an Unfortunate young Nobleman, etc.," which extends over several numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1743. The "Memoirs" thus noticed excited, as they were fitted to do, a great deal of attention at the time. The reader of Mrs. Delany's Letters will find passing allusions to this famous case. From such sources the editor has filled up the blanks left by the author. See also Debrett's *Extinct Peerage*.

who being acquainted with the genius of the wicked party who had possessed themselves of this unhappy young man's estate and honours, expressed no small anxiety and apprehension lest they should take him off by some means or other; and, even then, seemed disposed to contribute towards the support of the friendless orphan, and to inquire more circumstantially into the nature of his claim. In the meantime his occasions called him to France; and, during his absence, Mr. A(nnesle)y arrived in London in the month of October 1741."

Here the clergyman was interrupted by Peregrine, who said there was something so extraordinary, not to call it improbable, in the account he had heard of the young gentleman's being sent into exile, that he would look upon himself as infinitely obliged to the doctor, if he would favour him with a true representation of that transaction, as well as of the manner in which he arrived and was known at the island of Jamaica.

The parson, in compliance with our hero's request, taking up the story from the beginning, "Mr. A(nnesle)y," said he, "is the son of Arthur, late lord baron of A(ltha)m, by his wife Mary Sh(effiel)d, natural daughter to John, Duke of B(uckingham) and N(orman)by, whom he publicly married on the 21st day of July 1706, contrary to the inclination of his mother, and all his other relations, particularly of Arthur, late Earl of A(nglese)a, who bore an implacable enmity to the duke her father, and for that reason did all that lay in his power to traverse the marriage; but, finding his endeavours ineffectual, he was so much offended that he would never be perfectly reconciled to Lord A(ltha)m, though he was his presumptive heir. After their nuptials, they cohabited together in England for the space of two or three years, during which she miscarried more than once; and he being a man of levity, and an extravagant disposition, not only squandered away all that he had received of his wife's fortune, but also contracted many considerable debts, which obliged him to make a precipitate retreat into Ireland, leaving his lady behind him in the house with his mother and sister, who, having also been averse to the match, had always looked upon her with eyes of disgust.

"It was not likely that harmony should long subsist in this family, especially as Lady A(ltha)m was a woman of a lofty spirit, who could not tamely bear insults and ill-usage from persons who, she had reason to believe, were her enemies at heart. Accordingly, a misunderstanding soon happened among them, which was fomented by the malice of one of her sisters-in-law. Divers scandalous reports of her misconduct, to which the empty pretensions of a vain, wretched coxcomb, who was made use of as an infamous tool for that purpose, gave a colourable pretext, were trumped up, and transmitted, with many false and aggravating circumstances, to her husband in Ireland; who, being a giddy unthinking man, was so much incensed at these insinuations, that, in the first transports of his passion, he sent to his mother a power of attorney, that she might sue for a divorce in his behalf. A libel was thereupon exhibited, containing many scandalous allegations, void of any real foundation in truth; but being unsupported by any manner of proof, it was at length dismissed with costs, after it had depended upwards of two years.

"Lord A(ltha)m, finding himself abused by the misrepresentations of his mother and sister, discovered an inclination to be reconciled to his lady; in consequence of which she was sent over to Dublin by her father, to the care of a gentleman in that city, in whose house she was received by her husband with all the demonstrations of love and esteem. From thence he conducted her to his lodgings, and thence to his country-house, where she had the misfortune to suffer a miscarriage, through fear and resentment of my lord's behaviour, which was often brutal and indecent. From the country they removed to Dublin, about the latter end of July, or beginning of August 1714, where they had not long continued when her ladyship was known to be again with child.

"Lord A(ltha)m and his issue being next in remainder to the honours and estate of Arthur Earl of A(nglese)a, was extremely solicitous to have a son; and, warned by the frequent miscarriages of his lady, resolved to curb the natural impatience and rusticity of his disposition, that she might not, as formerly, suffer by his outrageous conduct. He accordingly cherished her with uncommon tenderness and care; and her pregnancy being pretty far advanced, conducted her to his country seat, where she was delivered of Mr. A(nnesle)y, about the latter end of April, or beginning of May; for none of the witnesses have been able, at this distance, with absolute certainty, to fix the precise time of his birth, and there was no register kept in the parish. As an additional misfortune, no gentleman of fashion lived in that parish; nor did those who lived at any considerable distance care to cultivate an acquaintance with a man of Lord A(ltha)m's strange conduct.

"Be that as it will, the occasion was celebrated by his lordship's tenants and dependants upon the spot, and in the neighbouring town of New R(o)ss, by bonfires, illuminations, and other rejoicings; which have made such an impression upon the minds of the people, that in the place where they happened, and the contiguous parishes, several hundred persons have already declared their knowledge and remembrance of this event, in spite of the great power of the claimant's adversary in that quarter, and the great pains and indirect methods taken by his numberless agents and emissaries, as well as by those who are interested with him in the event of the suit, to corrupt and suppress the evidence.

"Lord A(ltha)m, after the birth of his son, who was sent to nurse in the neighbourhood, according to the custom of the country, where people of the highest distinction put their children out to nurse into farm-houses and cabins, lived in harmony with his lady for the space of two years. But having, by his folly and extravagance, reduced himself to great difficulties, he demanded the remainder of her fortune from her father, the Duke of B(uckingham), who absolutely refused to part with a shilling until a proper settlement should be made on his daughter, which, by that time, he had put out of his own power to make, by his folly and extravagance.

"As her ladyship, by her endeavours to reform the economy of her house, had incurred the displeasure of some idle profligate fellows, who had fastened themselves upon her husband, and helped to consume his substance, they seized this opportunity of the duke's refusal; and, in order to be revenged upon the innocent lady, persuaded Lord A(ltha)m that the only means of extracting money from his grace would be to turn her away, on pretence of infidelity to his bed, for which they hinted there was but too much foundation. At their suggestions, a most infamous plan was projected, in the execution of which, one P(aliser), a poor, unbred, simple country booby, whom they had decoyed into a snare, lost one of his

ears, and the injured lady retired that same day to New R(o)ss, where she continued several years. She did not, however, leave the house without struggling hard to carry her child along with her; but far from enjoying such indulgence, strict orders were given that the boy should not, for the future, be brought within her sight. This base, inhuman treatment, instead of answering the end proposed, produced such a contrary effect, that the Duke of B(uckingham), by a codicil to his will, in which he reflects upon Lord A(ltha)m's evil temper, directed his executors to pay to his daughter an annuity of one hundred pounds, while her lord and she should continue to live separate; and this allowance was to cease on Lord A(ltha)m's death.

"When she remained in this solitary situation, the child was universally known and received as the legitimate son and heir of her lord, whose affection for the boy was so conspicuous, that, in the midst of his own necessities, he never failed to maintain him in the dress and equipage of a young nobleman. In the course of his infancy, his father having often changed his place of residence, the child was put under the instructions of a great many different schoolmasters, so that he was perfectly well known in a great many different parts of the kingdom; and his mother seized all opportunities (which were but rare, on account of his father's orders to the contrary) of seeing and giving him proofs of her maternal tenderness, until she set out for England, after having been long in a declining state of health, by a paralytical disorder; upon the consequence of which such dependence was placed by her inconsiderate husband, who was by this time reduced to extreme poverty, that he actually married a woman whom he had long kept as a mistress. This creature no sooner understood that Lady A(ltha)m was departed from Ireland, than she openly avowed her marriage, and went about publicly with Lord A(ltha)m, visiting his acquaintances in the character of his wife.

"From this era may be dated the beginning of Mr. A(nnesle)y's misfortune. This artful woman, who had formerly treated the child with an appearance of fondness, in order to ingratiate herself with the father, now looking upon herself as sufficiently established in the family, thought it was high time to alter her behaviour with regard to the unfortunate boy; and accordingly, for obvious reasons, employed a thousand artifices to alienate the heart of the weak father from his unhappy offspring. Yet, notwithstanding all her insinuations, nature still maintained her influence in his heart; and though she often found means to irritate him by artful and malicious accusations, his resentment never extended farther than fatherly correction. She would have found it impossible to accomplish his ruin, had not her efforts been reinforced by a new auxiliary, who was no other than his uncle, the present usurper of his title and estate; yet even this confederacy was overawed, in some measure, by the fear of alarming the unfortunate mother, until her distemper increased to a most deplorable degree of the dead palsy, and the death of her father had reduced her to a most forlorn and abject state of distress. Then they ventured upon the execution of their projects; and, though their aims were widely different, concurred in their endeavours to remove the hapless boy, as the common obstacle to both.

"Lord A(ltha)m, who, as I have already observed, was a man of weak intellects, and utterly void of any fixed principle of action, being by this time reduced to such a pitch of misery that he was often obliged to pawn his wearing apparel in order to procure the common necessaries of life, and having no other fund remaining with which he could relieve his present necessities, except a sale of the reversion of the A(nglese)a estate, to which the nonage of his son was an effectual bar, he was advised by his virtuous brother, and the rest of his counsellors, to surmount this difficulty, by secreting his son and spreading a report of his death. This honest project he the more readily embraced, because he knew that no act of his could frustrate the child's succession. Accordingly, the boy was removed from the school at which he was then boarded, to the house of one K(avana)gh, an agent and accomplice of the present Earl of A(nglese)a, where he was kept for several months closely confined; and, in the meantime, it was industriously reported that he was dead.

"This previous measure being taken, Lord A(ltha)m published advertisements in the gazettes, offering reversions of the A(nglese)a estate to sale; and emissaries of various kinds were employed to inveigle such as were ignorant of the nature of the settlement of these estates, or strangers to the affairs of his family. Some people, imposed upon by the report of the child's death, were drawn in to purchase, thinking themselves safe in the concurrence of his lordship's brother, upon presumption that he was next in remainder to the succession; others, tempted by the smallness of the price (which rarely exceeded half a year's purchase, as appears by many deeds), though they doubted the truth of the boy's being dead, ran small risks, on the contingency of his dying before he should be of age, or in hopes of his being prevailed upon to confirm the grants of his father; and many more were treating with him on the same notions, when their transactions were suddenly interrupted, and the scheme of raising more money, for the present, defeated by the unexpected appearance of the boy, who, being naturally sprightly and impatient of restraint, had found means to break from his confinement, and wandered up and down the streets of Dublin, avoiding his father's house, and choosing to encounter all sorts of distress rather than subject himself again to the cruelty and malice of the woman who supplied his mother's place. Thus debarred his father's protection, and destitute of any fixed habitation, he herded with all the loose, idle, and disorderly youths in Dublin, skulking chiefly about the college, several members and students of which, taking pity on his misfortunes, supplied him at different times with clothes and money. In this unsettled and uncomfortable way of life did he remain from the year 1725 to the latter end of November 1727; at which time his father died so miserably poor that he was actually buried at the public expense.

"This unfortunate nobleman was no sooner dead than his brother Richard, now Earl of A(nglese)a, taking advantage of the nonage and helpless situation of his nephew, seized upon all the papers of the defunct, and afterwards usurped the title of Lord A(ltha)m, to the surprise of the servants, and others who were acquainted with the affairs of the family. This usurpation, bold as it was, produced no other effect than that of his being insulted by the populace as he went through the streets, and the refusal of the king-at-arms to enrol the certificate of his brother's having died without issue. The first of these inconveniences he bore without any sense of shame, though not without repining, conscious that it would gradually vanish with the novelty

of his invasion; and as to the last, he conquered it by means well known and obvious.

"Nor will it seem strange that he should thus invade the rights of an orphan with impunity, if people will consider that the late Lord A(ltha)m had not only squandered away his fortune with the most ridiculous extravagance, but also associated himself with low company, so that he was little known, and less regarded, by persons of any rank and figure in life; and his child, of consequence, debarred of the advantages which might have accrued from valuable connexions. And though it was universally known that Lady A(ltha)m had a son in Ireland, such was the obscurity in which the father had lived during the last years of his life, that few of the nobility could be supposed to be acquainted with the particular circumstances of a transaction in which they had no concern, and which had happened at the distance of twelve years before the date of this usurpation. Moreover, as their first information was no other than common fame, the public clamour occasioned by the separation might inspire such as were strangers to the family affairs with a mistaken notion of the child's having been born about or after the time of that event. The hurry and bustle occasioned by the arrival of the lord-lieutenant about this period, the reports industriously propagated of the claimant's death, the obscurity and concealment in which the boy was obliged to live, in order to elude the wicked attempts of his uncle, might also contribute to his peaceable enjoyment of an empty title. And lastly, Lord Chancellor W(yndha)m, whose immediate province it was to issue writs for parliament, was an utter stranger in Ireland, unacquainted with the descents of families, and consequently did not examine farther than the certificate enrolled in the books of the king-at-arms. Over and above these circumstances, which naturally account for the success of the imposture, it may be observed that the hapless youth had not one relation alive, on the side of his father, whose interest it was not to forward or connive at his destruction; that his grandfather, the Duke of B(uckingham), was dead, and that his mother was then in England, in a forlorn, destitute, dying condition, secreted from the world, and even from her own relations, by her woman, Mary H(eath), who had a particular interest to secrete her, and altogether dependent upon a miserable and precarious allowance from the Duchess of B(uckingham), to whose caprice she was moreover a most wretched slave.

"Notwithstanding these concurring circumstances in favour of the usurper, he did not think himself secure while the orphan had any chance of finding a friend who would undertake his cause; and therefore laid a plan for his being kidnapped, and sent to America as a slave. His coadjutor in this inhuman scheme was a person who carried on the trade of transporting servants to our plantations, and was deeply interested on this occasion, having, for a mere trifle, purchased of the late Lord A(ltha)m the reversion of a considerable part of the A(nglese)a estate, which shameful bargain was confirmed by the brother, but could never take place unless the boy could be effectually removed.

"Everything being settled with this auxiliary, several ruffians were employed in search of the unhappy victim; and the first attempt that was made upon him, in which his uncle personally assisted, happening near one of the great markets of the city of Dublin, an honest butcher, with the assistance of his neighbours, rescued him by force from their cruel hands. This, however, was but a short respite; for (though, warned by this adventure, the boy seldom crept out of his lurking-places without the most cautious circumspection) he was, in March 1727, discovered by the diligence of his persecutors, and forcibly dragged on board of a ship bound for Newcastle, on Delaware river in America, where he was sold as a slave, and kept to hard labour, much above his age or strength, for the space of thirteen years, during which he was transferred from one person to another.

"While he remained in this servile situation, he often mentioned, to those in whom he thought such confidence might be placed, the circumstances of his birth and title, together with the manner of his being exiled from his native country; although, in this particular, he neglected a caution which he had received in his passage, importing that such a discovery would cost him his life. Meanwhile the usurper quietly enjoyed his right; and to those who questioned him about his brother's son, constantly replied that the boy had been dead for several years. And Arthur, Earl of A(nglese)a, dying in April 1737, he, upon pretence of being next heir, succeeded to the honours and estate of that nobleman.

"The term of the nephew's bondage, which had been lengthened out beyond the usual time, on account of his repeated attempts to escape, being expired in the year 1739, he hired himself as a common sailor in a trading vessel bound to Jamaica; and there, being entered on board of one of his Majesty's ships, under the command of Admiral Vernon, openly declared his parentage and pretensions. This extraordinary claim, which made a great noise in the fleet, reaching the ears of one Lieutenant S(impso)n, nearly related to the usurper's Irish wife, he believed the young gentleman to be an impostor; and thinking it was incumbent on him to discover the cheat, he went on board the ship to which the claimant belonged, and having heard the account which he gave of himself, was, notwithstanding his prepossessions, convinced of the truth of what he alleged. On his return to his own ship, he chanced to mention this extraordinary affair upon the quarter-deck, in the hearing of Mr. B—n, one of the midshipmen, who had formerly been at school with Mr. A(nnesle)y. This young gentleman not only told the lieutenant that he had been schoolfellow with Lord A(ltha)m's son, but also declared that he should know him again, if not greatly altered, as he still retained a perfect idea of his countenance.

"Upon this intimation the lieutenant proposed that the experiment should be tried; and went with the midshipman on board the ship that the claimant was in for that purpose. After all the sailors had been assembled upon deck, Mr. B—n, casting his eyes around, immediately distinguished Mr. A(nnesle)y in the crowd, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'This is the man,' said he; affirming at the same time that, while he continued at school with him, the claimant was reputed and respected as Lord A(ltha)m's son and heir, and maintained in all respects suitable to the dignity of his rank. Nay, he was, in like manner, recognised by several other persons in the fleet, who had known him in his infancy.

"These things being reported to the admiral, he generously ordered him to be supplied with necessaries, and treated like a gentleman; and in his next despatches transmitted an account of the affair to the Duke of Newcastle, among the other transactions of the fleet.

"In September or October 1741, Mr. A(nnesle)y

arrived in London; and the first person to whom he applied for advice and assistance was a man of the law, nearly related to the families of A(nglese)a and A(ltha)m, and well acquainted with the particular affairs of each; who, far from treating him as a bastard and impostor, received him with civility and seeming kindness, asked him to eat, presented him with a piece of money, and excusing himself from meddling in the affair, advised him to go to Ireland, as the most proper place for commencing a suit for the recovery of his right.

"Before the young gentleman had an opportunity, or indeed any inclination, to comply with this advice, he was accidentally met in the street by that same H(igginso)n, who, as I have mentioned, gave Mr. M(ackercher) the first insight into the affair. This man immediately knew the claimant, having been formerly an agent for his father, and afterwards a creature of his uncle's, with whom he was, not without reason, suspected to be concerned in kidnapping and transporting his nephew. Be that as it will, his connexions with the usurper were now broke off by a quarrel, in consequence of which he had thrown up his agency; and he invited the hapless stranger to his house, with a view of making all possible advantage of such a guest.

"There he had not long remained, when his treacherous landlord, tampering with his inexperience, effected a marriage between him and the daughter of one of his own friends, who lodged in his house at the same time. But afterwards, seeing no person of consequence willing to espouse his cause, he looked upon him as an encumbrance, and wanted to rid his hands of him accordingly. He remembered that Mr. M(ackercher) had expressed himself with all the humanity of apprehension in favour of the unfortunate young nobleman, before his arrival in England; and, being well acquainted with the generosity of his disposition, he no sooner understood that he was returned from France than he waited upon him with an account of Mr. A(nnesle)y's being safely arrived. Mr. M(ackercher) was sincerely rejoiced to find that a person who had been so cruelly injured, and undergone so long and continued a scene of distress, was restored to a country where he was sure of obtaining justice, and where every good man, as he imagined, would make the cause his own. And being informed that the youth was in want of necessaries, he gave twenty guineas to H(igginso)n for his use, and promised to do him all the service in his power; but had no intention to take upon himself the whole weight of such an important affair, or indeed to appear in the cause, until he should be fully and thoroughly satisfied that the claimant's pretensions were well founded.

"In the meantime, H(igginso)n insinuating that the young gentleman was not safe in his present lodging from the machinations of his enemies, M(ackercher) accommodated him with an apartment in his own house; where he was at great pains to remedy the defect in his education, by rendering him fit to appear as a gentleman in the world. Having received from him all the intelligence he could give relating to his own affair, he laid the case before counsel, and despatched a person to Ireland, to make further inquiries upon the same subject; who, on his first arrival in that kingdom, found the claimant's birth was as publicly known as any circumstance of that kind could possibly be, at so great a distance of time.

"The usurper and his friends gave all the interruption in their power to any researches concerning that affair, and had recourse to every art and expedient that could be invented, to prevent its being brought to a legal discussion. Privilege, bills in Chancery, orders of court surreptitiously and illegally obtained, and every other invention, was made use of to bar and prevent a fair and honest trial by a jury. The usurper himself, and his agents, at the same time that they formed divers conspiracies against his life, in vain endeavoured to detach Mr. M(ackercher) from the orphan's cause, by innumerable artifices, insinuating, cajoling, and misrepresenting, with surprising dexterity and perseverance.

"His protector, far from being satisfied with their reasons, was not only deaf to their remonstrances, but, believing him in danger from their repeated efforts, had him privately conveyed into the country, where an unhappy accident, which he hath ever since sincerely regretted, furnished his adversary with a colourable pretext to cut him off in the beginning of his career.

"A man happening to lose his life by the accidental discharge of a piece that chanced to be in the young gentleman's hands, the account of this misfortune no sooner reached the ears of his uncle, than he expressed the most immoderate joy at having found so good a handle for destroying him, under colour of law. He immediately constituted himself prosecutor, set his emissaries at work to secure a coroner's inquest suited to his cruel purposes; set out for the place in person, to take care that the prisoner should not escape; insulted him in jail in the most inhuman manner; employed a whole army of attorneys and agents to spirit up and carry on a most virulent prosecution; practised all the unfair methods that could be invented, in order that the unhappy gentleman should be transported to Newgate from the healthy prison to which he was at first committed; endeavoured to inveigle him into destructive confessions; and, not to mention other more infamous arts employed in the affair of evidence, attempted to surprise him upon his trial in the absence of his witnesses and counsel, contrary to a previous agreement with the prosecutor's own attorney. Nay, he even appeared in person upon the bench at the trial, in order to intimidate the evidence and browbeat the unfortunate prisoner at the bar, and expended above a thousand pounds in that prosecution. In spite of all his wicked efforts, however, which were defeated by the spirit and indefatigable industry of Mr. M(ackercher), the young gentleman was honourably acquitted, to the evident satisfaction of all the impartial; the misfortune that gave a handle for that unnatural prosecution appearing to a demonstration to have been a mere accident.

"In a few months, his protector, who had now openly espoused his cause, taking with him two gentlemen to witness his transactions, conducted him to his native country, with a view to be better informed of the strength of his pretensions than he could be by the intelligence he had hitherto received, or by the claimant's own dark and almost obliterated remembrance of the facts which were essential to be known. Upon their arrival in Dublin, application was made to those persons whom Mr. A(nnesle)y had named as his schoolmasters and companions, together with the servants and neighbours of his father. These, though examined separately, without having the least previous intimation of what the claimant had reported, agreed in their accounts with him, as well as with one another, and mentioned many other people as acquainted with the same facts, to whom Mr. M(ackercher) had recourse, and still met with the same unvaried information. By

these means he made such progress in his inquiries that, in less than two months, no fewer than one hundred persons from different quarters of the kingdom, either personally or by letters, communicated their knowledge of the claimant, in declarations consonant with one another, as well as with the accounts he gave of himself. Several servants who had lived with his father, and been deceived with the story of his death, so industriously propagated by his uncle, no sooner heard of his being in Dublin than they came from different parts of the country to see him; and though great pains were taken to deceive them, they nevertheless knew him at first sight. Some of them fell upon their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation, embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return.

"Although the conduct of his adversary, particularly in the above-mentioned prosecution, together with the evidence that already appeared, were sufficient to convince all mankind of the truth of the claimant's pretensions, Mr. M(ackercher), in order to be further satisfied, resolved to see how he would be received upon the spot where he was born; justly concluding that if he was really an impostor, the bastard of a kitchen-wench, produced in a country entirely possessed by his enemy and his allies, he must be looked upon in that place with the utmost detestation and contempt.

"This his intention was no sooner known to the adverse party, than their agents and friends from all quarters repaired to that place with all possible despatch, and used all their influence with the people, in remonstrances, threats, and all the other arts they could devise, not only to discountenance the claimant upon his arrival, but even to spirit up a mob to insult him. Notwithstanding these precautions, and the servile awe and subjection in which tenants are kept by their landlords in that part of the country, as soon as it was known that Mr. A(nnesle)y approached the town, the inhabitants crowded out in great multitudes to receive and welcome him, and accompanied him into town with acclamations and other expressions of joy, insomuch that the agents of his adversary durst not show their faces. The sovereign of the corporation, who was a particular creature and favourite of the usurper, and whose all depended upon the issue of the cause, was so conscious of the stranger's right, and so much awed by the behaviour of the people, who knew that consciousness, that he did not think it safe even to preserve the appearance of neutrality upon this occasion, but actually held the stirrup while Mr. A(nnesle)y dismounted from his horse.

"This sense of conviction in the people manifested itself still more powerfully when he returned to the same place in the year 1744, about which time Lord A(nglese)a being informed of his resolution, determined again to be beforehand with him, and set out in person with his agents and friends, some of whom were detached before him to prepare for his reception, and induced the people to meet him in a body and accompany him to town, with such expressions of welcome as they had before bestowed on his nephew; but, in spite of all their art and interest, he was suffered to pass through the street in a mournful silence; and though several barrels of beer were produced to court the favour of the populace, they had no other effect than that of drawing the their ridicule upon the donor; whereas, when Mr. A(nnesle)y, two days afterwards, appeared, all the inhabitants, with garlands, streamers, music, and other ensigns of joy, crowded out to meet him, and ushered him into town with such demonstrations of pleasure and good-will, that the noble peer found it convenient to hide himself from the resentment of his own tenants, the effects of which he must have severely felt, had not he been screened by the timely remonstrances of Mr. M(ackercher), and the other gentlemen who accompanied his competitor.

"Nor did his apprehension vanish with the transaction of this day; the town was again in uproar on the Sunday following, when it was known that Mr. A(nnesle)y intended to come thither from Dunmain to church; they went out to meet him as before, and conducted him to the church-door with acclamations, which terrified his uncle to such a degree that he fled with precipitation in a boat, and soon after entirely quitted the place.

"It would be almost an endless task to enumerate the particular steps that were taken by one side to promote, and by the other to delay, the trial. The young gentleman's adversaries finding that they could not, by all the subterfuges and arts they had used, evade it, repeated attempts were made to assassinate him and his protector; and every obstruction thrown in the way of his cause which craft could invent, villany execute, and undue influence confirm. But all these difficulties were surmounted by the vigilance, constancy, courage, and sagacity of M(ackercher); and at last the affair was brought to a very solemn trial at bar, which being continued, by several adjournments, from the eleventh to the twenty-fifth day of November, a verdict was found for the claimant by a jury of gentlemen, which, in point of reputation and property, cannot be easily paralleled in the annals of that or any other country,—a jury that could by no means be suspected of prepossessions in favour of Mr. A(nnesle)y, to whose person they were absolute strangers; especially if we consider that a gentleman in their neighbourhood, who was nephew to the foreman, and nearly related to some of the rest of their number, forfeited a considerable estate by their decision.

"This verdict," said the parson, "gave the highest satisfaction to all impartial persons that were within reach of being duly informed of their proceedings, and of the different genius and conduct of the parties engaged in the contest, but more especially to such as were in court, as I was, at the trial, and had an opportunity of observing the characters and behaviour of the persons who appeared there to give evidence. To such it was very apparent that all the witnesses produced there on the part of the uncle were either his tenants, dependants, pot-companions, or persons some way or other interested in the issue of the suit, and remarkable for a low kind of cunning; that many of them were persons of profligate lives, who deserved no credit; that, independent of the levity of their characters, those of them who went under the denomination of colonels (Colonel L(o)ftus alone excepted, who had nothing to say, and was only brought there in order to give credit to that party), made so ridiculous a figure, and gave so absurd, contradictory, and inconsistent an evidence, as no court or jury could give the least degree of credit to. On the other hand, it was observed that the nephew and Mr. M(ackercher), his chief manager, being absolute strangers in that country, and unacquainted with the characters of the persons they had to deal with, were obliged to lay before the court and jury such evidence as came to their hand, some of whom plainly appeared to have been put upon them by their adversaries with a design to hurt. It was also manifest that the witnesses

produced for Mr. A(nnesle)y were such as could have no manner of connexion with him, nor any dependence whatsoever upon him to influence their evidence; for the far greatest part of them had never seen him from his infancy till the trial began; and many of them, though poor, and undignified with the title of colonels, were people of unblemished character, of great simplicity, and such as no man in his senses would pitch upon to support a bad cause. It is plain that the jury, whose well-known honour, impartiality, and penetration, must be revered by all who are acquainted with them, were not under the least difficulty about their verdict; for they were not enclosed above half an hour when they returned with it. These gentlemen could not help observing the great inequality of the parties engaged, the great advantages that the uncle had in every other respect, except the truth and justice of his case, over the nephew, by means of his vast possessions, and of his power and influence all round the place of his birth; nor could the contrast between the different geniuses of the two parties escape their observation. They could not but see and conclude that a person who had confessedly transported and sold his orphan nephew into slavery—who, on his return, had carried on so unwarrantable and cruel a prosecution to take away his life under colour of law, and who had also given such glaring proofs of his skill and dexterity in the management of witnesses for that cruel purpose, was in like manner capable of exerting the same happy talent on this occasion, when his all was at stake; more especially as he had so many others who were equally interested with himself, and whose abilities in that respect fell nothing short of his own, to second him in it. The gentlemen of the jury had also a near view of the manner in which the witnesses delivered their testimonies, and had from thence an opportunity of observing many circumstances, and distinguishing characteristics of truth and falsehood, from which a great deal could be gathered that could not be adequately conveyed by any printed account, how exact soever; consequently they must have been much better judges of the evidence on which they founded their verdict, than any person who had not the same opportunity can possibly be.

"These, Mr. Pickle, were my reflections on what I had occasion to observe concerning that famous trial; and, on my return to England, two years after, I could not help pitying the self-sufficiency of some people, who, at this distance, pretended to pass their judgment on that verdict with as great positiveness as if they had been in the secrets of the cause, or upon the jury who tried it; and that from no better authority than the declamations of Lord A(nglese)a's emissaries, and some falsified printed accounts, artfully cooked up on purpose to mislead and deceive.

"But to return from this digression. Lord A(nglese)a, the defendant in that cause, was so conscious of the strength and merits of his injured nephew's case, and that a verdict would go against him, that he ordered a writ of error to be made out before the trial was ended; and the verdict was no sooner given than he immediately lodged it, though he well knew he had no manner of error to assign. This expedient was practised merely for vexation and delay, in order to keep Mr. A(nnesle)y from the possession of the small estate he had recovered by the verdict, that, his slender funds being exhausted, he might be deprived of other means to prosecute his right; and by the most oppressive contrivances and scandalous chicanery, it has been kept up to this day, without his being able to assign the least shadow of any error.

"Lord A(nglese)a was not the only antagonist that Mr. A(nnesle)y had to deal with; all the different branches of the A(nglese)a family, who had been worrying one another at law ever since the death of the late Earl of A(nglese)a, about the partition of his great estate, were now firmly united in an association against this unfortunate gentleman; mutual deeds were executed among them, by which many great lordships and estates were given up by the uncle to persons who had no right to possess them, in order to engage them to side with him against his nephew, in withholding the unjust possession of the remainder.

"These confederates having held several consultations against their common enemy, and finding that his cause gathered daily strength since the trial, by the accession of many witnesses of figure and reputation, who had not been heard of before, and that the only chance they had to prevent the speedy establishment of his right, and their own destruction, was by stripping Mr. M(ackercher) of the little money that yet remained, and by stopping all further resources whereby he might be enabled to proceed; they therefore came to a determined resolution to carry that hopeful scheme into execution; and, in pursuance thereof, they have left no expedient or stratagem, how extraordinary or scandalous soever, unpractised, to distress Mr. A(nnesle)y and that gentleman. For that end, all the oppressive arts and dilatory expensive contrivances that the fertile invention of the lowest pettifoggers of the law could possibly devise, have with dexterity been played off against them, in fruitless quibbling and malicious suits, entirely foreign to the merits of the cause. Not to mention numberless other acts of oppression, the most extraordinary and unprecedented proceeding, by means whereof this sham writ of error hath been kept on foot ever since November 1743, is to me," said the doctor, "a most flagrant instance, not only of the prevalency of power and money (when employed, as in the present case, against an unfortunate helpless man, disabled, as he is, of the means of ascertaining his right), but of the badness of a cause that hath recourse to so many iniquitous expedients to support it.

"In a word, the whole conduct of Lord A(nglese)a and his party, from the beginning to this time, hath been such as sufficiently manifests that it could proceed from no other motives than a consciousness of Mr. A(nnesle)y's right, and of their own illegal usurpations, and from a terror of trusting the merits of their case to a fair discussion by the laws of their country; and that the intention and main drift of all their proceedings plainly tends to stifle and smother the merits of the case from the knowledge of the world, by oppressive arts and ingenious delays, rather than trust it to the candid determination of an honest jury. What else could be the motives of kidnapping the claimant, and transporting him when an infant? of the various attempts made upon his life since his return? of the attempts to divest him of all assistance to ascertain his right, by endeavouring so solicitously to prevail on Mr. M(ackercher) to abandon him in the beginning? of retaining an army of counsel before any suit had been commenced? of the many sinister attempts to prevent the trial at bar? of the various arts made use of to terrify any one from appearing as witness for the claimant, and to seduce those who had appeared?

of the shameless, unprecedented, low tricks now practised, to keep him out of the possession of that estate for which he had obtained the verdict, thereby to disable him from bringing his cause to a further hearing; and of the attempts made to buy up Mr. M(ackercher)'s debts, and to spirit up suits against him? Is it not obvious from all these circumstances, as well as from the obstruction they have given to the attorney-general's proceeding to make a report to his majesty on the claimant's petition to the king for the peerage, which was referred by his majesty to that gentleman so far back as 1743, that all their efforts are bent to that one point, of stifling, rather than suffering the merits of this cause to come to a fair and candid hearing; and that the sole consideration at present between them and this unfortunate man is not whether he is right or wrong, but whether he shall or shall not find money to bring this cause to a final determination?

"Lord A(nglese)a and his confederates, not thinking themselves safe with all these expedients, while there was a possibility of their antagonist's obtaining any assistance from such as humanity, compassion, generosity, or a love of justice, might induce to lay open their purses to his assistance in ascertaining his right, have, by themselves and their numerous emissaries, employed all the arts of calumny, slander, and detraction against him, by traducing his cause, vilifying his person, and most basely and cruelly tearing his character to pieces, by a thousand misrepresentations, purposely invented and industriously propagated in all places of resort, which is a kind of cowardly assassination that there is no guarding against; yet, in spite of all these machinations, and the shameful indifference of mankind, who stand aloof unconcerned, and see this unhappy gentleman most inhumanly oppressed by the weight of lawless power and faction, M(ackercher), far from suffering himself to be dejected by the multiplying difficulties that crowd upon him, still exerts himself with amazing fortitude and assiduity, and will, I doubt not, bring the affair he began and carried on with so much spirit, while his finances lasted, to a happy conclusion.

"It would exceed the bounds of my intention, and perhaps trespass too much upon your time, were I to enumerate the low artifices and shameful quibbles by which the usurper has found means to procrastinate the decision of the contest between him and his hapless nephew, or to give a detail of the damage and perplexity which Mr. M(ackercher) has sustained, and been involved in by the treachery and ingratitude of some who listed themselves under him, in the prosecution of this affair, and by the villany of others, who, under various pretences of material discoveries they had to make, etc., had fastened themselves upon him, and continued to do all the mischief in their power, until the cloven foot was detected.

"One instance, however, is so flagrantly flagitious that I cannot resist the inclination I feel to relate it, as an example of the most infernal perfidy that perhaps ever entered the human heart. I have already mentioned the part which H(igginso)n acted in the beginning of M(ackercher)'s connexion with the unfortunate stranger, and hinted that the said H(igginso)n lay under many obligations to that gentleman before Mr. A(nnesle)y's arrival in England. He had been chief agent to Lord A(nglese)a, and, as it afterwards appeared, received several payments of a secret pension which that lord enjoyed, for which he either could not or would not account. His lordship, therefore, in order to compel him to it, took out writs against him, and his house was continually surrounded with catchpoles for the space of two whole years.

"Mr. M(ackercher), believing from H(igginso)n's own account of the matter, that the poor man was greatly injured, and prosecuted on account of his attachment to the unhappy young gentleman, did him all the good offices in his power, and became security for him on several occasions; nay, such was his opinion of his integrity, that, after Mr. A(nnesle)y was cleared of the prosecution carried on against him by his uncle, his person was trusted to the care of this hypocrite, who desired that the young gentleman might lodge at his house for the convenience of air, M(ackercher)'s own occasions calling him often into the country.

"Having thus, by his consummate dissimulation, acquired such a valuable charge, he wrote a letter to one of Lord A(nglese)a's attorneys, offering to betray Mr. A(nnesle)y, provided his lordship would settle his account, and give him a discharge for eight hundred pounds of the pension, which he had received, and not accounted for. Mr. M(ackercher), informed of this treacherous proposal, immediately removed his lodger from his house into his own, without assigning his reasons for so doing, until he was obliged to declare it, in order to free himself from the importunities of H(igginso)n, who earnestly solicited his return. This miscreant, finding himself detected and disappointed in his villanous design, was so much enraged at his miscarriage, that, forgetting all the benefits he had received from M(ackercher) for a series of years, he practised all the mischief that his malice could contrive against him, and at length entered into a confederacy with one G(oo)st(r)ey, and several other abandoned wretches, who, as before said, under various pretences of being able to make material discoveries, and otherwise to serve the cause, had found means to be employed in some extra business relating to it, though their real intention was to betray the claimant.

These confederates, in conjunction with some other auxiliaries of infamous character, being informed that Mr. M(ackercher) was on the point of securing a considerable sum, to enable him to prosecute Mr. A(nnesle)y's right, and to bring it to a happy conclusion, contrived a deep-laid scheme to disappoint him in it, and at once to ruin the cause. And previous measures being taken for that wicked purpose, they imposed upon the young gentleman's inexperience and credulity, by insinuations equally false, plausible, and malicious; to which they at length gained his belief, by the mention of some circumstances that gave what they alleged an air of probability, and even of truth. They swore that Mr. M(ackercher) had taken out an action against him for a very large sum of money; that they had actually seen the writ; that the intention of it was to throw him into prison for life, and ruin his cause, in consequence of an agreement made by him with Lord A(nglese)a, and his other enemies, to retrieve the money that he had laid out in the cause.

"This plausible tale was enforced with such an air of truth, candour, and earnest concern for his safety, and was strengthened by so many imprecations and corroborating circumstances of their invention, as would have staggered one of much greater experience and knowledge of mankind than Mr. A(nnesle)y could be supposed to have at that time. The notion of perpetual imprisonment,

and the certain ruin they made him believe his cause was threatened with, worked upon his imagination to such a degree, that he suffered himself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter by this artful band of villains, who secreted him at the lodgings of one Pr(e)nt(i)ce, an intimate of G(oo)st(r)ey's, for several days, under colour of his being hunted by bailiffs employed by Mr. M(ackercher), where he was not only obliged by them to change his name, but even his wife was not suffered to have access to him.

"Their design was to have sold him, or drawn him into a ruinous compromise with his adversaries, for a valuable consideration to themselves. But as no ties are binding among such a knot of villains, the rest of the conspirators were jockeyed by G(oo)st(r)ey, who, in order to monopolize the advantage to himself, hurried his prize into the country, and secreted him even from his confederates, in a place of concealment one hundred miles from London, under the same ridiculous pretence of M(ackercher)'s having taken out a writ against him, and of bailiffs being in pursuit of him everywhere round London.

"He was no sooner there, than G(oo)st(r)ey, as a previous step to the other villany he intended, tricked him out of a bond for six thousand pounds, under colour of his having a person ready to advance the like sum upon it, as an immediate fund for carrying on his cause; assuring him, at the same time, that he had a set of gentlemen ready, who were willing to advance twenty-five thousand pounds more for the same purpose, and to allow him five hundred pounds a year for his maintenance, till his cause should be made an end of, provided that Mr. M(ackercher) should have no further concern with him and his cause.

"Mr. A(nnesle)y, having by this time received some intimations of the deceit that had been put upon him, made answer, that he should look upon himself as a very ungrateful monster indeed, if he deserted a person who had saved his life, and so generously ventured his own, together with his fortune, in his cause, until he should first be certain of the truth of what was alleged of him, and absolutely rejected the proposal. G(oo)st(r)ey, who had no other view in making it, than to cover the secret villany he meditated against him, and to facilitate the execution thereof, easily receded from it, when he found Mr. A(nnesle)y so averse to it, and undertook, nevertheless, to raise the money, adding, that he might if he please, return to Mr. M(ackercher) whenever it was secured. The whole drift of this pretended undertaking to raise the twenty-five thousand pounds, was only to lay a foundation for a dexterous contrivance to draw Mr. A(nnesle)y unwarily into the execution of a deed, relinquishing all his right and title, under a notion of its being a deed to secure the repayment of that sum.

"G(oo)st(r)ey having, as he imagined, so far paved the way for the execution of such a deed, enters into an agreement with an agent, employed for that purpose by Mr. A(nnesle)y's adversaries, purporting, that in consideration of the payment of a bond for six thousand pounds, which he, G(oo)st(r)ey, had, as he pretended, laid out in Mr. A(nnesle)y's cause, and of an annuity of seven hundred pounds a year, he was to procure for them from Mr. A(nnesle)y a deed ready executed, relinquishing all right and title to the A(nglese)a estate and honours. Everything being prepared for the execution of this infernal scheme, unknown to Mr. A(nnesle)y, G(oo)st(r)ey then thought proper to send for him to town from his retirement, in order, as he pretended, to execute a security of twenty-five thousand pounds.

"This intended victim to that villain's avarice no sooner arrived in town, full of hopes of money to carry on his cause, and of agreeably surprising his friend and protector, Mr. M(ackercher), with so seasonable and unexpected a reinforcement, than an unforeseen difficulty arose concerning the payment of G(oo)st(r)ey's six thousand pound bond. That money was to have been raised out of the estate of a lunatic, which could not be done without the leave of the Court of Chancery, to whom an account must have been given of the intended application of it. While preparations were making to rectify this omission, G(oo)st(r)ey immediately carried Mr. A(nnesle)y again into the country, lest he should happen to be undeceived by some means or other. In the meantime, this wicked machination was providentially discovered by Mr. M(ackercher) before it could be carried into execution, by means of the jealousies that arose among the conspirators themselves, and was, at the same time, confirmed to him by a person whom the very agent for the A(nglese)a party had intrusted with the secret. M(ackercher) no sooner detected it than he communicated his discovery to one of Mr. A(nnesley)'s counsel, a man of great worth, and immediately thereupon took proper measures to defeat it. He then found means to lay open to Mr. A(nnesle)y himself the treacherous scheme that was laid for his destruction. He was highly sensible of it, and could never afterwards reflect on the snare that he had so unwarily been drawn into, and had so narrowly escaped, without a mixture of horror, shame, and gratitude to his deliverer.

"The consummate assurance of the monsters who were engaged in this plot, after they had been detected and upbraided with their treachery, is scarce to be paralleled; for they not only owned the fact of spiriting Mr. A(nnesle)y away in the manner above mentioned, but justified their doing it as tending to his service. They also maintained that they had actually secured the twenty-five thousand pounds for him, though they never could name any one person who was to have advanced the money. No man was more active in this scheme than H(igginso)n, nor any man more solicitous to keep Mr. A(nnesle)y up in the false impressions he had received, or in projecting methods to ruin his protector, than he.

"Among many other expedients for that purpose, a most malicious attempt was made to lodge an information against him, for treasonable practices, with the Secretary of State, notwithstanding the repeated proofs he had given of his loyalty; and, as a preparatory step to his accusation, a letter, which this traitor dictated, was copied by another person, and actually sent to the Earl of C(hesterfiel)d, importing that the person who copied the letter had an affair of consequence to communicate to his lordship, if he would appoint a time of receiving the information. But that person, upon full conviction of the villany of the scheme, absolutely refused to proceed further in it; so that his malice once more proved abortive, and before he had time to execute any other contrivance of the same nature, he was imprisoned in this very jail for debt.

"Here, finding his creditors inexorable, and himself destitute of all other resource, he made application to the very man whom he had injured in such an outrageous manner, set forth his deplorable case in the most pathetic terms, and entreated him, with the most abject humility, to use his influence in his behalf. The distress of this varlet immediately disarmed M(ackercher) of his resent-

ment, and even excited his compassion. Without sending any answer to his remonstrances, he interceded for him with his creditors; and the person to whom he was chiefly indebted refusing to release him without security, this unwearied benefactor joined with the prisoner in a bond for above two hundred and forty pounds, for which he obtained his release.

"He was no sooner discharged, however, than he entered into fresh combinations with G(oo)st(r)ey and others, in order to thwart his deliverer in his schemes of raising money, and otherwise to distress and deprive him of liberty; for which purpose no art or industry, perjury not excepted, hath been spared. And, what is still more extraordinary, this perfidious monster having found money to take up the bond, in consequence of which he regained his freedom, hath procured a writ against M(ackercher), upon that very obligation, and taken assignments to some other debts of that gentleman, with the same Christian intention. But hitherto he hath, by surprising sagacity and unshaken resolution, baffled all their infernal contrivances, and retorted some of their machinations on their own heads. At this time, when he is supposed by some, and represented by others, as under the circumstances of oblivion and despondence, he proceeds in his design with the utmost calmness and intrepidity, meditating schemes, and ripening measures, that will one day confound his enemies, and attract the notice and admiration of mankind."

Peregrine, having thanked the priest for his obliging information, expressed his surprise at the scandalous inattention of the world to an affair of such importance; observing that, by such inhuman neglect, this unfortunate young gentleman, Mr. A(nnesle)y, was absolutely deprived of all the benefit of society; the sole end of which is to protect the rights, redress the grievances, and promote the happiness of individuals. As for the character of M(ackercher), he said, it was so romantically singular in all its circumstances, that, though other motives were wanting, curiosity alone would induce him to seek his acquaintance. But he did not at all wonder at the ungrateful returns which had been made to his generosity by H(igginso)n and many others, whom he had served in a manner that few, besides himself, would have done; for he had been long convinced of the truth conveyed in these lines of a celebrated Italian author:—

"*Li beneficii, che per la loro grandezza, non puonno esser guiderdonati, con la scelerata moneta dell' ingratitudine, sono pagati.*"

"The story which you have related of that young gentleman," said he, "bears a very strong resemblance to the fate of a Spanish nobleman, as it was communicated to me by one of his own intimate friends at Paris. The Countess d'Alvarez died immediately after the birth of a son, and the husband surviving her but three years, the child was left sole heir to the honours and estate, under the guardianship of his uncle, who had a small fortune and a great many children. This inhuman relation, coveting the wealth of his infant ward, formed a design against the life of the helpless orphan, and trusted the execution of it to his valet-de-chambre, who was tempted to undertake the murder by the promise of a considerable reward. He accordingly stabbed the boy with a knife in three different places on the right side of his neck; but, as he was not used to such barbarous attempts, his hand failed in the performance; and he was seized with such remorse, that, perceiving the wounds were not mortal, he carried the hapless victim to the house of a surgeon, by whose care they were healed; and, in the meantime, that he might not forfeit his recompense, found means to persuade his employer that his orders were performed. A bundle being made up for the purpose, was publicly interred as the body of the child, who was said to have been suddenly carried off by a convulsion; and the uncle, without opposition, succeeded to his honours and estate. The boy being cured of his hurts, was, about the age of six, delivered, with a small sum of money, to a merchant just embarking for Turkey, who was given to understand that he was the bastard of a man of quality, and that, for family reasons, it was necessary to conceal his birth.

"While the unfortunate orphan remained in this deplorable state of bondage, all the children of the usurper died one after another; and he himself being taken dangerously ill, attributed all his afflictions to the just judgment of God, and communicated his anxiety on that subject to the valet-de-chambre, who had been employed in the murder of his nephew. That domestic, in order to quiet his master's conscience, and calm the perturbation of his spirits, confessed what he had done, and gave him hopes of still finding the boy by dint of industry and expense. The unhappy child being the only hope of the family of Alvarez, the uncle immediately ordered a minute inquiry to be set on foot; in consequence of which he was informed that the orphan had been sold to a Turk, who had afterwards transferred him to an English merchant, by whom he was conveyed to London.

"An express was immediately despatched to this capital, where he understood that the unhappy exile had, in consideration of his faithful services, been bound apprentice to a French barber-surgeon; and, after he had sufficiently qualified himself in that profession, been received into the family of the Count de Gallas, at that time the Emperor's ambassador at the Court of London. From the house of this nobleman he was traced into the service of Count d'Oberstorf, where he had married his lady's chamber-maid, and then gone to settle as a surgeon in Bohemia.

"In the course of these inquiries several years elapsed; his uncle, who was very much attached to the house of Austria, lived at Barcelona, where the father of this Empress Queen resided in that city, and lent him a very considerable sum of money in the most pressing emergency of his affairs; and when that Prince was on the point of returning to Germany, the old Count, finding his end approaching, sent his father confessor to his Majesty, with a circumstantial account of the barbarity he had practised against his nephew, for which he implored forgiveness, and begged he would give orders that the orphan, when found, should inherit the dignities and fortune which he had unjustly usurped.

"His Majesty assured the old man that he might make himself easy on that score, and ordered the confessor to follow him to Vienna immediately after the Count's death, in order to assist his endeavours in finding out the injured heir. The priest did not fail to yield obedience to this command. He informed himself of certain natural marks on the young Count's body, which were known to the nurse and women who attended him in his infancy; and, with a gentleman whom the Emperor ordered to accompany him, set out for Bohemia, where he soon found the object of his inquiry, in the capacity of major-domo to a nobleman of that country, he having quitted his profession of surgery for that office.

"He was not a little surprised when he found

himself circumstantially catechised about the particulars of his life, by persons commissioned for that purpose by the Emperor. He told them that he was absolutely ignorant of his own birth, though he had been informed, during his residence in Turkey, that he was the bastard of a Spanish grandee, and gave them a minute detail of the pilgrimage he had undergone. This information agreeing with the intelligence which the priest had already received, and being corroborated by the marks upon his body, and the very scars of the wounds which had been inflicted upon him in his infancy, the confessor, without further hesitation, saluted him by the name of Count d'Alvarez, grandee of Spain, and explained the whole mystery of his fortune.

"If he was agreeably amazed at this explanation, the case was otherwise with his wife, who thought herself in great danger of being abandoned by a husband of such high rank; but he immediately dispelled her apprehension, by assuring her that, as she had shared in his adversity, she should also partake of his good fortune. He set out immediately for Vienna, to make his acknowledgments to the Emperor, who favoured him with a very gracious reception, promised to use his influence, so that he might enjoy the honours and estate of his family, and in the meantime acknowledged himself his debtor for four hundred thousand florins, which he had borrowed from his uncle. He threw himself at the feet of his august protector, expressed the most grateful sense of his goodness, and begged he might be permitted to settle in some of his Imperial Majesty's dominions.

"This request was immediately granted; he was allowed to purchase land in any part of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria, to the amount of the sum I have mentioned; and made choice of the country of Ratibor in Silesia, where, in all probability, he still resides."

Peregrine had scarce finished the narrative, when he perceived Mr. M(ackercher) slip something into the hand of the young man with whom he had been conversing at the other end of the room, and rise up from the table in order to take his leave. He at once understood the meaning of this conveyance, and longed for an opportunity to be acquainted with such a rare instance of primitive benevolence; but the consciousness of his present situation hindered him from making any advance that might be construed into forwardness or presumption.

CHAPTER XCIX.

He is surprised with the appearance of Hatchway and Pipes, who take up their Habitation in his Neighbourhood, contrary to his inclination and express desire.

Being now regularly initiated in the mysteries of the Fleet, and reconciled in some measure to the customs of the place, he began to bear the edge of reflection without wincing; and thinking it would be highly imprudent in him to defer any longer the purposes by which only he could enjoy any ease and satisfaction in his confinement, he resolved to resume his task of translating, and every week compose an occasional paper, by way of revenge upon the minister, against whom he had denounced eternal war. With this view he locked himself up in his chamber, and went to work with great eagerness and application, when he was interrupted by a ticket porter, who, putting a letter in his hand, vanished in a moment, before he had time to peruse the contents.

Our hero, opening the billet, was not a little surprised to find a bank-note for fifty pounds, enclosed in a blank sheet of paper; and having exercised his memory and penetration on the subject of this unexpected windfall, had just concluded that it could come from no other hand than the lady who had so kindly visited him a few days before, when his ears were suddenly invaded by the well-known sound of that whistle which always hung about the neck of Pipes as a memorial of his former occupation. This tune being performed, he heard the noise of a wooden leg ascending the stair; upon which he opened his door, and beheld his friend Hatchway, with his old shipmate at his back.

After a cordial shake of the hand, with the usual salutation of "What cheer, cousin Pickle?" honest Jack seated himself without ceremony; and casting his eyes around the apartment, "Split my top-staysail," said he, with an arch sneer, "you have got into a snug berth, cousin. Here you may sit all weathers without being turned out to take your watch, and no fear of the ship's dragging her anchor. You han't much room to spare, 'tis true. An' I had known as how you stowed so close, Tom should have slung my own hammock for you, and then you mought have knocked down this great lubberly hurricane house. But mayhap you turn in double, and so you don't choose to trust yourself and your doxy to a clew and canvas."

Pickle bore his jokes with great good-humour, rallied him in his turn about the dairy-maid at the garrison, inquiring about his friends in the country, asked if he had been to visit his niece, and, finally, expressed a desire of knowing the cause of his journey to London. The lieutenant satisfied his curiosity in all these particulars; and, in answer to the last question, observed that, from the information of Pipes, understanding he was land-locked, he had come from the country in order to tow him into the offing. "I know not how the wind sets," said he, "but if so be as three thousand pounds will bring you clear of the cape, say the word, and you shan't lie wind-bound another glass for want of the money."

This was an offer which few people in our hero's situation would have altogether refused, especially as he had all the reason in the world to believe that, far from being a vain unmeaning compliment, it was the genuine tribute of friendship, which the lieutenant would have willingly, ay, and with pleasure, paid. Nevertheless Peregrine peremptorily refused his assistance, though not without expressing himself in terms of acknowledgment suitable to the occasion. He told him it would be time enough to make use of his generosity when he should find himself destitute of all other resource. Jack employed all his rhetoric with a view of persuading him to take this opportunity to procure his own enlargement; and, finding his arguments ineffectual, insisted upon his accepting an immediate supply for his necessary occasions; swearing with great vehemence that he would never return to the garrison unless he would put him upon the footing of any other tenant, and receive his rent accordingly.

Our young gentleman as positively swore that he never would consider him in that light; remonstrating that he had long ago settled the house upon him for life, as a pledge of his own esteem, as well as in conformity with the com-

modore's desire; and beseeching him to return to his usual avocations, protested that if ever his situation should subject him to the necessity of borrowing from his friends, Mr. Hatchway should be the first man to whom he would apply himself for succour. To convince him that this was not the case at present, he produced the bank-note which he had received in the letter, together with his own ready money, and mentioned some other funds, which he invented extempore, in order to amuse the lieutenant's concern. In the close of this expostulation, he desired Pipes to conduct Mr. Hatchway to the coffee-house, where he might amuse himself with the newspaper for half an hour, during which he would put on his clothes, and bespeak something for dinner, that they might enjoy each other's company as long as his occasions would permit him to stay in that place.

The two sailors were no sooner gone than he took up the pen and wrote the following letter, in which he enclosed the bank-note to his generous benefactress:—

"MADAM,—Your humanity is not more ingenious than my suspicion. In vain you attempt to impose upon me by an act of generosity, which no person upon earth but your ladyship is capable of committing. Though your name was not subscribed on the paper, your sentiments were fully displayed in the contents, which I must beg leave to restore, with the same sense of gratitude, and for the same reasons I expressed when last I had the honour to converse with you upon this subject. Though I am deprived of my liberty by the villany and ingratitude of mankind, I am not yet destitute of the other conveniences of life; and therefore beg to be excused for incurring an unnecessary addition to that load of obligation you have already laid upon, Madam, your ladyship's most devoted humble servant, PEREGRINE PICKLE."

Having dressed himself, and repaired to the place of appointment, he despatched this epistle by the hands of Pipes, who was ordered to leave it at her ladyship's house, without staying for an answer; and in the meantime gave directions for dinner, which he and his friend Hatchway ate very cheerfully in his own apartment, after he had entertained him with a sight of all the curiosities in the place. During their repast, Jack repeated his kind offers to our adventurer, who declined them with his former obstinacy, and begged he might be no more importuned on that subject; but if he insisted upon giving some fresh proofs of his friendship, he might have an opportunity of exhibiting it in taking Pipes under his care and protection; for nothing affected him so much as his inability to provide for such a faithful adherent.

The lieutenant desired he would give himself no trouble upon that score, he being of his own accord perfectly well disposed to befriend his old shipmate, who should never want while he had a shilling to spare. But he began to drop some hints of an intention to fix his quarters in the Fleet, observing that the air seemed to be very good in that place, and that he was tired of living in the country. What he said did not amount to a plain declaration, and therefore Peregrine did not answer it as such, though he perceived his drift; and took an opportunity of describing the inconveniences of the place, in such a manner as, he hoped, would deter him from putting such an extravagant plan in execution.

This expedient, however, far from answering the end proposed, had a quite contrary effect, and furnished Hatchway with an argument against his own unwillingness to quit such a disagreeable place. In all probability Jack would have been more explicit with regard to the scheme he had proposed, if the conversation had not been interrupted by the arrival of Cadwallader, who never failed in the performance of his diurnal visit. Hatchway, conjecturing that this stranger might have some private business with his friend, quitted the apartment on pretence of taking a turn; and meeting Pipes at the door, desired his company to the Bare, by which name the open space is distinguished; where, during a course of perambulation, these two companions held a council upon Pickle; in consequence of which it was determined, since he obstinately persisted to refuse their assistance, that they should take lodgings in his neigbourhood, with a view of being at hand to minister unto his occasions, in spite of his false delicacy, according to the emergency of his affairs.

This resolution being taken, they consulted the bar-keeper of the coffee-house about lodging, and she directed them to the warden; to whom the lieutenant, in his great wisdom, represented himself as a kinsman to Peregrine, who, rather than leave that young gentleman by himself to the unavoidable discomforts of a prison, was inclined to keep him company till such time as his affairs could be put in order. This measure he the more anxiously desired to take, because the prisoner was sometimes subject to a disordered imagination, upon which occasion he stood in need of extraordinary attendance; and therefore he, the lieutenant, entreated the warden to accommodate him with a lodging for himself and his servant, for which he was ready to make any reasonable acknowledgment. The warden, who was a sensible and humane man, could not help applauding his resolution; and several rooms being at that time unoccupied, he put him immediately in possession of a couple, which were forthwith prepared for his reception.

This affair being settled to his satisfaction, he despatched Pipes for his portmanteau; and, returning to the coffee-house, found Peregrine, with whom he spent the remaining part of the evening. Our hero, taking it for granted that he proposed to set out for the garrison next day, wrote a memorandum of some books which he had left in that habitation, and which he now desired Jack to send up to town by the waggon, directed for Mr. Crabtree. He cautioned him against giving the least hint of his misfortune in the neighbourhood, that it might remain, as long as possible, concealed from the knowledge of his sister, who, he knew, would afflict herself immoderately at the news, nor reach the ears of the rest of his family, who would exult and triumph over his distress.

Hatchway listened to his injunctions with great attention, and promised to demean himself accordingly. Then the discourse shifted to an agreeable recapitulation of the merry scenes they had formerly acted together. And the evening being pretty far advanced, Peregrine, with seeming reluctance, told him that the gates of the Fleet would in a few minutes be shut for the night, and that there was an absolute necessity for his withdrawing to his lodging. Jack replied that he could not think of parting with him so soon, after such a long separation, and that he was determined to stay with him an hour or two longer, if he should be obliged to take up his lodging in the streets. Pickle, rather than disoblige his guest, indulged him in his desire, and resolved to give him a share of his own bed. A pair of chickens and asparagus were bespoke for supper, at which Pipes attended with an air of internal satisfaction; and the bottle was bandied about in a jovial manner till midnight, when the lieutenant rose up to take his leave, observing that,

being fatigued with riding, he was inclined to turn in. Pipes, upon this intimation, produced a lantern ready lighted; and Jack, shaking his entertainer by the hand, wished him good night, and promised to visit him again betimes in the morning.

Peregrine, imagining that his behaviour proceeded from the wine, which he had plentifully drank, told him that if he was disposed to sleep, his bed was ready prepared in the room, and ordered his attendant to undress his master; upon which Mr. Hatchway gave him to understand that he had no occasion to incommode his friend, having already provided a lodging for himself; and the young gentleman demanding an explanation, he frankly owned what he had done, saying, "You gave me such a dismal account of the place, that I could not think of leaving you in it without company." Our young gentleman, who was naturally impatient of benefits, and foresaw that this uncommon instance of Hatchway's friendship would encroach upon the plan which he had formed for his own subsistence, by engrossing his time and attention, so as that he should not be able to prosecute his labours, closeted the lieutenant next day, and demonstrated to him the folly and ill consequences of the step he had taken. He observed that the world in general would look upon it as the effect of mere madness; and, if his relations were so disposed, they might make it the foundation for a statute of lunacy against him; that his absence from the garrison must be a very great detriment to his private affairs; and, lastly, that his presence in the Fleet would be a very great hindrance to Pickle himself, whose hope of regaining his liberty altogether depended upon his being detached from all company and interruption.

To these remonstrances Jack replied, that, as to the opinion of the world, it was no more to him than a rotten net-line; and if his relations had a mind to have his upper works condemned, he did not doubt but he should be able to stand the survey, without being declared unfit for service; that he had no affairs at the garrison but such as would keep cold; and with regard to Pickle's being interrupted by his presence, he gave him his word that he would never come alongside of him, except when he should give him the signal for holding discourse. In conclusion, he signified his resolution to stay where he was, at all events, without making himself accountable to any person whatsoever.

Peregrine, seeing him determined, desisted from any further importunity, resolving, however, to tire him out of his plan by reserve and supercilious neglect; for he could not bear the thought of being so notoriously obliged by any person upon earth. With this view he quitted the lieutenant upon some slight pretence, after having told him that he could not have the pleasure of his company at dinner, because he was engaged with a particular club of his fellow-prisoners.

Jack was a stranger to the punctilios of behaviour, and therefore did not take this declaration amiss; but had immediate recourse to the advice of his counsellor, Mr. Pipes, who proposed that he should go to the coffee-house and kitchen, and give the people to understand that he would pay for all such liquor and provisions as Mr. Pickle should order to be sent to his own lodging. This expedient was immediately practised; and as there was no credit in the place, Hatchway deposited a sum of money, by way of security, to the cook and the vintner, intimating that there was a necessity for taking that method of befriending his cousin Peregrine, who was subject to strange whims, that rendered it impossible to serve him any other way.

In consequence of these insinuations, it was that same day rumoured about the Fleet that Mr. Pickle was an unhappy gentleman disordered in his understanding, and that the lieutenant was his near relation, who had subjected himself to the inconvenience of living in a jail, with the sole view of keeping a strict eye over his conduct. This report, however, did not reach the ears of our hero till the next day, when he sent one of the runners of the Fleet, who attended him, to bespeak and pay for a couple of pullets, and something else for dinner, to which he had already invited his friend Hatchway, in hope of being able to persuade him to retire into the country, after he had undergone a whole day's mortification in the place. The messenger returned with an assurance that the dinner should be made ready according to his directions, and restored the money, observing that his kinsman had paid for what was bespoke.

Peregrine was equally surprised and disgusted at this information, and resolved to chide the lieutenant severely for his unseasonable treat, which he considered as a thing repugnant to his reputation. Meanwhile he despatched his attendant for wine to the coffee-house, and finding his credit bolstered up in that place by the same means, was enraged at the presumption of Jack's friendship. He questioned the valet about it with such manifestation of displeasure, that the fellow, afraid of disobliging such a good master, frankly communicated the story which was circulated at his expense. The young gentleman was so much incensed at this piece of intelligence that he wrote a bitter expostulation to the lieutenant, where he not only retracted his invitation, but declared that he would never converse with him while he should remain within the place.

Having thus obeyed the dictates of his anger, he gave notice to the cook that he should not have occasion for what was ordered. Repairing to the coffee-house, he told the landlord, that whereas he understood the stranger with the wooden leg had prepossessed him and others with ridiculous notions, tending to bring the sanity of his intellects in question, and, to confirm this imputation, had, under the pretence of consanguinity, undertaken to defray his expenses; he could not help, in justice to himself, declaring that the same person was, in reality, the madman, who had given his keepers the slip; that therefore he, the landlord, would not find his account in complying with his orders, and encouraging him to frequent his house; and that, for his own part, he would never enter the door, or favour him with the least trifle of his custom, if ever he should for the future find himself anticipated in his payments by that unhappy lunatic.

The vintner was confounded at this retorted charge; and, after much perplexity and deliberation, concluded that both parties were distracted—the stranger in paying a man's debts against his will, and Pickle in being offended at such forwardness of friendship.

CHAPTER C.

These Associates commit an Assault upon Crabtree, for which they are banished from the Fleet—Peregrine begins to feel the effects of Confinement.

Our adventurer having dined at an ordinary, and in the afternoon retired to his own apartment, as

usual, with his friend Cadwallader, Hatchway and his associate, after they had been obliged to discuss the provision for which they had paid, renewed their conference upon the old subject, Pipes giving his messmate to understand that Peregrine's chief confidant was the old deaf bachelor whom he had seen at his lodging the preceding day. Mr. Hatchway, in his great penetration, discovered that the young gentleman's obstinacy proceeded from the advice of the misanthrope, whom, for that reason, it was their business to chastise. Pipes entered into this opinion the more willingly, as he had all along believed the senior to be a sort of wizard, or some caco-demon, whom it was not very creditable to be acquainted with. Indeed, he had been inspired with this notion by the insinuations of Hadgi, who had formerly dropt some hints touching Crabtree's profound knowledge in the magic art; mentioning, in particular, his being possessed of the philosopher's stone; an assertion to which Tom had given implicit credit, until his master was sent to prison for debt, when he could no longer suppose Cadwallader lord of such a valuable secret, or else he would have certainly procured the enlargement of his most intimate friend.

With these sentiments, he espoused the resentment of Hatchway. They determined to seize the supposed conjuror, with the first opportunity, on his return from his visit to Peregrine, and, without hesitation, exercise upon him the discipline of the pump. This plan they would have executed that same evening, had not the misanthrope luckily withdrawn himself, by accident, before it was dark, and even before they had intelligence of his retreat. But next day they kept themselves upon the watch till he appeared, and Pipes lifting his hat, as Crabtree passed, "O damn ye, old Dunny," said he, "you and I must grapple by and bye; and a'gad I shall lie so near your quarter that your ear-ports will let in the sound, thof they are double caulked with oakum."

The misanthrope's ears were not quite so fast closed but that they received this intimation; which, though delivered in terms that he did not well understand, had such an effect upon his apprehension that he signified his doubts to Peregrine, observing, that he did not much like the looks of that same ruffian with the wooden leg. Pickle assured him he had nothing to fear from the two sailors, who could have no cause of resentment against him; or, if they had, would not venture to take any step, which they knew must block up all the avenues to that reconcilement about which they were so anxious, and, moreover, give such offence to the governor of the place as would infallibly induce him to expel them both from his territories.

Notwithstanding this assurance, the young gentleman was not so confident of the lieutenant's discretion as to believe that Crabtree's fears were altogether without foundation; he forthwith conjectured that Jack had taken umbrage at an intimacy from which he found himself excluded, and imputed his disgrace to the insinuations of Cadwallader, whom, in all likelihood he intended to punish for his supposed advice. He knew his friend could sustain no great damage from the lieutenant's resentment, in a place which he could immediately alarm with his cries, and therefore wished he might fall into the snare, because it would furnish him with a pretence of complaint; in consequence of which the sailors would be obliged to shift their quarters, so as that he should be rid of their company, in which he at present could find no enjoyment.

Everything happened as he had foreseen; the misanthrope, in his retreat from Peregrine's chamber, was assaulted by Hatchway and his associate, who seized him by the collar without ceremony, and began to drag him towards the pump, at which they would have certainly complimented him with a very disagreeable bath, had not he exalted his voice in such a manner as in a moment brought a number of the inhabitants, and Pickle himself, to his aid. The assailants would have persisted in their design had the opposition been such as they could have faced with any possibility of success; nor did they quit their prey before a dozen, at least, had come to his rescue, and Peregrine, with a menacing aspect and air of authority, commanded his old valet to withdraw. Then they thought proper to sheer off, and betake themselves to close quarters, while our hero accompanied the affrighted Cadwallader to the gate, and exhibited to the warden a formal complaint against the rioters, upon whom he retorted the charge of lunacy, which was supported by the evidence of twenty persons, who had been eye-witnesses of the outrage committed against the old gentleman.

The governor, in consequence of this information, sent a message to Mr. Hatchway, warning him to move his lodgings next day, on pain of being expelled. The lieutenant contumaciously refusing to comply with this intimation, was in the morning, while he amused himself in walking upon the Bare, suddenly surrounded by the constables of the court, who took him and his adherent prisoners, before they were aware, and delivered them into the hands of the turnkeys, by whom they were immediately dismissed, and their baggage conveyed to the side of the ditch.

This expulsion was not performed without an obstinate opposition on the part of the delinquents, who, had they not been surprised, would have set the whole Fleet at defiance, and, in all probability, have acted divers tragedies, before they could have been overpowered. Things being circumstanced as they were, the lieutenant did not part with his conductor without tweaking his nose by way of farewell; and Pipes, in imitation of such a laudable example, communicated a token of remembrance, in an application to the sole eye of his attendant, who, scorning to be out-done in this kind of courtesy, returned the compliment with such good will that Tom's organ performed the office of a multiplying-glass. These were mutual hints for stripping, and accordingly each was naked from the waist upwards in a trice. A ring of butchers from the market was immediately formed; a couple of the reverend Flamens, who, in morning gowns, ply for marriages in that quarter of the town, constituted themselves seconds and umpires of the approaching contest, and the battle began without further preparation. The combatants were, in point of strength and agility, pretty equally matched; but the jailer had been regularly trained to the art of bruising: he had more than once signalized himself in public by his prowess and skill in this exercise, and lost one eye upon the stage in the course of his exploits. This was a misfortune of which Pipes did not fail to take the advantage. He had already sustained several hard knocks upon his temples and jaws, and found it impracticable to smite his antagonist upon the victualling office, so dexterously was it defended against assault. He then changed his battery, and being ambi-

dexter, raised such a clatter upon the turnkey's blind side, that this hero, believing him left-handed, converted his attention that way, and opposed the unenlightened side of his face to the right hand of Pipes, which being thus unprovided against, slily bestowed upon him a peg under the fifth rib, that in an instant laid him senseless on the pavement at the feet of his conqueror. Pipes was congratulated upon his victory, not only by his friend Hatchway, but also by all the bystanders, particularly the priest who had espoused his cause, and now invited the strangers to his lodgings in a neighbouring alehouse, where they were entertained so much to their liking that they determined to seek no other habitation while they should continue in town; and, notwithstanding the disgrace and discouragement they had met with, in their endeavours to serve our adventurer, they were still resolved to persevere in their good offices, or, in the vulgar phrase, to see him out.

While they settled themselves in this manner, and acquired familiar connexions round all the purlieus of the ditch, Peregrine found himself deprived of the company of Cadwallader, who signified, by letter, that he did not choose to hazard his person again in visiting him, while such assassins occupied the avenues through which he must pass; for he had been at pains to inquire into the motions of the seamen, and informed himself exactly of the harbour in which they were moored.

Our hero had been so much accustomed to the conversation of Crabtree, which was altogether suitable to the singularity of his own disposition, that he could very ill afford to be debarred of it at this juncture, when almost every other source of enjoyment was stopped. He was, however, obliged to submit to the hardships of his situation; and as the characters of his fellow-prisoners did not at all improve upon him, he was compelled to seek for satisfaction within himself. Not but that he had an opportunity of conversing with some people who neither wanted sense nor were deficient in point of principle; yet there appeared in the behaviour of them all, without exception, a certain want of decorum, a squalor of sentiment, a sort of jailish cast contracted in the course of confinement, which disgusted the delicacy of our hero's observation. He therefore detached himself from their parties as much as he could, without giving offence to those among whom he was obliged to live, and resumed his labours with incredible eagerness and perseverance, his spirits being supported by the success of some severe *Philippics*, which he occasionally published against the author of his misfortune.

Nor was his humanity unemployed in the vacations of his revenge. A man must be void of all sympathy and compassion, who can reside among so many miserable objects without feeling an inclination to relieve their distress. Every day almost presented to his view such lamentable scenes as were most likely to attract his notice and engage his benevolence. Reverses of fortune, attended with the most deplorable circumstances of domestic woe, were continually intruding upon his acquaintance; his ears were invaded with the cries of the hapless wife, who, from the enjoyment of affluence and pleasure, was forced to follow her husband to this abode of wretchedness and want; his eyes were every minute assailed with the naked and meagre appearances of hunger and cold; and his fancy teemed with a thousand aggravations of their misery.

Thus situated, his purse was never shut while his heart remained open. Without reflecting upon the slenderness of his store, he exercised his charity to all the children of distress, and acquired a popularity, which, though pleasing, was far from being profitable. In short, his bounty kept no pace with his circumstances, and in a little time he was utterly exhausted. He had recourse to his bookseller, from whom, with great difficulty, he obtained a small reinforcement, and immediately relapsed into the same want of retention. He was conscious of his infirmity, and found it incurable. He foresaw that, by his own industry, he should never be able to defray the expense of these occasions, and this reflection sunk deep into his mind. The approbation of the public, which he had earned or might acquire, like a cordial often repeated, began to lose its effect upon his imagination; his health suffered by his sedentary life and austere application; his eyesight failed, his appetite forsook him, his spirits decayed; so that he became melancholy, listless, and altogether incapable of prosecuting the only means he had left for his subsistence; and (what did not at all contribute to the alleviation of these particulars) he was given to understand by his lawyer that he had lost his cause, and was condemned in costs. Even this was not the most mortifying piece of intelligence he received, he at the same time learned that his bookseller was bankrupt, and his friend Crabtree at the point of death.

These were comfortable considerations to a youth of Peregrine's disposition, which was so capricious, that the more his misery increased, the more haughty and inflexible he became. Rather than be beholden to Hatchway, who still hovered about the gate, eager for an opportunity to assist him, he chose to undergo the want of almost every convenience of life, and actually pledged his wearing apparel to an Irish pawnbroker in the Fleet, for money to purchase those things without which he must have absolutely perished. He was gradually irritated by his misfortunes into a rancorous resentment against mankind in general, and his heart so alienated from the enjoyments of life, that he did not care how soon he quitted his miserable existence. Though he had shocking examples of the vicissitudes of fortune continually before his eyes, he could never be reconciled to the idea of living like his fellow-sufferers, in the most abject degree of dependence. If he refused to accept of favours from his own allies and intimate friends, whom he had formerly obliged, it is not to be supposed that he would listen to proposals of that kind from any of his fellow-prisoners, with whom he had contracted acquaintance. He was even more cautious than ever of incurring obligations; he now shunned his former messmates, in order to avoid disagreeable tenders of friendship. Imagining that he perceived an inclination in the clergyman to learn the state of his finances, he discouraged and declined the explanation, and at length secluded himself from all society.

CHAPTER CI.

He receives an unexpected Visit; and the clouds of Misfortune begin to separate.

WHILE he pined in this forlorn condition, with an equal abhorrence of the world and himself, Captain Gauntlet arrived in town in order to

employ his interest for promotion in the army; and, in consequence of his wife's particular desire, made it his business to inquire for Peregrine, to whom he longed to be reconciled, even though at the expense of a slight submission. But he could hear no tidings of him at the place to which he was directed; and on the supposition that our hero had gone to reside in the country, applied himself to his own business, with intention to renew his inquiries after that affair should be transacted. He communicated his demands to his supposed patron, who had assumed the merit of making him a captain, and been gratified with a valuable present on that consideration; and was cajoled with hopes of succeeding in his present aim by the same interest.

Meanwhile he became acquainted with one of the clerks belonging to the War-office, whose advice and assistance, he was told, would be a furtherance to his scheme. As he had occasion to discourse with this gentleman upon the circumstances of his expectation, he learned that the nobleman upon whom he depended was a person of no consequence in the State, and altogether incapable of assisting him in his advancement. At the same time, his counsellor expressed his surprise that Captain Gauntlet did not rather interest in his cause the noble peer to whose good offices he owed his last commission.

This remark introduced an explanation, by which Godfrey discovered, to his infinite astonishment, the mistake in which he had continued so long with regard to his patron; though he could not divine the motive which induced a nobleman, with whom he had no acquaintance or connexion, to interpose his influence in his behalf. Whatsoever that might be, he thought it was his duty to make his acknowledgment; and for that purpose went next morning to his house, where he was politely received, and given to understand that Mr. Pickle was the person to whose friendship he was indebted for his last promotion.

Inexpressible were the transports of gratitude, affection, and remorse that took possession of the soul of Gauntlet when this mystery was unfolded. "Good Heaven!" cried he, lifting up his hands, "have I lived so long in a state of animosity with my benefactor? I intended to have reconciled myself to him at anyrate before I was sensible of this obligation, but now I shall not enjoy a moment's quiet until I have an opportunity of expressing to him my sense of his heroic friendship. I presume, from the nature of the favour conferred upon him in my behalf, that Mr. Pickle is well known to your lordship; and I should think myself extremely happy if you could inform me in what part of the country he is to be found; for the person with whom he lodged some time ago could give me no intelligence of his motions."

The nobleman, touched with this instance of generous self-denial in Peregrine, as well as with the sensibility of his friend, lamented the unhappiness of our hero, while he gave Gauntlet to understand that he had been long disordered in his intellects, in consequence of having squandered away his fortune, and that his creditors had thrown him into the Fleet prison; but whether he still continued in that confinement, or was released from his misfortunes by death, his lordship did not know, because he had never inquired.

Godfrey no sooner received this intimation than, his blood boiling with grief and impatience, he craved pardon for his abrupt departure; then, quitting his informer on the instant, re-embarked in his hackney-coach, and ordered himself to be conveyed directly to the Fleet. As the vehicle proceeded along one side of the market, he was surprised with the appearance of Hatchway and Pipes, who stood cheapening cauliflowers at a green stall, their heads being eased in worsted night-caps, half covered with their hats, and a short tobacco-pipe in the mouth of each. He was rejoiced at sight of the two seamen, which he took for a happy omen of finding his friend; and, ordering the coachman to stop the carriage, called to the lieutenant by his name. Jack replying with a hilloa, looking behind him, and recognising the face of his old acquaintance, ran up to the coach with great eagerness. Shaking the captain heartily by the hand, "Odds heart!" said he, "I am glad thou hast fallen in with us; we shall now be able to find the trim of the vessel, and lay her about on t'other tack. For my own part, I have had many a consort in my time, that is, in the way of good fellowship, and I always made a shift to ware 'em at one time or another. But this headstrong toad will neither obey the helm nor the sheet; and for aught I know, will founder where a lies at anchor."

Gauntlet, who conceived part of his meaning, alighted immediately; and being conducted to the sailor's lodging, was informed of everything that had passed between the lieutenant and Pickle. He in his turn communicated to Jack the discovery which he had made with regard to his commission; at which the other gave no signs of surprise, but, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Why, look ye, captain," said he, "that's not the only good turn you have owed him. That same money you received from the commodore as an old debt was all a sham, contrived by Pickle for your service; but a'wool drive under his bare poles without sails or rigging, or a mess of provision on board, rather than take the same assistance from another man."

Godfrey was not only amazed, but chagrined at the knowledge of this anecdote, which gave umbrage to his pride, while it stimulated his desire of doing something in return for the obligation. He inquired into the present circumstances of the prisoner; and understanding that he was indisposed, and but indifferently provided with the common necessaries of life, though still deaf to all offers of assistance, began to be extremely concerned at the account of his savage obstinacy and pride, which would, he feared, exclude him from the privilege of relieving him in his distress. However, he resolved to leave no expedient untried that might have any tendency to surmount such destructive prejudice; and entering the jail, was directed to the apartment of the wretched prisoner. He knocked softly at the door, and, when it was opened, started back with horror and astonishment. The figure that presented itself to his view was the remains of his once happy friend; but so miserably altered and disguised that his features were scarce cognizable. The florid, the sprightly, the gay, the elevated youth, was now metamorphosed into a wan, dejected, meagre, squalid spectre, the hollow-eyed representative of distemper, indigence, and despair. Yet his eyes retained a certain ferocity, which threw a dismal gleam athwart the cloudiness of his aspect, and he, in silence, viewed his old companion with a look betokening confusion and disdain. As for Gauntlet, he could not, without emotion, behold such a woful reverse of fate, in a person for whom he entertained the noblest sentiments of friendship, gratitude, and esteem; his sorrow was at first too

big for utterance, and he shed a flood of tears before he could pronounce one word.

Peregrine, in spite of his misanthropy, could not help being affected with this uncommon testimony of regard, but he strove to stifle his sensations. His brows contracted themselves into a severe frown; his eyes kindled into the appearance of live coals. He waved with his hand in signal for Godfrey to be gone, and leave such a wretch as him to the miseries of his fate; and, finding nature too strong to be suppressed, uttered a deep groan, and weeped aloud.

The soldier, seeing him thus melted, unable to restrain the strong impulse of his affection, sprung towards, and clasping him in his arms, "My dearest friend and best benefactor," said he, "I am come hither to humble myself for the offence I was so unhappy as to give at our last parting; to beg a reconciliation, to thank you for the ease and affluence I have enjoyed through your means, and to rescue you, in spite of yourself, from this melancholy situation, of which, but an hour ago, I was utterly ignorant. Do not deny me the satisfaction of acquitting myself in point of duty and obligation. You must certainly have had some regard for a person in whose favour you have exerted yourself so much; and if any part of that esteem remains, you will not refuse him an opportunity of approving himself in some measure worthy of it. Let me not suffer the most mortifying of all repulses, that of slighted friendship; but kindly sacrifice your resentment and inflexibility to the request of one who is at all times ready to sacrifice his life for your honour and advantage. If you will not yield to my entreaties, have some regard to the wishes of my Sophy, who laid me under the strongest injunctions to solicit your forgiveness, even before she knew how much I was indebted to your generosity; or, if that consideration should be of no weight, I hope you will relax a little for the sake of poor Emilia, whose resentment hath been long subdued by her affection, and who now droops in secret at your neglect."

Every word of this address, delivered in the most pathetic manner, made an impression upon the mind of Peregrine. He was affected with the submission of his friend, who, in reality, had given him no just cause to complain. He knew that no ordinary motive had swayed him to a condescension so extraordinary in a man of his punctilious temper. He considered it, therefore, as the genuine effect of eager gratitude and disinterested love, and his heart began to relent accordingly. When he heard himself conjured in the name of the gentle Sophy, his obstinacy was quite overcome; and when Emilia was recalled to his remembrance, his whole frame underwent a violent agitation. He took his friend by the hand, with a softened look; and, as soon as he recovered the faculty of speech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of passions that transported him, protested that he retained no vestige of animosity, but considered him in the light of an affectionate comrade, the ties of whose friendship adversity could not unbind. He mentioned Sophy in the most respectful terms; spoke of Emilia with the most reverential awe, as the object of his inviolable love and veneration; but disclaimed all hope of ever more attracting her regard, and excused himself from profiting by Godfrey's kind intention; declaring, with a resolute air, that he had broke off all connexion with mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which, if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten with his own hands, rather than be exposed to the contempt and more intolerable pity of a rascally world.

Gauntlet argued against this frantic determination with all the vehemence of expostulating friendship; but his remonstrances did not produce the desired effect upon our desperate hero, who calmly refuted all his arguments, and asserted the rectitude of his design from the pretended maxims of reason and true philosophy.

While this dispute was carried on with eagerness on one side, and deliberation on the other, a letter was brought to Peregrine, who threw it carelessly aside unopened, though the superscription was in a handwriting to which he was a stranger; and, in all probability, the contents would never have been perused, had not Gauntlet insisted upon his waiving all ceremony, and reading it forthwith. Thus solicited, Pickle unsealed the billet, which, to his no small surprise, contained the following intimation:—

"Mr. P. Pickle,

"Sir,—This comes to inform you that, after many dangers and disappointments, I am, by the blessing of God, safely arrived in the Downs, on board of the Gomberoon Indiaman, having made a tolerable voyage, by which I hope I shall be enabled to repay, with interest, the seven hundred pounds which I borrowed of you before my departure from England. I take this opportunity of writing by our purser, who goes express with despatches for the Company, that you may have this satisfactory notice as soon as possible, relating to one whom I suppose you have long given over as lost. I have enclosed it in a letter to my broker, who, I hope, knows your address, and will forward it accordingly. And I am, with respect, Sir, your most humble servant, Benjamin Chintz."

He had no sooner taken a cursory view of this agreeable epistle, than his countenance cleared up, and, reaching it to his friend with a smile, "There," said he, "is a more convincing argument, on your side of the question, than all the casuists in the universe can advance." Gauntlet, wondering at this observation, took the paper, and, casting his eyes greedily upon the contents, congratulated him upon the receipt of it, with extravagant demonstrations of joy. "Not on account of the sum," said he, "which, upon my honour, I would with pleasure pay three times over for your convenience and satisfaction; but because it seems to have reconciled you to life, and disposed your mind for re-enjoying the comforts of society."

The instantaneous effect which this unexpected smile of fortune produced in the appearance of our adventurer is altogether inconceivable; it plumped up his cheeks in a moment, unbended and enlightened every feature of his face; elevated his head, which had begun to sink, as it were, between his shoulders; and from a squeaking dispirited tone, swelled up his voice to a clear, manly accent. Godfrey, taking advantage of this favourable change, began to regale him with prospects of future success. He reminded him of his youth and qualifications, which were certainly designed for better days than those he had as yet seen; he pointed out various paths by which he might arrive at wealth and reputation; he importuned him to accept of a sum for his immediate occasions; and earnestly begged that he would allow him to discharge the debt for which he was confined, observing that Sophy's fortune had enabled him to exhibit that proof of his gratitude, without any detriment to his affairs; and protesting that he should not believe himself in possession of Mr. Pickle's esteem, unless he was permitted to make some such return of good-will to the man who had not only raised him from indigence and scorn to competence and reputable rank, but also empowered him to obtain the pos-

session of an excellent woman, who had filled up the measure of his felicity.

Peregrine declared himself already overpaid for all his good offices, by the pleasure he enjoyed in employing them, and the happy effects they had produced in the mutual satisfaction of two persons so dear to his affection; and assured his friend that one time or other he would set his conscience at ease, and remove the scruples of his honour by having recourse to his assistance; but at present he could not make use of his friendship without giving just cause of offence to honest Hatchway, who was prior to him in point of solicitation, and had manifested his attachment with surprising obstinacy and perseverance.

CHAPTER CII.

Peregrine reconciles himself to the Lieutenant, and renews his connexion with Society—Divers Plans are projected in his behalf, and he has occasion to exhibit a remarkable proof of Self-denial.

The captain with reluctance yielded the preference in this particular to Jack, who was immediately invited to a conference by a note subscribed with Pickle's own hand. He was found at the prison-gate waiting for Gauntlet, to know the issue of his negotiation. He no sooner received this summons than he set all his sails, and made the best of his way to his friend's apartment; being admitted by the turnkey, in consequence of Peregrine's request, communicated by the messenger who carried the billet. Pipes followed close in the wake of his shipmate; and, in a few minutes after the note had been despatched, Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden staircase with such velocity that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel. This uncommon speed, however, was attended with a misfortune; he chanced to overlook a small defect in one of the steps, and his prop plunging into a hole, he fell backwards, to the imminent danger of his life. Tom was luckily at his back, and sustained him in his arms, so as that he escaped without any other damage than the loss of his wooden leg, which was snapt in the middle by the weight of his body in falling; and such was his impatience that he would not give himself the trouble to disengage the fractured member. Unbuckling the whole equipage in a trice, he left it sticking in the crevice, saying a rotten cable was not worth heaving up, and, in this natural state of mutilation, hopped into the room with infinite expedition.

Peregrine, taking him cordially by the hand, seated him upon one side of his bed; and, after having made an apology for that reserve of which he had so justly complained, asked if he could conveniently accommodate him with the loan of twenty guineas. The lieutenant, without opening his mouth, pulled out his purse; and Pipes, who overheard the demand, applying the whistle to his lips, performed a loud overture, in token of his joy. Matters being thus brought to an accommodation, our hero told the captain that he should be glad of his company at dinner, with their common friend Hatchway, if he would in the meantime leave him to the ministry of Pipes; and the soldier went away for the present, in order to pay a short visit to his uncle, who at that time languished in a declining state of health, promising to return at the appointed hour.

The lieutenant, having surveyed the dismal appearance of his friend, could not help being moved at the spectacle, and began to upbraid him with his obstinate pride, which, he swore, was no better than self-murder. But the young gentleman interrupted him in the course of his moralizing, by telling him he had reasons for his conduct, which, perhaps, he would impart in due season; but at present his design was to alter that plan of behaviour, and make himself some amends for the misery he had undergone. He accordingly sent Pipes to redeem his clothes from the pawnbroker's wardrobe, and bespeak something comfortable for dinner. When Godfrey came back he was very agreeably surprised to see such a favourable alteration in his externals; for, by the assistance of his valet, he had purified himself from the dregs of his distress, and now appeared in a decent suit, with clean linen, while his face was disencumbered of the hair that overshadowed it, and his apartment prepared for the reception of company.

They enjoyed their meal with great satisfaction, entertaining one another with a recapitulation of their former adventures at the garrison. In the afternoon, Gauntlet taking his leave, in order to write a letter to his sister, at the desire of his uncle, who, finding his end approaching, wanted to see her without loss of time, Peregrine made his appearance on the Bare, and was complimented on his coming abroad again, not only by his old messmates, who had not seen him for many weeks, but by a number of those objects whom his liberality had fed before his funds were exhausted. Hatchway was, by his interest with the warden, put in possession of his former quarters, and Pipes despatched to make inquiry about Crabtree at his former lodging, where he learned that the misanthrope, after a very severe fit of illness, was removed to Kensington Gravel Pits, for the convenience of breathing a purer air than that of London.

In consequence of this information, Peregrine, who knew the narrowness of the old gentleman's fortune, next day desired his friend Gauntlet to take the trouble of visiting him in his name, with a letter, in which he expressed great concern for his indisposition, gave him notice of the fortunate intelligence he had received from the Downs, and conjured him to make use of his purse, if he was in the least hampered in his circumstances. The captain took coach immediately, and set out for the place, according to the direction which Pipes had procured.

Cadwallader, having seen him at Bath, knew him again at first sight; and, though reduced to a skeleton, believed himself in such a fair way of doing well, that he would have accompanied him to the Fleet immediately, had he not been restrained by his nurse, who was, by his physician, invested with full authority to dispute and oppose his will in everything that she should think prejudicial to his health; for he was considered by those who had the care of him as an old humorist, not a little distempered in his brain. He inquired particularly about the sailors, who, he said, had deterred him from carrying on his usual correspondence with Pickle, and been the immediate cause of his indisposition, by terrifying him into a fever. Understanding that the breach between Pickle and Hatchway was happily cemented, and that he was no longer in any danger from the lieutenant's resentment, he promised to be at the Fleet with the first convenient opportunity; and, in the meantime, wrote an answer to Peregrine's letter, importing that he was obliged to him for his offer, but had not the least occasion for his assistance.

In a few days our adventurer recovered his vigour, complexion, and vivacity; he mingled again in the diversions and parties of the place; and he received in a little time the money he had lent upon bottomry, which, together with the interest, amounted to upwards of eleven hundred pounds. The possession of this sum, while it buoyed up his spirits, involved him in perplexity. Sometimes he thought it was incumbent on him, as a man of honour, to employ the greatest part of it in diminishing the debt for which he suffered. On the other hand, he considered that obligation effaced by the treacherous behaviour of his creditor, who had injured him to ten times the value of the sum; and, in these sentiments, entertained thoughts of attempting his escape from prison, with a view of conveying himself, with the shipwreck of his fortune, to another country, in which he might use it to better advantage.

Both suggestions were attended with such doubts and difficulties that he hesitated between them, and for the present laid out a thousand pounds in stock, the interest of which, together with the fruits of his own industry, he hoped, would support him above want in his confinement, until something should occur that would point out the expediency of some other determination. Gauntlet still insisted upon having the honour of obtaining his liberty, at the expense of taking up his notes to Gleanum, and exhorted him to purchase a commission with part of the money which he had retrieved. The lieutenant affirmed that it was his privilege to procure the release of his cousin Pickle, because he enjoyed a very handsome sum by his aunt, which of right belonged to the young gentleman, to whom he was, moreover, indebted for the use of his furniture, and for the very house that stood over his head; and that, although he had already made a will in his favour, he should never be satisfied, nor easy in his mind so long as he remained deprived of his liberty, and wanted any of the conveniences of life.

Cadwallader, who by this time assisted at their councils, and was best acquainted with the peculiarity and unbending disposition of the youth, proposed that, seeing he was so averse to obligations, Mr. Hatchway should purchase of him the garrison, with its appendages, which, at a moderate price, would sell for more money than would be sufficient to discharge his debts; that, if the servile subordination of the army did not suit his inclinations, he might, with his reversion, buy a comfortable annuity, and retire with him to the country, where he might live absolutely independent, and entertain himself, as usual, with the ridiculous characters of mankind.

This plan was to Pickle less disagreeable than any other project which as yet had been suggested; and the lieutenant declared himself ready to execute his part of it without delay; but the soldier was mortified at the thoughts of seeing his assistance unnecessary, and eagerly objected to the retirement, as a scheme that would blast the fairest promises of fame and fortune, and bury his youth and talents in solitude and obscurity. This earnest opposition on the part of Gauntlet hindered our adventurer from forming any immediate resolution, which was also retarded by his unwillingness to part with the garrison upon any terms, because he looked upon it as a part of his inheritance, which he could not dispose of without committing an insult upon the memory of the deceased commodore.

CHAPTER CIII.

He is engaged in a very extraordinary Correspondence, which is interrupted by a very unexpected Event.

While this affair was in agitation, the captain told him in the course of conversation that Emilia was arrived in town, and had inquired about Mr. Pickle with such an eagerness of concern as seemed to proclaim that she was in some measure informed of his misfortune; he therefore desired to know if he might be allowed to make her acquainted with his situation, provided he should be again importuned by her on that subject, which he had at first industriously waived.

This proof, or rather presumption, of her sympathizing regard did not fail to operate powerfully upon the bosom of Peregrine, which was immediately filled with those tumults which love, ill stifled, frequently excites. He observed that his disgrace was such as could not be effectually concealed, therefore he saw no reason for depriving himself of Emilia's compassion, since he was for ever excluded from her affection; and desired Godfrey to present to his sister the lowly respects of a despairing lover.

But notwithstanding his declaration of despondence on this head, his imagination involuntarily teemed with more agreeable ideas. The proposal of Crabtree had taken root in his reflection, and he could not help forming plans of pastoral felicity in the arms of the lovely Emilia, remote from those pompous scenes which he now detested and despised. He amused his fancy with the prospect of being able to support her in a state of independency, by means of the slender annuity which it was in his power to purchase, together with the fruits of those endeavours which would profitably employ his vacant hours; and foresaw provision for his growing family in the friendship of the lieutenant, who had already constituted him his heir. He even parcelled out his hours among the necessary cares of the world, the pleasures of domestic bliss, and the enjoyments of a country life; and spent the night in ideal parties with his charming bride, sometimes walking by the sedgy bank of some transparent stream, sometimes pruning the luxuriant vine, and sometimes sitting in social converse with her in a shady grove of his own planting.

These, however, were no more than the shadowy phantoms of imagination, which he well knew would never be realized; not that he believed such happiness unattainable by a person in his circumstances, but because he would not stoop to propose a scheme which might in any shape seem to interfere with the interest of Emilia, or subject himself to a repulse from that young lady, who had rejected his addresses in the zenith of his fortune.

While he diverted himself with these agreeable reveries an unexpected event intervened, in which she and her brother were deeply interested. The uncle was tapped for the dropsy, and died in a few days after the operation, having bequeathed in his will five thousand pounds to his nephew, and twice that sum to his niece, who had always enjoyed the greatest share of his favour.

If our adventurer, before this occurrence, looked upon his love for Emilia as a passion which it was necessary at any rate to conquer or suppress, he now considered her accession of fortune as a circumstance which confirmed that necessity, and resolved to discourage every

thought on that subject which would tend to the propagation of hope. One day, in the midst of a conversation calculated for the purpose, Godfrey put into his hand a letter directed to Mr. Pickle, in the handwriting of Emilia, which the youth no sooner recognised than his cheeks were covered with a crimson dye, and he began to tremble with violent agitation; for he at once guessed the import of the billet, which he kissed with great reverence and devotion, and was not at all surprised when he read the following words:—

"Sir,—I have performed a sufficient sacrifice to my reputation, in retaining hitherto the appearance of that resentment which I had long ago dismissed; and as the late favourable change in my situation empowers me to avow my genuine sentiments, without fear of censure, or suspicion of mercenary design, I take this opportunity to assure you, that, if I still maintain that place in your heart which I was vain enough to think I once possessed, I am willing to make the first advances to an accommodation, and have actually furnished my brother with full powers to conclude it in the name of your appeased

"Emilia."

Pickle having kissed the subscription with great ardour, fell upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes, "Thank Heaven!" cried he, with an air of transport, "I have not been mistaken in my opinion of that generous maid. I believed her inspired with the most dignified and heroic sentiments, and now she gives me a convincing proof of her magnanimity. It is now my business to approve myself worthy of her regard. May Heaven inflict upon me the keenest arrows of its vengeance, if I do not at this instant contemplate the character of Emilia with the most perfect love and adoration; yet, amiable and enchanting as she is, I am more than ever determined to sacrifice the interest of my passion to my glory, though my life should fail in the contest; and even to refuse an offer, which otherwise the whole universe should not bribe me to forego."

This declaration was not so unexpected as unwelcome to his friend Gauntlet, who represented that his glory was not at all interested in the affair; because he had already vindicated his generosity in repeated proffers to lay his whole fortune at Emilia's feet, when it was impossible that anything selfish could enter into the proposal; but that, in rejecting her present purpose, he would give the world an opportunity to say that his pride was capricious, his obstinacy invincible; and his sister would have undeniable reason to believe that either his passion for her was dissembled, or the ardour of it considerably abated.

In answer to these remonstrances, Pickle observed that he had long set the world at defiance; and as to the opinion of Emilia, he did not doubt that she would applaud in her heart the resolution he had taken, and do justice to the purity of his intention.

It was not an easy task to divert our hero from his designs at any time of life; but, since his confinement, his inflexibility was become almost insurmountable. The captain, therefore, after having discharged his conscience, in assuring him that his sister's happiness was at stake, that his mother had approved of the step she had taken, and that he himself should be extremely mortified at his refusal, forbore to press him with further argument, which served only to rivet him the more strongly in his own opinion, and undertook to deliver this answer to Emilia's letter:—

"Madam,—That I revere the dignity of your virtue with the utmost veneration, and love you infinitely more than life, I am at all times ready to demonstrate; but the sacrifice to honour it is now my turn to pay; and such is the rigour of my destiny, that, in order to justify your generosity, I must refuse to profit by your condescension. Madam, I am doomed to be for ever wretched; and to sigh without ceasing for the possession of that jewel, which, though now in my offer, I dare not enjoy. I shall not pretend to express the anguish that tears my heart, whilst I communicate this fatal renunciation, but appeal to the delicacy of your own sentiments, which can judge of my sufferings, and will, doubtless, do justice to the self-denial of your forlorn

P. Pickle."

Emilia, who knew the nicety of our hero's pride, had foreseen the purport of this epistle, before it came to her hands; she did not, therefore, despair of success, nor desist from the prosecution of her plan, which was no other than that of securing her own happiness, in espousing the man upon whom she had fixed her unalterable affection. Confident of his honour, and fully satisfied of the mutual passion with which they were inspired, she gradually decoyed him into a literary correspondence, wherein she attempted to refute the arguments on which he grounded his refusal; and, without doubt, the young gentleman was not a little pleased with the enjoyment of such delightful commerce, in the course of which he had, more than ever, an opportunity of admiring the poignancy of her wit, and the elegance of her understanding.

The contemplation of such excellency, while it strengthened the chains with which she held him enslaved, added emulation to the other motives that induced him to maintain the dispute; and much subtlety of reasoning was expended upon both sides of this very particular question, without any prospect of conviction on either part, till at last she began to despair of making him a proselyte to her opinion by dint of argument, and resolved for the future to apply herself chiefly to the irresistible prepossessions of his love, which were not at all diminished or impaired by the essays of her pen. With this view she proposed a conference, pretending that it was impossible to convey all her reflections upon this subject in a series of short letters; and Godfrey undertook to bail him for the day. But, conscious of her power, he would not trust himself in her presence, though his heart throbbed with all the eagerness of desire to see her fair eyes disrobed of that resentment which they had worn so long, and to enjoy the ravishing sweets of a fond reconciliation.

Nature could not have held out against such powerful attacks, had not the pride and caprice of his disposition been gratified to the full in the triumph of his resistance; he looked upon the contest as altogether original, and persevered with obstinacy, because he thought himself sure of favourable terms, whenever he should be disposed to capitulate. Perhaps he might have overshot himself in the course of his perseverance. A young lady of Emilia's fortune and attractions could not fail to find herself surrounded by temptations, which few women can resist. She might have misinterpreted the meaning of some paragraph, or taken umbrage at an unguarded expression in one of Peregrine's letters. She might have been tired out by his obstinate peculiarity, or, at the long-run, construed it into madness, slight, or indifference; or, rather than waste her prime in fruitless endeavours to subdue the pride of a headstrong humorist, she might have listened to the voice of some admirer, fraught with qualifications sufficient to engage her esteem and affection. But all these possibilities were providentially pre-

vented by an accident attended with more important consequences than any we have hitherto recounted.

Early one morning Pipes was disturbed by the arrival of a messenger, who had been sent express from the country by Mr. Clover, with a packet for the lieutenant, and arrived in town over night; but, as he was obliged to have recourse to the information of Jack's correspondent in the city touching the place of his abode, before he demanded entrance at the Fleet, the gate was shut; nor would the turnkeys admit him, although he told them that he was charged with a message of the utmost consequence; so that he was fain to tarry till daybreak, when he, at his earnest solicitation, was allowed to enter.

Hatchway, opening the packet, found a letter enclosed for Peregrine, with an earnest request that he should forward it to the hands of that young gentleman with all possible despatch. Jack, who could not dive into the meaning of this extraordinary injunction, began to imagine that Mrs. Clover lay at the point of death, and wanted to take a last farewell of her brother; and this conceit worked so strongly upon his imagination, that, while he huddled on his clothes, and made the best of his way to the apartment of our hero, he could not help cursing, within himself, the folly of the husband in sending such disagreeable messages to a man of Peregrine's impatient temper, already soured by his own uneasy situation.

This reflection would have induced him to suppress the letter, had not he been afraid to tamper with the ticklish disposition of his friend, to whom, while he delivered it, "As for my own part," said he, "mayhap I may have as much natural affection as another, but when my spouse parted, I bore my misfortune like a British man and a Christian. For why? he's no better than a fresh-water sailor who knows not how to stem the current of mischance."

Pickle being waked from a pleasant dream, in which the fair Emilia was principally concerned, and hearing this strange preamble, sat up in his bed, and unsealed the letter, in a state of mortification and disgust. But what were the emotions of his soul when he read the following intimation!—

"DEAR BROTHER,—It hath pleased God to take your father suddenly off by a fit of apoplexy; and as he has died intestate, I give you this notice that you may, with all speed, come down and take possession of your right, in despite of Master Gam and his mother, who, you may be sure, do not sit easy under this unexpected dispensation of Providence. I have, by virtue of being a justice of the peace, taken such precautions as I thought necessary for your advantage, and the funeral shall be deferred until your pleasure be known. Your sister, though sincerely afflicted by her father's fate, submits to the will of Heaven with laudable resignation, and begs you will set out for this place without delay; in which request she is joined by, Sir, your affectionate brother, and humble servant, CHARLES CLOVER."

Peregrine at first looked upon this epistle as a mere illusion of the brain, and a continuation of the reverie in which he had been engaged. He read it ten times over, without being persuaded that he was actually awake. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head, in order to shake off the drowsy vapours that surrounded him. He hemmed thrice with great vociferation, snapped his fingers, tweaked his nose, started up from his bed, and, opening the casement, took a survey of the well-known objects that appeared on each side of his habitation. Everything seemed congruous and connected, and he said within himself, "Sure this is the most distinct dream that ever sleep produced." Then he had recourse again to the paper, which he carefully perused, without finding any variation from his first notion of the contents.

Hatchway, seeing all his extravagances of action, accompanied with a wild stare of distraction, began to believe that his head was at length fairly turned, and was really meditating means for securing his person, when Pickle, in a tone of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God! am I or am I not awake?" "Why, look ye, cousin Pickle," replied the lieutenant, "that is a question which the deep-sea line of my understanding is not long enough to sound; but howsomever, thof I can't trust to the observation I have taken, it shall go hard but I will fall upon a way to guess whereabouts we are." So saying, he lifted up a pitcher full of cold water that stood behind the outward door, and discharged it in the face of Peregrine without ceremony or hesitation.

This remedy produced the desired effect. Unpalatable as it was, the young gentleman no sooner recovered his breath, which was endangered by such a sudden application, than he thanked his friend Jack for the seasonable operation he had performed. Having no longer any just reason to doubt the reality of what appeared so convincingly to his senses, he shifted himself on the instant, not without hurry and trepidation; and, putting on his morning dress, sallied forth to the Bare, in order to deliberate with himself on the important intelligence he had received.

Hatchway, not yet fully convinced of his sanity, and curious to know the purport of the letter which had affected him in such an extraordinary manner, carefully attended his footsteps in this excursion, in hope of being favoured with his confidence, in the course of their perambulation. Our hero no sooner appeared at the street door than he was saluted by the messenger, who having posted himself in the way for that purpose, "God bless your noble honour, Squire Pickle," cried he, "and give you joy of succeeding to your father's estate." These words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the lieutenant, hopping eagerly towards the countryman, squeezed his hand with great affection, and asked if the old gentleman had actually taken his departure. "Ay, Master Hatchway," replied the other, "in such a woundy haste that he forgot to make a will." "Body of me!" exclaimed the seaman; "these are the best tidings I have ever heard since I first went to sea. Here, my lad, take my purse, and stow thyself choke full of the best liquor in the land." So saying, he tipped the peasant with ten pieces, and immediately the whole place echoed with the sound of Tom's instrument. Peregrine, repairing to the walk, communicated the billet to his honest friend, who at his desire went forthwith to the lodgings of Captain Gauntlet, and returned in less than half-an-hour with that gentleman, who, I need not say, was heartily rejoiced at the occasion.

CHAPTER CIV.

Peregrine holds a Consultation with his Friends, in consequence of which he bids Adieu to the Fleet—He arrives at his Father's house, and asserts his right of Inheritance.

NOR did our hero keep the misanthrope in ignorance of this happy turn of fortune. Pipes was

despatched to the senior, with a message requesting his immediate presence; and he accordingly appeared in obedience to the summons, growling with discontent for having been deprived of several hours of his natural rest. His mouth was immediately stopped with the letter, at which he *smiled horribly a ghastly grin;* and, after a compliment of gratulation, they entered into close divan, about the measures to be taken in consequence of this event.

There was no room for much debate. It was unanimously agreed that Pickle should set out with all possible despatch for the garrison, to which Gauntlet and Hatchway resolved to attend him. Pipes was accordingly ordered to prepare a couple of post-chaises, while Godfrey went to procure bail for his friend, and provide them with money for the expense of the expedition; but not before he was desired by Peregrine to conceal this piece of news from his sister, that our youth might have an opportunity to surprise her in a more interesting manner after he should have settled his affairs.

All these previous steps being taken, in less than an hour our hero took his leave of the Fleet, after he had left twenty guineas with the warden for the relief of the poor prisoners, a great number of whom convoyed him to the gate, pouring forth prayers for his long life and prosperity; and he took the road to the garrison, in the most elevated transports of joy, unallayed with the least mixture of grief at the death of a parent whose paternal tenderness he had never known. His breast was absolutely a stranger to that boasted Στοργή or instinct of affection, by which the charities are supposed to subsist.

Of all the journeys he had ever made, this, sure, was the most delightful. He felt all the ecstasy that must naturally be produced in a young man of his imagination, from such a sudden transition in point of circumstances; he found himself delivered from confinement and disgrace, without being obliged to any person upon earth for his deliverance; he had it now in his power to retort the contempt of the world in a manner suited to his most sanguine wish; he was reconciled to his friend, and enabled to gratify his love, even upon his own terms; and saw himself in possession of a fortune more ample than his first inheritance, with a stock of experience that would steer him clear of all those quicksands among which he had been formerly wrecked.

In the middle of their journey, while they halted at an inn for a short refreshment and change of horses, a postillion running up to Peregrine in the yard fell at his feet, clasped his knees with great eagerness and agitation, and presented to him the individual face of his old valet-de-chambre. The youth perceiving him in such an abject garb and attitude, commanded him to rise and tell the cause of such a miserable reverse in his fortune. Upon which Hadgi gave him to understand that he had been ruined by his wife, who, having robbed him of all his cash and valuable effects, had eloped from his house with one of his own customers, who appeared in the character of a French count, but was in reality no other than an Italian fiddler; that, in consequence of this retreat, he, the husband, was disabled from paying a considerable sum which he had set apart for his wine-merchant, who, being disappointed in his expectation, took out an execution against his effects; and the rest of his creditors, following his example, hunted him out of house and home. So that, finding his person in danger at London, he had been obliged to escape into the country, skulking about from one village to another, till, being quite destitute of all support, he had undertaken his present office, to save himself from starving.

Peregrine listened with compassion to his lamentable tale, which too well accounted for his not appearing in the Fleet, with offers of service to his master in distress; a circumstance that Pickle had all along imputed to his avarice and ingratitude. He assured him that, as he had been the means of throwing in his way the temptation to which he fell a sacrifice, he would charge himself with the retrieval of his affairs. In the meantime, he made him taste of his bounty, and desired him to continue in his present employment until he should return from the garrison, when he would consider his situation, and do something for his immediate relief.

Hadgi attempted to kiss his shoe, and wept, or affected to weep, with sensibility at this gracious reception; he even made a merit of his unwillingness to exercise his new occupation, and earnestly begged that he might be allowed to give immediate attendance upon his dear master, from whom he could not bear the thoughts of a second parting. His entreaties were reinforced by the intercession of his two friends, in consequence of which the Swiss was permitted to follow them at his own leisure, while they set forwards after a slight repast, and reached the place of their destination before ten o'clock at night.

Peregrine, instead of alighting at the garrison, rode straightway to his father's house; and no person appearing to receive him, not even a servant to take care of his chaise, he dismounted without assistance. Being followed by his two friends, he advanced into the hall, where, perceiving a bell-rope, he made immediate application to it in such a manner as brought a couple of footmen into his presence. After having reprimanded them, with a stern look, for their neglect in point of attendance, he commanded them to show him into an apartment; and as they seemed unwilling to yield obedience to his orders, asked if they did not belong to the family.

One of them, who took upon himself the office of spokesman, replied with a sullen air that they had been in the service of old Mr. Pickle, and now that he was dead, thought themselves bound to obey nobody but their lady, and her son Mr. Gamaliel. This declaration had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when our hero gave them to understand that, since they were not disposed to own any other master, they must change their quarters immediately. He ordered them to decamp without further preparation; and as they still continued restive, they were kicked out of doors by the captain and his friend Hatchway. Squire Gam, who overheard everything that passed, and was now more than ever inflamed with that rancour which he had sucked with his mother's milk, flew to the assistance of his adherents, with a pistol in each hand, bellowing *Thieves! thieves!* with great vociferation, as if he had mistaken the business of the strangers, and actually believed himself in danger of being robbed. Under this pretence he discharged a piece at his brother, who luckily escaped the shot, closed with him in a moment, and wresting the other pistol from his gripe, turned him out into the court-yard, to the consolation of his two dependants.

By this time Pipes and the two postillions had taken possession of the stables, without being opposed by the coachman and his deputy, who quietly submitted to the authority of their new sovereign. But the noise of the pistol had alarmed

Mrs. Pickle, who, running down-stairs, with the most frantic appearance, attended by two maids and the curate, who still maintained his place of chaplain and ghostly director in the family, would have assaulted our hero with her nails, had not she been restrained by her attendants. Though they prevented her from using her hands, they could not hinder her from exercising her tongue, which she wagged against him with all the virulence of malice. She asked if he was come to butcher his brother, to insult his father's corpse, and triumph in her affliction. She bestowed upon him the epithets of spendthrift, jail-bird, and unnatural ruffian; she begged pardon of God for having brought such a monster into the world, accused him of having brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and affirmed that, were he to touch the body, it would bleed at his approach.

Without pretending to refute the articles of this ridiculous charge, he allowed her to ring out her alarm; and then calmly replied that if she did not quietly retire to her chamber, and behave as became a person in her present situation, he should insist upon her removing to another lodging without delay; for he was determined to be master in his own family. The lady, who, in all probability, expected that he would endeavour to appease her with all the tenderness of filial submission, was so much exasperated at his cavalier behaviour, that her constitution could not support the transports of her spirits; and she was carried off by her women in a fit, while the officious clergyman was dismissed after his pupil, with all the circumstances of disgrace.

Our hero having thus made his quarters good, took possession of the best apartment in the house, and sent notice of his arrival to Mr. Clover, who, with his wife, visited him in less than an hour, and was not a little surprised to find him so suddenly settled in his father's house. The meeting of Julia and her brother was extremely pathetic. She had always loved him with uncommon tenderness, and looked upon him as the ornament of her family; but she had heard of his extravagances with regret; and though she considered the stories that were circulated at his expense as the malicious exaggerations of his mother and her darling son, her apprehension had been grievously alarmed by an account of his imprisonment and distress, which had been accidentally conveyed to that country by a gentleman from London, who had been formerly of his acquaintance. She could not, therefore, without the most tender emotions of joy, see him, as it were, restored to his rightful inheritance, and re-established in that station of life which she thought he could fill with dignity and importance.

After their mutual expressions of affection, she retired to her mother's chamber, with a view to make a second offer of her service and attendance, which had been already rejected with scorn since her father's death; while Peregrine consulted his brother-in-law about the affairs of the family, so far as they had fallen within his cognizance and observation.

Mr. Clover told him that, though he was never favoured with the confidence of the defunct, he knew some of his intimates who had been tampered with by Mrs. Pickle, and even engaged to second the remonstrances by which she had often endeavoured to persuade her husband to settle his affairs by a formal will, but that he had from time to time evaded their importunities with surprising excuses of procrastination, that plainly appeared to be the result of invention and design, far above the supposed pitch of his capacity; a circumstance from which Mr. Clover concluded that the old gentleman imagined his life would not have been secure, had he once taken such a step as would have rendered it unnecessary to the independence of his second son. He moreover observed that, in consequence of this information, he no sooner heard of Mr. Pickle's death, which happened at the club, than he went directly with a lawyer to his house, before any cabal or conspiracy could be formed against the rightful heir; and, in presence of witnesses provided for the purpose, sealed up all the papers of the deceased, after the widow had, in the first transports of her sorrow and vexation, fairly owned that her husband had died intestate.

Peregrine was extremely well satisfied with this intelligence, by which all his doubts were dispelled; and having cheerfully supped with his friends on a cold collation, which his brother-in-law had brought in his chariot, they retired to rest in different chambers, after Julia had met with another repulse from her capricious mother, whose overflowing rage had now subsided into the former channel of calm inveteracy.

Next morning the house was supplied with some servants from the garrison, and preparations were made for the funeral of the deceased. Gam having taken lodgings in the neighbourhood, came with a chaise and cart to demand his mother, together with his own clothes, and her personal effects.

Our hero, though he would not suffer him to enter the door, allowed his proposal to be communicated to the widow, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of removing, and was, with her own baggage and that of her beloved son, conveyed to the place which he had prepared for her reception. Thither she was followed by her woman, who was desired by Peregrine to assure her mistress that, until a regular provision could be settled upon her, she might command him, in point of money, or any other accommodation in his power.

CHAPTER CV.

He performs the last Offices to his Father, and returns to London upon a very interesting Design.

Suits of mourning being provided for himself, his friends and adherents, and every other previous measure taken suitable to the occasion, his father was interred in a private manner in the parish church; and his papers being examined in presence of many persons of honour and integrity, invited for that purpose, no will was found, or any other deed, in favour of the second son, though it appeared by the marriage settlement that the widow was entitled to a jointure of five hundred pounds a year. The rest of his papers consisted of East India bonds, South Sea annuities, mortgages, notes, and assignments, to the amount of fourscore thousand seven hundred and sixty pounds, exclusive of the house, plate, and furniture, horses, equipage and cattle, with the garden and park adjacent, to a very considerable extent.

This was a sum that even exceeded his expectation, and could not fail to entertain his fancy with the most agreeable ideas. He found himself immediately a man of vast consequence among his country neighbours, who visited him with compliments of congratulation, and treated him with such respect as would have effectually

spoiled any young man of his disposition, who had not the same advantages of experience as he had already purchased at a very extravagant price. Thus shielded with caution, he bore his prosperity with surprising temperance; everybody was charmed with his affability and moderation. When he made a circuit round the gentlemen of the district, in order to repay the courtesy which he owed, he was caressed by them with uncommon assiduity, and advised to offer himself as a candidate for the county at the next election, which they supposed would soon happen, because the present member was in a declining state of health. Nor did his person and address escape unheeded by the ladies, many of whom did not scruple to spread their attractions before him, with a view of captivating such a valuable prize; nay, such an impression did this legacy make upon a certain peer, who resided in this part of the country, that he cultivated Pickle's acquaintance with great eagerness, and, without circumlocution, offered to him in marriage his only daughter, with a very considerable fortune.

Our hero expressed himself upon this occasion as became a man of honour, sensibility, and politeness, and frankly gave his lordship to understand that his heart was already engaged. He was pleased with the opportunity of making such a sacrifice to his passion for Emilia, which by this time inflamed his thoughts to such a degree of impatience, that he resolved to depart for London with all possible speed, and for that purpose industriously employed almost every hour of his time in regulating his domestic affairs. He paid off all his father's servants, and hired others, at the recommendation of his sister, who promised to superintend his household in his absence. He advanced the first half-yearly payment of his mother's jointure; and as for his brother Gam, he gave him divers opportunities of acknowledging his faults, so that he might have answered to his own conscience for taking any step in his favour; but that young gentleman was not yet sufficiently humbled by misfortune, and not only forbore to make any overtures of peace, but also took all occasions to slander the conduct and revile the person of our hero, being in this practice comforted and abetted by his righteous mamma.

Everything being thus settled for the present, the triumvirate set out on their return to town in the same manner with that in which they had arrived in the country, except in this small variation, that Hatchway's chaise-companion was now the valet-de-chambre refitted, instead of Pipes, who, with another lacquey, attended them on horseback. When they had performed two-thirds of their way to London, they chanced to overtake a country squire, on his return from a visit to one of his neighbours, who had entertained him with such hospitality, that, as the lieutenant observed, he rolled himself almost gunwale to every motion of his horse, which was a fine hunter; and when the chaises passed him at full speed, he set up the sportman's halloo, in a voice that sounded like a French horn, clapping spurs to Sorrel at the same time, in order to keep up with the pace of the machine.

Peregrine, who was animated with an uncommon flow of spirits, ordered his postillion to proceed more softly, and entered into conversation with the stranger touching the make and mettle of his horse, upon which he descanted with so much learning that the squire was astonished at his knowledge. When they approached his habitation, he invited the young gentleman and his company to halt, and drink a bottle of his ale, and was so pressing in his solicitation that they complied with his request.

He accordingly conducted them through a spacious avenue, that extended as far as the highway, to the gate of a large château, of a most noble and venerable appearance, which induced them to alight and view the apartments, contrary to their first intention of drinking a glass of his October at the door.

The rooms were every way suitable to the magnificence of the outside, and our hero imagined they had made a tour through the whole sweep, when the landlord gave him to understand that they had not yet seen the best apartment of the house, and immediately led them into a spacious dining-room, which Peregrine did not enter without giving manifest signs of uncommon astonishment. The pannels all round were covered with portraits at full length, by Vandyke; and not one of them appeared without a ridiculous tie-periwig, in the style of those that usually hang over the shops of twopenny barbers. The straight boots in which the figures had been originally painted, and the other circumstances of attitude and drapery, so inconsistent with this monstrous furniture of the head, exhibited such a ludicrous appearance that Pickle's wonder, in a little time, gave way to his mirth, and he was seized with a violent fit of laughter, which had well-nigh deprived him of his breath.

The squire, half pleased and half offended at this expression of ridicule, "I know," said he, "what makes you laugh so wofully. You think it strange to zee my vorefathers booted and spurred, with huge three-tailed periwigs on their pates. The truth of the matter is this. I could not abide to zee the pictures of my vamily with a parcel of loose hair hanging about their eyes, like zo many colts; and zo I employed a painter vellow from Lundon to clap decent periwigs upon their skulls, at the rate of vive shillings a head, and offered him three shillings a piece to furnish each with a handsome pair of shoes and stockings. But the rascal, thinking I must have 'em done at any price after their heads were covered, haggled with me for vour shillings a picture; and zo, rather than be imposed upon, I turned him off, and shall let 'em stand as they are till zome more reasonable brother of the brush comes round the country."

Pickle commended his resolution, though in his heart he blessed himself from such a barbarous Goth; and, after they had despatched two or three bottles of his beer, they proceeded on their journey, and arrived in town about eleven at night.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

He enjoys an interview with Emilia, and makes himself ample amends for all the Mortifications of his Life.

GODFREY, who had taken leave of his sister, on pretence of making a short excursion with Peregrine, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to her, that same night, announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlour adjoining to that in which the tea-table was set. Here they had not waited many minutes when they heard the sound of feet coming down-stairs,

upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardour, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgot the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming her enchanting air: "Is not this," said she, "a most provoking scene to a young woman, like me, who am doomed to wear the willow, by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice, in promoting this jaunt with my obstinate correspondent, who, I suppose, is so ravished with this transient glimpse of liberty, that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future." "My dear sister," replied the captain tauntingly, "your own pride set him the example, so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation." "'Tis a hard case, however," answered the fair offender, "that I should suffer all my life by one venial trespass. Heigh ho! who would imagine that a sprightly girl, such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humorist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me, in all the term of his releasement? Well, if ever I can catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life."

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Peregrine's transports while he overheard this declaration; which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming, "Here, I surrender;" and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty, that his speech failed. He was fixed like a statue to the floor; and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed, she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. What then must have been the ecstasy of our youth, whose passion was whetted with all the incitements which could stimulate the human heart! The ladies screamed with surprise at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy; her cheeks glowed with a most delicate suffusion, and her bosom heaved with such bewitching undulation, that the cambric could not conceal or contain the snowy hemispheres that rose like a vision of paradise to his view.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion; when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love, and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed, in a delirium of bliss, "Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear."

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends. Thus accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and, saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia, "I am come, Madam," said he, "to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand. You may therefore lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without farther delay; for, upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation."

His mistress having by this time recollected herself, replied, with a most exhilarating smile, "I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonth's trial; but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition, and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power." "You are willing then to take me for better for worse, in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips. At this interrogation her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love; and, while she darted a side-glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, "Why—ay—and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humours of such a yoke-fellow." "And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love. Meanwhile, I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid immediately in your lap."

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprised with the account of his good fortune; nor was it in all probability unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though, from this information, she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which, she scrupled not to say, would have baffled all the suggestions of his passion, had it not been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured, the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained before night. But the bride objected with great vehemence to such precipitation, being desirous of her mother's presence at the ceremony; and she was seconded in her opinion by her brother's wife. Peregrine, maddening with desire, assaulted her with the most earnest entreaties, representing, that as her mother's consent was already obtained, there was surely no necessity for delay, that must infallibly make a dangerous impression upon his brain and constitution. He fell at her feet, in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal; and, when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rage with such extravagance that Sophy was frightened into conviction; and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance.

After breakfast the bridegroom and his companion set out for the Commons for a license, having first agreed upon the house at which the ceremony should be performed, in the lodgings of the bride; and the permission being obtained, they found means to engage a clergyman, who undertook to attend them at their own time and place. Then a ring was purchased for the occasion, and they went in search of the lieutenant, with whom they dined at a tavern, and not only

made him acquainted with the steps they had taken, but desired that he would stand godfather to the bride: an employment which Jack accepted with demonstrations of particular satisfaction; till chancing to look into the street, and seeing Cadwallader approach the door, in consequence of a message they had sent to him by Pipes, he declined the office in favour of the senior, who was accordingly ordained for that purpose, on the supposition that such a mark of regard might facilitate his concurrence with a match, which otherwise he would certainly oppose, as he was a professed enemy to wedlock, and as yet ignorant of Peregrine's intention.

After having congratulated Pickle upon his succession, and shook his two friends by the hand, the misanthrope asked whose mare was dead, that he was summoned in such a plaguy hurry from his dinner, which he had been fain to gobble up like a cannibal? Our hero gave him to understand that they had made an appointment to drink tea with two agreeable ladies, and were unwilling that he should lose the opportunity of enjoying an entertainment which he loved so much. Crabtree, shrivelling up his face like an autumn leaf at this intimation, cursed his complaisance, and swore they should keep their assignation without him; for he and lechery had shook hands many years ago.

The bridegroom, however, likening him unto an old coachman, who still delights in the smack of the whip, and dropping some flattering hints of his manhood even at these years, he was gradually prevailed upon to accompany them to the place of rendezvous; where, being ushered into a dining-room, they had not waited three minutes, when they were joined by the parson, who had observed the hour with great punctuality.

This gentleman no sooner entered the room, than Cadwallader, in a whisper to Gauntlet, asked if that was not the cock-bawd; and, before the captain could make any reply, "What an unconscionable whoremaster the rogue is!" said he, "scarce discharged from confinement, and sweetened with a little fresh air, when he wenches with a pimp in canonicals in his pay."—The door again opened, and Emilia broke in upon them, with such dignity of mien, and divinity of aspect, as inspired every spectator with astonishment and admiration. The lieutenant, who had not seen her since her charms were ripened into such perfection, expressed his wonder and approbation in an exclamation of "Add's zooks! what a glorious galley!" and the misanthrope's visage was instantly metamorphosed into the face of a mountain goat. He licked his lips instinctively, snuffed the air, and squinted with a most horrible obliquity of vision.

The bride and her sister being seated, and Hatchway having renewed his acquaintance with the former, who recognised him with particular civility, Peregrine withdrew into another apartment with his friend Crabtree, to whom he imparted the design of this meeting; which the latter no sooner understood than he attempted to retreat, without making any other reply than that of "Pshaw! rot your matrimony! can't you put your neck in the noose without my being a witness of your folly?"

The young gentleman, in order to vanquish this aversion, stepped to the door of the next room, and begged the favour of speaking with Emilia, to whom he introduced the testy old bachelor, as one of his particular friends, who desired to have the honour of giving her away. The bewitching smile with which she received his salute, and granted his request, at once overcame the disapprobation of the misanthrope, who, with a relaxation in his countenance, which had never been perceived before that instant, thanked her in the most polite terms for such an agreeable mark of distinction. He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and, after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle.

I shall leave the sensible reader to judge what passed at this juncture within the bosoms of the new married couple: Peregrine's heart was fired with inexpressible ardour and impatience; while the transports of the bride were mingled with a dash of diffidence and apprehension. Gauntlet saw it would be too much for both to bear their present tantalizing situation till night, without some amusement to diverge their thoughts; and therefore proposed to pass part of the evening at the public entertainments in Marybone Gardens, which were at that time frequented by the best company in town. The scheme was relished by the discreet Sophy, who saw the meaning of the proposal, and the bride submitted to the persuasion of her sister; so that, after tea, two coaches were called, and Peregrine was forcibly separated from his charmer during the conveyance.

The new-married couple and their company having made shift to spend the evening, and supped on a slight collation in one of the boxes, Peregrine's patience was almost quite exhausted; and, taking Godfrey aside, he imparted his intention to withdraw in private from the sea-wit of his friend Hatchway, who would otherwise retard his bliss with unseasonable impediments, which, at present, he could not possibly bear. Gauntlet, who sympathized with his impatience, undertook to intoxicate the lieutenant with bumpers to the joy of the bride, and, in the meantime, desired Sophy to retire with his sister, under the auspices of Cadwallader, who promised to squire them home.

The ladies were accordingly conducted to the coach, and Jack proposed to the captain that, for the sake of the joke, the bridegroom should be plied with liquor, in such a manner as would effectually disable him from enjoying the fruits of his good fortune for one night at least. Gauntlet seemed to relish the scheme, and they prevailed upon Pickle to accompany them to a certain tavern, on pretence of drinking a farewell glass to a single life; there the bottle was circulated, till Hatchway's brain began to suffer innovation. As he had secured our hero's hat and sword, he felt no apprehension of an elopement, which, however, was effected; and the youth hastened on the wings of love to the arms of his enchanting bride. He found Crabtree in a parlour waiting for his return, and disposed to entertain him with a lecture upon temperance; to which he paid very little attention, but ringing for Emilia's maid, desired to know if her mistress was abed. Being answered in the affirmative, he sent her up-stairs to announce his arrival, undressed himself to a loose gown and slippers, and wishing the misanthrope good night, after having desired to see him next day, followed in person to the delicious scene, where he found her elegantly dished out, the fairest daughter of chastity and love.

When he approached she was overwhelmed with confusion, and hid her lovely face from his transporting view. Mrs. Gauntlet, seeing his eyes kindled at the occasion, kissed her charm-

ing sister, who, throwing her snowy arms about her neck, would have detained her in the room, had not Peregrine gently disengaged her confidant from her embrace, and conducted her trembling to the door; which having bolted and barricadoed, he profited by his good fortune, and his felicity was perfect.

Next day he rose about noon, and found his three friends assembled, when he learned that Jack had fallen in his own snare, and been obliged to lie in the same tavern where he fell; a circumstance of which he was so much ashamed, that Peregrine and his wife escaped many jokes, which he would have certainly cracked, had he not lain under the imputation of this disgrace. In half an hour after he came down, Mrs. Pickle appeared with Sophy, blushing like Aurora or the Goddess of Health, and sending forth emanations of beauty unparalleled. She was complimented upon her change of situation by all present, and by none more warmly than by old Crabtree, who declared himself so well satisfied with his friend's fortune, as to be almost reconciled to that institution against which he had declaimed during the best part of his life.

An express was immediately despatched to Mrs. Gauntlet, with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town-house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all public places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends, and the admiration of all the world; for, in point of figure, such another couple was not to be found in the whole united kingdom. Envy despaired, and detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the celebration of public fame; Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow encomiums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew; but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day, when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of "Your servant, Mr. Pickle," he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, saying, "I suppose your lordship is mistaken in your man," and turned his head another way, in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the *beau monde*, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included) set out for his father's house, and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother, who was sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law. From her habitation they proceeded homewards at an easy pace, and, amidst the acclamations of the whole parish, entered their own house, where Emilia was received in the most tender manner by Mr. Clover's wife, who had provided everything for her ease and accommodation, and, next day, surrendered unto her the management of her own household affairs.

THE EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

QUORSUM HÆC TAM PUTIDA TENDUNT,
FURCIFER? AD TE, INQUAM.—HOR.

To MR. HENRY DAVIS, *Bookseller in London.*

RESPECTED SIR,—I have received your esteemed favour of the thirteenth ultimo, whereby it appeareth that you have perused those same letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend the Reverend Mr. Hugo Bhen; and I am pleased to find you think they may be printed with a good prospect of success; inasmuch as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are such as may be redargued, if not entirely removed.—And, first, in the first place, as touching what prosecutions may arise from printing the private correspondence of persons still living, give me leave, with all due submission, to observe that the letters in question were not written and sent under the seal of secrecy; that they have no tendency to the *mala fama* or prejudice of any person whatsoever; but rather to the information and edification of mankind. So that it becometh a sort of duty to promulgate them *in usum publicum*. Besides, I have consulted Mr. Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inspection and consideration, declareth, that he doth not think the said letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the law. Finally, if you and I should come to a right understanding, I do declare *in verbo sacerdotis*, that, in case of any such prosecution, I will take the whole upon my own shoulders, even *quoad* fine and imprisonment, though I must confess I should not care to undergo flagellation. *Tam ad turpitudinem, quam ad amaritudinem pœna spectans.*—Secondly, concerning the personal resentment of Mr. Justice Lismahago, I may say *non flocci facio*—I would not willingly vilipend any Christian, if peradventure he deserveth that epithet. Albeit I am much surprised that more care is not taken to exclude from the commission all such vagrant foreigners as may be justly suspected of disaffection to our happy constitution in Church and State.—God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as to affirm positively that the said Lismahago is no better than a Jesuit in disguise; but this I will assert and maintain *totis viribus*, that from the day he qualified, he has never been once seen *intra templi parietes*, that is to say, within the parish church.

Thirdly, with respect to what passed at Mr. Kendal's table, when the said Lismahago was so brutal in his reprehensions, I must inform you, my good sir, that I was obliged to retire, not by fear arising from his minatory reproaches, which, as I said above, I value not a rush; but from the sudden effect produced by a barbel's roe, which I had eaten at dinner, not knowing that the said roe is at certain seasons violently cathartic, as Galen observeth in his chapter περὶ ἰχθύος.

Fourthly, and lastly, with reference to the manner in which I got possession of the letters, it is a circumstance which concerns my own conscience only. Sufficeth it to say, I have fully satisfied the parties in whose custody they were; and, by this time, I hope I have also satisfied you in such ways, that the last hand may be put to our agreement, and the work proceed with all convenient expedition. In which hope I rest, respected sir, your very humble servant,

JONATHAN DUSTWICH.

Abergavenny, Aug. 4.

P.S.—I propose, *Deo volente*, to have the pleasure of seeing you in the great city towards All-hallow-tide, when I shall be glad to treat with you concerning a parcel of MS. sermons of a certain clergyman deceased; a cake of the right leaven for the present taste of the public. *Verbum sapienti*, etc. J. D.

To the REVEREND MR. JONATHAN DUSTWICH, *at* ——

SIR,—I received yours in course of post, and shall be glad to treat with you for the MS. which I have delivered to your friend Mr. Bhen; but can by no means comply with the terms proposed. Those things are so uncertain—Writing is all a lottery—I have been a loser by the works of the greatest men of the age—I could mention particulars, and name names; but don't choose it. The taste of the town is so changeable. Then there have been so many letters upon travels lately published—What between Smollett's, Sharp's, Derrick's, Thickness's, Baltimore's, and Baretti's, together with Shandy's Sentimental Travels, the public seems to be cloyed with that kind of entertainment—Nevertheless, I will, if you please, run the risk of printing and publishing, and you shall have half the profits of the impression.—You need not take the trouble to bring up your sermons on my account—Nobody reads sermons but Methodists and Dissenters—Besides, for my own part, I am quite a stranger to that sort of reading; and the two persons

whose judgment I depended upon in these matters, are out of the way; one is gone abroad carpenter of a man-of-war; and the other has been silly enough to abscond, in order to avoid a prosecution for blasphemy—I'm a great loser by his going off—He has left a manual of devotion half finished on my hands, after having received money for the whole copy—He was the soundest divine, and had the most orthodox pen of all my people; and I never knew his judgment fail, but in flying from his bread and butter on this occasion.

By owning you was not put in bodily fear by Lismahago, you preclude yourself from the benefit of a good plea, over and above the advantage of binding him over. In the late war, I inserted in my evening paper a paragraph that came by the post, reflecting upon the behaviour of a certain regiment in battle. An officer of said regiment came to my shop, and in the presence of my wife and journeyman threatened to cut off my ears—As I exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than one, to the conviction of the bystanders, I bound him over; my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope on that head—There has been but one printer flogged at the cart-tail these thirty years; that was Charles Watson; and he assured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C(harles) S(talker) has been threatened several times by the House of Lords; but it came to nothing. If an information should be moved for, and granted against you, as the editor of these letters, I hope you will have honesty and wit enough to appear and take your trial—If you should be sentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made—As times go that 's a sure step to honour and preferment. I shall think myself happy if I can lend you a lift; and am, very sincerely yours, HENRY DAVIS.

London, Aug. 10.

Please my kind service to your neighbour, my cousin Madoc.—I have sent an almanack and court calender, directed for him, at Mr. Sutton's, bookseller in Gloucester, carriage paid, which he will please to accept as a small token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toasted cheese, presents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there 's any of that kind which he was so good as to send us last Christmas, to be sold in London. H. D.

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.

To DOCTOR LEWIS.

DOCTOR,—The pills are good for nothing—I might as well swallow snow-balls to cool my reins—I have told you over and over how hard I am to move; and, at this time of day, I ought to know something of my own constitution. Why will you be so positive? Prithee send me another prescription—I am as lame, and as much tortured in all my limbs, as if I was broke upon the wheel. Indeed, I am equally distressed in mind and body—As if I had not plagues enough of my own, those children of my sister are left me for a perpetual source of vexation—What business have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yesterday to my niece Liddy, has disordered me in such a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout—Perhaps I may explain myself in my next. I shall set out to-morrow morning for the Hot Well at Bristol, where I am afraid I shall stay longer than I could wish. On the receipt of this send Williams thither with my saddle-horse and the *demi-pique*. Tell Barns to thresh out the two old ricks and send the corn to market, and sell it off to the poor at a shilling a bushel under market price. I have received a snivelling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public submission, and pay costs. I want none of his submissions; neither will I pocket any of his money—The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I desire to have nothing to do with him. But as he is purse-proud, he shall pay for his insolence. Let him give five pounds to the poor of the parish, and I 'll withdraw my action; and in the meantime you may tell Prig to stop proceedings.—Let Morgan's widow have the Alderney cow, and forty shillings to clothe her children. But don't say a syllable of the matter to any living soul—I 'll make her pay when she is able. I desire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting; and be sure you take the iron chest with my papers into your own custody—Forgive all this trouble from, dear Lewis, your affectionate M. BRAMBLE.

Gloucester, April 2.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Housekeeper at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. GUYLLIM,—When this cums to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male that stands in my closet, to be sent me in the Bristol waggon, without loss of time, the following articles, viz., my rose-collard neglejay, with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvet suit, with the short hoop; my bloo quilted petticoat, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets, and the litel box with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the easings of Dr. Hill's dock-water, and Chowder's lacksitiff. The poor creature has been terribly constuperated ever since we left huom. Pray take particular care of the house while the family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a spinning. I desire you 'll clap a pad-luck on the windseller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong bear—don't forget to have the gate shit every evening before dark.—The gardnir and hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the house, with the blunderbuss and the great dog; and I hope you 'll have a watchfull eye over the maids. I know that hussey Mary Jones loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be sould yet, and what he fought—if the ould goose be sitting; and if the cobler has cut Dickey, and how the poor anemil bore the operation.—No more at present, but rests, yours,

Glostar, April 2. TABITHA BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MOLLY,—Heaving this importunity, I send my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to heer the same from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather. We have been all in a sad taking here at Glostar—Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over.—Mistress bid me not speak a word of the matter to any Christian soul—no more I shall; for, we servints should see all, and say nothing.—But, what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle—Mistriss was taken with the asterisks, but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service—thank God, he 's now in a fair way to do well—pray take care of my box and the pillyber, and put them under your own bed; for, I do suppose, Madam Gwyllim will be a prying into my secrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but sulky. The squire gave away an ould coat to a poor man; and John says as how 'tis robbing him of his parquisites.—I told him, by his agreement, he was to receive no vails; but he says as how there 's a difference betwixt vails and parquisites; and so there is for sartin. We are all going to the Hot Well, where I shall drink your health in a glass of water, being, dear Molly, your humble servant to command, W. JENKINS.

Gloustar, April 2.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspondence by letters, which you and I agreed at parting to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my sister, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school.—When I came hither with my uncle and aunt, who are our guardians, to fetch her away, I found her a fine tall girl of seventeen, with an agreeable person; but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him—who had seen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters. As it was my duty to stifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the style I used, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life, which, by the by, I am ashamed to declare, did not entitle him to much deference, yet, as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and something might have happened had not we been prevented. In short, the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise. Recourse was had to justice; I was obliged to give my word and honour, etc., and to-morrow morning we set out for Bristol Wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the post. I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceeding starched, vain, and ridiculous. My uncle is an odd kind of humorist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep him company, I 'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate. Indeed, his being tortured by the gout may have soured his temper, and perhaps I may like him better on farther acquaintance. Certain it is, all his servants and neighbours in the country are fond of him even to a degree of enthusiasm, the reason of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Mansel, Basset, and all the rest of my old Cambrian companions. Salute the bed-maker in my name—give my service to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the sake of his old master, who is, and ever will be, dear Phillips, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

Gloucester, April 2. JER. MELFORD.

To MRS. JERMYN, *at her House in Gloucester.*

DEAR MADAM,—Having no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care. Indeed and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me when I assure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do anything that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare I never once allowed him the favour of a salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be; but time will discover. Meanwhile, I will endeavour to forget a connexion which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted anything but tea since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running. My aunt continues to chide me severely when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time by humility and submission. My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress, and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth. But, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn, affectionate, humble servant, till death,

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,—I am in such a fright lest this should not come safe to hand by the

conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction that I have made her my confidant. As for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account. Indeed, I cannot blame the man for his caution; but I have made it worth his while. My dear companion and bedfellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort of your good humour and good sense; but I hope the friendship we contracted at the boarding-school will last for life. I doubt not but on my side it will daily increase and improve as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend. O, my dear Letty! what shall I say about poor Mr. Wilson! I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him; but, alas! I begin to perceive that it will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low-spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my ——. But no; I would not have you tell him that neither, because there must be an end of our correspondence. I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace; and yet if he should, he must be a barbarous—. But 'tis impossible; poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant. I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me for some time; for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jerry, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life. Let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents, or rather to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue. I would offer my love to the young ladies, but it is not fit that any of them should know that you have received this letter. If we go to Bath I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous centre of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit; and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of her affectionate

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—I have followed your directions with some success, and might have been upon my legs by this time, had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. I rode out upon the Downs last Tuesday, in the forenoon, when the sky, as far as the visible horizon, was without a cloud; but, before I had gone a full mile, I was overtaken instantaneously by a storm of rain that wet me to the skin in three minutes—whence it came the devil knows; but it has laid me up (I suppose) for one fortnight. It makes me sick to hear people talk of the fine air upon Clifton Downs. How can the air be either agreeable or salutary, where the demon of vapours descends in a perpetual drizzle? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations. My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occasioned by that cursed incident at Gloucester, which I mentioned in my last. She is a poor good-natured simpleton, as soft as butter, and as easily melted—not that she's a fool—the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French, and play upon the harpsichord; then she dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well inclined; but she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible—and so tender forsooth!—truly, she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances. Then there's her brother, Squire Jerry, a pert jackanapes, full of college petulance and self-conceit; proud as a German count, and as hot and hasty as a Welsh mountaineer. As for that fantastical animal, my sister Tabby, you are no stranger to her qualifications. I vow to God, she is sometimes so intolerable, that I almost think she's the devil incarnate, come to torment me for my sins; and yet I am conscious of no sins that ought to entail such family plagues upon me—why the devil should not I shake off these torments at once? I an't married to Tabby, thank Heaven! nor did I beget the other two. Let them choose another guardian; for my part I an't in a condition to take care of myself, much less to superintend the conduct of giddy-headed boys and girls. You earnestly desire to know the particulars of our adventure at Gloucester, which are briefly these, and I hope they will go no farther:—Liddy had been so long cooped up in a boarding-school, which, next to a nunnery, is the worst kind of seminary that ever was contrived for young women, that she became as inflammable as touchwood; and, going to a play in holiday-time—'sdeath, I'm ashamed to tell you!—she fell in love with one of the actors—a handsome young fellow, that goes by the name of Wilson. The rascal soon perceived the impression he had made, and managed matters so as to see her at her house where she went to drink tea with her governess. This was the beginning of a correspondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dressed caps for the girls at the boarding-school. When we arrived at Gloucester, Liddy came to stay at lodgings with her aunt, and Wilson bribed the maid to deliver a letter into her own hands; but it seems Jerry had already acquired so much credit with the maid (by what means he best knows), that she carried the letter to him, and so the whole plot was discovered. The rash boy, without saying a word of the matter to me, went immediately in search of Wilson; and, I suppose, treated him with insolence enough. The theatrical hero was too far gone in romance to brook such usage. He replied in blank verse, and a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to meet early next morning, and to decide the dispute with sword and pistol. I heard nothing at all of the affair till Mr. Morley came to my bed-side in the morning, and told me he was afraid my nephew was going to fight, as he had been overheard talking very loud and vehement with Wilson, at the young man's lodgings the night before, and afterwards went and bought powder and ball at a shop in the neighbourhood. I got up immediately, and, upon inquiry, found he was just gone out. I begged Morley to knock up the Mayor, that he might interpose as a magistrate; and, in the meantime, I hobbled after the squire, whom I saw at a distance, walking at a great pace towards the city gate. In spite of all my efforts I could not come up till our two combatants had

taken their ground, and were priming their pistols. An old house luckily screened me from their view; so that I rushed upon them at once before I was perceived. They were both confounded, and attempted to make their escape different ways; but Morley coming up with constables at that instant, took Wilson into custody, and Jerry followed him quietly to the Mayor's house. All this time I was ignorant of what had passed the preceding day; and neither of the parties would discover a tittle of the matter. The Mayor observed that it was great presumption in Wilson, who was a stroller, to proceed to such extremities with a gentleman of family and fortune, and threatened to commit him on the Vagrant Act. The young fellow bustled up with great spirit, declaring he was a gentleman, and would be treated as such; but he refused to explain himself farther. The master of the company being sent for, and examined touching the said Wilson, said the young man had engaged with him at Birmingham about six months ago, but never would take his salary; that he behaved so well in his private character as to acquire the respect and good-will of all his acquaintance; and that the public owned his merit as an actor was altogether extraordinary. After all, I fancy he will turn out to be a runaway 'prentice from London. The manager offered to bail him for any sum, provided he would give his word and honour that he would keep the peace; but the young gentleman was on his high ropes, and would by no means lay himself under any restrictions. On the other hand, Hopeful was equally obstinate, till at length the Mayor declared, that if they both refused to be bound over, he would immediately commit Wilson as a vagrant to hard labour. I own I was much pleased with Jerry's behaviour on this occasion. He said that rather than Mr. Wilson should be treated in such an ignominious manner, he would give his word and honour to prosecute the affair no farther while they remained at Gloucester. Wilson thanked him for his generous manner of proceeding, and was discharged. On our return to our lodgings, my nephew explained the whole mystery; and I own I was exceedingly incensed. Liddy being questioned on the subject, and very severely reproached by that wild cat my sister Tabby, first swooned away, then dissolving into a flood of tears, confessed all the particulars of the correspondence; at the same time giving up three letters, which were all she had received from her admirer. The last, which Jerry intercepted, I send you enclosed; and when you have read it, I dare say you won't wonder at the progress the writer had made in the heart of a simple girl utterly unacquainted with the characters of mankind. Thinking it was high time to remove her from such a dangerous connexion, I carried her off the very next day to Bristol; but the poor creature was so frightened and fluttered by our threats and expostulations that she fell sick the fourth day after our arrival at Clifton, and continued so ill for a whole week that her life was despaired of. It was not till yesterday that Dr. Rigge declared her out of danger. You cannot imagine what I have suffered, partly from the indiscretion of this poor child, but much more from the fear of losing her entirely. This air is intolerably cold, and the place quite solitary. I never go down to the well without returning low-spirited; for there I meet with half-a-dozen poor emaciated creatures, with ghostly looks, in the last stage of a consumption, who have made shift to linger through the winter like so many exotic plants languishing in a hot-house; but in all appearance will drop into their graves before the sun has warmth enough to mitigate the rigour of this ungenial spring. If you think the Bath water will be of any service to me, I will go thither as soon as my niece can bear the motion of the coach. Tell Barns I am obliged to him for his advice, but don't choose to follow it. If Davies voluntarily offers to give up the farm, the other shall have it; but I will not begin at this time of day to distress my tenants, because they are unfortunate, and cannot make regular payments. I wonder that Barns should think me capable of such oppression. As for Higgins, the fellow is a notorious poacher to be sure, and an impudent rascal to set his snares in my own paddock; but I suppose he thought he had some right, especially in my absence, to partake of what nature seems to have intended for common use. You may threaten him in my name as much as you please; and if he repeats the offence, let me know it before you have recourse to justice. I know you are a great sportsman, and oblige many of your friends. I need not tell you to make use of my grounds; but it may be necessary to hint that I'm more afraid of my fowling-piece than of my game. When you can spare two or three brace of partridges send them over by the stage-coach; and tell Gwyllim that she forgot to pack up my flannels and wide shoes in the trunk-mail. I shall trouble you as usual, from time to time, till at last, I suppose, you will be tired of corresponding with your assured friend,

Clifton, April 17. M. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LYDIA MELFORD.

MISS WILLIS has pronounced my doom—you are going away, dear Miss Melford—you are going to be removed I know not whither! what shall I do? which way shall I turn for consolation? I know not what I say—all night long have I been tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction, without being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you; or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson; and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation. Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the most distant prospect of being admitted to your company filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! as the time approached my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation; but when I found myself actually in your presence—when I heard you speak—when I saw you smile—when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me, my breast was filled with such tumults of delight as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy! Encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my presumption—you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope;—you put a favourable, perhaps too favourable, a construction on my appearance. Certain it is, I am no player in love—I speak the language of my own heart, and have no prompter but nature.—Yet there is something in this heart which I have not yet disclosed—I flatter myself—but I will not, I must not proceed. Dear Miss Liddy? for

Heaven's sake contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Gloucester, otherwise I know not what will— But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderness and truth. I surely have no cause to despair—yet I am strangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you stay in this place I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies. I know if it is in your power you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add, your affection?—in order to assuage the almost intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted WILSON.

Gloucester, March 31.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—I gave Mansel credit for his invention in propagating the report that I had a quarrel with a mountebank's Merry Andrew at Gloucester. But I have too much respect for every appendage of wit to quarrel even with the lowest buffoonery; and therefore I hope Mansel and I shall always be good friends. I cannot, however, approve of his drowning my poor dog Ponto, on purpose to convert Ovid's pleonasm into a punning epitaph—*decrant quoque littora Ponto*. For, that he threw him into the Isis, when it was so high and impetuous, with no other view than to kill the fleas, is an excuse that will not hold water. But I leave poor Ponto to his fate, and hope Providence will take care to accommodate Mansel with a drier death.

As there is nothing that can be called company at the well, I am here in a state of absolute rustication. This, however, gives me leisure to observe the singularities in my uncle's character, which seems to have interested your curiosity. The truth is, his disposition and mine, which, like oil and vinegar, repelled one another at first, have now begun to mix, by dint of being beat up together. I was once apt to believe him a complete cynic, and that nothing but the necessity of his occasions could compel him to get within the pale of society. I am now of another opinion; I think his peevishness arises partly from bodily pain, and partly from a natural excess of mental sensibility; for, I suppose the mind as well as the body, is, in some cases, endowed with a morbid excess of sensation.

I was t'other day much diverted with a conversation that passed in the pump-room betwixt him and the famous Dr. L(inde)n, who is come to ply at the well for patients. My uncle was complaining of the stink, occasioned by the vast quantity of mud and slime, which the river leaves at low ebb under the windows of the pump-room. He observed that the exhalations arising from such a nuisance could not but be prejudicial to the weak lungs of many consumptive patients who came to drink the water. The doctor, overhearing this remark, made up to him, and assured him he was mistaken. He said people in general were so misled by vulgar prejudices, that philosophy was hardly sufficient to undeceive them. Then, hemming thrice, he assumed a most ridiculous solemnity of aspect, and entered into a learned investigation of the nature of stink. He observed that stink, or stench, meant no more than a strong impression on the olfactory nerves, and might be applied to substances of the most opposite qualities; that in the Dutch language, *stinken* signified the most agreeable perfume as well as the most fetid odour, as appears in Van Vloudel's translation of Horace, in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis*, etc. The words *liquidis perfusus odoribus*, he translates *van civet et moschata gestinken*; that individuals differed *toto cœlo* in their opinion of smells, which indeed was altogether as arbitrary as the opinion of beauty; that the French were pleased with the putrid effluvia of animal food, and so were the Hottentots in Africa and the savages in Greenland; and that the negroes on the coast of Senegal would not touch fish till it was rotten; —strong presumptions in favour of what is generally called *stink*, as those nations are in a state of nature, undebauched by luxury, unseduced by whim and caprice; that he had reason to believe the stercoraceous flavour, condemned by prejudice as a stink, was, in fact, most agreeable to the organs of smelling; for that every person who pretended to nauseate the smell of another's excretions, snuffed up his own with particular complacency; for the truth of which he appealed to all the ladies and gentlemen then present. He said the inhabitants of Madrid and Edinburgh found particular satisfaction in breathing their own atmosphere, which was always impregnated with stercoraceous effluvia; that the learned Dr. B(urton), in his Treatise on the Four Digestions, explains in what manner the volatile effluvia from the intestines stimulate and promote the operations of the animal economy. He affirmed the last Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Medicis family, who refined upon sensuality with the spirit of a philosopher, was so delighted with that odour that he caused the essence of ordure to be extracted, and used it as the most delicious perfume. That he himself (the doctor) when he happened to be low-spirited or fatigued with business, found immediate relief and uncommon satisfaction from hanging over the stale contents of a close stool, while his servant stirred it about under his nose; nor was this effect to be wondered at, when we consider that this substance abounds with the self-same volatile salts that are so greedily smelled to by the most delicate invalids, after they have been extracted and sublimed by the chemists. By this time the company began to hold their noses; but the doctor, without taking the least notice of this signal, proceeded to show that many fetid substances were not only agreeable but salutary; such as assafœtida, and other medicinal gums, resins, roots, and vegetables, over and above burnt feathers, tan-pits, candle-snuffs, etc. In short, he used many learned arguments to persuade his audience out of their senses; and from *stench* made a transition to *filth*, which he affirmed was also a mistaken idea, inasmuch as objects so called were no other than certain modifications of matter, consisting of the same principles that enter into the composition of all created essences, whatever they may be. That, in the filthiest production of nature, a philosopher considered nothing but the earth, water, salt, and air, of which it was compounded. That, for his own part, he had no more objection to drinking the dirtiest ditch-water than he had to a glass of water from the Hot Well, provided he was assured there was nothing poisonous in the concrete. Then addressing himself to my uncle, "Sir," said he, "you seem to be of a dropsical habit, and probably will soon have a confirmed ascites. If I should be present when your are tapped, I will give you a convincing proof of

what I assert, by drinking, without hesitation, the water that comes out of your abdomen." The ladies made wry faces at this declaration; and my uncle, changing colour, told him he did not desire any such proof of his philosophy.—"But I should be glad to know," said he, "what makes you think I am of a dropsical habit."—"Sir, I beg pardon," replied the doctor, "I perceive your ankles are swelled, and you seem to have the *facies-leucophlegmatica*. Perhaps, indeed, your disorder may be *œdematous*, or gouty, or it may be the *lues venerea*. If you have any reason to flatter yourself it is this last, sir, I will undertake to cure you with three small pills, even if the disease should have attained its utmost inveteracy. Sir, it is an arcanum, which I have discovered, and prepared with infinite labour. Sir, I have lately cured a woman in Bristol—a common prostitute, sir, who had got all the worst symptoms of the disorder; such as *nodi, tophi*, and *gummata, verrucæ, cristæ galli*, and a *serpiginous* eruption, or rather a pocky itch all over her body. By that time she had taken the second pill, sir, by Heaven! she was as smooth as my hand; and the third made her as sound and as fresh as a new-born infant."—"Sir," cried my uncle peevishly, "I have no reason to flatter myself that my disorder comes within the efficacy of your nostrum. But this patient you talk of may not be so sound at bottom as you imagine." "I can't possibly be mistaken," rejoined the philosopher; "for I have had communication with her three times; I always ascertain my cures in that manner." At this remark all the ladies retired to another corner of the room, and some of them began to spit. As to my uncle, though he was ruffled at first by the doctor's saying he was dropsical, he could not help smiling at this ridiculous confession; and, I suppose, with a view to punish this original, told him there was a wart upon his nose that looked a little suspicious. "I don't pretend to be a judge of these matters," said he; "but I understand that warts are often produced by the distemper; and that one upon your nose seems to have taken possession of the very key-stone of the bridge, which I hope is in no danger of falling." L(inde)u seemed a little confounded at this remark, and assured him it was nothing but a common excrescence of the cuticula, but that the bones were all sound below. For the truth of this assertion he appealed to the touch, desiring he would feel the part. My uncle said it was a matter of such delicacy to meddle with a gentleman's nose, that he declined the office. Upon which the doctor, turning to me, entreated me to do him that favour. I complied with his request, and handled it so roughly that he sneezed, and the tears ran down his cheeks, to the no small entertainment of the company, and particularly of my uncle, who burst out a laughing for the first time since I have been with him, and took notice that the part seemed to be very tender. "Sir," cried the doctor, "it is naturally a tender part; but to remove all possibility of doubt, I will take off the wart this very night."

So saying, he bowed with great solemnity all round, and retired to his own lodgings, where he applied caustic to the wart; but it spread in such a manner as to produce a considerable inflammation, attended with an enormous swelling; so that when he next appeared his whole face was overshadowed by this tremendous nozzle; and the rueful eagerness with which he explained this unlucky accident was ludicrous beyond all description. I was much pleased with meeting the original of a character which you and I have often laughed at in description; and, what surprises me very much, I find the features in the picture which has been drawn for him rather softened than overcharged.

As I have something else to say, and this letter has run to an unconscionable length, I shall now give you a little respite, and trouble you again by the very first post. I wish you would take it in your head to retaliate these double strokes upon yours always, J. MELFORD.

Hot Well, April 18.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—I now sit down to execute the threat in the tail of my last. The truth is, I am big with the secret, and long to be delivered. It relates to my guardian, who, you know, is at present our principal object in view.

T'other day I thought I had detected him in such a state of frailty as would but ill become his years and character. There is a decent sort of a woman, not disagreeable in her person, that comes to the well, with a poor emaciated child, far gone in a consumption. I had caught my uncle's eyes several times directed to this person with a very suspicious expression in them; and every time he saw himself observed, he hastily withdrew them, with evident marks of confusion. I resolved to watch him more narrowly, and saw him speaking to her privately in a corner of the walk. At length, going down to the well one day, I met her half-way up the hill to Clifton, and could not help suspecting she was going to our lodgings by appointment, as it was about one o'clock, the hour when my sister and I are generally at the pump-room. This notion exciting my curiosity, I returned by a back way, and got unperceived into my own chamber, which is contiguous to my uncle's apartment. Sure enough the woman was introduced, but not into his bed-chamber. He gave her audience in a parlour; so that I was obliged to shift my station to another room, where, however, there was a small chink in the partition, through which I could perceive what passed. My uncle, though a little lame, rose up when she came in, and, setting a chair for her, desired she would sit down; then he asked if she would take a dish of chocolate, which she declined with much acknowledgment. After a short pause he said, in a croaking tone of voice, which confounded me not a little, "Madam, I am truly concerned for your misfortunes, and if this trifle can be of any service to you, I beg you will accept it without ceremony." So saying, he put a bit of paper into her hand, which she opening with great trepidation, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Twenty pounds! Oh, sir!" and, sinking down on a settee, fainted away. Frightened at this fit, and, I suppose, afraid of calling for assistance lest her situation should give rise to unfavourable conjectures, he ran about the room in distraction, making frightful grimaces, and at length had recollection enough to throw a little water in her face, by which application she was brought to herself; but then her feelings took another turn. She shed a flood of tears, and cried aloud, "I know not who you are; but sure—worthy sir!—generous sir!—the distress of me and my poor dying child—Oh! if the widow's prayers—if the orphan's tears of gratitude can aught avail—Gracious Providence!—Blessings! shower down eternal blessings—" Here she was interrupted by my uncle, who muttered in a voice still more and more discordant, "For Heaven's sake be quiet, Madam—consider—the people of the house—'sdeath!

can't you?" All this time she was struggling to throw herself on her knees, while he, seizing her by the wrists, endeavoured to seat her upon the settee, saying, "Prithee—good now—hold your tongue." At that instant who should burst into the room but our aunt Tabby! of all antiquated maidens the most diabolically capricious. Ever prying into other people's affairs, she had seen the woman enter, and followed her to the door, where she stood listening, but probably could hear nothing distinctly except my uncle's last exclamation, at which she bounced into the parlour in a violent rage that dyed the tip of her nose of a purple hue. "Fie upon you, Matt!" cried she; "what doings are these, to disgrace your own character and disparage your family?" Then snatching the bank-note out of the stranger's hand, she went on, "How now!—twenty pounds!—here is a temptation with a witness!—Good woman, go about your business—Brother, brother, I know not which most to admire, your concupissins, or your extravagance!" "Good God!" exclaimed the poor woman, "shall a worthy gentleman's character suffer for an action that does honour to humanity?" By this time uncle's indignation was effectually roused. His face grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his eyes flashed. "Sister," cried he, in a voice like thunder, "I vow to God your impertinence is exceedingly provoking!" With these words he took her by the hand, and, opening the door of communication, thrust her into the chamber where I stood, so affected by the scene that the tears ran down my cheeks. Observing these marks of emotion, "I don't wonder," said she, "to see you concerned at the backslidings of so near a relation; a man of his years and infirmities—these are fine doings, truly—this is a rare example set by a guardian for the benefit of his pupils; monstrous! incongruous! sophistical!" I thought it was but an act of justice to set her to rights, and therefore explained the mystery; but she would not be undeceived. "What!" said she, "would you go for to offer for to arguefy me out of my senses? Didn't I hear him whispering to her to hold her tongue? Didn't I see her in tears? Didn't I see him struggling to throw her upon the couch? O filthy! hideous! abominable! Child, child, talk not to me of charity—who gives twenty pounds in charity? But you are a stripling; you know nothing of the world; besides, charity begins at home. Twenty pounds would buy me a complete suit of flowered silk, trimmings and all." In short, I quitted the room, my contempt for her and my respect for her brother being increased in the same proportion. I have since been informed that the person whom my uncle so generously relieved is the widow of an ensign, who has nothing to depend upon but the pension of fifteen pounds a year. The people of the well-house give her an excellent character. She lodges in a garret, and works very hard at plain work to support her daughter, who is dying of a consumption. I must own, to my shame, I feel a strong inclination to follow my uncle's example, in relieving this poor widow; but, betwixt friends, I am afraid of being detected in a weakness that might entail the ridicule of the company upon, dear Phillips, yours always,

Hot Well, April 20. J. MELFORD.

Direct your next to me at Bath; and remember me to all our fellow-Jesuits.

To DR. LEWIS.

I UNDERSTAND your hint. There are mysteries in physic as well as in religion, which we of the profane have no right to investigate. A man must not presume to use his reason unless he has studied the categories, and can chop logic by mode and figure. Between friends, I think every man of tolerable parts ought, at my time of day, to be both physician and lawyer, as far as his own constitution and property are concerned. For my own part, I have had an hospital these fourteen years within myself, and studied my own case with the most painful attention; consequently may be supposed to know something of the matter, although I have not taken regular courses of physiology, etc. etc. In short, I have for some time been of opinion (no offence, dear doctor) that the sum of all your medical discoveries amounts to this, that the more you study the less you know. I have read all that has been written on the Hot Wells, and what I can collect from the whole is, that the water contains nothing but a little salt and calcareous earth, mixed in such inconsiderable proportion as can have very little, if any, effect on the animal economy. This being the case, I think the man deserves to be fitted with a cap and bells, who, for such a paltry advantage as this spring affords, sacrifices his precious time, which might be employed in taking more effectual remedies, and exposes himself to the dirt, the stench, the chilling blasts, and perpetual rains, that render this place to me intolerable. If these waters, from a small degree of astringency, are of some service in the *diabetes, diarrhœa*, and night-sweats, when the secretions are too much increased, must not they do harm, in the same proportion, where the humours are obstructed, as in the asthma, scurvy, gout, and dropsy? Now we talk of the dropsy, here is a strange fantastical oddity, one of your brethren, who harangues every day in the pump-room, as if he was hired to give lectures on all subjects whatsoever. I know not what to make of him; sometimes he makes shrewd remarks, at other times he talks like the greatest simpleton in nature. He has read a great deal, but without method or judgment, and digested nothing. He believes everything he has read, especially if it has anything of the marvellous in it; and his conversation is a surprising hotch-potch of erudition and extravagance. He told me t'other day, with great confidence, that my case was dropsical; or, as he called it, *leucophlegmatic;* a sure sign that his want of experience is equal to his presumption; for, you know, there is nothing analogous to the dropsy in my disorder. I wish those impertinent fellows, with their rickety understandings, would keep their advice for those who ask it! Dropsy indeed! Sure I have not lived to the age of fifty-five, and had such experience of my own disorder, and consulted you and other eminent physicians, so often and so long, to be undeceived by such a——. But without all doubt the man is mad, and therefore what he says is of no consequence. I had yesterday a visit from Higgins, who came hither under the terror of your threats, and brought me in a present a brace of hares, which he owned he took in my ground; and I could not persuade the fellow that he did wrong, or that I would ever prosecute him for poaching. I must desire you will wink hard at the practices of this rascallion, otherwise I shall be plagued with his presents, which cost me more than they are worth.—If I could wonder at anything Fitzowen does, I should be surprised at his assurance in desiring you to solicit my vote for him at the next election for the county,—for him, who opposed me on the like occasion, with the most

illiberal competition! You may tell him civilly that I beg to be excused. Direct your next for me at Bath, whither I propose to remove to-morrow; not only on my own account, but for the sake of my niece Liddy, who is like to relapse. The poor creature fell into a fit yesterday while I was cheapening a pair of spectacles with a Jew pedlar. I am afraid there is something still lurking in that little heart of hers, which I hope a change of objects will remove. Let me know what you think of this half-witted doctor's impertinent, ridiculous, and absurd notion of my disorder. So far from being dropsical, I am as lank in the belly as a greyhound; and, by measuring my ankle with a pack-thread, I find the swelling subsides every day. From such doctors good Lord deliver us! —I have not yet taken any lodgings in Bath; because there we can be accommodated at a minute's warning, and I shall choose for myself. I need not say your directions for drinking and bathing will be agreeable to, dear Lewis, yours ever, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Hot Well, April 20.

P.S.—I forget to tell you that my right ankle pits, a symptom, as I take it, of its being *œdematous*, not *leucophlegmatic*.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,—I did not intend to trouble you again till we should be settled at Bath, but having the occasion of Jarvis, I could not let it slip, especially as I have something extraordinary to communicate. O my dear companion! what shall I tell you? for several days past there was a Jew-looking man that plied at the wells with a box of spectacles, and he always eyed me so earnestly that I began to be very uneasy. At last he came to our lodgings at Clifton, and lingered about the door, as if he wanted to speak to somebody. I was seized with an odd kind of fluttering, and begged Win to throw herself in his way, but the poor girl has weak nerves, and was afraid of his beard. My uncle having occasion for new glasses, called him upstairs, and was trying a pair of spectacles, when the man, advancing to me, said in a whisper—O gracious! what d'ye think he said!—"I am Wilson!" His features struck me that very moment—it was Wilson sure enough! but so disguised, that it would have been impossible to know him if my heart had not assisted in the discovery. I was so surprised, and so frightened, that I fainted away, but soon recovered, and found myself supported by him on the chair, while my uncle was running about the room, with the spectacles on his nose, calling for help. I had no opportunity to speak to him, but our looks were sufficiently expressive. He was paid for his glasses, and went away. Then I told Win who he was, and sent her after him to the pump-room, where she spoke to him, and begged him, in my name, to withdraw from the place, that he might not incur the suspicion of my uncle or my brother, if he did not want to see me to die of terror and vexation. The poor youth declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had something extraordinary to communicate, and asked if she would deliver a letter to me, but this she absolutely refused, by my order. Finding her obstinate in her refusal, he desired she would tell me that he was no longer a player, but a gentleman, in which character he would very soon avow his passion for me, without fear of censure or reproach—nay, he even discovered his name and family, which, to my great grief, the simple girl forgot, in the confusion occasioned by her being seen talking to him by my brother, who stopped her on the road, and asked what business she had with that rascally Jew. She pretended she was cheapening a stay-hook; but was thrown into such a quandary, that she forgot the most material part of the information, and when she came home went into a hysteric fit of laughing. This transaction happened three days ago, during which he has not appeared, so that I suppose he is gone. Dear Letty! you see how fortune takes pleasure in persecuting your poor friend. If you should see him at Gloucester, or, if you have seen him, and know his real name and family, pray keep me no longer in suspense; and yet, if he is under no obligation to keep himself longer concealed, and has a real affection for me, I should hope he will, in a little time, declare himself to my relations. Sure, if there is nothing unsuitable in the match, they won't be so cruel as to thwart my inclinations—Oh, what happiness would then be my portion! I can't help indulging the thought, and pleasing my fancy with such agreeable ideas, which, after all, perhaps, will never be realized. But why should I despair? who knows what will happen! We set out for Bath to-morrow, and I am almost sorry for it, as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure, the Downs are so agreeable, the furze in full blossom, the ground enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips; all the trees bursting into leaves, and the hedges already clothed with their vernal livery; the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, frisking, and skipping from side to side; the groves resound with the notes of the blackbird, thrush, and linnet; and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the *nymph of Bristol spring*, where the company is assembled before dinner; so good-natured, so free, so easy; and there we drink the water, so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish; there the sun is so cheerful and reviving, the weather so soft, the walk so agreeable, the prospect so amusing; and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to describe. To make this place a perfect paradise to me, nothing is wanting but an agreeable companion, and sincere friend, such as my dear Miss Willis hath been, and, I hope, still will be, to her ever faithful, LYDIA MELFORD.

Hot Well, April 21.

Direct for me, still under cover, to Win, and Jarvis will take care to convey it safe. Adieu.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—You have indeed reason to be surprised that I should have concealed my correspondence with Miss Blackerby from you, to whom I disclosed all my other connexions of that nature; but the truth is, I never dreamed of any such commerce, till your last informed me that it had produced something which could not be much longer concealed. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that her reputation will not suffer any detriment, but rather derive advantage from the discovery, which will prove, at least, that it is not quite so rotten as most people imagined. For my own part, I declare to you, in all the sincerity of friendship, that, far from

having any amorous intercourse with the object in question, I never had the least acquaintance with her person, but if she is really in the condition you describe, I suspect Mansel to be at the bottom of the whole. His visits to that shrine were no secret; and this attachment, added to some good offices, which you know he has done me since I left *Alma mater*, give me a right to believe him capable of saddling me with this scandal when my back was turned; nevertheless, if my name can be of any service to him, he is welcome to make use of it, and if the woman should be abandoned enough to swear his bantling to me, I must beg the favour of you to compound with the parish; I shall pay the penalty without repining, and you will be so good as to draw upon me immediately for the sum required. On this occasion I act by the advice of my uncle, who says I shall have good luck if I pass through life without being obliged to make many more compositions of the same kind. The old gentleman told me last night, with great good-humour, that, betwixt the age of twenty and forty, he had been obliged to provide for nine bastards, sworn to him by women whom he never saw. Mr. Bramble's character, which seems to interest you greatly, opens and improves upon me every day. His singularities afford a rich mine of entertainment; his understanding, so far as I can judge, is well cultivated; his observations on life are equally just, pertinent, and uncommon. He affects misanthropy, in order to conceal the sensibility of a heart which is tender even to a degree of weakness. This delicacy of feeling, or soreness of the mind, makes him timorous and fearful, but then he is afraid of nothing so much as of dishonour; and although he is exceedingly cautious of giving offence, he will fire at the least hint of insolence or ill-breeding. Respectable as he is, upon the whole I can't help being sometimes diverted by his little distresses, which provoke him to let fly the shafts of his satire, keen and penetrating as the arrows of Teucer. Our aunt Tabitha acts upon him as a perpetual grindstone; she is, in all respects, a striking contrast to her brother; but I reserve her portrait for another occasion.

Three days ago we came hither from the Hot Well, and took possession of the first floor of a lodging-house on the South Parade; a situation which my uncle chose, for its being near the bath, and remote from the noise of carriages. He was scarce warm in the lodgings, when he called for his night-cap, his wide shoes and flannel, and declared himself invested with the gout in his right foot; though, I believe, it had as yet reached no farther than his imagination. It was not long before he had reason to repent his premature declaration; for our aunt Tabitha found means to make such a clamour and confusion, before the flannels could be produced from the trunk, that one would have imagined the house was on fire. All this time, uncle sat boiling with impatience, biting his fingers, throwing up his eyes, and muttering ejaculations; at length he burst into a kind of convulsive laugh, after which he hummed a song; and, when the hurricane was over, exclaimed, "Blessed be God for all things!" This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles. Mrs. Tabitha's favourite dog, Chowder, having paid his compliments to a female turnspit, of his own species, in the kitchen, involved himself in a quarrel with no fewer than five rivals, who set upon him at once, and drove him up-stairs to the dining-room door, with hideous noise. There our aunt and her woman, taking arms in his defence, joined the concert, which became truly diabolical. This fray being with difficulty suppressed by the intervention of our own footman and the cook-maid of the house, the squire had just opened his mouth to expostulate with Tabby, when the town waits, in the passage below, struck up their music (if music it may be called) with such a sudden burst of sound as made him start and stare, with marks of indignation and disquiet. He had recollection enough to send his servant with some money, to silence those noisy intruders; and they were immediately dismissed, though not without some opposition on the part of Tabitha, who thought it but reasonable that he should have more music for his money. Scarce had he settled this knotty point, when a strange kind of thumping and bouncing was heard right overhead in the second storey, so loud and violent as to shake the whole building. I own I was exceedingly provoked at this new alarm; and before my uncle had time to express himself on the subject, I ran up-stairs to see what was the matter. Finding the room door open, I entered without ceremony, and perceived an object which I cannot now recollect without laughing to excess—it was a dancing-master, with his scholar, in the act of teaching. The master was blind of one eye, and lame of one foot, and led about the room his pupil, who seemed to be about the age of threescore, stooped mortally, was tall, raw-boned, hard-favoured, with a woollen night-cap on his head; and he had stripped off his coat, that he might be more nimble in his motions. Finding himself intruded upon by a person he did not know, he forthwith girded himself with a long iron sword, and advancing to me, with a peremptory air, pronounced, in a true Hibernian accent, "Mister What-d'ye-callum, by my shoul and conscience I am very glad to sea you, if you are after coming in the way of friendship; and indeed and indeed now, I believe you are my friend sure enough, gra, though I never had the honour to sea your face before, my dear; for because you come like a friend without any ceremony at all at all—" I told him the nature of my visit would not admit of ceremony; that I was come to desire he would make less noise, as there was a sick gentleman below, whom he had no right to disturb with such preposterous doings. "Why, look ye now, young gentleman," replied this original, "perhaps, upon another occasion, I might shivilly request you to explain the maining of that hard word *prepasterous*; but there's a time for all things, honey—" So saying, he passed me with great agility, and, running down-stairs, found our footman at the dining-room door, of whom he demanded admittance, to pay his respects to the stranger. As the fellow did not think proper to refuse the request of such a formidable figure, he was immediately introduced, and addressed himself to my uncle in these words:—"Your humble servant, good sir,—I am not so *prepasterous*, as your son calls it, but I know the rules of shivillity—I'm a poor knight of Ireland, my name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut, of the county of Galway; being your fellow-lodger, I'm come to pay my respects, and to welcome you to the South Parade, and to offer my best services to you, and your good lady, and your pretty daughter, and even to the young gentleman your son, though he thinks me a *prepasterous* fellow—you must know I am to have the honour to open a ball, next door, to-morrow, with Lady Macmanus; and, being rusted in my dancing, I was refreshing my memory with a little exercise; but if I had known there was a sick person below, by Christ! I would sooner

have danced a hornpipe upon my own head than walk the softest minuet over yours." My uncle, who was not a little startled at his first appearance, received his compliment with great complacency, insisted upon his being seated, thanked him for the honour of his visit, and reprimanded me for my abrupt expostulation with a gentleman of his rank and character. Thus tutored, I asked pardon of the knight, who, forthwith starting up, embraced me so close that I could hardly breathe, and assured me he loved me as his own soul. At length, recollecting his night-cap, he pulled it off in some confusion; and, with his bald pate uncovered, made a thousand apologies to the ladies as he retired.

At that instant the Abbey bells began to ring so loud that we could not hear one another speak; and this peal, as we afterwards learned, was for the honour of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper of Tottenham, who had just arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigestion. Mr. Bramble had not time to make his remarks upon the agreeable nature of this serenade, before his ears were saluted with another concert that interested him more nearly. Two negroes that belonged to a Creole gentleman, who lodged in the same house, taking their station at a window in the staircase, about ten feet from our dining-room door, began to practise upon the French horn; and, being in the very first rudiments of execution, produced such discordant sounds as might have discomposed the organs of an ass. You may guess what effect they had upon the irritable nerves of uncle, who, with the most admirable expression of splenetic surprise in his countenance, sent his man to silence those dreadful blasts, and desire the musicians to practise in some other place, as they had no right to stand there and disturb all the lodgers in the house. Those sable performers, far from taking the hint, and withdrawing, treated the messenger with great insolence, bidding him carry his compliments to their master, Colonel Rigworm, who would give him a proper answer, and a good drubbing into the bargain. In the meantime they continued their noise, and even endeavoured to make it more disagreeable, laughing between whiles, at the thoughts of being able to torment their betters with impunity. Our squire, incensed at the additional insult, immediately despatched the servant with his compliments to Colonel Rigworm, requesting that he would order his blacks to be quiet, as the noise they made was altogether intolerable. To this message the Creole colonel replied that his horns had a right to sound on a common staircase; that there they should play for his diversion, and that those who did not like the noise might look for lodgings elsewhere. Mr. Bramble no sooner received this reply than his eyes began to glisten, his face grew pale, and his teeth chattered. After a moment's pause, he slipped on his shoes without speaking a word, or seeming to feel any farther disturbance from the gout in his toes. Then snatching his cane, he opened the door, and proceeded to the place where the black trumpeters were posted. There, without farther hesitation, he began to belabour them both, and exerted himself with such astonishing vigour and agility, that both their heads and horns were broken in a twinkling, and they ran howling down-stairs to their master's parlour door. The squire, following them half-way, called aloud, that the colonel might hear him, "Go, rascals, and tell your master what I have done; if he thinks himself injured, he knows where to come for satisfaction. As for you, this is but an earnest of what you shall receive if ever you presume to blow a horn again here while I stay in the house." So saying, he retired to his apartment, in expectation of hearing from the West Indian; but the colonel prudently declined any further prosecution of the dispute. My sister Liddy was frightened into a fit, from which she was no sooner recovered than Mrs. Tabitha began a lecture upon patience; which her brother interrupted with a most significant grin, exclaiming "True, sister; God increase my patience and your discretion. I wonder," added he, "what sort of sonata we are to expect from this overture, in which the devil that presides over horrid sounds hath given us such variations of discord. The trampling of porters, the creaking and crashing of trunks, the snarling of curs, the scolding of women, the squeaking and squalling of fiddles and hautboys out of tune, the bouncing of the Irish baronet overhead, and the bursting, belching, and brattling of the French horns in the passage (not to mention the harmonious peal that still thunders from the Abbey steeple), succeeding one another without interruption, like the different parts of the same concert, have given me such an idea of what a poor invalid has to expect in this temple, dedicated to silence and repose, that I shall certainly shift my quarters to-morrow, and endeavour to effectuate my retreat, before Sir Ulic opens the ball with my Lady Macmanus, a conjunction that bodes me no good." This intimation was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Tabitha, whose ears were not quite so delicate as those of her brother. She said it would be great folly to move from such agreeable lodgings the moment they were comfortably settled. She wondered he should be such an enemy to music and mirth. She heard no noise but of his own making. It was impossible to manage a family in dumb show. He might harp as long as he pleased upon her scolding; but she never scolded except for his advantage; but he would never be satisfied, even thof she should sweat blood and water in his service. I have a great notion that our aunt, who is now declining into the most desperate state of celibacy, had formed some design upon the heart of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, which she feared might be frustrated by our abrupt departure from these lodgings. Her brother eyeing her askance, "Pardon me, sister," said he, "I should be a savage indeed were I insensible of my own felicity in having such a mild, complaisant, good-humoured, and considerate companion and housekeeper; but as I have got a weak head, and my sense of hearing is painfully acute, before I have recourse to plugs of wool and cotton, I'll try whether I can't find another lodging, where I shall have more quiet and less music." He accordingly despatched his man upon this service; and next day he found a small house in Milsham-street, which he hires by the week. Here, at least, we enjoy convenience and quiet within doors, as much as Tabby's temper will allow; but the squire still complains of flying pains in his stomach and head, for which he bathes and drinks the waters. He is not so bad, however, but that he goes in person to the pump, the rooms, and the coffee-houses, where he picks up continual food for ridicule and satire. If I can glean anything for your amusement, either from his observation or my own, you shall have it freely, though I am afraid it will poorly compensate the trouble of reading these tedious insipid letters of, dear Phillips, yours always,

Bath, April 24. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Doctor,—If I did not know that the exercise of your profession has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I should make a conscience of troubling you with my correspondence, which may be truly called *the lamentations of Matthew Bramble*. Yet I cannot help thinking I have some right to discharge the overflowings of my spleen upon you, whose province it is to remove those disorders that occasioned it; and let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances that I have a sensible friend to whom I can communicate my crusty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say, "Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth which, perhaps, you would owu without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse." The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the heyday of health will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering. But I believe you will not deny that this place, which nature and providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity, and ease so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits, here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine that none but lunatics are admitted; and truly I will give you leave to call me so if I stay much longer at Bath. But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject. I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The square, though irregular, is on the whole pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postillions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance. I suppose, after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think in earnest about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus is a pretty bauble; contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and perhaps we shall find it still more defective if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridor with arcades all round, as in Covent Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present the chairs stand soaking in the open street from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience, that extends over the whole city; and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm. Even the close chairs, contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frieze linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere; and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open.

But to return to the Circus. It is inconvenient from its situation, at so great a distance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-street, is so difficult, steep, and slippery, that, in wet weather, it must be exceedingly dangerous, both for those that ride in carriages and those that walk afoot; and when the street is covered with snow, as it was for fifteen days successively this very winter, I don't see how any individual could go either up or down, without the most imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, most of the houses on this hill are smothered with smoke, forced down the chimneys by the gusts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which, I apprehend likewise, must render the atmosphere here more humid and unwholesome than it is in the square below; for the clouds, formed by the constant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will in their ascent this way be first attracted and detained by the hill that rises close behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual succession of vapours. This point, however, may be easily ascertained by means of a hygrometer, or a paper of salt of tartar exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The same artist who planned the Circus has likewise projected a crescent; when that is finished we shall probably have a star; and those who are living thirty years hence may perhaps see all the signs of the zodiac exhibited in the architecture at Bath. These, however fantastical, are still designs that denote some ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on such a number of adventurers that one sees new houses starting up in every outlet and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without solidity, and stuck together with so little regard to plan and propriety that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with and intersect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of streets and squares disjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or as if some Gothic devil had stuffed them all together in a bag, and left them to stand higgledy

piggledy, just as chance directed. What sort of a monster Bath will become in a few years, with those growing excrescences, may be easily conceived. But the want of beauty and proportion is not the worst effect of these new mansions; they are built so slight, with the soft crumbling stone found in this neighbourhood, that I should never sleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed, as the sailors say, a cap-full of wind; and I am persuaded that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal strength, would be able to push his foot through the strongest part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muscles. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury, which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any farther qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillions among lordlings, squires, councillors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher Row, Crutched Friars, and Botolph Lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the lower town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath, where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum, and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

Thus the number of people and the number of houses continue to increase; and this will ever be the case till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance, shall either be exhausted or turned into other channels by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members. I detest the whole of it as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice, and brutality; and in this term of reprobation I include, without respect of rank, station, or quality, all those of both sexes who affect its manners and court its society.

But I have written till my fingers are cramped; and my nausea begins to return. By your advice, I sent to London a few days ago for half a pound of gengzeng, though I doubt much whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the East Indies. Some years ago a friend of mine paid sixteen guineas for two ounces of it; and, in six months after, it was sold in the same shop for five shillings the pound. In short, we live in a vile world of fraud and sophistication; so that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendship of a sensible man—a rare jewel! which I cannot help thinking myself in possession of while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as usual, dear Lewis, your affectionate

Bath, April 23. M. BRAMBLE.

After having been agitated in a short hurricane, on my first arrival, I have taken a small house in Milsham-street, where I am tolerably well lodged for five guineas a week. I was yesterday at the pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which seems to agree with my stomach; and to-morrow morning I shall bathe for the first time; so that, in a few posts, you may expect farther trouble. Meanwhile I am glad to find that the inoculation has succeeded so well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked. If my friend Sir Thomas was a single man I would not trust such a handsome wench in his family; but as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of Lady G—, who is one of the best women in the world, she may go thither without hesitation, as soon as she is quite recovered and fit for service. Let her mother have money to provide her with necessaries, and she may ride behind her brother on Bucks; but you must lay strong injunctions on Jack to take particular care of the trusty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his present ease by his past services.

To MISS WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION,—The pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions, which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife, with the tortoise-shell memorandum-book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world. All is gaiety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round* from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings. We have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies, and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies, a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which, to be sure,

is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles, raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolks jostling each other, without ceremony,—hail, fellow, well met. The noise of the music playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation, gave me the headache and vertigo the first day; but afterwards all these things became familiar, and even agreeable. Right under the pump-room windows is the King's Bath, a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed and so frightful that I always turn my eyes another way. My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the Abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But really her eyes were so red that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath she took assafœtida drops, and was fluttered all day, so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysterics. But her mistress says it will do her good, and poor Win curtsies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend in a bar; and the glasses, of different sizes, stand ranged in order before them, so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink without being sick. Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs. My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking, and I am afraid he will leave it off.—The first day we came to Bath he fell into a violent passion, beat two black-a-moors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their master; but the stranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed; but I believe his passion drove it away, for he has been remarkably well ever since. It is a thousand pities he should ever be troubled with that ugly distemper; for, when he is free from pain, he is the best-tempered man upon earth; so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that everybody loves him; and so good to me, in particular, that I shall never be able to show the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-house for the ladies; but my aunt says young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, which are charming places of resort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter, and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them) all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop we make a tour through the milliners and toymen, and commonly stop at Mr. Gill's, the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the Grove, to which the company cross over in a boat. It is called Spring Gardens; a sweet retreat, laid out in walks, and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold. But my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice; and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without seeming to be the worse for it. They say dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play, where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gaiety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, upon our poor homely representations at Gloucester. —But this in confidence to my dear Willis. —You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening.—They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen; and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donaghan, to me as a partner; but Jerry excused himself by saying I had got the headache; and indeed it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains; and that, as I become more accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off.—Sir Ulic was very complaisant, made her a great many high-flown compliments, and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the same favour; but my brother, seeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wished him good night. The captain is a pretty man, to be sure; tall and straight, and well made, with light grey eyes, and a Roman nose; but there is a certain boldness in his look and manner that puts one out of countenance.—But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected scrawl; which I shall therefore conclude, with assuring you, that neither Bath, nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able

to efface the idea of my dear Letty from the heart of her ever affectionate

Bath, April 26. LYDIA MELFORD.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton.*

DEAR MOLLY JONES,—Heaving got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins at the Hot Well, together with the stockings which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no survice. No body wears such things in this place.—O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fiddling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting —O gracious! If God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might not I reveal, consarning old mistress and young mistress; Jews with beards that were no Jews, but handsome Christians, without a hair upon their sin, strolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr. Wilson; and that's not his name neither; and thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their masters; and she has gi'en me her yellow trolopea, which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker, says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur—You knows as how yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havoc I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a full suit of gaze, as good as new, that I bought last Friday, of Madam Friponeau, the French mullaner.—Dear girl, I have seen all the fine shows of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis, the Crashit, the Hottogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's Row; and I have been twice in the bath with mistress, and na'r a smoak upon our backs, hussy.—The first time I was mortally afraid, and flustered all day, and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick; but mistress said, if I didn't go, I should take a dose of bumtaffy; and so remembering how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a penn'orth, I chose rather to go again with her into the bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—but what did that signify? —they mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbustion that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out and rapt me in a blanket—Mrs. Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home; but she knows as how I know what's what.—Ah, Laud help you!—There is Sir Yuri Micligut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O Frizzle, and he has got an estate of fifteen hundred a year—I am sure he is both rich and generous.—But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in trusting me with his flegm for mistress, which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr. O Frizzle assures me he values not her portion a brass farthing—And, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a Baron Knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr. O Frizzle that was all that she had to trust to.—As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellor—I vow I thought he would a fit with Mr. O Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden—but God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t' other.

As for house news, the worst is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick—He eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that; and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy—Parson Marrowfat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartainly carry him to Aberga'nny to drink goats' whey—To be sure the poor dear honimil is lost for want of axercise; for which reason she intends to give him an airing once a day upon the Downs, in a post-chaise. —I have already made very creditable correxions in this here place, where, to be sure, we have the very squintasence of satiety—Mrs. Patcher, my Lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I, are sworn sisters. She has shown me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and refrash rusty silks and bumbeseens, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlaye, and stale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpydoor as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water—But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly.—If we should come to Aberga'nny you'll be within a day's ride of us; and then we shall see wan another, please God.—If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Saul; and this is all at present, from your beloved friend and sarvent,

Bath, April 26. WINIFRED JENKINS.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Housekeeper at Brambleton-hall.*

I AM astonished that Dr. Lewis should take upon him to give away Alderney without my privity and concurrauts. What signifies my brother's order? My brother is little better than noncompush. He would give away the shirt off his back, and the teeth out of his head; nay, as for that matter, he would have ruinated the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters. What between his wilfulness and his waste, his trumps and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented slave. Alderney gave four gallons a day ever since the calf was sent to market. There is so much milk out of my dairy, and the press must stand still:—But I won't lose a cheese-paring; and the milk shall be made good, if the sarvants should go without butter. If they must needs have butter, let them make it of sheep's milk; but then my wool will suffer for want of grace; so that I must be a loser on all sides.—Well, patience is like a stout Welsh poney; it bears a great deal, and trots a great way, but it will tire at the long run. —Before it's long, perhaps I may show Matt, that I was not born to be the household drudge to my dying day.—Gwyn writes from Crickhowel that the price of flannel is fallen three farthings an ell; and that's another good penny out of my pocket.—When I go to market to sell, my commodity stinks; but when I want to buy the commonest thing, the owner pricks it up under my nose, and it can't be had for love nor money—I think everything runs cross at Brambleton-hall.—You say the gander has broke the eggs, which is a phinumenon I don't understand; for when the fox carried off the old goose last year, he took her place and hatched the eggs, and partected the goslings like a tender parent.—Then you tell me the thunder has soured two barrels of bear in the seller. But how the thunder should get there, when the seller was double locked, I can't comprehend. Howsomever, I won't have the bear thrown out till I see it

with mine own eyes. Perhaps it will recover—at least it will serve for vinegar to the servants. —You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unsartain when we return,—I hope, Gwyllim, you 'll take care there is no waste; and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their spinning.—I think they may go very well without bear in hot weather—it serves only to inflame the blood, and set them agog after the men: water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tamperit. Don't forget to put up in the portmantle that cums with Williams, along with my riding habit, hat, and feather, the vial of purl-water, and the tincktur for my stomach; being as how I am much troubled with flutturencies. This is all at present from yours, TABITHA BRAMBLE.

Bath, April 26.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—I have done with the waters; therefore your advice comes a day too late. I grant that physic is no mystery of your making. I know it is a mystery in its own nature, and, like other mysteries, requires a strong gulp of faith to make it go down. Two days ago I went into the King's Bath, by the advice of our friend C(harleton), in order to clear the strainer of the skin, for the benefit of a free perspiration; and the first object that saluted my eye was a child, full of scrofulous ulcers, carried in the arms of one of the guides, under the very noses of the bathers. I was so shocked at the sight that I retired immediately with indignation and disgust. Suppose the matter of those ulcers, floating in the water, comes in contact with my skin, when the pores are all open, I would ask you what must be the consequence? Good heavens! the very thought makes my blood run cold! We know not what sores may be running into the waters while we are bathing, and what sort of matter we may thus imbibe; the king's evil, the scurvy, the cancer, and the pox; and, no doubt, the heat will render the *virus* the more volatile and penetrating. To purify myself from all such contamination, I went to the Duke of Kingston's private bath, and there I was almost suffocated for want of free air, the place was so small, and the steam so stifling.

After all, if the intention is no more than to wash the skin, I am convinced that simple element is more effectual than any water impregnated with salt and iron; which being astringent, will certainly contract the pores, and leave a kind of crust upon the surface of the body. But I am now as much afraid of drinking as of bathing; for, after a long conversation with the doctor about the construction of the pump and the cistern, it is very far from being clear with me, that the patients in the pump-room don't swallow the scourings of the bathers. I can't help suspecting that there is, or may be, some regurgitation from the bath into the cistern of the pump. In that case, what a delicate beverage is every day quaffed by the drinkers, medicated with the sweat, and dirt, and dandriff, and the abominable discharges of various kinds, from twenty different diseased bodies, parboiling in the kettle below. In order to avoid this filthy composition, I had recourse to the spring that supplies the private baths on the Abbey Green; but I at once perceived something extraordinary in the taste and smell; and, upon inquiry, I find that the Roman baths in this quarter were found covered by an old burying-ground belonging to the Abbey, through which, in all probability, the water drains in its passage; so that, as we drink the decoction of living bodies at the pump-room, we swallow the strainings of rotten bones and carcases at the private bath—I vow to God the very idea turns my stomach!—Determined as I am against any farther use of the Bath waters, this consideration would give me little disturbance, if I could find anything more pure, or less pernicious, to quench my thirst; but although the natural springs of excellent water are seen gushing spontaneous on every side from the hills that surround us, the inhabitants in general make use of well water, so impregnated with nitre, or alum, or some other villanous mineral, that it is equally ungrateful to the taste, and mischievous to the constitution. It must be owned, indeed, that here, in Milsham-street, we have a precarious and scanty supply from the hill, which is collected in an open bason in the Circus, liable to be defiled with dead dogs, cats, rats, and every species of nastiness, which the rascally populace may throw into it from mere wantonness and brutality.

Well, there is no nation that drinks so hoggishly as the English—What passes for wine among us is not the juice of the grape. It is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauseous ingredients, by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poison-making; yet we and our forefathers are, and have been, poisoned by this cursed drench, without taste or flavour. The only genuine and wholesome beverage in England is London porter and Dorchester table-beer; but as for your ale and your gin, your cider and your perry, and all the trashy family of made wines, I detest them as infernal compositions, contrived for the destruction of the human species. But what have I to do with the human species? except a very few friends. I care not if the whole was—

Hark ye, Lewis, my misanthropy increases every day.—The longer I live, I find the folly and the fraud of mankind grow more and more intolerable.—I wish I had not come from Brambleton-hall. After having lived in solitude so long, I cannot bear the hurry and impertinence of the multitude; besides, everything is sophisticated in these crowded places. Snares are laid for our lives in everything we eat or drink; the very air we breathe is loaded with contagion. We cannot even sleep without risk of infection. I say infection—this place is the rendezvous of the diseased—you won't deny that many diseases are infectious; even the comsumption itself is highly infectious. When a person dies of it in Italy, the bed and bedding are destroyed; the other furniture is exposed to the weather, and the apartment white-washed, before it is occupied by any other living soul. You 'll allow that nothing receives infection sooner, or retains it longer, than blankets, feather-beds, and mattresses. 'Sdeath! how do I know what miserable objects have been stewing in the bed where I now lie! I wonder, Dick, you did not put me in mind of sending for my own mattresses. But if I had not been an ass I should not have needed a remembrancer. There is always some plaguy reflection that rises up in judgment against me, and ruffles my spirits—therefore let us change the subject.

I have other reasons for abridging my stay at Bath. You know sister Tabby's complexion. If Mrs. Tabitha Bramble had been of any other race, I should certainly have looked upon her as the most—. But the truth is, she has found means to interest my affection; or rather, she is beholden to the force of prejudice, commonly called the ties of blood. Well, this amiable maiden has actually commenced a flirting correspondence

with an Irish baronet of sixty-five. His name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut. He is said to be much out at elbows; and, I believe, has received false intelligence with respect to her fortune. Be that as it may, the connexion is exceedingly ridiculous, and begins already to excite whispers. For my part, I have no intention to dispute her free agency; though I shall fall upon some expedient to undeceive her paramour as to the point which he has principally in view. But I don't think her conduct is a proper example for Liddy, who has also attracted the notice of some coxcombs in the rooms; and Jerry tells me he suspects a strapping fellow, the knight's nephew, of some design upon the girl's heart. I shall therefore keep a strict eye over her aunt and her, and even shift the scene, if I find the matter grow more serious. You perceive what an agreeable task it must be, to a man of my kidney, to have the cure of such souls as these. But hold, you shall not have another peevish word, till the next occasion, from yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Bath, April 28.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—I think those people are unreasonable, who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the same dull scenes perpetually revolve without variation. I am, on the contrary, amazed to find so small a place so crowded with entertainment and variety. London itself can hardly exhibit one species of diversion to which we have not something analogous at Bath, over and above those singular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of seeing the most remarkable characters of the community. He sees them in their natural attitudes and true colours, descended from their pedestals, and divested of their formal draperies, undisguised by art and affectation.—Here we have ministers of state, judges, generals, bishops, projectors, philosophers, wits, poets, players, *chemists*, *fiddlers*, and *buffoons*. If he makes any considerable stay in the place, he is sure of meeting with some particular friend whom he did not expect to see; and to me there is nothing more agreeable than such casual rencounters.—Another entertainment, peculiar to Bath, arises from the general mixture of all degrees assembled in our public rooms, without distinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates as a monstrous jumble of heterogeneous principles; a vile mob of noise and impertinence, without decency and subordination. But this chaos is to me a source of infinite amusement.

I was extremely diverted, last ball-night, to see the master of the ceremonies leading with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail, dressed in her lady's cast clothes; whom he, I suppose, mistook for some countess just arrived at the bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress, from St. Christopher's; and the gay Colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark.—Yesterday morning, at the pump-room, I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy-merchant, who stood by the window, propped upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the Chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump. I cannot account for my being pleased with these incidents any other way than by saying they are truly ridiculous in their own nature, and serve to heighten the humour in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can.

Those follies that move my uncle's spleen excite my laughter. He is as tender as a man without a skin, who cannot bear the slightest touch without flinching. What tickles another would give him torment; and yet he has what we may call lucid intervals, when he is remarkably facetious.—Indeed, I never knew a hypochondriac so apt to be infected with good-humour. He is the most risible misanthrope I ever met with. A lucky joke, or any ludicrous incident, will set him a-laughing immoderately, even in one of his most gloomy paroxysms; and, when the laugh is over, he will curse his own imbecility. In conversing with strangers, he betrays no marks of disquiet—he is splenetic with his familiars only; and not even with them, while they keep his attention employed; but when his spirits are not exerted externally, they seem to recoil, and prey upon himself.—He has renounced the waters with execrations; but he begins to find a more efficacious, and, certainly, a much more palatable remedy in the pleasures of society. He has discovered some old friends among the invalids of Bath; and, in particular, renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated James Quin, who certainly did not come here to drink water. You cannot doubt but that I had the strongest curiosity to know this original; and it was gratified by Mr. Bramble, who has had him twice at our house to dinner.

So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more respectable than it has been generally represented. His bon mots are in every witling's mouth; but many of them have a rank flavour, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural grossness of idea. I suspect, however, that justice has not been done the author by the collectors of those *Quiniana*, who have let the best of them slip through their fingers, and only retained such as were suited to the taste and organs of the multitude. How far he may relax in his hours of jollity, I cannot pretend to say; but his general conversation is conducted by the nicest rules of propriety; and Mr. James Quin is certainly one of the best bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a most agreeable companion, but, as I am credibly informed, a very honest man; highly susceptible of friendship, warm, steady, and even generous in his attachments; disdaining flattery, and incapable of meanness and dissimulation. Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I should take him to be proud, insolent, and cruel. There is something remarkably severe and forbidding in his aspect; and, I have been told, he was ever disposed to insult his inferiors and dependants. Perhaps that report has influenced my opinion of his looks. You know we are the fools of prejudice. Howsoever that may be, I have as yet seen nothing but his favourable side; and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the most sensible men he ever knew. He seems to have a reciprocal regard for old Squaretoes, whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew, and often reminds of their old tavern adventures. On the other hand, Matthew's eyes sparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance. Let him be never so jarring and discordant, Quin puts him in tune; and, like treble and bass in the same concert, they make excellent music together. T'other day the conversation turning upon Shakspeare,

I could not help saying, with some emotion, that I would give a hundred guineas to see Mr. Quin act the part of Falstaff; upon which, turning to me with a smile, "And I would give a thousand, young gentleman," said he, "that I could gratify your longing." My uncle and he are perfectly agreed in their estimate of life, which, Quin says, would stink in his nostrils, if he did not steep it in claret.

I want to see this phenomenon in his cups; and have almost prevailed upon uncle to give him a small turtle at the Bear. In the meantime I must entertain you with an incident that seems to confirm the judgment of those two cynic philosophers. I took the liberty to differ in opinion from Mr. Bramble, when he observed that the mixture of people in the entertainments of this place was destructive of all order and urbanity; that it rendered the plebeians insufferably arrogant and troublesome, and vulgarized the deportment and sentiments of those who moved in the upper spheres of life. He said such a preposterous coalition would bring us into contempt with all our neighbours; and was worse in fact than debasing the gold coin of the nation. I argued, on the contrary, that those plebeians who discovered such eagerness to imitate the dress and equipage of their superiors, would likewise, in time, adopt their maxims and their manners, be polished by their conversation, and refined by their example; and when I appealed to Mr. Quin, and asked if he did not think that such an unreserved mixture would improve the whole mass: "Yes," said he, "as a plate of marmalade would improve a pan of sir-reverence."

I owned I was not much conversant in high life, but I had seen what were called polite assemblies in London and elsewhere; that those of Bath seemed to be as decent as any; and that, upon the whole, the individuals that composed it would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. "But let us have recourse to experience," said I; "Jack Holder, who was intended for a parson, has succeeded to an estate of two thousand a year, by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phaeton and four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the taverns in Bath and Bristol, till his guests are gorged with good cheer. He has bought a dozen suits of fine clothes by the advice of the master of the ceremonies, under whose tuition he has entered himself. He has lost some hundreds at billiards to sharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-street into keeping; but finding all these channels insufficient to drain him of his current cash, his counsellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltshire's room. In order to give it the more eclat, every table is to be furnished with sweetmeats and nosegays, which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may help themselves without restriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding—"

"I will abide by that experiment," cried my uncle, "and if I could find a place to stand secure without the vortex of the tumult, which I know will ensue, I would certainly go thither and enjoy the scene." Quin proposed that we should take our station in the music gallery, and we took his advice. Holder had got thither before us, with his horns perdue, but we were admitted. The tea-drinking passed as usual; and the company having risen from the tables, were sauntering in groups in expectation of the signal for attack, when, the bell beginning to ring, they flew with eagerness to the dessert, and the whole place was instantly in commotion. There was nothing but justling, scrambling, pulling, snatching, struggling, scolding, and screaming. The nosegays were torn from one another's hands and bosoms; the glasses and china went to wreck; the tables and floor were strewed with comfits. Some cried, some swore, and the tropes and figures of Billingsgate were used without reserve in all their native zest and flavour; nor were those flowers of rhetoric unattended with significant gesticulation. Some snapped their fingers, some forked them out, some clapped their hands, and some their backsides; at length they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and everything seemed to presage a general battle; when Holder ordered his horns to sound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants and inflame the contest; but this manœuvre produced an effect quite contrary to what he expected. It was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate sense of their disgraceful situation. They were ashamed of their absurd deportment, and suddenly desisted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles, and handkerchiefs, and great part of them retired in silent mortification.

Quin laughed at this adventure; but my uncle's delicacy was hurt. He hung his head in manifest chagrin, and seemed to repine at the triumph of his judgment. Indeed his victory was more complete than he imagined; for, as we afterwards learned, the two amazons who signalized themselves most in the action did not come from the purlieus of Puddledock, but from the courtly neighbourhood of St. James's Palace. One was a baroness, and the other a wealthy knight's dowager. My uncle spoke not a word till we had made our retreat good to the coffee-house; where, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead, "I bless God," said he, "that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble did not take the field to-day!" "I would pit her for a cool hundred," cried Quin, "against the best shakebag of the whole main." The truth is, nothing could have kept her at home but the accident of her having taken physic before she knew the nature of the entertainment. She has been for some days furbishing up an old suit of black velvet, to make her appearance as Sir Ulic's partner at the next ball.

I have much to say of this amiable kinswoman; but she has not been properly introduced to your acquaintance. She is remarkably civil to Mr. Quin; of whose sarcastic humour she seems to stand in awe; but her caution is no match for her impertinence. "Mr. Gwynn," said she the other day, "I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*. Do, pray, spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet." "Madam," said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, "the Ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again." Insensible of this check, she proceeded: "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural—I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact in the very nick of time; but I suppose he's game—an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dunghill, madam." "Well, dunghill or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor that I wish I had such another at Brambleton-hall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouse of St. Giles's parish, madam; but I protest I know not his particular mew." My uncle, frying with

vexation, cried, "Good God, sister, how you talk! I have told you twenty times that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn—" "Hoity toity, brother of mine," she replied, "no offence, I hope—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction—I thought the gentleman had come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and if so be that were the case, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins—" "No, madam," answered Quin, with great solemnity, "my mother was not a whore of such distinction. True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent, for my inclinations are often arbitrary. If I was an absolute prince at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger. She has committed felony on the person of that John Dory; which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce. *O tempora! O mores!*"

This good-humoured sally turned the conversation into a less disagreeable channel. But, lest you should think my scribble as tedious as Mrs. Tabby's clack, I shall not add another word but that I am as usual, yours, J. MELFORD.

Bath, April 30.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—I received your bill upon Wiltshire, which was punctually honoured; but, as I don't choose to keep so much cash by me in a common lodging-house, I have deposited £250 in the bank of Bath, and shall take their bills for it on London when I leave this place, where the season draws to an end. You must know that, now being afoot, I am resolved to give Liddy a glimpse of London. She is one of the best-hearted creatures I ever knew, and gains upon my affection every day.—As for Tabby, I have dropped such hints to the Irish baronet concerning her fortune, as I make no doubt will cool the ardour of his addresses. Then her pride will take the alarm; and the rancour of stale maidenhood being chafed, we shall hear nothing but slander and abuse of Sir Ulic Mackilligut. This rupture, I foresee, will facilitate our departure from Bath; where at present Tabby seems to enjoy herself with peculiar satisfaction. For my part I detest it so much that I should not have been able to stay so long in the place, if I had not discovered some old friends whose conversation alleviates my disgust. Going to the coffee-house one forenoon, I could not help contemplating the company, with equal surprise and compassion. We consisted of thirteen individuals; seven lamed by the gout, rheumatism, or palsy; three maimed by accident; and the rest either deaf or blind. One hobbled, another hopped, a third dragged his legs after him like a wounded snake, a fourth straddled betwixt a pair of long crutches like the mummy of a felon hanging in chains; a fifth was bent into a horizontal position, like a mounted telescope, shoved in by a couple of chairman; and a sixth was the bust of a man, set upright in a wheel machine, which the waiter moved from place to place.

Being struck with some of their faces I consulted the subscription-book; and perceiving the names of several old friends, began to consider the group with more attention. At length I discovered Rear-Admiral Balderick, the companion of my youth, whom I had not seen since he was appointed lieutenant of the Severn. He was metamorphosed into an old man with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face, which appeared the more ancient from his grey locks, that were truly venerable.—Sitting down at the table where he was reading a newspaper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam," said I, "forty years ago I little thought—" I was too much moved to proceed. —"An old friend, sure enough!" cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly through his glasses, "I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard strained since we parted; but I can't heave up the name—" The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed, "Ha! Matt, my old fellow-cruiser, still afloat?" and starting up, hugged me in his arms. His transport, however, boded me no good; for in saluting me, he thrust the spring of his spectacles into my eye, and at the same time set his wooden stump upon my gouty toe; an attack that made me shed tears in sad earnest.—After the hurry of our recognition was over he pointed out two of our common friends in the room. The bust was what remained of Colonel Cockril, who had lost the use of his limbs in making an American campaign; and the telescope proved to be my college chum, Sir Reginald Bentley, who, with his new title and unexpected inheritance, commenced fox-hunter, without having served his apprenticeship to the mystery; and in consequence of following the hounds through a river, was seized with an inflammation in his bowels, which has contracted him into his present attitude.

Our former correspondence was forthwith renewed with the most hearty expressions of mutual good-will; and, as we had met so unexpectedly, we agreed to dine together that very day at the tavern. My friend Quin, being luckily unengaged, obliged us with his company; and truly this was the most happy day I have passed these twenty years. You and I, Lewis, having been always together, never tasted friendship in this high goût, contracted from long absence. I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions, who had been so long separated, and so roughly treated by the storms of life. It was a renovation of youth; a kind of resuscitation of the dead, that realized those interesting dreams in which we sometimes retrieve our ancient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of past scenes, that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connexions which the hand of death has actually dissolved.

The spirits and good-humour of the company seemed to triumph over the wreck of their constitutions. They had even philosophy enough to joke upon their own calamities; such is the power of friendship, the sovereign cordial of life. I afterwards found, however, that they were not without their moments and even hours of disquiet. Each of them apart, in succeeding conferences, expatiated upon his own particular grievances; and they were all malcontents at bottom. Over and above their personal disasters they thought themselves unfortunate in the lottery of life. Balderick complained that all the recompense he had received for his long and hard service was the half-pay of a rear-admiral. The Colonel was mortified to see himself overtopped by upstart generals, some of whom he had once commanded; and, being a man of a liberal turn, could ill put up with a moderate annuity, for which he had sold his commission. As for the baronet, having run himself consider-

ably in debt on a contested election, he has been obliged to relinquish his seat in Parliament, and his seat in the country at the same time, and put his estate to nurse. But his chagrin, which is the effect of his own misconduct, does not affect me half so much as that of the other two, who have acted honourable and distinguished parts on the great theatre, and are now reduced to lead a weary life in this stewpan of idleness and insignificance. They have long left off using the waters, after having experienced their inefficacy. The diversions of the place they are not in a condition to enjoy. How then do they make shift to pass their time? In the forenoon they crawl out to the rooms or the coffee-house, where they take a hand at whist, or descant upon the General Advertiser; and their evenings they murder in private parties, among peevish invalids and insipid old women. This is the case with a good number of individuals, whom nature seems to have intended for better purposes.

About a dozen years ago, many decent families, restricted to small fortunes, besides those that came hither on the score of health, were tempted to settle at Bath, where they could then live comfortably, and even make a genteel appearance, at a small expense. But the madness of the times has made the place too hot for them, and they are now obliged to think of other migrations. Some have already fled to the mountains of Wales, and others have retired to Exeter. Thither, no doubt, they will be followed by the flood of luxury and extravagance, which will drive them from place to place to the very Land's End; and there, I suppose, they will be obliged to ship themselves to some other country. Bath is become a mere sink of profligacy and extortion. Every article of housekeeping is raised to an enormous price; a circumstance no longer to be wondered at, when we know that every petty retainer of fortune piques himself upon keeping a table, and thinks it is for the honour of his character to wink at the knavery of his servants, who are in a confederacy with the market-people, and of consequence pay whatever they demand. Here is now a mushroom of opulence, who pays a cook seventy guineas a week for furnishing him with one meal a day. This portentous frenzy is become so contagious that the very rabble and refuse of mankind are infected. I have known a negro-driver from Jamaica pay over-night, to the master of one of the rooms, sixty-five guineas for tea and coffee to the company, and leave Bath next morning in such obscurity that not one of his guests had the slightest idea of his person, or even made the least inquiry about his name. Incidents of this kind are frequent; and every day teems with fresh absurdities, which are too gross to make a thinking man merry. But I feel the spleen creeping on me apace, and therefore will indulge you with a cessation, that you may have no unnecessary cause to curse your correspondence with, dear Dick, yours ever,

Bath, May 5. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,—I wrote you at great length by the post, the twenty-sixth of last month, to which I refer you for an account of our proceedings at Bath; and I expect your answer with impatience. But having this opportunity of a private hand, I send you two dozen of Bath rings, six of the best of which I desire you will keep for yourself, and distribute the rest among the young ladies, our common friends, as you shall think proper. I don't know how much you will approve of the mottoes; some of them are not to my own liking, but I was obliged to take such as I could find ready manufactured. I am vexed that neither you nor I have received any farther information of a certain person: sure it can't be wilful neglect! O my dear Willis! I begin to be visited by strange fancies, and to have some melancholy doubts, which, however, it would be ungenerous to harbour without farther inquiry. My uncle, who has made me a present of a very fine set of garnets, talks of treating us with a jaunt to London, which, you may imagine, will be highly agreeable; but I like Bath so well that I hope he won't think of leaving it till the season is quite over, and yet, betwixt friends, something has happened to my aunt which will probably shorten our stay in this place.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, she went by herself to a breakfasting in one of the rooms, and in half-an-hour returned in great agitation, having Chowder along with her in the chair. I believe some accident must have happened to that unlucky animal, which is the great source of all her troubles. Dear Letty! what a pity it is that a woman of her years and discretion should place her affection upon such an ugly, ill-conditioned cur, that snarls and snaps at everybody. I asked John Thomas, the footman who attended her, what was the matter, and he did nothing but grin. A famous dog-doctor was sent for, and undertook to cure the patient, provided he might carry him home to his own house; but his mistress would not part with him out of her own sight. She ordered the cook to warm cloths, which she applied to his bowels with her own hand. She gave up all thoughts of going to the ball in the evening, and when Sir Ulic came to drink tea, refused to be seen, so that he went away to look for another partner. My brother Jerry whistles and dances. My uncle sometimes shrugs up his shoulders, and sometimes bursts out a-laughing. My aunt sobs and scolds by turns, and her woman, Win Jenkins, stares and wonders with a foolish face of curiosity; and for my part I am as curious as she, but ashamed to ask questions.

Perhaps time will discover the mystery, for if it was anything that happened in the rooms, it can't be long concealed. All I know is, that last night at supper, Miss Bramble spoke very disdainfully of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, and asked her brother if he intended to keep us sweltering all the summer at Bath. "No, sister Tabitha," said he, with an arch smile, "we shall retreat before the dog-days begin, though I make no doubt that, with a little temperance and discretion, our constitutions might be kept cool enough all the year, even at Bath." As I don't know the meaning of this insinuation, I won't pretend to make any remarks upon it at present; hereafter, perhaps, I may be able to explain it more to your satisfaction; in the meantime, I beg you will be punctual in your correspondence, and continue to love your ever faithful

Bath, May 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

So then Mrs. Blackerby's affair has proved a false alarm, and I have saved my money? I wish, however, her declaration had not been so premature, for though my being thought capable of making her a mother might have given me some credit, the reputation of an intrigue with such a cracked pitcher does me no honour at all.

In my last I told you I had hopes of seeing Quin in his hours of elevation at the tavern, which is the temple of mirth and good-fellowship, where he, as priest of Comus, utters the inspirations of wit and humour—I have had that satisfaction. I have dined with his club at the Three Tuns, and had the honour to sit him out. At half-an-hour past eight in the evening, he was carried home with six good bottles of claret under his belt; and it being then Friday, he gave orders that he should not be disturbed till Sunday at noon. You must not imagine that this dose had any other effect upon his conversation, but that of making it more extravagantly entertaining. He had lost the use of his limbs, indeed, several hours before we parted, but he retained all his other faculties in perfection, and as he gave vent to every whimsical idea as it rose, I was really astonished at the brilliancy of his thoughts and the force of his expression. Quin is a real voluptuary in the articles of eating and drinking, and so confirmed an epicure, in the common acceptation of the term, that he cannot put up with ordinary fare. This is a point of such importance with him, that he always takes upon himself the charge of catering; and a man admitted to his mess is always sure of eating delicate victuals and drinking excellent wine. He owns himself addicted to the delights of the stomach, and often jokes upon his own sensuality; but there is nothing selfish in this appetite. He finds that good cheer unites good company, exhilarates the spirits, opens the heart, banishes all restraint from conversation, and promotes the happiest purposes of social life. But Mr. James Quin is not a subject to be discussed in the compass of one letter. I shall therefore at present leave him to his repose, and call in another of a very different complexion.

You desire to have further acquaintance with the person of our aunt, and promise yourself much entertainment from her connexion with Sir Ulic Mackilligut, but in this hope you are balked already—that connexion is dissolved. The Irish baronet is an old hound, that, finding her carrion, has quitted the scent. I have already told you that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is a maiden of forty-five. In her person she is tall, raw-boned, awkward, flat-chested, and stooping; her complexion is sallow and freckled; her eyes are not grey, but greenish, like those of a cat, and generally inflamed; her hair is of a sandy, or rather dusty hue; her forehead low; her nose long, sharp, and towards the extremity always red in cool weather; her lips skinny, her mouth extensive, her teeth straggling and loose, of various colours and conformation; and her long neck shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles. In her temper she is proud, stiff, vain, imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood her natural austerity has been soured by disappointment in love, for her long celibacy is by no means owing to her dislike of matrimony; on the contrary, she has left no stone unturned to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid.

Before I was born, she had gone such lengths in the way of flirting with a recruiting officer that her reputation was a little singed. She afterwards made advances to the curate of the parish, who dropped some distant hints about the next presentation to the living, which was in her brother's gift; but finding that was already promised to another, he flew off at a tangent, and Mrs. Tabby, in revenge, found means to deprive him of his cure. Her next lover was a lieutenant of a man-of-war, a relation of the family, who did not understand the refinements of the passion, and expressed no aversion to grapple with cousin Tabby in the way of marriage; but before matters could be properly adjusted he went out on a cruise, and was killed in an engagement with a French frigate. Our aunt, though baffled so often, did not yet despair. She laid all her snares for Dr. Lewis, who is the *fidus Achates* of my uncle. She even fell sick upon the occasion, and prevailed with Matt to interpose in her behalf with his friend; but the doctor being a shy cock, would not be caught with chaff, and flatly rejected the proposal. So that Mrs. Tabitha was content to exert her patience once more, after having endeavoured in vain to effect a rupture betwixt the two friends; and now she thinks proper to be very civil to Lewis, who is become necessary to her in the way of his profession.

These, however, are not the only efforts she has made towards a nearer conjunction with our sex. Her fortune was originally no more than a thousand pounds; but she gained an accession of five hundred by the death of a sister, and the lieutenant left her three hundred in his will. These sums she has more than doubled, by living free of all expense in her brother's house, and dealing in cheese and Welsh flannel, the produce of his stock and dairy. At present her capital is increased to about four thousand pounds; and her avarice seems to grow every day more and more rapacious. But even this is not so intolerable as the perverseness of her nature, which keeps the whole family in disquiet and uproar. She is one of those geniuses who find some diabolical enjoyment in being dreaded and detested by their fellow-creatures.

I once told my uncle I was surprised that a man of his disposition could bear such a domestic plague, when it could be so easily removed. The remark made him sore, because it seemed to tax him with want of resolution. Wrinkling up his nose, and drawing down his eyebrows, "A young fellow," said he, "when he first thrusts his snout into the world, is apt to be surprised at many things which a man of experience knows to be ordinary and unavoidable. This precious aunt of yours is become insensibly a part of my constitution—Damn her, she's a *noli me tangere* in my flesh, which I cannot bear to be touched or tampered with." I made no reply, but shifted the conversation. He really has an affection for this original, which maintains its ground in defiance of common sense, and in despite of that contempt which he must certainly feel for her character and understanding. Nay, I am convinced that she has likewise a most violent attachment to his person, though her love never shows itself but in the shape of discontent; and she persists in tormenting him out of sheer tenderness. The only object within doors upon which she bestows any marks of affection, in the usual style, is her dog Chowder, a filthy cur from Newfoundland, which she had in a present from the wife of a skipper in Swansea. One would imagine she had distinguished this beast with her favour on account of his ugliness and ill-nature; if it was not, indeed, an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own. Certain it is, she caresses him without ceasing, and even harasses the family in the service of this cursed animal, which, indeed, has proved the proximate cause of her breach with Sir Ulic Mackilligut.

You must know, she yesterday wanted to steal a march of poor Liddy, and went to breakfast in the room, without any other companion than her dog, in expectation of meeting with the baronet, who had agreed to dance with her in the evening.

Chowder no sooner made his appearance in the room than the master of the ceremonies, incensed at his presumption, ran up to drive him away, and threatened him with his foot; but the other seemed to despise his authority, and, displaying a formidable case of long, white, sharp teeth, kept the puny monarch at bay. While he stood under some trepidation, fronting his antagonist, and bawling to the waiter, Sir Ulic Mackilligut came to his assistance, and, seeming ignorant of the connexion between this intruder and his mistress, gave the former such a kick in the jaws as sent him howling to the door. Mrs. Tabitha, incensed at this outrage, ran after him, squalling in a tone equally disagreeable, while the baronet followed her on one side, making apologies for his mistake; and Derrick, on the other, making remonstrances upon the rules and regulations of the place.

Far from being satisfied with the knight's excuses, she said she was sure he was no gentleman; and when the master of the ceremonies offered to hand her into the chair, she rapped him over the knuckles with her fan. My uncle's footman being still at the door, she and Chowder got into the same vehicle, and were carried off amidst the jokes of the chairmen and other populace. I had been riding out on Clerkendown, and happened to enter just as the *fracas* was over. The baronet, coming up to me with an affected air of chagrin, recounted the adventure, at which I laughed heartily, and then his countenance cleared up. "My dear soul," said he, "when I saw a sort of a wild baist, snarling with open mouth at the master of the ceremonies, like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb, I could not do less than go to the assistance of the little man; but I never dreamt the baist was one of Mrs. Bramble's attendants—Oh! if I had, he might have made his breakfast upon Derrick, and welcome; but you know, my dear friend, how natural it is for us Irishmen to blunder, and to take the wrong sow by the ear. However, I will confess judgment, and cry her mercy; and 'tis to be hoped a penitent sinner may be forgiven." I told him that as the offence was not voluntary on his side, it was to be hoped he would not find her implacable.

But in truth all this concern was dissembled. In his approaches of gallantry to Mrs. Tabitha, he had been misled by a mistake of at least six thousand pounds in the calculation of her fortune, and in this particular he was just undeceived. He therefore seized the first opportunity of incurring her displeasure decently, in such a manner as would certainly annihilate the correspondence; and he could not have taken a more effectual method than that of beating her dog. When he presented himself at our door, to pay his respects to the offended fair, he was refused admittance, and given to understand that he should never find her at home for the future. She was not so inaccessible to Derrick, who came to demand satisfaction for the insult she had offered to him, even in the verge of his own court. She knew it was convenient to be well with the master of the ceremonies, while she continued to frequent the rooms; and, having heard he was a poet, began to be afraid of making her appearance in a ballad or lampoon. She therefore made excuses for what she had done, imputing it to the flutter of her spirits, and subscribed handsomely for his poems. So that he was perfectly appeased, and overwhelmed her with a profusion of compliments. He even solicited a reconciliation with Chowder, which, however, the latter declined; and he declared, that if he could find a precedent in the annals of the Bath, which he would carefully examine for that purpose, her favourite should be admitted to the next public breakfasting. But I believe she will not expose herself or him to the risk of a second disgrace. Who will supply the place of Mackilligut in her affections I cannot foresee; but nothing in the shape of a man can come amiss. Though she is a violent church-woman, of the most intolerant zeal, I believe in my conscience she would have no objection, at present, to treat on the score of matrimony with an Anabaptist, Quaker, or Jew, and even ratify the treaty at the expense of her own conversion. But perhaps I think too hardly of this kinswoman, who, I must own, is very little beholden to the good opinion of, yours,

Bath, May 6th. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

YOU ask me why I don't take the air a-horseback during this fine weather? In which of the avenues of this paradise would you have me take that exercise? Shall I commit myself to the high roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying-machines, waggons, and coal-horses, besides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the highway, to show their horsemanship, and the coaches of fine ladies who go thither to show their equipages? Shall I attempt the Downs, and fatigue myself to death in climbing up an eternal ascent, without any hopes of reaching the summit? Know, then, I have made divers desperate leaps at those upper regions, but always fell backwards into this vapour-pit, exhausted and dispirited by those ineffectual efforts; and here we poor valetudinarians pant and struggle, like so many Chinese gudgeons gasping in the bottom of a punch-bowl. By heaven, it is a kind of enchantment! If I do not speedily break the spell, and escape, I may chance to give up the ghost in this nauseous stew of corruption. It was but two nights ago that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greatest weaknesses is that of suffering myself to be over-ruled by the opinion of people whose judgment I despise. I own, with shame and confusion of face, that importunity of any kind I cannot resist. This want of courage and constancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you must have often observed with compassion, if not with contempt. I am afraid some of our boasted virtues may be traced up to this defect.

Without further preamble, I was persuaded to go to a ball, on purpose to see Liddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jackanapes, the only son of a wealthy undertaker from London, whose mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I sat a couple of long hours, half stifled, in the midst of a noisome crowd, and could not help wondering, that so many hundreds of those that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in seeing a succession of insipid animals describing the same dull figure for a whole evening, on an area not much bigger than a tailor's shop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dress, or variety of any kind, howsoever absurd, to engage the attention and amuse the fancy, I should not have been surprised; but there was no such object; it was a tiresome repetition of the same languid frivolous scene, performed by actors that seemed to sleep in all their motions. The continual swimming of those phantoms before my eyes gave me a

swimming of the head, which was also affected by the fouled air, circulating through such a number of rotten human bellows. I therefore retreated towards the door, and stood in the passage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin; when, an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country dances, and the multitude rising at once, the whole atmosphere was put in commotion. Then, all of a sudden, came rushing upon me an Egyptian gale, so impregnated with pestilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropped senseless upon the floor.

You may easily conceive what a clamour and confusion this accident must have produced in such an assembly. I soon recovered, however, and found myself in an easy-chair supported by my own people. Sister Tabby, in her great tenderness, had put me to the torture, squeezing my head under her arm, and stuffing my nose with spirit of hartshorn, till the whole inside was excoriated. I no sooner got home than I sent for Dr. C(harleton), who assured me I needed not be alarmed, for my swooning was entirely occasioned by an accidental impression of fetid effluvia upon nerves of uncommon sensibility. I know not how other people's nerves are constructed, but one would imagine they must be made of very coarse materials, to stand the shock of such a horrid assault.

It was indeed *a compound of villanous smells*, in which the most violent stinks and the most powerful perfumes contended for the mastery. Imagine to yourself a high exalted essence of mingled odours arising from putrid gums, impostumated lungs, sour flatulencies, rank arm-pits, sweating feet, running sores and issues; plasters, ointments and embrocations, Hungary water, spirit of lavender, assafœtida drops, musk, hartshorn, and sal volatile; besides a thousand frowzy steams which I could not analyse. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant ether we breathe in the polite assemblies of Bath; such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains. *O Rus, quando te aspiciam!* I wonder what the devil possessed me—but few words are best; I have taken my resolution. You may well suppose I don't intend to entertain the company with a second exhibition. I have promised in an evil hour to proceed to London, and that promise shall be performed; but my stay in the metropolis shall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the north, which I hope will afford some agreeable pastime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough, and I think it is a reproach upon me, as a British freeholder, to have lived so long without making an excursion to the other side of the Tweed; besides, I have some relations settled in Yorkshire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his sister. At present I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily disentangled from the Irish baronet, and that I will not fail to make you acquainted, from time to time, with the sequel of our adventures, a mark of consideration which perhaps you would willingly dispense with in your humble servant,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 8.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—A few days ago we were terribly alarmed by my uncle's fainting at a ball. He has been ever since cursing his own folly for going thither at the request of an impertinent woman. He declares he will sooner visit a house infected with the plague, than trust himself in such a nauseous spital for the future, for he swears the accident was occasioned by the stench of the crowd; and that he would never desire a stronger proof of our being made of very gross materials, than our having withstood the annoyance by which he was so much discomposed. For my part, I am very thankful for the coarseness of my organs, being in no danger of ever falling a sacrifice to the delicacy of my nose. Mr. Bramble is extravagantly delicate in all his sensations, both of soul and body. I was informed by Dr. Lewis that he once fought a duel with an officer of the horse-guards, for turning aside to the park wall on a necessary occasion, when he was passing with a lady under his protection. His blood rises at every instance of insolence and cruelty, even where he himself is no way concerned; and ingratitude makes his teeth chatter. On the other hand, the recital of a generous, humane, or grateful action never fails to draw from him tears of approbation, which he is often greatly distressed to conceal.

Yesterday one Paunceford gave tea on particular invitation. This man, after having been long buffeted by adversity, went abroad; and fortune, resolved to make him amends for her former coyness, set him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obscurity, and blazes out in all the tinsel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems dishonest, or that his wealth has made him arrogant or inaccessible; on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But, they say, he is remarkable for shrinking from his former friendships, which were generally too plain and homespun to appear amidst his present brilliant connexions; and that he seems uneasy at sight of some old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleasure to acknowledge. Be that as it may, he had so effectually engaged the company at Bath, that, when I went with my uncle to the coffee-house in the evening, there was not a soul in the room but one person, seemingly in years, who sat by the fire reading one of the papers. Mr. Bramble, taking his station close by him, "There is such a crowd and confusion of chairs in the passage to Simpson's," said he, "that we could hardly get along. I wish those minions of fortune would fall upon more laudable ways of spending their money. I suppose, Sir, you like this kind of entertainment as little as I do?" "I can't say I have any great relish for such entertainments," answered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper. "Mr. Serle," resumed my uncle, "I beg pardon for interrupting you; but I can't resist the curiosity I have to know if you received a card on this occasion?"

The man seemed surprised at this address, and made some pause, as doubtful what answer he should make. "I know my curiosity is impertinent," added my uncle, "but I have a particular reason for asking the favour." "If that be the case," replied Mr. Serle, "I shall gratify you without hesitation, by owning that I have had no card. But give me leave, sir, to ask, in my turn, what reason you think I have to expect such an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?" "I have my own reasons," cried Mr. Bramble, with some emotion, "and am convinced more than ever that this Paunceford is a contemptible fellow." "Sir," said the other, laying down the paper, "I have not the honour

to know you, but your discourse is a little mysterious, and seems to require some explanation. The person you are pleased to treat so cavalierly is a gentleman of some consequence in the community; and, for aught you know, I may also have my particular reasons for defending his character—" "If I was not convinced of the contrary," observed the other, "I should not have gone so far—" "Let me tell you, sir," said the stranger, raising his voice, "you have gone too far in hazarding such reflections—."

Here he was interrupted by my uncle, who asked peevishly, if he was Don Quixote enough at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had treated him with such ungrateful neglect. "For my part," added he, "I shall never quarrel with you again upon this subject; and what I have said now has been suggested as much by my regard for you as by my contempt of him—" Mr. Serle then, pulling off his spectacles, eyed uncle very earnestly, saying in a mitigated tone, "Surely I am much obliged— Ah, Mr. Bramble, I now recollect your features, though I have not seen you these many years." "We might have been less strangers to one another," answered the squire, "if our correspondence had not been interrupted in consequence of a misunderstanding occasioned by this very— But no matter— Mr. Serle, I esteem your character; and my friendship, such as it is, you may freely command." "The offer is too agreeable to be declined," said he; "I embrace it very cordially; and, as the first-fruits of it, request that you will change this subject, which with me is a matter of peculiar delicacy."

My uncle owned he was in the right, and the discourse took a more general turn. Mr. Serle passed the evening with us at our lodgings; and appeared to be intelligent, and even entertaining, but his disposition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle says he is a man of uncommon parts and unquestioned probity; that his fortune, which was originally small, has been greatly hurt by a romantic spirit of generosity, which he has often displayed, even at the expense of his discretion, in favour of worthless individuals; that he had rescued Paunceford from the lowest distress, when he was bankrupt both in means and reputation; that he had espoused his interests with a degree of enthusiasm, broke with several friends, and even drawn his sword against my uncle, who had particular reasons for questioning the moral character of the said Paunceford; that, without Serle's countenance and assistance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity which has raised him to this pinnacle of wealth; that Paunceford, in the first transports of his success, had written from abroad letters to different correspondents, owning his obligations to Mr. Serle, in the warmest terms of acknowledgment, and declaring he considered himself only as a factor for the occasions of his best friend; that without doubt he had made declarations of the same nature to his benefactor himself, though this last was always silent and reserved on the subject, but for some years those tropes and figures of rhetoric had been disused; that upon his return to England, he had been lavish in his caresses to Mr. Serle, invited him to his house, and pressed him to make it his own; that he had overwhelmed him with general professions, and affected to express the warmest regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance, so that everybody believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune, and some went so far as to congratulate Mr. Serle on both.

All this time Paunceford carefully and artfully avoided particular discussions with his old patron, who had too much spirit to drop the most distant hint of balancing the account of obligation. That, nevertheless, a man of his feelings could not but resent this shocking return for all his kindness: and therefore he withdrew himself from the connexion, without coming to the least explanation, or speaking a syllable on the subject to any living soul, so that now their correspondence is reduced to a slight salute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place; an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr. Paunceford lives in a palace, feeds upon dainties, is arrayed in sumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and passes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall-street, up two pair of stairs backwards, walks afoot in a Bath rug, eats for twelve shillings a week, and drinks water as a preservative against the gout and gravel.—Mark the vicissitude. Paunceford once resided in a garret, where he subsisted upon sheep's trotters and cow-heel, from which commons he was translated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good cheer, until want of economy and retention reduced him to a slender annuity in his decline of years, that scarce affords the bare necessaries of life. Paunceford, however, does him the honour to speak of him still with uncommon regard; and to declare what pleasure it would give him to contribute in any shape to his convenience. "But you know," he never fails to add, "he's a shy kind of a man,—and then such a perfect philosopher, that he looks upon all superfluities with the most sovereign contempt."

Having given you this sketch of Squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection; from which, I dare say, it will meet with as little quarter as it has found with yours always, J. MELFORD.

Bath, May 10.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton Hall.*

DEAR MOLLY,—We are all upon the ving—Hey for London, girl!—Fecks! we have been long enough here; for we're all turned tipsey turvey.—Mistress has excarded Sir Ulic for kicking of Chowder; and I have sent O Frizzle away, with a flea in his ear.—I've shown him how little I minded his tinsy and his long tail.—A fellor, who would think for to go for to offer to take up with a dirty trollep under my nose. I ketched him in the very fact, coming out of the house-maid's garret;—but I have gi'en the dirty slut a siserary. O Molly! the sarvants at Bath are devils in garnet. They lite the candle at both ends. Here's nothing but ginketting, and wasting, and thieving, and tricking, and trigging; and then they are never content. They won't suffer the squire and mistress to stay any longer, because they have been already above three weeks in the house, and they look for a couple of ginneys a piece at our going away; and this is a parquisite they expect every month in the season, being as how no family has a right to stay longer than four weeks in the same lodgings; and so the cuck swears she will pin the dish-clout to mistress's tail, and the house-maid vows she'll put cow-itch in master's bed, if so be he don't discamp without furder ado. I don't blame them for making the most of their market, in the way of vails and parquisites; and I defy the devil to say I am a tail-carrier,

or ever brought a poor sarvant into trouble; —but then they ought to have some conscience in vronging those that be sarvants like themselves.—For you must no, Molly, I missed three quarters of blond lace, and a remnant of muslin, and my silver thimble, which was the gift of true love; they were all in my work basket, that I left upon the table in the sarvant's hall, when mistress's bell rung; but if they had been under lock and kay, twould have been all the same, for there are double kays to all the locks in Bath; and they say as how the very teeth an't safe in your head, if you sleep with your mouth open. And so, says I to myself, *them things could not go without hands, and so I'll watch their waters;* and so I did with a vitness—for then it was I found Bett consarned with O Frizzle. And as the cuck had thrown her slush at me, because I had taken part with Chowder, when he fit with the turnspit, I resolved to make a clear kitchen, and throw some of her fat into the fire. I ketched the charewoman going out with her load in the morning, before she thought I was up, and brought her to mistress with her whole cargo. Marry, what do'st think she had got in the name of God? Her buckets were foaming full of our best beer, and her lap was stuffed with a cold tongue, part of a buttock of beef, half a turkey, and a swinging lump of butter, and the matter of ten moulded kandles, that had scarce ever been lit. The cuck brazened it out, and said it was her rite to rummage the pantry, and she was ready for to go before the mare; that he had been her potticary many years, and would never think of hurting a poor sarvant for giving away the scraps of the kitchen. I went another way to work with Madam Betty, because she had been saucy, and called me skandelus names; and said O Frizzle couldn't abide me, and twenty other odorous falsehoods. I got a varrant from the mare, and her box being sarched by the constable, my things came out sure enuff; besides a full pound of vax candles, and a nite-cap of mistress, that I could sware to on my cruperal oaf. O! then Madam Mopstick came upon her merrybones; and as the squire wouldn't hare of a pursecution, she escaped a skewering; but, the longest day she has to live, she'll remember your humble servant, WINEFRED JENKINS.

Bath, May 15.

If the hind should come again before we begone, pray send me the shift and apron, with the vite gallow manky shoes, which you'll find in my pillober. Service to Saul.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

YOU are in the right, dear Phillips; I don't expect regular answers to every letter; I know a college life is too circumscribed to afford materials for such quick returns of communication. For my part, I am continually shifting the scene, and surrounded with new objects, some of which are striking enough. I shall therefore conclude my journal for your amusement; and though, in all appearance, it will not treat of very important or interesting particulars, it may prove, perhaps, not altogether uninstructive and unentertaining.

The music and entertainments of Bath are over for this season; and all our gay birds of passage have taken their flight to Bristol-well, Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, Harrowgate, etc. Not a soul is seen in this place but a few broken-winded parsons, waddling like so many crows along the North Parade. There is always a great show of the clergy at Bath; none of your thin, puny, yellow, hectic figures, exhausted with abstinence and hard study, labouring under the *morbi eruditorum;* but great overgrown dignitaries and rectors, with rubicund noses and gouty ankles, or broad bloated faces, dragging along great swag bellies, the emblems of sloth and indigestion.

Now we are upon the subject of parsons, I must tell you a ludicrous adventure which was achieved the other day by Tom Eastgate, whom you may remember on the foundation of Queen's. He had been very assiduous to pin himself upon George Prankley, who was a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church, knowing the said Prankley was heir to a considerable estate, and would have the advowson of a good living, the incumbent of which was very old and infirm. He studied his passions, and flattered them so effectually as to become his companion and counsellor; and at last obtained of him a promise of the presentation when the living should fall. Prankley, on his uncle's death, quitted Oxford, and made his first appearance in the fashionable world at London; from whence he came lately to Bath, where he has been exhibiting himself among the bucks and gamesters of the place. Eastgate followed him hither; but he should not have quitted him for a moment at his first emerging into life. He ought to have known he was a fantastic, foolish, fickle fellow, who would forget his college attachments the moment they ceased appealing to his senses. Tom met with a cold reception from his old friend; and was, moreover, informed that he had promised the living to another man, who had a vote in the county where he proposed to offer himself a candidate at the next general election. He now remembered nothing of Eastgate, but the freedoms he had used to take with him, while Tom had quietly stood his butt, with an eye to the benefice; and those freedoms he began to repeat in commonplace sarcasms on his person and his cloth, which he uttered in the public coffee-house for the entertainment of the company. But he was egregiously mistaken in giving his own wit credit for that tameness of Eastgate, which had been entirely owing to prudential considerations. These being now removed, he retorted his repartee with interest, and found no great difficulty in turning the laugh upon the aggressor, who, losing his temper, called him names, and asked *if he knew whom he talked to.* After much altercation, Prankley, shaking his cane, bid him hold his tongue, otherwise he would dust his cassock for him. "I have no pretensions to such a varlet," said Tom, "but if you should do me that office, and overheat yourself, I have here a good oaken towel at your service."

Prankley was equally incensed and confounded at this reply. After a moment's pause, he took him aside towards the window, and, pointing to the clump of firs on Clerkendown, asked in a whisper if he had spirit enough to meet him there, with a case of pistols, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Eastgate answered in the affirmative; and, with a steady countenance, assured him he would not fail to give him the rendezvous at the hour he mentioned. So saying, he retired, and the challenger stayed some time in manifest agitation. In the morning Eastgate, who knew his man, and had taken his resolution, went to Prankley's lodgings, and roused him by five o'clock.

The squire, in all probability, cursed his punctuality in his heart, but he affected to talk big; and having prepared his artillery over-night, they

crossed the water at the end of the South Parade. In their progress up the hill, Prankley often eyed the parson in hopes of perceiving some reluctance in his countenance; but as no such marks appeared, he attempted to intimidate him by word of mouth. "If these flints do their office," said he, "I'll do thy business in a few minutes." "I desire you will do your best," replied the other; "for my part, I come not here to trifle. Our lives are in the hands of God; and one of us already totters on the brink of eternity." This remark seemed to make some impression upon the squire, who changed countenance, and with a faltering accent observed, "That it ill became a clergyman to be concerned in quarrels and bloodshed." "Your insolence to me," said Eastgate, "I should have bore with patience, had not you cast the most infamous reflections upon my order, the honour of which I think myself in duty bound to maintain, even at the expense of my heart's blood; and surely it can be no crime to put out of the world a profligate wretch, without any sense of principle, morality, or religion." "Thou mayest take away my life," cried Prankley, in great perturbation, "but don't go to murder my character—What! hast got no conscience?" "My conscience is perfectly quiet," replied the other; "and now, Sir, we are upon the spot—Take your ground as near as you please; prime your pistol; and the Lord, of His infinite mercy, have compassion upon your miserable soul!"

This ejaculation he pronounced in a loud solemn tone, with his hat off, and his eyes lifted up; then drawing a large horse-pistol, he presented, and put himself in a posture of action. Prankley took his distance, and endeavoured to prime; but his hand shook with such violence that he found this operation impracticable. His antagonist, seeing how it was with him, offered his assistance, and advanced for that purpose; when the poor squire, exceedingly alarmed at what he had heard and seen, desired the action might be deferred till next day, as he had not settled his affairs. "I ha'n't made my will," said he; "my sisters are not provided for; and I just now recollect an old promise, which my conscience tells me I ought to perform—I'll first convince thee that I am not a wretch without principle, and then thou shalt have an opportunity to take my life, which thou seemest to thirst after so eagerly."

Eastgate understood the hint; and told him that one day should break no squares; adding, "God forbid that I should be the means of hindering you from acting the part of an honest man and a dutiful brother." By virtue of this cessation they returned peaceably together. Prankley forthwith made out the presentation of the living, and delivered it to Eastgate, telling him, at the same time, he had now settled his affairs, and was ready to attend him to the fir grove; but Tom declared he could not think of lifting his hand against the life of so great a benefactor. He did more. When they next met at the coffee-house, he asked pardon of Mr. Prankley, if in his passion he had said anything to give him offence; and the squire was so gracious as to forgive him with a cordial shake of the hand, declaring that he did not like to be at variance with an old college companion. Next day, however, he left Bath abruptly; and then Eastgate told me all these particulars, not a little pleased with the effects of his own sagacity, by which he had secured a living worth £160 per annum.

Of my uncle I have nothing at present to say; but that we set out to-morrow for London *en famille*. He and the ladies, with the maid and Chowder, in a coach; I and the man-servant, a-horseback. The particulars of our journey you shall have in my next, provided no accident happens to prevent yours ever,

Bath, May 17. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—I shall to-morrow set out for London, where I have bespoke lodgings at Mrs. Norton's in Golden-square. Although I am no admirer of Bath, I shall leave it with regret; because I must part with some old friends, whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. In the course of coffee-house conversation, I had often heard very extraordinary encomiums passed on the performances of Mr. T(averner), a gentleman residing in this place, who paints landscapes for his amusement. As I have no great confidence in the taste and judgment of coffee-house connoisseurs, and never received much pleasure from this branch of the art, those general praises made no impression at all on my curiosity; but, at the request of a particular friend, I went yesterday to see the pieces which had been so warmly commended. I must own I am no judge of painting, though very fond of pictures. I don't imagine that my senses would play me so false as to betray me into admiration of anything that was very bad; but true it is I have often overlooked capital beauties, in pieces of extraordinary merit. If I am not totally devoid of taste, however, this young gentleman of Bath is the best landscape-painter now living: I was struck with his performances in such a manner as I had never been by painting before. His trees not only have a richness of foliage, and warmth of colouring, which delights the view; but also a certain magnificence in the disposition, and spirit in the expression, which I cannot describe. His management of the *chiaro oscuro*, or light and shadow, especially gleams of sunshine, is altogether wonderful, both in the contrivance and execution; and he is so happy in his perspective, and marking his distances at sea, by a progressive series of ships, vessels, capes, and promontories, that I could not help thinking I had a distant view of thirty leagues upon the back-ground of the picture. If there is any taste for ingenuity left in a degenerate age, fast sinking into barbarism, this artist, I apprehend, will make a capital figure, as soon as his works are known.

Two days ago I was favoured with a visit by Mr. Fitzowen, who, with great formality, solicited my vote and interest at the general election. I ought not to have been shocked at the confidence of this man, though it was remarkable, considering what had passed between him and me on a former occasion. These visits are mere matter of form, which a candidate makes to every elector, even to those who, he knows, are engaged in the interest of his competitor, lest he should expose himself to the imputation of pride, at a time when it is expected he should appear humble. Indeed, I know nothing so abject as the behaviour of a man canvassing for a seat in Parliament. This mean prostration (to borough electors especially) has, I imagine, contributed in a great measure to raise that spirit of insolence among the vulgar, which, like the devil, will be found very difficult to lay. Be that as it may, I was in some confusion at the effrontery of Fitzowen; but I soon recollected

myself, and told him I had not yet determined for whom I should give my vote, nor whether I should give it for any. The truth is, I look upon both candidates in the same light, and should think myself a traitor to the constitution of my country if I voted for either. If every elector would bring the same consideration home to his conscience, we should not have such reason to exclaim against the venality of patriots. But we are all a pack of venal and corrupted rascals; so lost to all sense of honesty, and all tenderness of character, that, in a little time, I am fully persuaded, nothing will be infamous but virtue and public spirit.

G(eorge) H(eathcote), who is really an enthusiast in patriotism, and represented the capital in several successive Parliaments, declared to me t'other day, with the tears in his eyes, that he had lived above thirty years in the city of London, and dealt in the way of commerce with all the citizens of note in their turns, but that, as he should answer to God, he had never, in the whole course of his life, found above three or four whom he could call thoroughly honest,—a declaration which was rather mortifying than surprising to me, who have found so few men of worth in the course of my acquaintance, that they serve only as exceptions, which, in the grammarian's phrase, confirm and prove a general canon. I know you will say, G(eorge) H(eathcote) saw imperfectly through the mist of prejudice, and I am rankled by the spleen. Perhaps you are partly in the right; for I have perceived that my opinion of mankind, like mercury in the thermometer, rises and falls according to the variations of the weather.

Pray settle accounts with Barnes; take what money of mine is in his hands, and give him acquittance. If you think Davis has stock or credit enough to do justice to the farm, give him a discharge for the rent that is due. This will animate his industry; for I know that nothing is so discouraging to a farmer as the thoughts of being in arrears with his landlord. He becomes dispirited, and neglects his labour, and so the farm goes to wreck. Tabby has been clamouring for some days about the lamb's skin which Williams the hind begged of me when he was last at Bath. Prithee take it back, paying the fellow the full value of it, that I may have some peace in my own house; and let him keep his own counsel, if he means to keep his place. Oh! I shall never presume to despise or censure any poor man for suffering himself to be henpecked, conscious how I myself am obliged to truckle to a domestic demon, even though, blessed be God! she is not yoked with me for life in the matrimonial waggon. She has quarrelled with the servants of the house about vails; and such intolerable scolding ensued on both sides, that I have been fain to appease the cook and chambermaid by stealth. Can't you find some poor gentleman of Wales to take this precious commodity off the hands of yours,

Bath, May 19. M. BRAMBLE?

To DR. LEWIS.

DR. LEWS,—Give me leaf to tell you, methinks you mought employ your talons better than to encourage servants to pillage their masters. I find by Gwyllim that Villiams has got my skin; for which he is an impotent rascal. He has not only got my skin, but, moreover, my buttermilk to fatten his pigs; and, I suppose, the next thing he gets will be my pad to carry his daughter to church and fair; Roger gets this, and Roger gets that; but I 'd have you to know, I won't be rogered at this rate by any ragmatical fellow in the kingdom—And I am surprised, Docter Lews, you would offer to put my affairs in composition with the refuge and skim of the hearth. I have toiled and moyled to a good purpuss, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't safe as much owl as will make me an under-petticoat. As for the butter-milk, ne'er a pig in the parish shall thrust his snout in it with my good-will. There 's a famous physician at the Hot Well that prescribes it to his patience when the case is consumptive; and the Scots and Irish have begun to drink it already, in such quantities, that there is not a drop left for the hogs in the whole neighbourhood of Bristol. I 'll have our butter-milk barelled up, and sent twice a week to Aberginny, where it may be sold for a halfpenny the quart; and so Roger may carry his pigs to another market. I hope, Docter, you will not go to put any more such phims in my brother's head, to the prejudice of my pockat; but rather give me some raisins (which hitherto you have not done) to subscribe myself your humble servant,

Bath, May 19. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and, calling to the postillions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended him on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the fore-horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the postillion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before, but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a grasshopper, having made use of poor Win's posteriors as a step to rise in his ascent. The man, who had likewise quitted his horse, dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frighted, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle, and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage. But she cried, in a tone of distraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case—Chowder, after having

tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault, that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the nasty son of a bitch, and them he belongs to!"—a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene, "You say nothing, Matt," cried she, "but I know your mind,—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honour!" replied the squire, with a sarcastic smile, "I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death; on the supposition that, if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless Thomas continued obstinate; and at length declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the floodgates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horsewhipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred—Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postillion; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without further impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence, which indeed she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postillion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; and had the impudence to shock her sight by showing his bare posteriors, for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the stocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion with respect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaster.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed," cried my uncle, "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; but his complexion was of a sickly yellow. His looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance, "An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postillion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in the coach?" "Yes, I am, an' please your noble honour," answered the man; "but necessity has no law, as the saying is—And more than that, it was an accident—My breeches cracked behind, after I had got into the saddle—" "You're an impudent varlet," cried Mrs. Tabby, "for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt—" "I am so, an' please your worthy ladyship," said he; "but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad. I ha'n't a shirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an' please your ladyship, but what you see—I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four-and-twenty hours—"

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone, observing that he would fill the room full of vermin. Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough. When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and, being interrogated on the subject, declared that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker; that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the workhouse, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postillion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread; that, having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house—"

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels. Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want. But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—Get a shirt with all convenient despatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence,

with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postillion who rode next to her was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous. This was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postillion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in the loose parcels, and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested the affront of his naked skin. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favour because he had insulted her with his obscenity; that a fool and his money were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot further that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There, the first person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjust the footboard, was no other than Humphry Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house. My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly what had brought him hither. The fellow said his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him;—that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? what are you good for?"—"An' please your honour," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse and shoe him, and bleed and rowl him; and as for the practice of sow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I make hogs puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin sauce-pans." Here uncle burst out a-laughing, and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of.—"I know something of single stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker; "I can play upon the Jew's harp, sing Black-eyed Susan, Arthur O'Bradley, and divers other songs. I can dance a Welsh jig and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game."—"Foregad! thou art a complete fellow," cried my uncle, still laughing; "I have a good mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister. Thou hast given her much offence by showing her thy naked tail."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that my tail shall never rise up in judgment against me, to offend your ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner. God bless your noble countenance; I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture gaping, with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me. Here it is; kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and, seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an' please your ladyship. It will daub the room. Give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately."—"For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence."—"Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphry.—"I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden, "he acts by your direction, and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you; for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence. But now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from the dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative in my turn. Either discard your four-footed favourite or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu. For I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may.*" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a

corner; and after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt," said she.—"And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire with a peremptory look.—"Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse, adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek. He returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed, Win Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker skipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort, and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and in a day or two will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but, as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden-square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our jesuitical friends, and believe me ever, dear knight, yours affectionately, J. MELFORD.

London, May 24.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—London is literally new to me; new in its streets, houses, and even in its situation. As the Irishman said, "London is now gone out of town."—What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets and squares, and palaces and churches. I am credibly informed that, in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

It must be allowed indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Westminster are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new streets are spacious, regular, and airy, and the houses generally convenient. The bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taste and public spirit—I wonder how they stumbled upon a work of such magnificence and utility. But, notwithstanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monster, which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support. The absurdity will appear in its full force, when we consider that one-sixth part of the natives of this whole extensive kingdom is crowded within the bills of mortality. What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers! the abolition of small farms is but one cause of the decrease of population. Indeed, the incredible increase of horses and black cattle, to answer the purposes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and grass, which are raised and managed without much labour; but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or small. The tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants from the open country; the poorest squire, as well as the richest peer, must have his house in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domestics. The ploughboys, cowherds, and lower hinds are debauched and seduced by the appearance and discourse of those coxcombs in livery, when they make their summer excursions. They desert their dirt and drudgery, and swarm up to London in hopes of getting into service, where they can live luxuriously, and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work; for idleness is natural to man. Great numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers; and London, being an immense wilderness, in which there is neither watch nor ward of signification, nor any order or police, affords them lurking-places as well as prey.

There are many causes that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass; but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few even of the most opulent citizens of London kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postillion. He has his town-house and his country-house, his coach and his post-chaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses; they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who was wont to pass his evenings at the ale-house for fourpence-halfpenny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit-maître*. The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving-men, and Abigails, disguised like their betters.

In short, there is no distinction or subordination left. The different departments of life are jumbled together—the hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the shopkeeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another*; actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiousness, they are seen everywhere, rambling, riding, rolling, rushing, justling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing, in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption—all is tumult and hurry. One would imagine they were impelled

by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot-passengers run along as if they were pursued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burdens. People who keep their own equipages drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them; and I have actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.

The diversions of the times are not ill suited to the genius of this incongruous monster called *the public*. Give it noise, confusion, glare, and glitter, it has no idea of elegance and propriety. What are the amusements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly. Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived, and poorly executed, without any unity of design or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assemblage of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue; in one place a range of things like coffee-house boxes covered atop; in another, a parcel of alehouse benches; in a third, a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade; in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault, half-lighted; in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass-plot, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which Nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.

When I see a number of well-dressed people, of both sexes, sitting on the covered benches, exposed to the eyes of the mob, and, which is worse, to the cold, raw, night air, devouring sliced beef, and swilling port, and punch, and cider, I can't help compassionating their temerity, while I despise their want of taste and decorum; but when they course along those damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of heaven, listening to a song which one-half of them cannot possibly hear, how can I help supposing they are actually possessed by a spirit more absurd and pernicious than anything we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam? In all probability, the proprietors of this and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers; for, considering that eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded that more gouts, rheumatisms, catarrhs, and consumptions are caught in these nocturnal pastimes, *sub dio*, than from all the risks and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

These and other observations which I have made in this excursion, will shorten my stay in London, and send me back with a double relish to my solitude and mountains; but I shall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have seen some old friends, who constantly resided in this virtuous metropolis; but they are so changed in manners and disposition that we hardly know or care for one another. In our journey from Bath, my sister Tabby provoked me into a transport of passion; during which, like a man who has drank himself pot-valiant, I talked to her in such a style of authority and resolution as produced a most blessed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly ever since this expostulation. How long this agreeable calm will last, Heaven above knows. I flatter myself the exercise of travelling has been of service to my health; a circumstance which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the north. But I must, in the meantime, for the benefit and amusement of my pupils, explore the depths of this chaos, this misshapen and monstrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was so insolent to my sister on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always sullen and selfish; but if he should return to the country, you may give him a character for honesty and sobriety; and, provided he behaves with proper respect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of, yours always,

London, May 29. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,—Inexpressible was the pleasure I received from yours of the 25th, which was last night put into my hands by Mrs. Brentwood, the milliner from Gloucester. I rejoice to hear that my worthy governess is in good health, and still more, that she no longer retains any displeasure towards her poor Liddy. I am sorry you have lost the society of the agreeable Miss Vaughan; but I hope you won't have cause much longer to regret the departure of your school-companions, as I make no doubt but your parents will, in a little time, bring you into the world, where you are so well qualified to make a distinguished figure. When that is the case, I flatter myself you and I shall meet again, and be happy together, and even improve the friendship which we contracted in our tender years. This at least I can promise, it shall not be for the want of my utmost endeavours if our intimacy does not continue for life.

About five days ago we arrived in London, after an easy journey from Bath; during which, however, we were overturned, and met with some other little incidents which had like to have occasioned a misunderstanding betwixt my uncle and aunt; but now, thank God, they are happily reconciled; we live in harmony together, and every day make parties to see the wonders of this vast metropolis, which, however, I cannot pretend to describe, for I have not as yet seen one-hundreth part of its curiosities, and I am quite in a maze of admiration.

The cities of London and Westminster are spread out to an incredible extent. The streets, squares, rows, lanes, and alleys are innumerable. Palaces, public buildings, and churches, rise in every quarter; and among these last, St. Paul's appears with the most astonishing pre-eminence. They say it is not so large as St. Peter's at Rome,

but, for my own part, I can have no idea of any earthly temple more grand and magnificent.

But even these superb objects are not so striking as the crowds of people that swarm in the streets. I at first imagined that some great assembly was just dismissed, and wanted to stand aside till the multitude should pass; but this human tide continues to flow, without interruption or abatement, from morn till night. Then there is such an infinity of gay equipages, coaches, chariots, chaises, and other carriages, continually rolling and shifting before your eyes, that one's head grows giddy looking at them; and the imagination is quite confounded with splendour and variety. Nor is the prospect by water less grand and astonishing than that by land. You see three stupendous bridges joining the opposite banks of a broad, deep, and rapid river; so vast, so stately, so elegant, that they seem to be the work of the giants. Betwixt them, the whole surface of the Thames is covered with small vessels, barges, boats, and wherries, passing to and fro; and below the three bridges, such a prodigious forest of masts, for miles together, that you would think all the ships in the universe were here assembled. All that you read of wealth and grandeur in the Arabian Nights Entertainment and the Persian Tales, concerning Bagdad, Diarbekir, Damascus, Ispahan, and Samarkand, is here realized.

Ranelagh looks like the enchanted palace of a genie, adorned with the most exquisite performances of painting, carving, and gilding, enlightened with a thousand golden lamps that emulate the noonday sun; crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair; glittering with cloth of gold and silver, lace, embroidery, and precious stones. While these exulting sons and daughters of felicity tread this round of pleasure, or regale in different parties and separate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreshments, their ears are entertained with the most ravishing delights of music, both instrumental and vocal. There I heard the famous Tenducci, a thing from Italy; it looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not. The voice, to be sure, is neither man's nor woman's, but it is more melodious than either; and it warbled so divinely that, while I listened, I really thought myself in paradise.

At nine o'clock, in a charming moonlight evening, we embarked at Ranelagh for Vauxhall, in a wherry, so light and slender that we looked like so many fairies sailing in a nutshell. My uncle being apprehensive of catching cold upon the water, went round in the coach, and my aunt would have accompanied him, but he would not suffer me to go by water if she went by land; and therefore she favoured us with her company, as she perceived I had a curiosity to make this agreeable voyage. After all, the vessel was sufficiently loaded; for, besides the waterman, there was my brother Jerry, and a friend of his, one Mr. Barton, a country gentleman of a good fortune, who had dined at our house. The pleasure of this little excursion was, however, damped by my being sadly frightened at our landing, where there was a terrible confusion of wherries, and a crowd of people bawling, and swearing, and quarrelling; nay, a parcel of ugly-looking fellows came running into the water, and laid hold on our boat with great violence to pull it ashore; nor would they quit their hold till my brother struck one of them over the head with his cane. But this flutter was fully recompensed by the pleasures of Vauxhall, which I no sooner entered than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye. Image to yourself, my dear Letty, a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and cascades; porticoes, colonnades, and rotundas, adorned with pillars, statues, and painting; the whole illuminated with an infinite number of lamps, disposed in different figures of suns, stars, and constellations; the place crowded with the gayest company, ranging through those blissful shades, or supping in different lodges on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good-humour, and animated by an excellent band of music. Among the vocal performers, I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs. (Clive), whose voice was so loud and so shrill that it made my head ache through excess of pleasure.

In about half an hour after we arrived, we were joined by my uncle, who did not seem to relish the place. People of experience and infirmity, my dear Letty, see with very different eyes from those that such as you and I make use of. Our evening's entertainment was interrupted by an unlucky accident. In one of the remotest walks we were surprised with a sudden shower that set the whole company a-running, and drove us in heaps, one upon another, into the rotunda; where my uncle, finding himself wet, began to be very peevish and urgent to be gone. My brother went to look for the coach, and found it with much difficulty; but as it could not hold us all, Mr. Barton stayed behind. It was some time before the carriage could be brought up to the gate in the confusion, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of our new footman, Humphry Clinker, who lost his scratch periwig, and got a broken head in the scuffle. The moment we were seated, my aunt pulled off my uncle's shoes, and carefully wrapped his poor feet in her capuchin; then she gave him a mouthful of cordial, which she always keeps in her pocket, and his clothes were shifted as soon as we arrived at our lodgings; so that, blessed be God, he escaped a severe cold, of which he was in great terror.

As for Mr. Barton, I must tell you in confidence, he was a little particular; but, perhaps, I mistake his complaisance, and I wish I may, for his sake. You know the condition of my poor heart, which, in spite of hard usage—and yet I ought not to complain, nor will I, till farther information.

Besides Ranelagh and Vauxhall, I have been at Mrs. Cornely's assembly, which, for the rooms, the company, the dresses, and decorations, surpasses all description; but as I have no great turn for card-playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the spirit of the place. Indeed, I am still such a country hoyden that I can hardly find patience to be put in a condition to appear; yet I was not above six hours under the hands of the hairdresser, who stuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat; and, after all, it was the smallest head in the assembly, except my aunt's. She, to be sure, was so particular with her rumpt gown and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet-head, deep triple ruffles, and high stays, that everybody looked at her with surprise; some whispered, and some tittered; and Lady Griskin, by whom we were introduced, flatly told her she was twenty good years behind the fashion.

Lady Griskin is a person of fashion, to whom we have the honour to be related. She keeps a small rout at her own house, never exceeding ten

or a dozen card-tables; but these are frequented by the best company in town. She has been so obliging as to introduce my aunt and me to some of her particular friends of quality, who treat us with the most familiar good-humour. We have once dined with her, and she takes the trouble to direct us in all our motions. I am so happy as to have gained her good-will to such a degree that she sometimes adjusts my cap with her own hands; and she has given me a kind invitation to stay with her all the winter. This, however, has been cruelly declined by my uncle, who seems to be, I know not how, prejudiced against the good lady; for, whenever my aunt happens to speak in her commendation, I observe that he makes wry faces, though he says nothing; perhaps, indeed, these grimaces may be the effect of pain arising from the gout and rheumatism, with which he is sadly distressed. To me, however, he is always good-natured and generous, even beyond my wish. Since we came hither, he has made me a present of a suit of clothes, with trimmings and laces, which cost more money than I shall mention; and Jerry, at his desire, has given me my mother's diamond drops, which are ordered to be set anew; so that it won't be his fault if I do not glitter among the stars of the fourth or fifth magnitude. I wish my weak head may not grow giddy in the midst of all this gallantry and dissipation, though as yet I can safely declare, I could gladly give up all these tumultuous pleasures for country solitude, and a happy retreat with those we love, among whom my dear Willis will always possess the first place in the breast of her ever affectionate

London, May 31. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—I send you this letter, franked by our old friend Barton, who is as much altered as it was possible for a man of his kidney to be. Instead of the careless indolent sloven we knew at Oxford, I found him a busy talkative politician, a *petit maître* in his dress, and a ceremonious courtier in his manners. He has not gall enough in his constitution to be inflamed with the rancour of party, so as to deal in scurrilous invectives; but since he obtained a place, he is become a warm partisan of the ministry, and sees everything through such an exaggerated medium, as to me, who am happily of no party, is altogether incomprehensible. Without all doubt, the fumes of faction not only disturb the faculty of reason, but also pervert the organs of sense; and I would lay a hundred guineas to ten that if Barton, on one side, and the most conscientious patriot in the opposition on the other, were to draw, upon honour, the picture of the K(ing) or m(inistry), you and I, who are still uninfected and unbiassed, would find both painters equally distant from the truth. One thing, however, must be allowed for the honour of Barton—he never breaks out into illiberal abuse, far less endeavours, by infamous calumnies, to blast the moral character of any individual on the other side.

Ever since we came hither he has been remarkably assiduous in his attention to our family; an attention which, in a man of his indolence and avocations, I should have thought altogether odd, and even unnatural, had I not perceived that my sister Liddy has made some impression upon his heart. I can't say that I have any objection to his trying his fortune in this pursuit; if an opulent estate and a great stock of good-nature are sufficient qualifications in a husband, to render the marriage state happy for life, she may be happy with Barton. But I imagine there is something else required to engage and secure the affection of a woman of sense and delicacy; something which nature has denied our friend. Liddy seems to be of the same opinion. When he addresses himself to her in discourse, she seems to listen with reluctance, and industriously avoids all particular communication; but in proportion to her coyness, our aunt is coming. Mrs. Tabitha goes more than half way to meet his advances; she mistakes, or affects to mistake, the meaning of his courtesy, which is rather formal and fulsome; she returns his compliments with hyperbolical interest, she persecutes him with her civilities at table, she appeals to him for ever in conversation, she sighs, and flirts, and ogles, and, by her hideous affectation and impertinence, drives the poor courtier to the very extremity of his complaisance; in short, she seems to have undertaken the siege of Barton's heart, and carries on her approaches in such a desperate manner that I don't know whether he will not be obliged to capitulate. In the meantime his aversion to this inamorata, struggling with his acquired affability, and his natural fear of giving offence, throws him into a kind of distress which is extremely ridiculous.

Two days ago he persuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St. James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the persons of all the great men in the kingdom; and, indeed, there was a great assemblage of distinguished characters, for it was a high festival at Court. Our conductor performed his promise with great punctuality. He pointed out almost every individual of both sexes, and generally introduced them to our notice with a flourish of panegyric. Seeing the King approach, "There comes," said he, "the most amiable sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England; the *delicicæ humani generis;* Augustus, in patronizing merit; Titus Vespasian, in generosity; Trajan, in beneficence; and Marcus Aurelius in philosophy." "A very honest, kind-hearted gentleman," added my uncle; "he's too good for the times. A king of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition." Barton then, turning to the Duke of C(umberland), proceeded —"You know the Duke; that illustrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and secured us in possession of everything we ought to hold dear as Englishmen and Christians. Mark what an eye, how penetrating, yet pacific! what dignity in his mien! what humanity in his aspect! Even malice must own that he is one of the greatest officers in Christendom." "I think he be," said Mr. Bramble; "but who are these young gentlemen that stand beside him?" "Those!" cried our friend; "those are his royal nephews; the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! the sacred pledges of the Protestant line; so spirited, so sensible, so princely—" "Yes; very sensible! very spirited," said my uncle, interrupting him; "but see the Queen! ha, there's the Queen. There's the Queen! let me see—let me see—Where are my glasses? ha! there's meaning in that eye—There's sentiment—There's expression. Well, Mr. Barton, what figure do you call next?" The next person he pointed out was the favourite *ycarl*,[1] who stood solitary by one of the windows. "Behold yon northern star," said he, "*shorn of his beams*—" "What! the Caledonian luminary, that lately blazed so bright in our hemisphere! Methinks, at present, it glimmers through a fog, like Saturn

[1] John Stuart, third Earl of Bute.

without his ring, bleak and dim and distant. Ha, there's the other great phenomenon, the grand pensionary,[1] that weathercock of patriotism that veers about in every point of the political compass, and still feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He, too, like a portentous comet, has risen again above the court horizon; but how long he will continue to ascend it is not easy to foretell, considering his great eccentricity. Who are those two satellites that attend his motions?" When Barton told him their names, "To their character," said Mr. Bramble, "I am no stranger. One[2] of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold, intoxicating vapour in his head, and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect a whole nation. The other[3] is, I hear, intended for a share in the ad(ministratio)n, and the pensionary vouches for his being duly qualified. The only instance I ever heard of his sagacity, was his deserting his former patron, when he found him declining in power, and in disgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thievish as a jackdaw; but, it must be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to disguise his character. His ministry will be attended with one advantage; no man will be disappointed by his breach of promise, as no mortal ever trusted to his word. I wonder how Lord (Bute) first discovered this happy genius, and for what purpose Lord (Chatham) has now adopted him. But one would think, that as amber has a power to attract dirt, and straws, and chaff, a minister is endued with the same kind of faculty, *to lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*—" His eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old Duke of N(ewcastle),[4] who, squeezing into the circle with a busy face of importance, thrust his head into every countenance, as if he had been in search of somebody, to whom he wanted to impart something of great consequence. My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he passed, and the Duke, seeing himself saluted so respectfully by a well-dressed person, was not slow in returning the courtesy. He even came up, and taking him cordially by the hand, "My dear friend, Mr. A—," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you. How long have you been come from abroad? How did you leave our good friends the Dutch? The king of Prussia don't think of another war, ah? He's a great king! a great conqueror! a very great conqueror! Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, Sir—Corporals! drummers! dross! mere trash—Damn'd trash, heh?" His grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to sit in the last parliament but one of the late king, as representative for the borough of Dymkymraig. "Odso!" cried the Duke; "I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr. Bramble. You was always a good and loyal subject—a staunch friend to administration—I made your brother an Irish bishop—" "Pardon me, my lord," said the squire, "I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army—" "Ha!" said his grace, "he was so—He was indeed! But who was the bishop, then? Bishop Blackberry—sure it was Bishop Blackberry—perhaps some relation of yours—" "Very likely, my lord," replied my uncle; "the blackberry is the fruit of the bramble—but I believe the bishop is not a berry of our bush—" "No more he is, no more he is, ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the Duke; "there you give me a scratch, good Mr. Bramble, ha, ha, ha!—Well, I shall be glad to see you at Lincoln's-inn-fields—you know the way—times are altered. Though I have lost the power, I retain the inclination.—Your very humble servant, good Mr. Blackberry—" So saying, he shoved to another corner of the room. "What a fine old gentleman!" cried Mr. Barton; "what spirits! what a memory!—He never forgets an old friend." "He does me too much honour," observed our squire, "to rank me among the number. Whilst I sat in parliament, I never voted with the ministry but three times, when my conscience told me they were in the right. However, if he still keeps levee, I will carry my nephew thither, that he may see and learn to avoid the scene; for I think an English gentleman never appears to such disadvantage as at the levee of a minister. Of his grace I shall say nothing at present, but that for thirty years he was the constant and common butt of ridicule and execration. He was generally laughed at as an ape in politics, whose office and influence served only to render his folly the more notorious; and the opposition cursed him as the indefatigable drudge of a first mover, who was justly styled and stigmatized as the father of corruption. But this ridiculous ape, this venal drudge, no sooner lost the places he was so ill qualified to fill, and unfurled the banners of faction, than he was metamorphosed into a pattern of public virtue; the very people who reviled him before, now extolled him to the skies, as a wise, experienced statesman, chief pillar of the Protestant succession, and corner-stone of English liberty. I should be glad to know how Mr. Barton reconciles these contradictions, without obliging us to resign all title to the privilege of common sense." "My dear sir," answered Barton, "I don't pretend to justify the extravagances of the multitude, who I suppose were as wild in their former censure as in their present praise; but I shall be very glad to attend you on Thursday next to his grace's levee; where, I am afraid, we shall not be crowded with company; for, you know, there's a wide difference between his present office of President of the Council, and his former post of First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.

This communicative friend having announced all the remarkable characters of both sexes that appeared at Court, we resolved to adjourn, and retired. At the foot of the staircase, there was a crowd of lacqueys and chairmen, and in the midst of them stood Humphry Clinker, exalted upon a stool, with his hat in one hand, and a paper in the other, in the act of holding forth to the people. Before we could inquire into the meaning of this exhibition, he perceived his master, thrust the paper into his pocket, descended from his elevation, bolted through the crowd, and brought up the carriage to the gate.

My uncle said nothing till we were seated, when, after having looked at me earnestly for some time, he burst out a-laughing, and asked me if I knew upon what subject Clinker was holding forth to the mob. "If," said he, "the fellow has turned mountebank, I must turn him

[1] Evidently William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
[2] Perhaps Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.
[3] The circumstances all point to Earl Temple.
[4] Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Chamberlain then Secretary of State, and lastly First Lord of the Treasury under George II.; the same King to whom he had been so obnoxious in the previous reign. He was obliged by George III. to resign his post.—*Walpole, quoted by Cunningham.*

out of my service, otherwise he 'll make Merry Andrews of us all." I observed that, in all probability, he had studied physic under his master, who was a farrier.

At dinner, the squire asked him if he had ever practised physic. "Yes, and please your honour," said he, "among brute beasts; but I never meddle with rational creatures." "I know not whether you rank in that class the audience you was haranguing in the court of St. James's, but I should be glad to know what kind of powders you was distributing, and whether you had a good sale. "Sale, sir," cried Clinker, "I hope I shall never be base enough to sell for gold and silver what freely comes of God's grace. I distributed nothing, an' like your honour, but a word of advice to my fellows in servitude and sin." "Advice! concerning what?" "Concerning profane swearing, an' please your honour; so horrid and shocking that it made my hair stand on end." "Nay, if thou canst cure them of that disease, I shall think thee a wonderful doctor indeed." "Why not cure them, my good master? the hearts of those poor people are not so stubborn as your honour seems to think. Make them first sensible that you have nothing in view but their good, then they will listen with patience, and easily be convinced of the sin and folly of a practice that affords neither profit nor pleasure." At this remark our uncle changed colour, and looked round the company, conscious that *his own withers were not altogether unwrung*. "But, Clinker," said he, "if you should have eloquence enough to persuade the vulgar to resign those tropes and figures of rhetoric, there will be little or nothing left to distinguish their conversation from that of their betters." "But then, your honour knows, their conversation will be void of offence; and, at the day of judgment, there will be no distinction of persons."

Humphry going down-stairs to fetch up a bottle of wine, my uncle congratulated his sister upon having such a reformer in the family, when Mrs. Tabitha declared he was a sober, civilized fellow, very respectful, and very industrious, and, she believed, a good Christian into the bargain. One would think Clinker must really have some very extraordinary talent to ingratiate himself in this manner with a virago of her character, so fortified against him with prejudice and resentment; but the truth is, since the adventure of Salthill, Mrs. Tabby seems to be entirely changed. She has left off scolding the servants, an exercise which was grown habitual, and even seemed necessary to her constitution, and is become so indifferent to Chowder, as to part with him in a present to Lady Griskin, who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion. Her ladyship is the widow of Sir Timothy Griskin, a distant relation of our family. She enjoys a fortune of five hundred pounds a year, and makes shift to spend three times that sum. Her character, before marriage, was a little equivocal, but at present she lives in the *bon ton*, keeps card-tables, gives private suppers to select friends, and is visited by persons of the first fashion. She has been remarkably civil to us all, and cultivates my uncle with the most particular regard; but the more she strokes him, the more his bristles seem to rise. To her compliments he makes very laconic and dry returns. T'other day she sent us a pottle of fine strawberries, which he did not receive without signs of disgust, muttering from the Æneid, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. She has twice called for Liddy, of a forenoon, to take an airing in the coach; but Mrs. Tabby was always so alert (I suppose by his direction), that she never could have the niece without the aunt's company. I have endeavoured to sound Squaretoes on this subject, but he carefully avoids all explanation.

I have now, dear Phillips, filled a whole sheet, and if you have read it to an end, I dare say you are as tired as your humble servant,

London, June 2. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

YES, Doctor, I have seen the British Museum, which is a noble collection, and even stupendous, if we consider it was made by a private man, a physician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the same time; but, great as the collection is, it would appear more striking if it was arranged in one spacious saloon, instead of being divided into different apartments, which it does not entirely fill. I could wish the series of medals was connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expense, those articles that are wanting. It would likewise be a great improvement, with respect to the library, if the deficiencies were made up by purchasing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection. They might be classed in centuries, according to the dates of their publication, and catalogues printed of them and the manuscripts, for the information of those that want to consult or compile from such authorities. I could also wish, for the honour of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a course of mathematics, mechanics, and experimental philosophy, and a good salary settled upon an able professor, who should give regular lectures on these subjects.

But this is all idle speculation, which will never be reduced to practice. Considering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to see any institution whatsoever established for the benefit of the public. The spirit of party is risen to a kind of frenzy, unknown to former ages, or rather degenerated to a total extinction of honesty and candour. You know I have observed for some time that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the most cruel and perfidious defamation. Every rancorous knave, every desperate incendiary, that can afford to spend half-a-crown or three shillings, may skulk behind the press of a newsmonger, and have a stab at the first character in the kingdom, without running the least hazard of detection or punishment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr. Barton, whom Jerry knew at Oxford; a good sort of a man, though most ridiculously warped in his political principles; but his partiality is the least offensive, as it never appears in the style of scurrility and abuse. He is a member of Parliament, and a retainer to the Court; and his whole conversation turns upon the virtues and perfections of the ministers who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of those worthies with the most fulsome praise, I told him I had seen the same nobleman characterized very differently in one of the daily papers; indeed, so stigmatized, that if one half of what was said of him was true, he must be not only unfit to rule, but even unfit to live; that those impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of fresh matter; and that, as he had taken no steps towards his own vindication, I began to think there was some foundation for the charge. "And pray, sir," said Mr.

Barton, "what steps would you have him take? Suppose you should prosecute the publisher, who screens the anonymous accuser, and bring him to the pillory for a libel; this is so far from being counted a punishment *in terrorem*, that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection, as a martyr to the cause of defamation, which they have always espoused. They pay his fine, they contribute to the increase of his stock, his shop is crowded with customers, and the sale of his paper rises in proportion to the scandal it contains. All this time the prosecutor is inveighed against as a tyrant and oppressor, for having chosen to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance; but if he lays an action for damages he must prove the damage, and I leave you to judge whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt, and all his views in life blasted by calumny, without his being able to specify the particulars of the damage he has sustained.

"This spirit of defamation is a kind of heresy that thrives under prosecution. *The liberty of the press* is a term of great efficacy, and, like that of the *Protestant religion*, has often served the purposes of sedition. A minister, therefore, must arm himself with patience, and bear those attacks without repining. Whatever mischief they may do in other respects, they certainly contribute, in one particular, to the advantage of government, for those defamatory articles have multiplied papers in such a manner, and augmented their sale to such a degree, that the duty upon stamps and advertisements has made a very considerable addition to the revenue." Certain it is, a gentleman's honour is a very delicate subject to be handled by a jury, composed of men who cannot be supposed remarkable either for sentiment or impartiality. In such a case, indeed, the defendant is tried, not only by his peers, but also by his party; and I really think that, of all patriots, he is the most resolute who exposes himself to such detraction for the sake of his country. If, from the ignorance or partiality of juries, a gentleman can have no redress from law for being defamed in a pamphlet or newspaper, I know but one other method of proceeding against the publisher, which is attended with some risk, but has been practised successfully, more than once, in my remembrance. A regiment of horse was represented in one of the newspapers as having misbehaved at Dettingen; a captain of that regiment broke the publisher's bones, telling him, at the same time, if he went to law he should certainly have the like salutation from every officer of the corps. Governor —— took the same satisfaction on the ribs of an author, who traduced him by name in a periodical paper. I know a low fellow of the same class, who, being turned out of Venice for his impudence and scurrility, retired to Lugano, a town of the Grisons, a free people, God wot, where he found a printing-press, from whence he squirted his filth at some respectable characters in the republic which he had been obliged to abandon. Some of these, finding him out of the reach of legal chastisement, employed certain useful instruments, such as may be found in all countries, to give him the bastinado, which, being repeated more than once, effectually stopped the current of his abuse.

As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds, for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community. If the lowest ruffian may stab your good name with impunity in England, will you be so uncandid as to exclaim against Italy for the practice of common assassination? To what purpose is our property secured if our moral character is left defenceless! People thus baited grow desperate, and the despair of being able to preserve one's character untainted by such vermin, produces a total neglect of fame, so that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually destroyed.

Mr. Barton's last consideration respecting the stamp-duty is equally wise and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers, namely, to connive at drunkenness, riot, and dissipation, because they enhance the receipt of the excise; not reflecting that, in providing this temporary convenience, they are destroying the morals, health, and industry of the people. Notwithstanding my contempt for those who flatter a minister, I think there is something still more despicable in flattering a mob. When I see a man of birth, education, and fortune put himself on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feel with them at the same board, and drink with them in the same cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praise of their virtues, expose themselves to the belchings of their beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation, I cannot help despising him, as a man guilty of the vilest prostitution, in order to effect a purpose equally selfish and illiberal.

I should renounce politics the more willingly, if I could find other topics of conversation discussed with more modesty and candour; but the demon of party seems to have usurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taste is divided into the most virulent factions, which revile, decry, and traduce the works of one another. Yesterday I went to return an afternoon's visit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whose house I found one of the authors of the present age, who has written with some success. As I had read one or two of his performances, which gave me pleasure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his person; but his discourse and deportment destroyed all the impressions which his writings had made in his favour. He took upon him to decide dogmatically upon every subject, without deigning to show the least cause for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquiesce in the *ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras. He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors who had died within a century of the present time; and, in this revision, paid no sort of regard to the reputation they had acquired. Milton was harsh and prosaic, Dryden languid and verbose, Butler and Swift without humour, Congreve without wit, and Pope destitute of any sort of poetical merit; as for his contemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applause; they were all dunces, pedants, plagiaries, quacks, and impostors; and you could not name a single performance but what was tame, stupid, and insipid. It must be owned that this writer had nothing to charge his conscience with on the side of flattery; for, I understand, he was never known to praise one line that was written, even by those with whom he lived in terms of good fellowship. This arrogance and presumption, in depreciating authors for whose reputation the company may be interested, is such an insult upon the understanding as I could not bear without wincing.

I desired to know his reasons for decrying some works which had afforded me uncommon pleasure; and, as demonstration did not seem to be his talent, I dissented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been spoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper; and the dispute might have grown warm, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard, at whose appearance he always quits the place. They are of different cabals, and have been at open war these twenty years. If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory; he did not discourse, but harangue; and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He too pronounced *ex cathedra* upon the characters of his contemporaries; and though he scruples not to deal out praise even lavishly, to the lowest reptile in Grub-street, who will either flatter him in private, or mount the public rostrum as his panegyrist, he damns all the other writers of the age with the utmost insolence and rancour. One is a blunderbuss, as being a native of Ireland; another a half-starved louse of literature, from the banks of the Tweed; a third, an ass, because he enjoys a pension from Government; a fourth, the very angel of dulness, because he succeeded in a species of writing in which this Aristarchus had failed; a fifth, who presumed to make strictures upon one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticism, whose stench is more offensive than his sting; in short, except himself and his myrmidons, there is not a man of learning or genius in the three kingdoms. As for the success of those who have written without the pale of this confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taste in the public; not considering, that to the approbation of that very tasteless public he himself owes all the consequence he has in life.

Those originals are not fit for conversation. If they would maintain the advantage they have gained by their writing, they should never appear but upon paper; for my part, I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head, and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart. The human soul will be generally found most defective in the article of candour. I am inclined to think no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy, which, perhaps, may have been implanted as an instinct essential to our nature. I am afraid we sometimes palliate this vice, under the specious name of emulation. I have known a person remarkably generous, humane, moderate, and apparently self-denying, who could not hear even a friend commended without betraying marks of uneasiness; as if that commendation had implied an odious comparison to his prejudice, and every wreath of praise added to the other's character, was a garland plucked from his own temples; this is a malignant species of jealousy, of which I stand acquitted in my own conscience—whether it is a vice or an infirmity I leave you to inquire.

There is another point which I would much rather see determined, whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at present? If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querelus, laudator temporis acti;* or, which is more probable, the impetuous pursuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from observing those rotten parts of human nature, which now appear so offensively to my observation.

We have been at Court and 'Change, and everywhere; and everywhere we find food for spleen and subject for ridicule. My new servant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original, and Tabby is a changed creature; she has parted with Chowder, and does nothing but smile, like Malvolio in the play; I'll be hanged if she is not acting a part which is not natural to her disposition, for some purpose which I have not yet discovered.

With respect to the characters of mankind, my curiosity is quite satisfied; I have done with the science of men, and must now endeavour to amuse myself with the novelty of *things*. I am at present, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural bias; but this power ceasing to act, I shall return to my solitude with redoubled velocity. Everything I see, and hear, and feel, in this great reservoir of folly, knavery, and sophistication, contributes to enhance the value of a country life, in the sentiments of, yours always,

London, June 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MARY JONES,—Lady Griskin's butler, Mr. Crumb, having got 'squire Barton to frank me a kiver, I would not neglect to let you know how it is with me and the rest of the family.

I could not rite by John Thomas, for because he went away in a huff, at a minute's warning. He and Chowder could not agree, and so they fitt upon the road, and Chowder bit his thumb, and he swore he would do him a mischief, and he spoke saucy to mistress, whereby the 'squire turned him off in gudgeon; and by God's providence we picked up another footman, called Umphry Klinker, a good sole as ever broke bread; which shows that a scalded cat may pruve a good mouser, and a hound be stanch, thof he has got narro hare on his buttocks; but the proudest nose may be bro't baor to the grindstone by sickness and misfortunes.

O Molly, what shall I say of London? All the towns that ever I beheld in my born days are no more than Welsh barrows and crumlecks to this wonderful sitty! Even Bath itself is but a fillitch, in the naam of God, one would think there's no end of the streets, but the Land's End. Then there's such a power of people going hurry skurry! Such a racket of coxes! Such a noise and hali-balloo! So many strange sites to be seen! O gracious! my poor Welsh brain has been spinning like a top ever since I came hither! And I have seen the Park, and the Paleass of Saint Gimeses, and the king's and the queen's magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pybald ass, and all the rest of the royal family.

Last week I went with mistress to the Tower, to see the crowns and wild beastis; and there was a monstracious lion, with teeth half a quarter long; and a gentleman bid me not go near him if I wasn't a maid; being as how he would roar, and tear, and play the dickens. Now I had no mind to go near him, for I cannot abide such dangerous honeymils, not I—but mistress would go; and the beast kept such a roaring and bouncing, that I tho't he would a broke his cage, and devoured us all; and the gentleman tittered forsooth; but I'll go to death upon it, I will, that my lady is as good a firchin as the child unborn; and therefore either the gentleman told a phib, or the lion oft to be set in the stocks for bearing false witness again his neighbour; for the commandment sayeth, *Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

I was afterwards of a party at Sadler's Wells,

where I saw such tumbling and dancing upon ropes and wires, that I was frightened, and ready to go into a fit—I thought it was all enchantment; and believing myself bewitched, began for to cry. You knows as how the witches in Wales fly upon broomsticks, but here was flying without any broomstick or thing in the varsal world, and firing of pistols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheelbarrows upon a wire (God bliss us!) no thicker than a sewing thread; that, to be sure, they must deal with the devil. A fine gentleman, with a pig's tail, and a golden sord by his side, came to comfit me, and offered for to treat me with a pint of wind; but I would not stay; and so in going through the dark passage, he began to show his cloven futt, and went for to be rude; my fellow-servant, Umphry Klinker, bid him to be sivil, and he gave the young man a dowse in the chops; but, i'fackins, Mr. Clinker wa'n't long in his debt—with a good oaken sapling he dusted his doublet, for all his golden cheese-toaster; and, fipping me under his arm, carried me huom, I nose not how, being I was in such a flustration. But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all such vanities; for what are all those rarities and vagaries to the glories that shall be revealed hereafter? O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have had my hair cut and pippered, and singed, and bolstered, and buckled in the newest fashion, by a French freezer. *Parley vow Francey—Vee Madmansell.* I now carries my head higher than arrow private gentlewoman of Vales. Last night, coming huom from the meeting, I was taken by lamp light for an imminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty. But as I was saying, this is all vanity and vexation of spirit. The pleasures of London are no better than sower whey and stale cyder, when compared to the joys of the New Gerusalem.

Dear Mary Jones! An' please God, when I return I'll bring you a new cap, with a turkey-shell coom, and a pyehouse sermon, that was preached in the tabernacle; and I pray of all love, you will mind your vriting and your spelling; for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made me suet to disseyffer your last scrabble, which was delivered by the hind at Bath. O, voman! voman! if thou hadst but the least consumption of what pleasure we scullers have, when we can cumster the crabbidst buck off hand, and spell the ethnitch vords, without looking at the Primmer. As for Mr. Klinker, he is qualified to be clerk to a parish. But I'll say no more. Remember me to Saul—poor sole! it goes to my hart to think she don't yet know her letters. But all in God's good time. It shall go hard but I will bring her the ABC in gingerbread; and that, you nose, will be learning to her taste.

Mistress says we are going a long gurney to the north; but go where we will, I shall ever be, dear Mary Jones, yours with true infection,

London, June 3. WIN. JENKINS.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—I mentioned in my last my uncle's design of going to the Duke of N(ewcastle)'s levee, which design has been executed accordingly. His grace has been so long accustomed to this kind of homage, that though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to understand that they cannot oblige him in anything more than in contributing to support the shadow of that power which he no longer retains in substance; and therefore he has still public days, on which they appear at his levee.

My uncle and I went thither with Mr. Barton, who, being one of the Duke's adherents, undertook to be our introducer. The room was pretty well filled with people, in a great variety of dress; but there was no more than one gown and cassock, though I was told his grace had, while he was minister, preferred almost every individual that now filled the bench of bishops in the House of Lords; but, in all probability, the gratitude of the clergy is like their charity, which shuns the light. Mr. Barton was immediately accosted by a person well stricken in years, tall and raw-boned, with a hook nose, and an arch leer that indicated at least as much cunning as sagacity. Our conductor saluted him by the name of Captain C—, and afterward informed us he was a man of shrewd parts, whom the Government occasionally employed in secret services. But I have had the history of him more at large from another quarter. He had been, many years ago, concerned in fraudulent practices, as a merchant, in France; and being convicted of some of them, was sent to the galleys, from whence he was delivered by the interest of the late Duke of Ormond, to whom he had recommended himself in a letter, as his namesake and relation. He was in the sequel employed by our ministry as a spy; and, in the war of 1740, traversed all Spain, as well as France, in the disguise of a capuchin, at the extreme hazard of his life, inasmuch as the Court of Madrid had actually got scent of him, and given orders to apprehend him at St. Sebastian's, from whence he had fortunately retired but a few hours before the order arrived. This and other hairbreadth 'scapes he pleaded so effectually as a merit with the English ministry, that they allowed him a comfortable pension, which he now enjoys in his old age. He has still access to all the ministers, and is said to be consulted by them on many subjects, as a man of uncommon understanding and great experience. He is in fact a fellow of some parts, and invincible assurance; and in his discourse he assumes such an air of self-sufficiency as may very well impose upon some of the shallow politicians who now labour at the helm of administration. But if he is not belied, this is not the only imposture of which he is guilty. They say he is at bottom not only a Roman Catholic, but really a priest; and while he pretends to disclose to our state-pilots all the springs that move the Cabinet of Versailles, he is actually picking up intelligence for the service of the French minister. Be that as it may, Captain C— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the Duke's character without any ceremony. "This wiseacre (said he) is still a-bed, and I think the best thing he can do is to sleep on till Christmas; for when he gets up he does nothing but expose his own folly. Since Grenville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig. They are so ignorant they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then they are such dunces that there 's no making them comprehend the plainest proposition. In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadia to Cape Breton. 'Where did they find transports?' said I. 'Transports! (cried he); I tell you they marched by land.' 'By land to the island of Cape Breton!' 'What!

is Cape Breton an island?" 'Certainly.' 'Hah! are you sure of that?' When I pointed it out in the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms, 'My dear C—! (cried he) you always bring us good news. Egad! I'll go directly, and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island.'"

He seemed disposed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expense of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambassador, a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman, or interpreter, and another officer of his household, who had got no stockings to his legs. Captain C— immediately spoke with an air of authority to a servant in waiting, bidding him go and tell the Duke to rise, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambassador from Algiers. Then turning to us, "This poor Turk," said he, "notwithstanding his grey beard, is a greenhorn. He has been several years resident at London, and still is ignorant of our political revolutions. This visit is intended for the prime minister of England, but you'll see how this wise Duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own person." Certain it is, the Duke seemed eager to acknowledge the compliment. A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving-cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap lather; and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face. "My dear Mahomet," said he, "God love your long beard; I hope the Dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion—ha, ha, ha? Have but a moment's patience, and I'll send to you in a twinkling." So saying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion. After a short pause, however, he said something to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment, mixed with devotion. We were gratified by means of the communicative Captain C—, who conversed with the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter than he exclaimed to this effect:—"Holy prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of idiots; a species of men whom all good Mussulmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration!" Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of short duration, after which the Duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuse his gracious looks among the crowd of his worshippers.

As Mr. Barton advanced to present me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice before I was announced. He forthwith met me more than half-way, and seizing me by the hand, "My dear Sir Francis," cried he, "this is so kind—I vow to God! I am so obliged—Such attention to a poor broken minister—Well—pray when does your Excellency set sail?—For God's sake have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes in the passage—Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear Excellency, take care of the Five Nations—Our good friends the Five Nations—The Toryrories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-o'-the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws—Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkubus, and wampum; and your Excellency won't fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet—Ha, ha, ha!" When he had uttered this rhapsody, with his usual precipitation, Mr. Barton gave him to understand that I was neither Sir Francis nor St. Francis, but simply Mr. Melford, nephew to Mr. Bramble, who, stepping forward, made his bow at the same time. "Odso! no more it is Sir Francis," said this wise statesman—"Mr. Melford, I am glad to see you—I sent you an engineer to fortify your dock—Mr. Bramble—your servant, Mr. Bramble—How d'ye, good Mr. Bramble—Your nephew is a pretty young fellow—Faith and troth a very pretty fellow!—His father is my old friend—How does he hold it?—Still troubled with that damn'd disorder, ha?"—"No, my Lord," replied my uncle, "all his troubles are over. He has been dead these fifteen years."—"Dead? how—Yes, faith! now I remember—He is dead, sure enough—Well, and how—does the young gentleman stand for Haverford West? or—a—what d'ye—My dear Mr. Milfordhaven, I'll do you all the service in my power—I hope I have some credit left—" My uncle then gave him to understand that I was still a minor, and that we had no intention to trouble him at present for any favour whatsoever. "I came hither with my nephew," added he, "to pay our respects to your grace; and I may venture to say, that his views and mine are at least as disinterested as those of any individual in this assembly."—"My dear Mr. Brambleberry, you do me infinite honour. I shall always rejoice to see you and your hopeful nephew, Mr. Milfordhaven. My credit, such as it is, you may command. I wish we had more friends of your kidney."

Then, turning to Captain C—, "Ha, C—!" said he, "what news, C—? How does the world wag, ha?" "The world wags much after the old fashion, my Lord," answered the Captain. "The politicians of London and Westminster have begun again to wag their tongues against your grace; and your short-lived popularity wags like a feather, which the next puff of anti-ministerial calumny will blow away." "A pack of rascals," cried the Duke; "Tories, Jacobites, rebels; one half of them would wag their heels at Tyburn if they had their desert." So saying, he wheeled about; and, going round the levee, spoke to every individual with the most courteous familiarity; but he scarce ever opened his mouth without making some blunder in relation to the person or business of the party with whom he conversed, so that he really looked like a comedian hired to burlesque the character of a minister. At length a person of a very prepossessing appearance coming in, his grace ran up, and hugging him in his arms, with the appellation of "My dear Ch(arle)s!" led him forthwith into the inner apartment, or *Sanctum Sanctorum*, of this political temple. "That," said Captain C—, "is my friend C(harles) T(ownshend), almost the only man of parts who has any concern in the present administration. Indeed, he would have no concern at all in the matter, if the ministry did not find it absolutely necessary to make use of his talents upon some particular occasions. As for the common business of the nation, it is carried on in a constant routine by the clerks of the different offices, otherwise the wheels of Government would be wholly stopped amidst the abrupt succession of ministers, every one more ignorant than his predecessor. I am thinking what a fine hobble we should be in if all the clerks of the Treasury, of the secretaries, the War-office, and the Admiralty, should take it in their heads to throw up their places in imitation of the great pensioner. But to return to C(harles) T(ownshend): he certainly knows more than all the ministry and all the opposition if their heads were laid together, and talks like an angel on a vast variety of subjects. He would really be a great man if

he had any consistency or stability of character. Then it must be owned he wants courage, otherwise he would never allow himself to be cowed by the great political bully, for whose understanding he has justly a very great contempt. I have seen him as much afraid of that overbearing Hector as ever school-boy was of his pedagogue; and yet this Hector, I shrewdly suspect, is no more than a craven at bottom. Besides this defect, C(harles) has another, which he is at too little pains to hide. There is no faith to be given to his assertions, and no trust to be put in his promises. However, to give the devil his due, he is very good-natured, and even friendly, when close urged in the way of solicitation. As for principle, that's out of the question. In a word, he is a wit and an orator extremely entertaining, and he shines very often at the expense even of those ministers to whom he is a retainer. This is a mark of great imprudence, by which he has made them all his enemies, whatever face they may put upon the matter; and sooner or later he'll have cause to wish he had been able to keep his own counsel. I have several times cautioned him on this subject, but it is all preaching to the desert. His vanity runs away with his discretion." I could not help thinking the Captain himself might have been the better for some hints of the same nature. His panegyric, excluding principle and veracity, puts me in mind of a contest I once overheard, in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women in Spring Garden. One of those viragoes having hinted something to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagonist, setting her hands in her sides, replied, "Speak out, hussy. I scorn your malice. I own I am both a whore and a thief; and what more have you to say? Damn you, what more have you to say? bating that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to say black is the white of my eye." We did not wait for Mr. T(ownshend)'s coming forth; but, after Captain C— had characterized all the originals in waiting, we adjourned to a coffee-house, where we had buttered muffins and tea to breakfast, the said Captain still favouring us with his company. Nay, my uncle was so diverted with his anecdotes that he asked him to dinner, and treated him with a fine turbot, to which he did ample justice. That same evening I spent at the tavern with some friends, one of whom let me into C—'s character, which Mr. Bramble no sooner understood than he expressed some concern for the connexion he had made, and resolved to disengage himself from it without ceremony.

We are become members of the society for the encouragement of the arts, and have assisted at some of their deliberations, which were conducted with equal spirit and sagacity. My uncle is extremely fond of the institution, which will certainly be productive of great advantages to the public, if, from its democratical form, it does not degenerate into cabal and corruption. You are already acquainted with his aversion to the influence of the multitude, which he affirms is incompatible with excellence and subversive of order. Indeed, his detestation of the mob has been heightened by fear ever since he fainted in the room at Bath. And this apprehension has prevented him from going to the little theatre in the Haymarket, and other places of entertainment, to which, however, I have had the honour to attend the ladies.

It grates old Squaretoes to reflect that it is not in his power to enjoy even the most elegant diversions of the capital without the participation of the vulgar, for they now thrust themselves into all assemblies, from a ridotto at St. James's to a hop at Rotherhithe.

I have lately seen our old acquaintance Dick Ivy, who we imagined had died of dram-drinking; but he is lately emerged from the Fleet, by means of a pamphlet which he wrote and published against the Government with some success. The sale of this performance enabled him to appear in clean linen, and he is now going about soliciting subscriptions for his poems; but his breeches are not yet in the most decent order.

Dick certainly deserves some countenance for his intrepidity and perseverance. It is not in the power of disappointment, nor even of damnation, to drive him to despair. After some unsuccessful essays in the way of poetry, he commenced brandy-merchant, and I believe his whole stock ran out through his own bowels; then he consorted with a milk-woman who kept a cellar in Petty France. But he could not make his quarters good; he was dislodged and driven upstairs into the kennel by a corporal in the second regiment of foot-guards. He was afterwards the laureate of Blackfriars, from whence there was a natural transition to the Fleet. As he had formerly miscarried in panegyric, he now turned his thoughts to satire, and really seems to have some talent for abuse. If he can hold out till the meeting of Parliament, and be prepared for another charge, in all probability Dick will mount the pillory, or obtain a pension, in either of which events his fortune will be made. Meanwhile he has acquired some degree of consideration with the respectable writers of the age; and as I have subscribed for his works, he did me the favour t'other night to introduce me to a society of those genuises, but I found them exceedingly formal and reserved. They seemed afraid and jealous of one another, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by its own electrified atmosphere. Dick, who has more vivacity than judgment, tried more than once to enliven the conversation: sometimes making an effort at wit, sometimes letting off a pun, and sometimes discharging a conundrum; nay, at length he started a dispute upon the hackneyed comparison betwixt blank verse and rhyme, and the professors opened with great clamour; but, instead of keeping to the subject, they launched out into tedious dissertations on the poetry of the ancients; and one of them, who had been a schoolmaster, displayed his whole knowledge of prosody, gleaned from Despauter and Ruddiman. At last I ventured to say I did not see how the subject in question could be at all elucidated by the practice of the ancients, who certainly had neither blank verse nor rhyme in their poems, which were measured by feet, whereas ours are reckoned by the number of syllables. This remark seemed to give umbrage to the pedant, who forthwith involved himself in a cloud of Greek and Latin quotations, which nobody attempted to dispel. A confused hum of insipid observations and comments ensued; and, upon the whole, I never passed a duller evening in my life. Yet, without all doubt, some of them were men of learning, wit, and ingenuity. As they are afraid of making free with one another, they should bring each his butt, or whetstone, along with him for the entertainment of the company. My uncle says he never desires to meet with more than one wit at a time. One wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish; but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage. And now I'm afraid I have given you an unconscionable mess without any flavour at all, for which I suppose

you will bestow your benedictions upon your friend and servant, J. MELFORD.

London, June 5.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—Your fable of the Monkey and the Pig is what the Italians call *ben trovata*. But I shall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin-skinned, and, for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket. A right Scotchman has always two strings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*. Certain it is, I have not 'scaped a scouring; but, I believe, by means of that scouring, I have 'scaped something worse, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatism, for my appetite began to flag, and I had certain croakings in the bowels which boded me no good. Nay, I am not yet quite free of these remembrancers, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection.

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs must those people have, who really prefer the adulterated enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? Most people, I know, are originally seduced by vanity, ambition, and childish curiosity, which cannot be gratified but in the *busy haunts of men*. But in the course of this gratification their very organs of sense are perverted, and they become habitually lost to every relish of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I state the difference between my town grievances and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elastic, salutary air. I enjoy refreshing sleep, which is never disturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted but in a morning, by the sweet twitter of the martlet at my window. I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beverage, home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cider, which my own orchard affords, or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend; my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is in a great measure furnished from my own ground; my five-year-old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry, from the barn-door, that never knew confinement but when they were at roost; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks, and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken. My salads, roots, and pot-herbs my own garden yields in plenty and perfection, the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my dessert is every day fresh gathered from the tree, my dairy flows with nectareous tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs, that are destined for hams and bacon. I go to bed betimes, and rise with the sun. I make shift to pass the hours without weariness or regret, and am not destitute of amusements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad. I read and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or backgammon. Without doors I superintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unspeakable delight. Nor do I take less pleasure in seeing my tenants thrive under my auspices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide. You know I have one or two sensible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a blessing which, perhaps, I might have sought in vain among the crowded scenes of life. There are a few others of more humble parts, whom I esteem for their integrity; and their conversation I find inoffensive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midst of honest men and trusty dependants, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person. You yourself, my dear doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

Now, mark the contrast at London. I am pent up in frowsy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat, and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would undoubtedly produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture. But even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid sallow looks that distinguish the inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country life. I go to bed after midnight, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day. I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchmen bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows, who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rustics bellowing green peas under my window. If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcasses of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation extolled by the Londoners as the finest water in the universe. As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared, from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or the baker is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The

same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villanous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricassee of kidskin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers' meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees, and sauces of all kinds—so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps you will hardly believe that they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true. Indeed, without this improvement in the colour they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dunghills from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and asparagus in the country are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent Garden, as my heath mutton is to that of St. James's market, which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowsy. As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horse-flesh and distillers' grains, and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops in consequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fish I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy, fourscore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach, even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of *fresh* mackerel, selling by retail. This is not the season for oysters; nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention that the right Colchester are kept in slime pots, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water. Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise; consequently they must be firm in flesh and delicious in flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It must be owned that Covent Garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of overgrown fortune, at an exorbitant price; so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community—and that is distributed by such filthy hands as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday that I saw a dirty barrow-hunter in the street cleaning her dusty fruit with her own spittle; and who knows but some fine lady of St. James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy, and perhaps ulcerated, chops of a St. Giles's huckster. I need not dwell upon the pallid contaminated mash which they call strawberries, soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets crusted with dirt; and then presented with the worst milk, thickened with the worst flour, into a bad likeness of cream. But the milk itself should not pass unanalysed—the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the streets in open pails, exposed to foul rinsings discharged from doors and windows, spittle, snot, and tobacco-quids from foot-passengers, overflowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's sake, the spewings of infants who have slabbered in the tin measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer; and finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the nasty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the respectable denomination of milk-maid.

I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties with table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous, much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen stuff; and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland. Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty, and that every man ought to live in his own way without restraint. Nay, as there is not sense enough left among them to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will undoubtedly put up with many inconveniences for the sake of enjoying agreeable society. A facetious friend of mine used to say the wine could not be bad where the company was agreeable; a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano salis*. But what is the society of London, that I should be tempted for its sake to mortify my senses, and compound with such uncleanness as my soul abhors? All the people I see are too much engrossed by schemes of interest or ambition to have any room left for sentiment or friendship. Even in some of my old acquaintance, those schemes and pursuits have obliterated all traces of our former connexion. Conversation is reduced to party disputes and illiberal altercation—social commerce to formal visits and card-playing. If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuse yourself with his oddities. He is generally a Tartar at bottom—a sharper, a spy, or a lunatic. Every person you deal with endeavours to overreach you in the way of business. You are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phrase of borrowing, and live upon the spoils of the stranger. Your tradesmen are without conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependants without fidelity.

My letter would swell into a treatise were I to particularize every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my aversion to this and every other crowded city. Thank Heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy. From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.

I have agreed for a good travelling coach and four, at a guinea a day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the north, hoping still to be with you by the latter end of October. I shall continue to write

from every stage where we make any considerable halt, as often as anything occurs which I think can afford you the least amusement. In the meantime I must beg you will superintend the economy of Barnes, with respect to my hay and corn harvests; assured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own. On any other terms I should be ashamed to subscribe myself your invariable friend,

London, June 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of Grubs must be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S(mollett), whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though, as Ivy told me, the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction; when spoken to, he always answered from the purpose—sometimes he suddenly started up and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a-laughing—then he folded his arms and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear—"The gentleman," said he, "is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy." "'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever," observed a person in a tarnished laced coat; "aff-ffected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-nine-teen out of t-wenty"—"And affected stuttering for humour," replied our landlord; "though, God knows, there is no affinity between them." It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S(mollett), because he looked and talked, and eat and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice:—Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S(mollett), at last gave him to understand by a third person that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that, if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to the press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S(mollett) replied that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S(mollett), by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S(mollett)'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend, Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, understrappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialogues

were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, that there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but in the meantime he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an ale-house on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship*, with such solemnity that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potato ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled *The Balance of the English Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and in particular his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage who laboured under the ἀγροφοβία, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though in fact he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever ate.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time, with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S(mollett) give a short separate audience to every individual, in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason that this midwife of the Muses used to exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance, in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him he was not so unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea Court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him, respecting the expense of publishing his last Ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the Methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good-humour, saying he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the meantime, he proposed that Mr. Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play.

Everything being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and in the second round Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further, but in a twinkling disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high road. The spectators immediately began to halloo, "Stole away!" and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back again into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which indeed hardly deserved that name, "Pray," said he, "Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf-skin?" "Calf-skin or cow-skin," replied the other, "I'll find a slip of sheep-skin that will do his business. I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy; I am out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, cost me thirty shillings, as per receipt. But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation. I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr. S(mollett). I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr. S(mollett) said nothing at present, but ac-

commodated him with a pair of shoes; then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum-punch, which seemed in a great measure to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all," said our landlord, "this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet, when considered as an effort of invention. Tim being, I suppose, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes; knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my pony for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and, even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs, instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance; but next day Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the pony. This gentleman gave me to understand that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid. I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour; but Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted. Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes," said he, "and half-a-guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I sha'n't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept was the place of his lodgings; but he believed that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk, or indulged himself, in fresco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church. —"Pox on him!" cried the bookseller, "he might as well have taken my whip and spurs—in that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S(mollett), with proper acknowledgment of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of this connexion betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect:—"One would imagine S(mollett) had some view to his own interests in giving countenance and assistance to those people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers; but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed; for if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the meantime. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day (myself excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a spunging-house, and afterwards paid the debt—another he translated into his family and clothed, when he was turned out half-naked from gaol, in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors—a third, who was reduced to a woollen nightcap, and lived upon sheep's-trotters, up three pair of stairs backward in Butcher-row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriffs' officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an ale-house in West Smithfield, and, in the character of S(mollett), had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoke disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I observed that all this appearance of liberality on the side of Mr. S(mollett) was easily accounted for, on the supposition that they flattered him in private and engaged his adversaries in public; and yet I was astonished, when I recollected that I often had seen this writer virulently abused in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence. "But you will be more astonished," said he, "when I assure you those very guests, whom you saw at his table to-day, were the authors of great part of that abuse; and he himself is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another." "But this is doing the devil's work for nothing," cried I. "What should induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?" "Envy," answered Dick, "is the general incitement; but they are

galled by an additional scourge of provocation. S(mollett) directs a literary journal, in which their productions are necessarily brought to trial; and though many of them have been treated with such lenity and favour as they little deserved, yet the slightest censure, such as, perhaps, could not be avoided with any pretensions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of those authors to such a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he assumed this office, became his enemies, either professed or in petto, except those of his friends who knew they had nothing to fear from his strictures; and he must be a wiser man than me, who can tell what advantage or satisfaction he derives from having brought such a nest of hornets about his ears."

I owned that was a point which might deserve consideration; but still I expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant. He said he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; that, indeed, this preference was not so much owing to a want of discernment as to want of resolution; for he had not fortitude enough to resist the importunity even of the most worthless; and as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it so easily; that his pride was gratified in seeing himself courted by such a number of literary dependants; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expose and traduce one another; and finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the transactions of Grub-street, which he had some thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help suspecting, from Dick's discourse, that he had some particular grudge against S(mollett), upon whose conduct he had put the worst construction it would bear; and, by dint of cross-examination, I found he was not at all satisfied with the character which had been given in the Review of his last performance, though it had been treated civilly, in consequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S(mollett) is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is anything overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition.

I have dwelt so long upon authors that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enrol myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter at a guinea a sheet, for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Psalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish. I think Guy, who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, or workhouse within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, from the refuse of every other profession.

I know not whether you will find any amusement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whose constitution had, I own, greatly interested the curiosity of yours,

J. MELFORD.

London, June 10.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,—There is something on my spirits, which I should not venture to communicate by the post; but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I seize it eagerly, to disburthen my poor heart, which is oppressed with fear and vexation. O Letty! what a miserable situation it is to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counsel and consolation in distress! I hinted in my last that one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities. I can no longer mistake his meaning. He has formally professed himself my admirer; and, after a thousand assiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addresses, he had recourse to the mediation of Lady Griskin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf. But, my dear Willis, her ladyship overacts her part—she not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great connexions, and the unblemished character of Mr. Barton, but she takes the trouble to catechise me, and, two days ago, peremptorily told me that a girl of my age could not possibly resist so many considerations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This insinuation threw me into such a flutter that she could not but observe my disorder; and, presuming upon the discovery, insisted upon my making her the confidant of my passion. But, although I had not such command of myself as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not such a child as to disclose its secrets to a person who would certainly use them to its prejudice. I told her it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a subject of conversation so unsuitable to my years and inexperience. That I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no concessions in his favour. She shook her head with an air of distrust that made me tremble, and observed that, if my affections were free, they would submit to the decision of prudence, especially when enforced by the authority of those who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a design to interest my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's passion; and I am sadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yesterday, in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the park, and stopping in our return at a toy-shop, he presented her with a very fine snuff-box, and me with a gold étuis, which I resolutely refused, till she commanded me to accept of it on pain of her displeasure. Nevertheless, being still unsatisfied with respect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I signified my doubts to my brother, who said he would consult my uncle on the subject, and seemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his presents.

What will be the result of this consultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his passion, and solicit their consent to a connexion which my soul abhors; for, my

dearest Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderness. Not that there is anything disagreeable about his person; but there is a total want of that nameless charm which captivates and controls the enchanted spirit—at least he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can possess, they would be excited in vain against that constancy which, I flatter myself, is the characteristic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in fresh troubles, and I believe I shall, from the importunities of this gentleman, and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much disturbed by one that visited me last night. I thought I was in a church, where a certain person, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I stood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without shoes or stockings. Now I know there is nothing so childish as to be moved by those vain illusions; but nevertheless, in spite of all my reason, this hath made a strong impression upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more substantial cause of affliction. I have some religious scruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conscience. I was persuaded to go to the tabernacle, where I heard a discourse that affected me deeply. I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not sensible of these inward motions, these operations of grace, which are the signs of a regenerated spirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehensions about the state of my poor soul. Some of our family have had very uncommon accessions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes speak as if they were really inspired; so that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which, indeed, I would willingly resign, if it was in my power; but, to make this sacrifice, I must be enabled by such assistance from above as hath not yet been indulged to your unfortunate friend, LYDIA MELFORD.

June 10.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The moment I received your letter I began to execute your commission. With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty. The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me; but he denied the charge with great confidence, till I told him that if he would give up the watch, which was a family-piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way at his leisure; but, if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages; and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance. So much for business.

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren as they certainly are of incident and importance; because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to see a carriage belonging to a coachmaker in our neighbourhood. Turning down a narrow lane behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door, which it seems opened into a kind of Methodist meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace. But if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was Lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion, but old Squaretoes was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down with such an air of authority, as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, Lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotions, saying he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any farther notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at anything she had done. "I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character. If, in fact, as I rather believe, your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine—" Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that, if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand, with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing anything that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up-stairs, and spoke to him in these words:—"Since you are called upon by the Spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service." "I hope," said Humphry, "I have not failed in my duty

to your honour; I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me; but having an inward admonition of the Spirit—" "Admonition of the devil!" cried the squire, in a passion; "what admonition, you blockhead? What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace," said his master, "I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper storey—in a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir!" cried Humphry, "the light of reason is no more in comparison to the light I mean than a farthing candle to the sun at noon." "Very true," said my uncle, "the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain. Hark ye, Clinker, you are either a hypocritical knave or a wrong-headed enthusiast, and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely the better for yourself and the community. In that case some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-o'-the-wisp from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy, and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair." "Which the Lord, of His infinite mercy, forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honour says I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore I beseech your honour, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery."

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of Methodism; but Mrs. Tabitha took offence at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly-mindedness; she upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience' sake; she observed, that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look; then turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says. If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of Methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labour." "I would not willingly give offence to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry; "her ladyship has been very good to me ever since we came to London, and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises, and both she and Lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims; but, at the same time, I am bound to love and obey your honour. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with a gentleman of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison to your honour, therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner Lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W(hitfield)'s preaching; that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention; that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griskin. Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister; that, on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the Spirit, and that he had assisted in Lady Griskin's and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary; that this supposition would account for their endeavours to convert him to Methodism; an event which would occasion a connexion of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand that Barton was pre-engaged; that he had the day before made a present of an étuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuff-box at the same time; that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objection to his alliance; that I thanked him for the honour he had intended our family, but told him it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life; that he assured me he should never think of availing

himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject; and, if her reluctance was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth. "Liddy is not so desperate," said he, "as to worship fortune at such an expense." I take it for granted this whole affair will end in smoke, though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who sat with all the sullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit to Liddy, and therefore I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's disappointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person. The particulars of the denouement you shall know in due season. Meanwhile I am, always yours, J. MELFORD.

London, June 10.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—The deceitful calm was of short duration. I am plunged again in a sea of vexation, and the complaints in my stomach and bowels are returned, so that I suppose I shall be disabled from prosecuting the excursion I had planned. What the devil had I to do to come plague-hunting with a leash of females in my train? Yesterday my precious sister, who, by the bye, had been for some time a professed Methodist, came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and desired an audience with a very stately air. "Brother," said she, "this gentleman has something to propose, which I flatter myself will be the more acceptable, as it will rid you of a troublesome companion." Then Mr. Barton proceeded to this effect—"I am indeed extremely ambitious of being allied to your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope you will see no cause to interpose your authority—" "As for authority," said Tabby, interrupting him with some warmth, "I know of none that he has a right to use on this occasion; if I pay him the compliment of making him acquainted with the step I intend to take, it is all he can expect in reason; this is as much as I believe he would do by me if he intended to change his own situation in life; in a word, brother, I am so sensible of Mr. Barton's extraordinary merit, that I have been prevailed upon to alter my resolution of living a single life, and to put my happiness in his hands, by vesting him with a legal title to my person and fortune such as they are. The business at present is to have the writings drawn, and I shall be obliged to you if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpose—"

You may guess what an effect this overture had upon me, who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his passion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in silent astonishment, alternately at Tabby and her supposed admirer, which last hung his head in the most awkward confusion for a few minutes, and then retired, on pretence of being suddenly seized with a vertigo. Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have him make use of a bed in the house; but he insisted upon going home that he might have recourse to some drops, which he kept for such emergencies, and his inamorata acquiesced. In the meantime I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure, though I suspected the truth, and did not know in what manner to demean myself towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jerry came in and told me he had just seen Mr. Barton alight from his chariot at Lady Griskin's door. This incident seemed to threaten a visit from her ladyship, with which we were honoured, accordingly, in less than half-an-hour. "I find," said she, "there has been a match of cross purposes among you good folks, and I'm come to set you to rights." So saying she presented me with the following billet:—

"DEAR SIR,—I no sooner recollected myself from the extreme confusion I was thrown into by that unlucky mistake of your sister, than I thought it my duty to assure you that my devoirs to Mrs. Bramble never exceeded the bounds of ordinary civility, and that my heart is unalterably fixed upon Miss Liddy Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother when he questioned me upon that subject. Lady Griskin has been so good as to charge herself not only with the delivery of this note, but also with the task of undeceiving Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the most profound respect and veneration, though my affection being otherwise engaged, is no longer in the power of, sir, your very humble servant,

"RALPH BARTON."

Having cast my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyship that I would no longer retard the friendly office she had undertaken, and I and Jerry forthwith retired into another room. There we soon perceived the conversation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies, and at length could distinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting with any regard to decorum. When we entered the scene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the disputants, and stood trembling betwixt them, as if she had been afraid they would have proceeded to something more practical than words. Lady Griskin's face was like the full moon in a storm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentous; while Tabby looked grim and ghastly, with an aspect breathing discord and dismay. Our appearance put a stop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyship, turning to me, "Cousin," said she, "I can't help saying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady for the pains I have taken to serve her family." "My family is much obliged to your ladyship," cried Tabby, with a kind of hysterical giggle, "but we have no right to the good offices of such an honourable go-between." "But for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha Bramble," resumed the other, "I shall be content with the reflection that virtue is its own reward; and it shall not be my fault if you continue to make yourself ridiculous. Mr. Bramble, who has no little interest of his own to serve, will no doubt contribute all in his power to promote a match betwixt Mr. Barton and his niece, which will be equally honourable and advantageous; and I daresay Miss Liddy herself will have no objection to a measure so well calculated to make her happy in life." "I beg your ladyship's pardon," exclaimed Liddy, with great vivacity, "I have nothing but misery to expect

from such a measure, and I hope my guardians will have too much compassion to barter my peace of mind for any consideration of interest or fortune." "Upon my word, Miss Liddy!" said she, "you have profited by the example of your good aunt; I comprehend your meaning, and will explain it when I have a proper opportunity; in the meantime I shall take my leave.—Madam, your most obedient and devoted humble servant," said she, advancing close up to my sister, and curtseying so low, that I thought she intended to squat herself down on the floor. This salutation Tabby returned with equal solemnity; and the expression of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad subject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth, if any such should ever appear again in these times of dulness and degeneracy.

Jerry accompanied her ladyship to her house, that he might have an opportunity to restore the étuis to Barton, and advise him to give up his suit, which was so disagreeable to his sister, against whom, however, he returned much irritated. Lady Griskin had assured him that Liddy's heart was pre-occupied, and immediately the idea of Wilson recurring to his imagination, his family pride took the alarm. He denounced vengeance against that adventurer, and was disposed to be very peremptory with his sister; but I desired he would suppress his resentment until I should have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earnestly pressed her on this head, owned, with a flood of tears, that Wilson had actually come to the Hot Well at Bristol, and even introduced himself into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar, but that nothing had passed betwixt them, further than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind; that he had disappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my sister's maid to deliver a letter, which, however, she refused to receive, though she had consented to carry a message, importing that he was a gentleman of a good family, and that in a very little time he would avow his passion in that character. She confessed that, although he had not kept his word in this particular, he was not yet altogether indifferent to her affection, but solemnly promised she would never carry on any correspondence with him, or any other admirer for the future, without the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration she made her own peace with Jerry; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incensed against Wilson, whom he now considers as an impostor that harbours some infamous design upon the honour of his family. As for Barton, he was not a little mortified to find his present returned, and his addresses so unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by such disappointments; and I know not whether he is not as well pleased with being discarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permission to prosecute his pretensions, at the risk of being every day exposed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be slighted with impunity. I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from Justice Buzzard to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman. This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked and obtained permission. Her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the Justice in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected. Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief-takers; and, at a little distance, a thick squat fellow, a postillion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a post-chaise which he, the postillion, drove. This deposition was sufficient to justify his commitment, and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jerry accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villanous in his aspect; which, begging their pardon, is the very picture of simplicity; and the Justice himself put a very unfavourable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent, and in this persuasion I can do no less than use my utmost endeavours that he may not be oppressed. I shall to-morrow send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner; that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf. Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin. I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the Justice's parlour, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay at London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find anything in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend,

London, June 12. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage. Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion, with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison. A postillion

having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to gaol, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risk of being hanged. Upon his examination he answered with such hesitation and reserve, as persuaded most of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave; and the Justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favour the culprit. He was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted that he was a student in one of the inns of court. He freely checked the Justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his simplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so." "No," cried he, "God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin." "What, then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master. "No, sure," said he; "blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the Justice interposed, observing that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The templar affirmed that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the Justice to discharge him as a lunatic. "You know very well," added he, "that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner."

The thief-takers grinned at one another, and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied, with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine." In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney-coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks' confinement. He said his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?" "We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions," said he; "but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction; and as for this young man, the Justice could do no less than commit him, as the postillion swore point blank to his identity." "So, if this rascally postillion should persist in the falsity to which he has sworn," said I, "this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The constable observed that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi*; or perhaps Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact, in which case he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind, so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about. Then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! If it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprise that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance, the constable, who was himself a thief-taker, gave me to understand that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready-money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner that, after the action, it was impossible to recognise either the one or the other. "This great man," said he, "has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with, that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but for all that his race is almost run. He is now fluttering about justice like a moth about a candle. There are so many lime-twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for a subsistence? It seems he lived some time as a clerk to a timber merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, he was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon success. He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher-general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence. The Justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part. Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honour to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely,

an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually, that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity of equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness as by his own misfortune. When I assured him that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the meantime, he fell down upon his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O squire," cried he, sobbing, "what shall I say?—I can't—no, I can't speak —my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor.

I protest the scene became so pathetic that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time Lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen, and when we inquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him," said he; "here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place. Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined—we ha'n't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish—the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion. For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil. Two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by *habeas corpus*, or otherwise, I'll be damned if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls—we sha'n't have a soul to credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman,—damn my eyes! there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart —we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the gaoler's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our housemaid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw anything so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervour, on the torments of hell, denounced in Scripture against evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins, formed a group that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, disdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a sixth, derision; and in a seventh, indignation. As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow; but whether for her own sins or the misfortune of Clinker I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The gaoler's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying she wished from her heart there was such another good soul like him in every gaol in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man. But Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to Methodism. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honour of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor souls; and that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reinforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-servants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of Justice Buzzard, who having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial. So that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and indeed the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the squire in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honourable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that, having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him that he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in Court a person whose deposition would bring him off as clear as the sun at noon. Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself! He said the postillion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the Justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next gaol delivery. He affirmed that all these circumstances were well known to the Justice; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private as an acknowledgment of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be discussed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from yours, J. MELFORD.

London, June 11.

To DR. LEWIS.

THANK Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are dispersed, and I have now the clearest prospect of my summer campaign, which, I hope, I shall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counsel with respect to the case of Clinker, in whose favour a lucky incident has intervened. The fellow who accused him has had his own battery turned upon himself. Two days ago he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed on the evidence of an accomplice. Clinker having moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, was brought before the Lord Chief Justice, who, in consequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the said Clinker was not the person who stopped him on the highway, as well as in consideration of the postillion's character and present circumstances, was pleased to order that my servant should be admitted to bail; and he has been discharged accordingly, to the unspeakable satisfaction of our whole family, to which he has recommended himself in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and singing psalms, which he has exercised with such effect, that even Tabby respects him as a chosen vessel. If there was anything like affectation or hypocrisy in this excess of religion, I would not keep him in my service; but so far as I can observe, the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm, which renders him very susceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horseman, and understands farriery, I have bought a stout gelding for his use, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in case the coachman should not mind his business. My nephew, who is to ride his own saddle horse, has taken upon trial a servant just come from abroad with his former master, Sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honesty. The fellow, whose name is Dutton, seems to be a *petit maître*. He has got a smattering of French, bows, grins, and shrugs, and takes snuff *à la mode de France*, but values himself chiefly upon his skill and dexterity in hairdressing. If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all respects, the very contrast of Humphry Clinker.

My sister has made up matters with Lady Griskin, though, I must own, I should not have been sorry to see that connexion entirely destroyed; but Tabby is not of a disposition to forgive Barton, who, I understand, is gone to his seat in Berkshire for the summer season. I cannot help suspecting that, in the treaty of peace which has been lately ratified betwixt those two females, it is stipulated that her ladyship shall use her best endeavours to provide an agreeable helpmate for our sister Tabitha, who seems to be quite desperate in her matrimonial designs. Perhaps the match-maker is to have a valuable consideration in the way of brokerage, which she will most certainly deserve, if she can find any man in his senses who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affection or interest.

I find my spirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to say, everything that discomposes my mind produces a correspondent disorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by those considerations that dissipate the clouds of mental chagrin. The imprisonment of Clinker brought on those symptoms which I mentioned in my last, and now they are vanished at his discharge. It must be owned, indeed, I took some of the tincture of ginseng, prepared according to your prescription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the stomach; but the pain and sickness continued to return, after short intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myself perfectly at ease. We have had fair weather these ten days, to the astonishment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the same indulgence in Wales, I hope Barnes has got my hay made, and safe cocked by this time. As we shall be in motion for some weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as usual; but I shall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in case it should be necessary to communicate anything to, your assured friend, MATT. BRAMBLE.

London, June 14.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall, etc.*

DEAR MARY,—Having the occasion of my cousin Jenkins of Aberga'ny, I send you, as a token, a turkeyshell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a sarment upon the nothingness of good works, which was preached in the tabernacle; and you will also receive a hornbuck for Saul, whereby she may learn her letters; for I am much consarned about the state of her poor sole—and what are all the pursuits of this life to the consarns of that immortal part? What is life but a veil of affliction? O Mary! the whole family have been in such a constipation! Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him. His virtue is like pour gould, seven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a robbery, and had before Gustass Busshard, who made his mittamouse; and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the false oaf of a willian, that wanted to sware his life away for the looker of cain.

The squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he stud like an innocent sheep in the midst of wolves and tygers. Lord knows what mought have happened to this pyehouse young man, if master had not applied to Appias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they say, five hundred years ould (God bless us!), and a congeror; but, if he be, sure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwise he wouldn't have sought out Mr. Clinker, as he did, in spite of stone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command; for Ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is indeed a very powerful labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than use the words of my good lady, who has got the ineffectual calling;

and I trust, that even myself, though unworthy, shall find grease to be accepted. Miss Liddy has been touched to the quick, but is a little timorsome; howmsoever, I make no doubt but she and all of us will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce blessed fruit of generation and repentance. As for master, and the young squire, they have as yet had narro glimpse of the new light. I doubt as how their hearts are hardened by worldly wisdom, which, as the pyebill saith, is foolishness in the sight of God.

O Mary Jones, pray without seizing for grease to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful instrument, which, I hope, will be exercised this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall. To-morrow we are to set out in a cox and four for Yorkshire; and, I believe, we shall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I shan't go so far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her humble sarvant,

London, June 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Housekeeper at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. GWYLLIM,—I can't help thinking it very strange, that I never had an answer to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago from Bath, concerning the sour bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be wasted. We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well managed in our absence; for, you know, you must render accunt, not only to your earthly master, but also to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithful sarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty stun of cheese ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl spun as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the savings of the buttermilk will fetch me a good penny before Martinmas, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with birch-mast and acrous.

I wrote to Doctor Lewis for the same porpuss, but he never had the good manners to take the least notice of my letter; for which reason I shall never favour him with another, though he beshits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchful eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amissories, and, I believe, no better than he should be at bottom. God forbid that I should lack Christian charity; but charity begins at huom, and sure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of such vermin. I do suppose that the brindled cow has been had to the parson's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick has become a mighty mouser. Pray order every thing for the best, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour. If I had a private opportunity, I would send them some hymns to sing instead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you must be contented with the prayers of your assured friend, T. BRAMBLE.

London, June 14.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty. As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society; who, resenting his presumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postillion being upon record as an old offender, the Chief-Justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honest Humphry was discharged. When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion. He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words. "Clinker," said he, "I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life-guardman on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung across his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself a-horseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I had taken upon trial. The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding dress, jack boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes, so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postillions stopped the carriage, and gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows a-horseback, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood; and, unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert. At this instant, who should come up, at a hand gallop, but Martin the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance, fled across the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would

give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck, Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much struck with its singularity. He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies had they known the real profession of our guest; but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself. Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address and agreeable conversation she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosted me in the yard, asked with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company? I understood his meaning, but answered *No;* that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen. He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say, he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chesnut gelding, with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post-chaises this very morning. I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he answered, that *he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin, with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me in very polite terms, and turned off upon a cross-road that led to a village on the left. At supper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr. Martin's good sense and good breeding, and seemed to regret that she had not a farther opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little surprised to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in these words:—

"SIR,—I could easily perceive from your looks when I had the honour to converse with you at Hatfield, that my character is not unknown to you; and I dare say you won't think it strange, that I should be glad to change my present way of life for any other honest occupation, let it be ever so humble, that will afford me bread in moderation, and sleep in safety. Perhaps you may think I flatter, when I say that, from the moment I was witness to your generous concern in the cause of your servant, I conceived a particular esteem and veneration for your person; and yet what I say is true. I should think myself happy, if I could be admitted into your protection and service, as house-steward, clerk, butler, or bailiff, for either of which places I think myself tolerably well qualified; and sure I am I should not be found deficient in gratitude and fidelity. At the same time, I am very sensible how much you deviate from the common maxims of discretion, even by putting my professions to the trial; but I don't look upon you as a person that thinks in the ordinary style; and the delicacy of my situation will, I know, justify this address to a heart warmed with beneficence and compassion. Understanding you are going pretty far north, I shall take an opportunity to throw myself in your way again before you reach the borders of Scotland; and I hope, by that time, you will have taken into consideration the truly distressful case of, honoured sir, your very humble and devoted servant, EDWARD MARTIN."

The squire, having perused this letter, put it into my hand, without saying a syllable; and when I had read it, we looked at each other in silence. From a certain sparkling in his eyes, I discovered there was more in his heart than he cared to express with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was precisely my own feeling, which he did not fail to discern, by the same means of communication. "What shall we do," said he, "to save this poor sinner from the gallows, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth? and yet the proverb says, 'Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat.'" I told him I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I should heartily concur in any step he might take in favour of his solicitation. We mutually resolved to deliberate upon the subject, and in the meantime proceeded on our journey. The roads having been broke up by the heavy rains in the spring, were so rough that, although we travelled very slowly, the jolting occasioned such pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peevish when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the post-road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Harrowgate water, so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge at some distance, in five separate inns, situated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in dishabille, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or choose to come in. Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness. The ladies treat with tea in their turns, and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition. There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrowgate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six; and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodation won't admit of much increase.

At present, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental assemblage of persons who are utter strangers to one another. There seems to be a general disposition among us to maintain good-fellowship, and pro-

mote the purposes of humanity, in favour of those who come thither on the score of health. I see several faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of these waters. In such a variety there must be some originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the most inconsiderable. No place, where there is such an intercourse between the sexes, can be disagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament. She has had some warm disputes at table with a lame parson from Northumberland on the new birth and the insignificance of moral virtue; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tie-periwig, who, though he has lost his teeth, and the use of his limbs, can still wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her such fulsome compliments upon her piety and learning as seem to have won her heart; and she, in her turn, treats him with such attention as indicates a design upon his person; but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any snare that she can lay for his affection.

We do not propose to stay long at Harrowgate, though at present it is our headquarters, from whence we shall make some excursions to visit two or three of our rich relations, who are settled in this county. Pray remember me to all our friends of Jesus, and allow me to be still yours affectionately, J. MELFORD.

Harrowgate, June 23.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Considering the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country constitute a most intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Wetherby, I have suffered more from jolting and swinging than ever I felt in the whole course of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the postillions were very careful in driving. I am now safely housed at the New Inn at Harrowgate, whither I came to satisfy my curiosity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and truly, after having considered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourse of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which seems to be the character of our nation.

Harrowgate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the house, and all the rest of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither space, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet square; and when the folding bed is down, there is just room sufficient to pass between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occasion for a fire at midsummer; but here the climate is so backward, that an ash tree, which our landlord has planted before my window, is just beginning to put forth its leaves; and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water which is said to have effected so many surprising cures, I have drank it once, and the first draught has cured me of all desire to repeat the medicine. Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourings of a foul gun. It is generally supposed to be strongly impregnated with sulphur; and Dr. Shaw, in his book upon Mineral Waters, says he has seen flakes of sulphur floating in the well. *Pace tanti viri*, I, for my part, have never observed anything like sulphur, either in or about the well; neither do I find that any brimstone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge water; and the saline taste of it seems to declare that it is nothing else than salt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand, while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other; and after I had made shift to swallow it my stomach could hardly retain what it had received. The only effects it produced were sickness, griping, and insurmountable disgust. I can hardly mention it without puking. The world is strangely misled by the affectation of singularity. I cannot help suspecting that this water owes its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive. On the same kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poisons, as specifics, into the *materia medica*. I am persuaded that all the cures ascribed to the Harrowgate water, would have been as efficaciously, and infinitely more agreeably, performed by the internal and external use of sea-water. Sure I am, this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extensive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago we went across the country to visit Squire Burdock, who married a first cousin of my father, an heiress, who brought him an estate of a thousand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the ministry in Parliament; and, having an opulent fortune, piques himself upon living in the country, and maintaining *old English hospitality*. By the bye, this is a phrase very much used by the English themselves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the island, except by way of irony and sarcasm. What the hospitality of our forefathers has been, I should be glad to see recorded rather in the memoirs of strangers who have visited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of such hospitality, than in the discourse and lucubrations of the modern English, who seem to describe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest at London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning.

But, to return from this digression, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make,—our Yorkshire cousin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord;* but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheless, he still keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exercised, and his huntsman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chase, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and significant. In the meantime, his broad brawn is scratched by one of his grooms. This fellow, it seems, having no inclination to curry any beast out of the stable, was at great pains to

scollop his nails in such a manner that the blood followed at every stroke. He was in hopes that he would be dismissed from this disagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectation. His master declared he was the best scratcher in the family; and now he will not suffer any other servant to draw a nail upon his carcass.

The squire's lady is very proud, without being stiff or inaccessible. She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility; but then she thinks she has a right to treat them with the most ungracious freedoms of speech, and never fails to let them know she is sensible of her own superior affluence. In a word, she speaks well of no living soul, and has not one single friend in the world. Her husband hates her mortally; but although the brute is sometimes so very powerful in him that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a school-boy, the lash of her tongue. On the other hand, she is afraid of provoking him too far, lest he should make some desperate effort to shake off her yoke. She therefore acquiesces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of an English freeholder, by saying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his disposition, or contributes to the ease of his person. The house, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable. It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profusion of victuals and drink; but mine host seems to be misplaced, and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit than feed upon venison with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more serviceable and less rapacious; but they are generally insolent and inattentive, and so greedy, that I think I can dine better and for less expense at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, than at our cousin's castle in Yorkshire. The squire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is also blessed with an only son, about two-and-twenty, just returned from Italy, a complete fiddler and *dilettante;* and he slips no opportunity of manifesting the most perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the house, on a visit to this virtuoso, with whom they had been acquainted at the spa. It was the Count de Melville with his lady on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in consequence of which both the Count and I would have retired; but the young gentleman and his mother insisted upon our staying dinner, and their serenity seemed to be so little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The squire had been brought home over night in his post-chaise, so terribly belaboured about the pate, that he seemed to be in a state of stupefaction, and had ever since remained speechless. A country apothecary called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his assistance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring that he had no fever, nor any other bad symptom, but the loss of speech, if he really had lost that faculty. But the young squire said this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio,* that there was a fracture in the *cranium,* and that there was a necessity for having him trepanned without loss of time. His mother espousing this opinion, had sent an express to York for a surgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come with his prentice and instruments. Having examined the patient's head, he began to prepare his dressings; though Grieve still retained his first opinion that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it, as the squire had passed the night in profound sleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulsion. The York surgeon said he could not tell whether there was a fracture until he should take off the scalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of service, in giving vent to any blood that might be extravasated, either above or below the *dura mater.* The lady and her son were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was dismissed with some marks of contempt, which perhaps he owed to the plainness of his appearance. He seemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any sort of dressing; by his garb, one would have taken him for a Quaker, but he had none of the stiffness of that sect; on the contrary, he was very submissive, respectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themselves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dressings and instruments were displayed in order upon a pewter dish. The operator, laying aside his coat and periwig, equipped himself with a night-cap, apron, and sleeves, while his prentice and footman, seizing the squire's head, began to place it in a proper posture. But mark what followed. The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of these assistants with the grasp of Hercules, exclaiming in a bellowing tone, "I ha'n't lived so long in Yorkshire to be trepanned by such vermin as you!" and leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the astonishment of us all. The surgeon still insisted upon the operation, alleging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and desiring the servants to put him into bed again; but nobody would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpose; when the squire turned him and his assistants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus asserted his prerogative, and put on his clothes with the help of a valet, the Count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his son, and received with his usual style of rustic civility. Then, turning to Signior Macaroni, with a sarcastic grin, "I tell thee what, Dick," said he, "a man's skull is not to be bored every time his head is broken; and I'll convince thee and thy mother that I know as many tricks as e'er an old fox in the West Riding."

We afterwards understood he had quarrelled at a public-house with an exciseman whom he challenged to a bout at single-stick, in which he had been worsted; and that the shame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, she had shown no concern for his disaster, and now heard of his recovery without emotion. She had taken some little notice of my sister and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance than out of any sentiment of regard to our family. She said Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjust her head before dinner; but she would not meddle with Tabby, whose spirit, she soon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table she acknowledged me so far as to say she had heard of my father; though she hinted that he had disobliged her family by making a poor match in Wales. She was disagreeably familiar in her inquiries about our circumstances; and asked if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law? I told her that as he had an independent fortune, he should follow no profession but that of a country gentleman; and that I was

not without hopes of procuring for him a seat in Parliament. "Pray, cousin," said she, "what may his fortune be?" When I answered that, with what I should be able to give him, he would have better than two thousand a year; she replied, with a disdainful toss of the head, that it would be impossible for him to preserve his independence on such a paltry provision.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her I had the honour to sit in Parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the House. "Ay, but times are changed," cried the squire. "Country gentlemen now-a-days live after another fashion. My table alone stands me a cool thousand a quarter, though I raise my own stock, import my own liquors, and have everything at the first hand. True it is, I keep open house, and receive all comers, for the honour of Old England." "If that be the case," said I, "'tis a wonder you can maintain it at so small an expense; but every private gentleman is not expected to keep a caravansera for the accommodation of travellers. Indeed, if every individual lived in the same style, you would not have such a number of guests at your table; of consequence your hospitality would not shine so bright for the glory of the West Riding." The young squire, tickled by this ironical observation, exclaimed, "*O che burla!*" —His mother eyed me in silence with a supercilious air; and the father of the feast, taking a bumper of October, "My service to you, cousin Bramble," said he; "I always heard there was something keen and biting in the air of the Welsh mountains."

I was much pleased with the Count de Melville, who is sensible, easy, and polite; and the Countess is the most amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers; and the young gentleman, mounting his horse, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their servants rode round to give notice to the rest, whom they had left at a public-house on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the censorious demon took possession of our Yorkshire landlady and our sister, Tabitha. The former observed that the Countess was a good sort of a body, but totally ignorant of good-breeding, consequently awkward in her address. The squire said he did not pretend to the breeding of anything but colts; but that the jade would be very handsome, if she was a little more in flesh. "Handsome!" cried Tabby, "she has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call good features in Wales," replied our landlord; "but they'll pass in Yorkshire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What say you, my pretty Redstreak?—what is your opinion of the Countess?" "I think," cried Liddy, with great emotion, "she's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with such freedom in company; and the lady of the house said, in a contemptuous tone, she supposed Miss had been brought up at a country boarding-school.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghast, exclaiming that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushed out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the stable, with pistols in the caps. We mounted instantly, ordered Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition; but, notwithstanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the Count, with his lady, safe lodged at the house of Grieve, who had signalized himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion. At the turning of a lane that led to the village where the Count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback suddenly appeared, with their pistols advanced; one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the Count's money, while the young squire went off at full speed, without ever casting a look behind. The Count desired the thief to withdraw his pistol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the least resistance; but not satisfied with this booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal insisted upon rifling her of her earrings and necklace, and the Countess screamed with affright. Her husband, exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wrested the pistol out of the fellow's hand, and, turning upon it him, snapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all probability would have killed him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition. Grieve the apothecary, chancing to pass that very instant, ran up to the coach, and, with a crabstick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the first blow; then seizing his pistol, presented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without further opposition. The other was secured by the assistance of the Count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horse, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither also the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the Countess could be kept from swooning; but at last she was happily conveyed to the house of the apothecary, who went into the shop to prepare some drops for her, while his wife and daughter administered to her in another apartment.

I found the Count standing in the kitchen with the parson of the parish, and expressing much impatience to see his protector, whom as yet he had scarce found time to thank for the essential service he had done him and the Countess. The daughter passing at the same time with a glass of water, Monsieur de Melville could not help taking notice of her figure, which was strikingly engaging. "Ay," said the parson, "she is the prettiest girl, and the best girl, in all my parish; and if I could give my son an estate of ten thousand a year, he should have my consent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. Grieve had been as solicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Christian, Fy would not have hung so long upon his hands." "What is her name?" said I. "Sixteen years ago," answered the vicar, "I christened her by the name of Serafina Melvilia." "Ha! what! how!" cried the Count eagerly, "sure you said Serafina Melvilia." "I did," said he; "Mr. Grieve told me those were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

The Count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs. Grieve, then seizing the Countess by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, "O madam!—O sir!—I am—I am your poor Elinor. This is my Serafina Melvilia. O child! these are the Count and Countess of Melville—the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The Countess, rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Serafina, and

clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who, falling on his knees before the Count, "Behold," said he, "a penitent, who at length can look upon his patron without shrinking." "Ah, Ferdinand!" cried he, raising and folding him in his arms, "the playfellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth! Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?" "Heaven has heard my prayer," said the other, "and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kissed the hand of the Countess, while Monsieur de Melville saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand Count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name, that he might elude the inquiries of the Count, whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but upon his own industry and moderation. He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence; which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile, was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment, he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement. In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business, and reunite himself to the Count's family; and as the Countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist upon Serafina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to these noble persons, we returned to the squire's, where we expected an invitation to pass the night, which was wet and raw: but it seems Squire Burdock's hospitality reached not so far for the honour of Yorkshire: we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take fast hold on my constitution, I resolved to visit another relation, one Mr. Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel, being the youngest of four sons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's Inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himself called to the bar for the honour of his family, and, soon after this preferment, succeeded to his father's estate, which was very considerable. He carried home with him all the knavish chicanery of the lowest pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchased of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he soon found means to obtain a *dedimus* as an acting justice of peace. He is not only a sordid miser in his disposition, but his avarice is mingled with a spirit of despotism, which is truly diabolical. He is a brutal husband, an unnatural parent, a harsh master, an oppressive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magistrate. Friends he has none; and, in point of hospitality and good-breeding, our cousin Burdock is a prince in comparison of this ungracious miscreant, whose house is the lively representation of a gaol. Our reception was suitable to the character I have sketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we should have been kindly treated. She is really a good sort of a woman, in spite of her low original, and well respected in the county; but she has not interest enough in her own house to command a draught of table-beer, far less to bestow any kind of education on her children, who run about like ragged colts in a state of nature. Pox on him! he is such a dirty fellow that I have not patience to prosecute the subject.

By the time we reached Harrowgate I began to be visited by certain rheumatic symptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Micklewhimmen, recommended a hot bath of these waters so earnestly, that I was over-persuaded to try the experiment. He had used it often with success, and always stayed an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrowgate water, heated for the purpose. If I could hardly bear the smell of a single tumbler when cold, you may guess how my nose was regaled by the steams arising from a hot bath of the same fluid. At night I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub smoked and stunk like the pot of Acheron in one corner, and in another stood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to sweat after coming out of the bath. My heart seemed to die within me when I entered this dismal bagnio, and found my brain assaulted by such insufferable effluvia. I cursed Micklewhimmen for not considering that my organs were formed on this side of the Tweed; but being ashamed to recoil upon the threshold, I submitted to the process.

After having endured all but real suffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed, and wrapped in blankets. There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not the least moisture appearing on my skin, I was carried to my own chamber, and passed the night without closing an eye, in such a flutter of spirits as rendered me the most miserable wretch in being. I should certainly have run distracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occasioned by that Stygian bath, had not burst the vessels, and produced a violent hemorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible disquiet. I lost two pounds of blood and more on this occasion; and find myself still weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exercise will forward my recovery; and therefore I am resolved to set out to-morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propose to brace up my fibres by sea-bathing, which I know is one of your favourite specifics. There is, however, one disease, for which you have found as yet no specific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epistle is an infallible symptom. *What*, therefore, *cannot be cured, must be endured*, by you, as well as by yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Harrowgate, June 26.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—The manner of living at Harrowgate was so agreeable to my disposition, that

I left the place with some regret. Our aunt Tabby would have probably made some objection to our departing so soon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whose heart she had been practising from the second day after our arrival. That original, though seemingly precluded from the use of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account. In short, by dint of groaning and whining, he had excited the compassion of the company so effectually that an old lady, who occupied the very best apartment in the house, gave it up for his ease and convenience. When his man led him into the long-room, all the females were immediately in commotion. One set an elbow-chair, another shook up the cushion, a third brought a stool, and a fourth, a pillow for the accommodation of his feet. Two ladies, of whom Tabby was always one, supported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taste was indulged with a succession of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profusion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the less agreeable for being delivered in the Scottish dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his respects were particularly addressed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her bias to Methodism, which he also professed upon a Calvinistical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not such an invalid as he pretended to be. I observed he ate very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *stomachic tincture*, he had recourse to it so often, and seemed to swallow it with such peculiar relish, that I suspected it was not compounded in the apothecary's shop or the chemist's laboratory. One day, while he was earnest in discourse with Mrs. Tabitha, and his servant had gone out on some occasion or other, I dexterously exchanged the labels and situation of his bottle and mine; and, having tasted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to some of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occasion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about he took hold of my bottle instead of his own, and filling a large glass, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha. It had scarce touched his lips when he perceived the change which had been put on him, and was at first a little out of countenance. He seemed to retire within himself in order to deliberate, and in half-a-minute his resolution was taken. Addressing himself to our quarter, "I give the gentleman credit for his wit," said he, "it was a gude practical joke; but sometimes *hi joci in seria ducunt mala*. I hope, for his own sake, he has na drank all the liecor; for it was a vara poorful infusion of jallap in Bordeaux wine; and it's possible he may ta'en sic a dose as will produce a terrible catastrophe in his ain booels."

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the share of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure at Harrowgate, and was, in effect, a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-guests, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly. But now his mirth gave way to his apprehension. He began to spit, to make wry faces, and writhe himself into various contortions. "Damn the stuff!" cried he, "I thought it had a villanous twang—pah! He that would cozen a Scot mun get oop betimes, and take old Scratch for his counsellor." "In troth, mester what-d'-ye-ca'-um," replied the lawyer, "your wit has run you into a filthy puddle—I'm truly consarned for your waeful case. The best advice I can give you in sic a dilemma, is to send an express to Rippon for Dr. Waugh without delay; and, in the meantime, swallow all the oil and butter you can find in the hoose, to defend your poor stomach and intastines from the villication of the particles of the jallap, which is vara violent, even when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun. He retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was swallowed, and the doctor sent for; but before he arrived the miserable patient had made such discharges upwards and downwards that nothing remained to give him farther offence. And this double evacuation was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bordeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private use. The clothier, finding the joke turn out so expensive and disagreeable, quitted the house next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any outward signs of exultation; on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had suffered, and acquired fresh credit from this show of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night which succeeded this adventure, that, the vent of the kitchen chimney being foul, the soot took fire, and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner. Everybody leaped naked out of bed, and in a minute the whole house was filled with cries and confusion. There were two stairs in the house, and to these we naturally ran; but they were both so blocked up by the people pressing upon one another, that it seemed impossible to pass without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midst of this anarchy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimbly as a buck along the passage; and Tabby, in her under petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that she might escape through his protection, he very fairly pushed her down, crying, "Na, na, gude faith, charity begins at hame!" Without paying the least respect to the shrieks and entreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midst of the crowd, overturning everything that opposed him, and actually fought his way to the bottom of the staircase. By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was assembled, and proposed that we should make our exit successively by that conveyance. The squire exhorted his sister to begin the descent; but before she could resolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a transport of terror, threw herself out of the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground, that he might receive her in her descent. This maiden was just as she had started out of bed; the moon shone very bright, and a fresh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beauties could possibly escape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whose heart was not able to withstand the united force of so many charms; at least I am much mistaken if he has not been her humble slave from that moment. He received her in his arms, and, giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, ascended again with admirable dexterity.

At that instant the landlord of the house called

out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguished, and the ladies had nothing farther to fear. This was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the shrieking ceased, and a confused sound of expostulation ensued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my sister to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away, but was soon brought to herself. Then I went to offer my service to the other ladies, who might want assistance. They were all scudding through the passage to their several apartments; and as the thoroughfare was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good observation of them in their transit; but, as most of them were naked to the smock, and all their heads shrouded in huge night-caps, I could not distinguish one face from another, though I recognised some of their voices. These were generally plaintive; some wept, some scolded, and some prayed. I lifted up one poor gentlewoman, who had been overturned and sore bruised by a multitude of feet; and this was also the case with the lame parson from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his passage overthrown, though not with impunity; for the cripple, in falling, gave him such a good pelt in the head with his crutch that the blood followed.

As for the lawyer, he waited below till the hurly-burly was over, and then stole softly to his own chamber, from which he did not venture to make a second sally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the public room by his own servant and another assistant, groaning most wofully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—the selfish brutality of his behaviour on the stairs had steeled their hearts against all his arts and address. Not a soul offered to accommodate him with a chair, cushion, or footstool; so that he was obliged to sit down on a hard wooden bench. In that position he looked around with a rueful aspect, and, bowing very low, said in a whining tone, "Your most humble servant, ladies—fire is a dreadful calamity." "Fire purifies gold, and it tries friendship," cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling. "Yea, madam," replied Micklewhimmen, "and it trieth discretion also—" "If discretion consists in forsaking a friend in adversity, you are eminently possessed of that virtue," resumed our aunt. "Na, madam," rejoined the advocate, "well I wot I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat. Ye'll please to observe, ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature; one is instinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other is reason. Noo, in certain great emergencies, when the faculty of reason is suspended, instinct taks the lead, and when this predominates, having no affinity with reason, it pays no sort of regard to its connexions; it only operates for the preservation of the individual, and that by the most expeditious and effectual means. Therefore, begging your pardon, ladies, I'm no accountable, *in foro conscientiæ*, for what I did while under the influence of this irresistible power."

Here my uncle interposed,—"I should be glad to know," said he, "whether it was instinct that prompted you to retreat with bag and baggage; for I think you had a portmanteau on your shoulder?" The lawyer answered, without hesitation, "Gif I might tell my mind freely, without incurring the suspicion of presumption, I should think it was something superior to either reason or instinct which suggested that measure, and this on a twafald account. In the first place, the portmanteau contained the writings of a worthy nobleman's estate; and their being burnt would have occasioned a loss that could not be repaired. Secondly, my good angel seems to have laid the portmantle on my shoulders, by way of defence, to sustain the violence of a most inhuman blow from the crutch of a reverend clergyman; which, even in spite of that medium, hath wounded me sorely, even unto the pericranium." "By your own doctrine," cried the parson, who chanced to be present, "I am not accountable for the blow, which was the effect of instinct." "I crave your pardon, reverend sir," said the other, "instinct never acts but for the preservation of the individual; but your preservation was out of the case. You had already received the damage, and therefore the blow must be imputed to revenge, which is a sinful passion that ill becomes any Christian, especially a Protestant divine; and let me tell you, most reverend doctor, gin I had a mind to plea, the law would hauld my libel relevant." "Why, the damage is pretty equal on both sides," cried the parson; "your head is broke, and my crutch is snapped in the middle. Now, if you will repair the one, I will be at the expense of curing the other."

This sally raised the laugh against Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave; when my uncle, in order to change the discourse, observed that instinct had been very kind to him in another respect, for it had restored to him the use of his limbs, which, in his exit, he had moved with surprising agility. He replied that it was the nature of fear to brace up the nerves, and mentioned some surprising feats of strength and activity performed by persons under the impulse of terror; but he complained that, in his own particular, the effects had ceased when the cause was taken away. The squire said he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he should dance a Scotch measure without making a false step; and the advocate, grinning, called for the piper. A fiddler being at hand, this original started up, with his bloody napkin over his black tie-periwig, and acquitted himself in such a manner as excited the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not understand the principle of instinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonstration.

From Harrowgate we came hither, by the way of York, and here we shall tarry some days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both resolved to make use of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic, from its situation along a cliff that overhangs the sea. The harbour is formed by a small elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly opposite to the town; and on that side is the castle, which stands very high, of considerable extent, and, before the invention of gunpowder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms, for the use of the company who resort to this place in the summer to drink the waters and bathe in the sea; and the diversions are pretty much on the same footing here as at Bath. The spa is a little way beyond the town, on this side, under a cliff, within a few paces of the sea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in dishabille; but the descent is by a great number of steps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utensils and attendants. You have never seen one of these machines. Image to yourself a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and, on each side, a little window above,

a bench below. The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he moves and fixes the horse to the other end. The person within, being stripped, opens the door to the seaward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water. After having bathed, he re-ascends into the apartment by the steps, which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land, so that he has nothing further to do but to open the door, and come down as he went up. Should he be so weak or ill as to require a servant to put off or on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the seaward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever. The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet; but then the machines can be used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning. For my part, I love swimming as an exercise, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus. You and I have often plunged together into the Isis, but the sea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleasure. You cannot conceive what a flow of spirits it gives, and how it braces every sinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diseases which are every day cured by sea-bathing, you might justly say you had received a treatise instead of a letter, from your affectionate friend and servant,

Scarborough, July 1. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

I HAVE not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days. From Harrowgate we came hither by the way of York, where we stayed only one day, to visit the castle, the minster, and the assembly-room. The first, which was heretofore a fortress, is now converted into a prison, and is the best in all respects I ever saw at home or abroad. It stands in a high situation, extremely well ventilated, and has a spacious area within the walls for the health and convenience of all the prisoners, except those whom it is necessary to secure in close confinement. Even these last have all the comforts that the nature of their situation can admit of. Here the assizes are held in a range of buildings erected for that purpose.

As for the minster, I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size and the height of its spire, from those other ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed that this style is Saracen rather than Gothic, and I suppose it was first imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Those British architects who adopted this style don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country possessed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship for the multitude employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool; and for this purpose nothing could be better adapted than those buildings, vast, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the sunbeams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere, but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm. For my part, I never entered the Abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I stepped over the threshold I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones. When we consider that in our churches in general we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty; and safely aver, that more bodies are lost than souls saved by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year. I should be glad to know what offence it would give to tender consciences if the house of God was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscoted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this indeed is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety or proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder. These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans, who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to prayers. They may be of farther use, however, for making observations and signals, but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous or Saracenical.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the assembly-room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of idolatry which is performed in it at present. The grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moonlight among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off in point of reputation. All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes. I am persuaded there are fifty spas in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough,

though they have not yet risen to fame, and perhaps never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying their virtues to the public view. Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wished they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.

I have here met with an old acquaintance, H(ewet)t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth. I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nickname of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelation. You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Christian religion; a dispute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonstrator. The truth is, H(ewet)t owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occasion, he was stimulated to show his parts, for the honour of his country. Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." This sally was reported to the Cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before Pope Benedict XIV., who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal, "Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed, H(ewet)t was the only Englishman I ever knew who had resolution enough to live his own way in the midst of forcigners; for, neither in dress, diet, customs, or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a giro, or circuit, which he thus performed. At Naples, where he fixed his headquarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes. There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Pisa and Florence. After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a vetturino for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his route to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation. After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome. He came hither to Scarborough to pay his respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M(arquis) of G(ranby,) and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian superstition. He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time, he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was, by mistake, put on board of another vessel under sail, and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound to Petersburgh. "Petersburgh—Petersburgh," said he; "I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith struck a bargain with the captain, bought a couple of shirts of the mate, and was safe conveyed to the Court of Muscovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn. He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the same nature; and I will hold any wager that, as he cannot be supposed to live much longer, according to the course of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant.[1]

But, to return from one humourist to another. You must know I have received benefit both from the chalybeate and the sea, and would have used them longer, had not a most ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, oblige me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a spectacle to the multitude. Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my servant Clinker, who waited on the beach as usual. The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved so chill, that when I rose from my first plunge, I could not help sobbing and bawling out from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard my cry, and saw me indistinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and rushing into the sea, clothes and all, overturned the guide, in his hurry to save his master. I had swam out a few strokes, when, hearing a noise, I turned about and saw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect. Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women, and children, there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down; then, running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine, where my clothes had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection. Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot, partly from cold and partly from the dread of having offended his master. I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately to shift his clothes; a command which

[1] This gentleman crossed the sea to France, visited and conferred with M. de Voltaire at Fernay, resumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the house of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a suppression of urine, he resolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himself off by abstinence; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast, he found himself entirely freed of his complaint, but refused taking sustenance. He said the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed to put about ship, when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity as would have done honour to the firmest stoic of antiquity.

he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with farther entertainment at my expense. Clinker's intention was laudable, without all doubt; but nevertheless I am a sufferer by his simplicity. I have had a burning heat and a strange buzzing noise in that ear ever since it was so roughly treated; and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at as the monster that was haled naked ashore upon the beach. Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, ay, and more mischievous too; and whether a man had not better choose a sensible rogue than an honest simpleton for his servant, is no matter of doubt with yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Scarborough, July 4.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—We made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætercuntium digito monstratus.*

One morning, while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his master was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this achievement was relished by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the economy of his own person. In the first ebullition of his choler he knocked Clinker down with his fist; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage; and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were disappointed. In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was so hard strained that one of the irons which connect the frame snapt, and the leather sling on the same side cracked in the middle. The shock was so great that my sister Liddy struck her head against Mrs. Tabitha's nose with such violence that the blood flowed; and Win Jenkins was darted through a small window in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she stuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles distant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach until the damage should be repaired. In this dilemma, we discovered a blacksmith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our disaster, and thither the postillions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the blacksmith had been dead some days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and despatch. While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the straw, struck with the well-known sound of the hammer and anvil, started up, and notwithstanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob!" cried she, "how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing something for her benefit. Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the same time. But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blacksmith—it was necessary to join the leather sling, which had been broke; and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp which he spun into lingles, and a few tacks which he made for the purpose. Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough. Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we resolved to dine, with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer! Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room; and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope that Mr. Bramble had bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and dishonourable; and that he should have no scruple in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain; of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread. Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration. The tear started in his eye, while he said it a faltering accent, "Worthy sir—your generosity oppresses me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary assistance—indeed, I have no occasion—I have been so lucky at billiards and betting at different places, at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, and Newcastle races, that my stock in ready money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in prosecuting some honest scheme of life; but my friend Justice Buzzard has set so many springs for my life, that I am under the necessity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of some generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether. It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to ask your advice. I have had information of all your route since I had the honour to see you at Stevenage; and supposing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither last night from Darlington to pay you my respects."

"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an asylum in the country," replied my uncle; "but a life of indolence and obscurity would not suit with your active and enterprising disposition—I would therefore advise you to try your fortune in the East Indies. I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commission in the Company's service; and if that cannot be obtained, you will at least be received as a volunteer—in which case you may pay for your passage, and I shall undertake to procure you such credentials that you will not be long without a commission."

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness; it was therefore resolved that he should sell his horse; and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay. In the meantime, he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night. Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the first collier bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half-an-hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary. A tall meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn-door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup, when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plastered in a woful condition. The ladies at the window above shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall; but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and, snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced, adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much, was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider,—a resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shown at his disaster in the court-yard. As the squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shown up-stairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality. "Leddies," said he, "perhaps you may be scandaleezed at the appearance my head made when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in is neither the effects of disease nor of drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand that, having been wounded at Ticonderago in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned that, in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without having ever attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service; the injustice you have met with is so flagrant." "I must crave your pardon, sir," cried the other, interrupting him, "I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority—" "But in such a length of time," resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head." "Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame—" "What! no friend to advance a sum of money?" said Mr. Bramble. "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company," answered the other; "but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not choose to encumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a day." "So you have spent the best part of your life," cried Mr. Bramble, "your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a day—a consideration—" "Sir," replied the Scot, with great warmth, "you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration. I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton-chop,

and a truss of straw; and when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial."

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give him the least offence by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputatious. He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to supper.

I have many other things to say of this man of war, which I shall communicate in a post or two. Meanwhile, it is but reasonable that you should be indulged with some respite from those weary lucubrations of, yours, J. MELFORD.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 10.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last I treated you with a high-flavoured dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked by that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the *belles-lettres*, law, and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, sir," said the lieutenant, "is your name Matthias?" You must know it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much that he answered, "No, by God!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took up umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up, "If I had known," said he, "that you did not care to tell your name. I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias; perhaps it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamorus, or—" "No," cried my uncle, laughing, "it is neither of those, captain. My name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savours of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the Scripture." "A foolish pique, indeed," cried Mrs. Tabby, "and even sinful, to fall out with your name because it is taken from holy writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, Esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, Justice of the *quorum* and *crusty ruttleorum*, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales."

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the north Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honour of a scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty in waiving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favour with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeness. She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin, Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but, mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and

handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but, in passing through the different wigwams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage. It was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation. A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones; some of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing as his death song the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh, which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady with a sharp knife scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors, stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands. She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with his accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies *nimble as a weasel;* but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear;* indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had passed.*

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby; when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, "Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or boddice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever. He said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances:—That his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the checks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch, or pocket of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colours; about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connexions. She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good Christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been High-church or Low-church, Presbyterian or Anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, "In the name of God, Captain Lismahago," cried she, "what religion do

they profess?" "As to religion, madam," answered the lieutenant, "it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity—they never heard of any *alliance between Church and State*. They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the fountain of all good, the other the source of evil. The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition; but sensible men pay adoration to a supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe." "Oh! what pity," exclaimed the pious Tabby, "that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her that, while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the Catholic religion; but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearsay; when they taught that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption. They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle. They answered that it was not in their power. "If you were really sent by heaven for our conversion," said one of the sachems, "you would certainly have some supernatural endowments; at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are so ignorant of our language that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects."

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies. They ordered them a bag of Indian corn apiece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the missionaries having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard. They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion. Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure. They were therefore convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation Lieutenant Lismahago dropt some hints by which it appeared he himself was a free-thinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of Saint Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words *reason, philosophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity—in short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and, although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggerel rhymes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination. Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat. He read it with the most starched composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terse, and vara poignant," said he; "but with the help of a wat dishclout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicuous. I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays, under the title of *The Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot*;—I'm persuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Westminster." When I expressed some surprise that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With submission," replied the lieutenant, "that were but shallow policy—it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and, I think, it is much better to let it stand in the window than have it presented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation. He said the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity. "These vermin," said he, "do not consider that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continual matter of self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scotch, as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is akin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill." The captain, with an affectation of candour, observed that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil; that, in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen; and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect? Mr. Bramble, having eyed her some time in silence, "Sister," said he, "the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer; he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than

he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding."

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North Briton, who is really a curiosity; but he has been very shy of my conversation ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of souring in his aspect, "If the old definition be true," said he, "that risibility is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational creature, the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned that the English were easily struck with anything that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours. I said, such an inference would be an injury to the the Scotch, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which he insisted were equal in point of humour to anything extant in any language dead or living. He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two small volumes, entitled, *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramsay, which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh. He observed that a North Briton is seen to a disadvantage in an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand. He therefore finds himself under a restraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour. These are faculties which never appear in full lustre, but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys *her elbow-room.*

He proceeded to explain this assertion, that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London. He said, what we generally called the Scottish dialect was, in fact, true, genuine, old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourse betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakspeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. "For instance," said he, "how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in the *Tempest—He's gentle, and not fearful;* as if it was a paralogism to say, that, being *gentle*, he must of course be *courageous;* but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning of that word was, *noble, high-minded;* and to this day, a Scotswoman, in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms —Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of his *Faery Queene*, says,—

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain;"

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was so stout, that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by false refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in signification, are pronounced exactly in the same manner—*wright, write; right, rite;* but, among the Scotch, these words are as different in pronunciation as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the case with many others which he mentioned by way of illustration. He moreover took notice, that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the sound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed that we mumbled our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle. He said the same observation would hold in all languages; that a Swiss talking French was more easily understood than a Parisian by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language; because every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only; and yet nobody would deny that the one was imperfect without the other; he therefore apprehended that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only, without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton; but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation. He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scotch had theirs, and the Scotchman who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English would naturally use his own in speaking their language; therefore, if he was better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English; of consequence the dialect of the Scotch had an advantage over that of their fellow-subjects, and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation; but all his paradoxes savoured strongly of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation; that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat flour;* and that the worship of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both

sexes and every rank of votaries promiscuously, was a filthy species of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not so much wonder at his broaching these doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimsical and ingenious, which he adduced in support of them.

In fine, Lieutenant Lismahago is a curiosity which I have not yet sufficiently perused; and, therefore, I shall be sorry when we lose his company; though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or disposition. As he goes directly to the south-west division of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we shall part to-morrow at a place called Feltonbridge; and, I dare say, this separation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, unless she has received some flattering assurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpose of entertaining you with these unimportant occurrences, they will at least serve as exercises of patience, for which you are indebted to, yours always, J. MELFORD.

Morpeth, July 13.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleasant, and many of them almost impassable in consequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged. The bishop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and I am told there is some good sociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell, which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle, it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce; and the country lying on both sides the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Percy, Earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a commanding situation; but the strength of it seems to have consisted, not so much in its site or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our adventures since we left Scarborough are scarce worth reciting; and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting. After her disappointments at Bath and London, she had actually begun to practise upon a certain adventurer, who was, in fact, a highwayman by profession; but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly. Then she opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered. His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the asperity of his self-conceit, that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scotch in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works. "The Scotch," said he, "have a slight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themselves; but they may be said to float on the surface of science, and they have made very small advances in the useful arts." "At least," cried Tabby, "all the world allows that the Scotch behaved gloriously in fighting and conquering the savages of America." "I can assure you, madam, you have been misinformed," replied the lieutenant; "in that continent the Scotch did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his Majesty's service that distinguished itself more than another. Those who affected to extol the Scotch for superior merit were no friends to that nation."

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention Lord B(ute)'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship's favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends, he offered such reasons on this subject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced. He would not allow that the Scotch abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service. "When a South and North Briton," said he, "are competitors for a place or commission, which is in the disposal of an English minister or an English general, it would be absurd to suppose that the preference would not be given to the native of England, who has so many advantages over his rival. First and foremost, he has in his favour that laudable partiality which Mr. Addison says never fails to cleave to the heart of an Englishman; secondly, he has more powerful connexions, and a greater share of parliamentary interest, by which those contests are generally decided; and, lastly, he has a greater command of money to smooth the way to his success. For my own part," said he, "I know no Scotch officer who has risen in the army above the rank of a subaltern, without purchasing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen

of that country who, for want of money and interest, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few instances of this ill fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would insinuate that my countrymen have the least reason to complain. Preferment in the service, like success in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour those who have the greatest stock of cash and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides."

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these:—That commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation where it flourishes to any extent—that the Parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution—that the liberty of the press was a national evil—and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury and flagrant injustice. He observed that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow-creatures. He affirmed the nature of commerce was such that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry; but there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Meanwhile, the sudden affluence occasioned by trade forced open all the sluices of luxury, and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption; a total depravity of manners would ensue, and this must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He observed of the Parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs and canvassing for votes, was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order; in consequence of which, the elected and the elector, and, in short, the whole body of the people, were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed that, of a Parliament thus constituted, the crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow; that such a Parliament would, as it had already done, lengthen the term of its sitting and authority, whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives; for, without doubt, they had the same right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to seven years. With a Parliament, therefore, dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the constitution; for it is not to be supposed, that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said, he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil, while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit, and furnish the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace, and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that at present there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this effect:—Juries are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence; for if either of the parties to be tried can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has secured the verdict in his favour. The juryman thus brought over will, in despite of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and harassed, and starved into concurrence; in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured;—but cases will often occur when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the consequence? They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient; and in Scotland, where two-thirds[1] of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part without contradiction on mine. No—the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours. I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from those falls he rose again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he discovered he had been bred to the law; a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at everything she meets in the shape of a man, till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her half way, though he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. She insinuated more than once, how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly told us that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth; consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family. He assured us, however, as we designed to return by the west road, that he would watch our

[1] A mistake—a majority is sufficient in Scotland.

motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counterpart of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably represented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extended to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream; but you will be surprised when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous as the other. The farms are thinly scattered, the lands unenclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles in the same situations, a circumstance that shows what dangerous neighbours the Scotch must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic economy continues on the old footing. My sister Tabby still adheres to Methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle; but I believe the passion of love has in some measure abated the fervour of devotion, both in her and her woman Mrs. Jenkins, about whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker. Jerry has been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace, and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of, yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Tweedmouth, July 15.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practised upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of the mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution; but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavours to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable, as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and by dint of his outlandish qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his second-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed; he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier maché;* he supplied her with a powder for her teeth; he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion; he undertook to be her French master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade: he wore his hair in a great bag with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lutestring, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed, but she was most remarkable for the frissure of her head, which rose like a pyramid seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire they walked together through the high street to the theatre, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezebel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into a hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horsewhip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. "He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, "but I might as well challenge him to make a horse-shoe or a plough-iron, for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it does not become servants to use those weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if

your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'en a good drubbing that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring at the same time that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the Border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron that I shall use nothing in my defence but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the meantime, the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favour of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces; and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart from which the other had been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken; in the morning before day, while poor Teague lay snoring abed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post-chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter; but when he got up at six o'clock and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered was the postillion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and, over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap. When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London, and that Dutton had discovered to the lady that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what happened, till the postillion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended. Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow!" When I asked him who he was, "My name," said he, "is Master Macloughlin, but it should be Leighlin O'Neale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope. I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Suffolk-street, tuck me out, and made me his own private shecretary; by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, becaause as how he could not refuse anybody that asked, and therefore in time would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon; and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse; and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue, your sarvant, who came like a tief, and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man; but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't show him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockeyed, but it was no business of mine, and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewise robbed me of my servant. "Didn't I tell you, then," cried he, "that Rogue was his true Christian name; oh! if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I'd give him leave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. O'Neale for the lady's elopement, observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape; that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah!" said he, "she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss; and like Judas she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expenses back to London; and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called

Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered, but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever, she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long-run; at present the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those flood-gates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostasy and reprobation; and finally threatened to send her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another consideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha some disturbance. At Newcastle the servants had been informed by some wag that there was nothing to eat in Scotland but oatmeal and sheep-heads; and Lieutenant Lismahago being consulted, what he said served rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being apprized of this circumstance, very gravely advised her brother to provide a sumpter-horse, with store of hams, tongues, bread, biscuit, and other articles for our subsistence in the course of our peregrination; and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into consideration; but, finding no such provision was made, she now revived the proposal, observing that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be supplied; and that my man's horse would serve as a beast of burden; the squire, shrugging up his shoulders, eyed her askance with a look of ineffable contempt, and, after some pause, "Sister," said he, "I can hardly persuade myself you are serious." She was so little acquainted with the geography of the island, that she imagined we could not go to Scotland but by sea; and, after we had passed through the town of Berwick, when we told her we were upon Scottish ground, she could hardly believe the assertion. If the truth must be told, the South Britons in general are wofully ignorant in this particular. What between want of curiosity and traditional sarcasms, the effect of ancient animosity, the people at the other end of the island know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I should have been more struck with the manifest difference in appearance betwixt the peasant and commonalty on the different sides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh-complexioned, cleanly, and well clothed; but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, sallow, soiled, and shabby; and their little pinced blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the same style with their drivers, meagre, stunted, and ill-equipped. When I talked to my uncle on this subject, he said, "Though all the Scottish hinds would not bear to be compared with those of the rich counties of South Britain, they would stand very well in competition with the peasants of France, Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the mountaineers of Wales and the red shanks of Ireland.

We entered Scotland by a frightful muir of sixteen miles, which promises very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, situated on the sea-side, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scotch credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say but very little. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The first thing that strikes the nose of a stranger shall be nameless; but what first strikes the eye is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight stories, and, in some places (as I am assured), to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people; but their looks, their language, and their customs, are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain.

The inn at which we put up (if it may be so called) was so filthy and disagreeable in all respects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty symptoms to recur. Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson, a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, importing that he would wait upon him next day in person; but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High Street, the fourth story being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth. While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all, I shall ever be, dear Phillips, yours, J. MELFORD.

Edinburgh, July 18.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—That part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, nature seems to have intended as a barrier between two hostile nations. It is a brown desert, of considerable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we passed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from seeing above twenty yards from the carriage. My sister began to make wry faces, and use her smelling-

bottle, Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours these clouds were dissipated; the sea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but what surprised us all, this plain, to the extent of several miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I saw in the most fertile parts of South Britain. This plentiful crop is raised in the open field, without any enclosure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or sea-weed, which abounds on this coast; a circumstance which shows that the soil and climate are favourable, but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Enclosures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the several fields distinct, but would also protect the crop from the high winds, which are so frequent in this part of the island.

Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious basin, where ships of small burden may be perfectly secure; but there is little appearance of business in the place. From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and, as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which lies otherwise open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leslie, at the head of a Scotch army, took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct. Their ministers, by exhortation, prayer, assurance, and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Leslie could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm. When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed —"Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant!" and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great slaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a gentleman's house, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds; but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation, though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner. I intended to pay my respects to Lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a visit. You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character. At Musselburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel; and at his house I met with Dr. C(arlyle), the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person. I am not at all surprised that these Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat. Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage; we had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and turrets, belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood-house stands on the left as you enter the Canongate. This is a street continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away; so that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation. Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn. The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people; and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive here is no want of provisions. The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the sea affords plenty of good fish; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in sufficient quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience; articles in which it must be allowed our fellow-subjects are a little defective. The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the castle-hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From these it is carried in barrels on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door, for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy; a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have some compassion for strangers who have not been used to this kind of sufferance, and consider whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. As to the surprising height of their houses, it is absurd in many respects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful situation of all the families above, in case the

common stair-case should be rendered impassable by a fire in the lower stories. In order to prevent the shocking consequences that must attend such an accident, it would be a right measure to open doors of communication from one house to another on every story, by which the people might fly from such a terrible visitation. In all parts of the world we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity. All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market cross, which, by the bye, was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood: I say the people stand in the open street from the force of custom rather than move a few yards to an exchange, that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of King Charles II. The company thus assembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard by. As these bells are well toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger.

The public inns at Edinburgh are still worse than those of London; but, by means of a worthy gentleman to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart; and here I shall stay until I have seen everything that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exercise. I eat like a farmer, sleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from inanition and excess; but whatever ebbs or flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am, dear Lewis, your affectionate friend and servant, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Edinburgh, July 18.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MARY,—The squire has been so kind as to rap my bit of nonsense under the kiver of his own sheet. O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin these many days. Sattin has had power to temp me in the shape of van Ditton, the young squire's wally-de-shamble; but by God's grease he did not purvail. I thoft as how there was no arm in going to a play at Newcastle, with my hair dressed in the Parish fashion; and as for the trifle of paint, he said as how my complexion wanted rouch, and so I let him put it on with a little Spanish owl; but a mischievous mob of colliers, and such promiscous ribble rabble, that could bare no smut but their own, attacked us in the street, and called me *hoar* and *painted Issabel,* and splashed my close, and spoiled me a complete set of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worse for the ware. They cost me seven good sillings to Lady Griskin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by calling me Issabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Issabel, a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood. But I am no harlot; and, with God's blessing, no dog shall have my poor blood to lick. Marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting and his compliment, he stole away an Irishman's bride, and took a French leave of me and his master; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account. Mistress scoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raisins enuff to complain; but he's a good sole, abounding with christian meckness, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't speak their lingo. But they should not go for to impose upon foreigners; for the bills on their houses say they have different *casements* to let; and behold there is nurra geaks in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for pore sarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown across; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into some street or lane, and the maid calls *Gardy loo* to the passengers, which signifies, *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every house in Haddinborough; so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet savour comes from such a number of profuming pans. But they say it is wholesome, and truly I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Issabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of astericks, when this fiff, saving your presence, took me by the nose so powerfully, that I sneezed three times, and found myself wonderfully refreshed; and this to be sure is the raisin why there are no fits in Haddingborough.

I was likewise made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *out-meal* and *seep's heads;* but if I hadn't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without karcasses. This very blessed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velsh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the sarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without shoes or stockings. Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the gospel; but I wish. I wish some of our family be not fallen off from the rite way. O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own secrets to discover. There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt Mrs. and an ould Scots officer called Kismycago. He looks for all the orld like the scarecrow that our gardener set up to frite away the sparrows; and what will come of it the Lord nows; but come what will, it shall never be said that I mentioned a syllabub of the matter— Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten. I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuse, which is the constant prayer of, dear Molly, your loving friend,

Addingborough, July 18. WIN. JENKINS.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive,

and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R(obert) C(ullen), a lawyer of this city. I charged myself with the commission, and, taking the guinea, "You see," said I, "I have pocketed your bounty." "Yes," replied Quin, laughing, "and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair." I made use of this introduction to Mr. C(ullen), who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy; and did Mr. C(ullen) and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headache; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the hey-day of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress, and manner, their music, and even their cookery. Our squire declares that he knows not another people upon earth so strongly marked with a national character. Now we are upon the article of cookery, I must own some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's-head and haggis, which were provided, at our request, one day at Mr. Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I had read of negroes' heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions, and pepper, enclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this composition with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oatmeal bread; which is presented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and these many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection. You know we used to vex poor Murray of Balliol College, by asking if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland. Sure enough, I have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a dessert, but by way of *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up betwixt more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy, and flavour to those of England, as a musk-melon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin; and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality. As to the fruit now in season, such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of some gentlemen who lived in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have seen a very fine show of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have visited much to our satisfaction. In the castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided; and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state adorned with jewels. Of these symbols of sovereignty the people are exceedingly jealous. A report being spread, during the sitting of the Union Parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose that the Lord Commissioner would have been torn in pieces if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood-house is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty but unfurnished; and as for the pictures of the Scottish kings, from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scotch are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable, and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre. But their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, were I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions: but I can declare with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated,

as it were, into one focus; which was indeed so vehement that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss R(ento)n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball. The Countess of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all present. She was accompanied by the agreeable Miss Grieve, who made many conquests; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly. She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed;—but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman, the express image of that rascal Wilson, went up to ask her to dance a minuet; and his sudden appearance shocked her so much that she fainted away. I call Wilson a rascal, because if he had been really a gentleman with honourable intentions, he would have ere now appeared in his own character. I must own my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't— But I won't be so womanish as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furnish occasion—Thank God, the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady-directress of the ball, thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well as to return and join in the country dances, in which the Scotch lasses acquit themselves with such spirit and agility as put their partners to the height of their mettle. I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly. She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occasion, at which she made her appearance in a full suit of damask, so thick and heavy that the sight of it alone, at this season of the year, was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination. She danced one minuet with our friend Mr. Mitchelson, who favoured her so far in the spirit of hospitality and politeness; and she was called out a second time by the young laird of Balymawhaple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the first was a married man, and the second paid no particular homage to her charms, which were also overlooked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious. At supper she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and therefore it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad. She said the women were awkward masculine creatures; that in dancing they lifted their legs like so many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion, and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed of the whole assembly. The neglect of the male sex rendered her malcontent and peevish; she now found fault with everything at Edinburgh, and teased her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration. There is a sect of fanatics who have separated themselves from the Established Kirk, under the name of Seceders. They acknowledge no earthly head of the Church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the Methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the Spirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Christian, called Mr. Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer, and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipt with horn, and small elastic balls of leather stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature. There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys called Cadies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages. These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cadie's having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice. They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business. Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man, Archy M'Alpin, is as well qualified as e'er a cadie in Edinburgh; and I am much mistaken if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company. I received a card on this occasion, and went thither with half-a-dozen of my acquaintance. In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves to the number of about fourscore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cadies, mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toastmaster, who sat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male

and female, that were here assembled. He had bespoke the dinner and the wine. He had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival. I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good-humour. After the dessert, Mr. Fraser proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain:—"The best in Christendom;" "Gibb's Contract;" "The Beggar's Benison;" "King and Kirk;" "Great Britain and Ireland." Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Mester Malford," said he, "may a' unkindness cease betwixt John Bull and his sister Moggy." The next person he singled out was a nobleman who had been long abroad. "Ma lord," cried Fraser, "here is a bumper to a' those noblemen who have virtue enough to spend their rents in their ain coontray." He afterwards addressed himself to a Member of Parliament in these words:—"Mester, I'm sure ye'll ha' na objection to my drinking, Disgrace and dool to ilka Scot, that sells his conscience and his vote." He discharged a third sarcasm at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play. Filling his glass, and calling him by name, "Lang life," said he, "to the wylie loon that gangs afield with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a sackful o' siller." All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr. Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim. Then standing up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen," cried he, "here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day." So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and, quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests, exclaiming, "Noo we're your honours' cadies again."

The nobleman who had bore the first brunt of Mr. Fraser's satire objected to his abdication. He said as the company was assembled by invitation from the cadies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expense. "By no means, my lord," cried Fraser; "I wadna be guilty of sic presumption for the wide warld—I never affronted a gentleman since I was born; and sure, at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to sic an honourable convention." "Well," said his lordship, "as you have expended some wit, you have a right to save your money. You have given me good counsel, and I take it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your seat, I will take your place with the leave of the good company, and think myself happy to be hailed *Father of the Feast.*" He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glasses seemed to dance upon the table; and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for music. At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment. At midnight we went to supper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings; and, no doubt, his lordship had a swinging bill to discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for some weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the score of my constitution, and very seriously observes, that all his own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth. Mrs. Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if, instead of frequenting these scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the Reverend Mr. M'Corkendale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpin, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the case than I could wish), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and sobriety; and is so very wise and sententious that if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together; for I was tutor-sick at Alma Mater.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the gaieties of Edinburgh but that I find time to make parties in the family way. We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Frith, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the shire, or, as the Scotch call it, *The Kingdom of Fife.* There is a number of large open sea boats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the sea-side, including St. Andrews, which is the skeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half way, when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth, so that we were obliged to turn, or tack, the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the Castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion. And, at the same time, most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to order the boatman to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed, but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her that his commission did not extend so far, and, if it did, he should let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance, with the assistance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation. As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense. My uncle sat, recollected in himself, without speaking; my man Archy had recourse to a brandy bottle, with which he made so free that I imagined he had sworn to die of drinking anything rather than sea-water; but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication than if it had been sea-water in good earnest. As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach

to think of anything else. Meanwhile the sea swelled mountains high; the boat pitched with such violence as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a deluge. Every time the vessel was put about, we shipped a sea that drenched us all to the skin. When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier-head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our lee-way; the next trip, however, brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon. "To be sure," cried Tabby, when she found herself on *terra firma*, "we must all have perished, if we had not been the particular care of Providence." "Yes," replied my uncle; "but I am much of the honest Highlander's mind; after he had made such a passage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence. 'Certainly,' said Donald; 'but, by my saul, mon, I'se ne'er trouble Providence again, so long as the brig of Stirling stands.'" You must know, the brig or bridge of Stirling stands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet. I don't find that our squire has suffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way. I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind; and this apprehension distracts me, for she is really an amiable creature.

We shall set out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glasgow; and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our course to the southward. In the meantime, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be, ever yours,

Edinr., Aug. 8. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life. Perhaps the gratitude excited by these benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepossessed by particular favours as to be prejudiced by private motives of disgust. If I am partial, there is at least some merit in my conversion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my constitution.

The first impressions which an Englishman receives in this country will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; because he refers everything he sees to a comparison with the same articles in his own country; and this comparison is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, such as the face of the country in respect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of conversation in general. I am not so far convinced by Mr. Lismahago's arguments, but that I think the Scotch would do well, for their own sakes, to adopt the English idioms and pronunciation; those of them especially who are resolved to push their fortunes in South Britain. I know, by experience, how easily an Englishman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh when he hears his own language spoken with a foreign or provincial accent. I have known a member of the House of Commons speak with great energy and precision, without being able to engage attention, because his observations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to Lieutenant Lismahago) certainly gives a clownish air even to sentiments of the greatest dignity and decorum. I have declared my opinion on this head to some of the most sensible men of this country, observing, at the same time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference in point of dialect between the youth of Edinburgh and of London.

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, except in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the Union. Their college of justice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability. I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottish legislation is founded in a great measure on the civil law, consequently their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals: but I think they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart, and in the constitution of their jury, by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my last from Lismahago's observation.

The University of Edinburgh is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe. The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine*; for *anatomy*, *chemistry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above those of *mathematics* and *experimental philosophy*; and all these are given by men of distinguished talents. What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the Infirmary, which is the best instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and these are not only useful but ornamental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general workhouse, in which all the poor not otherwise provided for, are employed according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment about thirty years ago. Even the Kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanaticism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation. I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God. Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as would have excited sedition even in England a little more than a century ago; and psalmody is here practised and taught by a professor from the cathedral of Durham. I should not be surprised, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction; such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are

instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper. The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority. The *Lord Provost* is equal in dignity to the *Lord Mayor of London*, and the *four Bailies* are equivalent to the rank of Aldermen. There is a *Dean of Guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs; a Treasurer, a Town-clerk; and the Council is composed of Deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen. Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has nevertheless an air of magnificence that commands respect. The Castle is an instance of the sublime in site and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year; but it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried on according to the modern operations of war. The Castle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the High Street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea-coast, which is covered with a succession of towns that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce; but if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the Union, by which the Scotch were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France. The Palace of Holyrood-house is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the site of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares built in the English manner; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland, that I have seen—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease. I suppose the Scotch affect these monuments of grandeur. If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe that their weak side seems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation. I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, housekeeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expense as well as elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and state, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to those of England; a circumstance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Philip Miller of Chelsea, that almost all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England. The pleasure-grounds are, in my opinion, not so well laid out according to the *genius loci*; nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges kept in such delicate order. The trees are planted in prudish rows, which have not such an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groups, with intervening glades; and the firs which they generally raise around their houses, look dull, and funereal in the summer season. I must confess, indeed, that they yield serviceable timber, and good shelter against the northern blasts; that they grow and thrive in the most barren soil, and continually perspire a fine balsam of turpentine, which must render the air very salutary and sanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by sea from the coast of Fife. She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in consequence of being drenched with sea-water; but my fears, as well as hers, have been happily disappointed. She is now in perfect health; I wish I could say the same of Liddy. Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her spirits flag. She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears. Her brother suspects internal uneasiness on account of Wilson, and denounces vengeance against that adventurer. She was, it seems, strongly affected at the ball by the sudden appearance of one Mr. Gordon, who strongly resembles the said Wilson; but I am rather suspicious that she caught cold by being overheated with dancing. I have consulted Dr. Gregory, an eminent physician of an amiable character, who advises the Highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey, which surely cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales. The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we shall find those remedies in the very place which I proposed as the utmost extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyle.

Mr. Smollett, one of the judges of the Commissary Court, which is now sitting, has very kindly insisted upon our lodging at his country house, on the banks of Loch Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glasgow. For this last city we shall set out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the head-quarters of, yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Edinr., Aug. 8.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—I am now little short of the *Ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. These last are now lying before me, to the amount of some hundreds, scattered up and down the Deucaledonian sea, affording the most picturesque and romantic prospect I ever beheld. I write this letter in a gentleman's house, near the town of

Inverary, which may be deemed the capital of the West Highlands, famous for nothing so much as for the stately castle begun and actually covered in by the late Duke of Argyle, at a prodigious expense. Whether it will ever be completely finished is a question.

But, to take things in order. We left Edinburgh ten days ago—and the further north we proceed, we find Mrs. Tabitha the less manageable; so that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadstone—they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at last, if we may believe her own assertions, was a dispute which she left unfinished with Mr. Moffat, touching the eternity of hell-torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be sceptical on this head, till at length he declared open war against the common acceptation of the word *eternal*. He is now persuaded that *eternal* signifies no more than an indefinite number of years; and that the most enormous sinner may be quit for *nine millions, nine hundred thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell-fire;* which term or period, as he very well observes, forms but an inconsiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity. For this mitigation he contends, as a system agreeable to the ideas of goodness and mercy which we annex to the Supreme Being. Our aunt seemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked. But he hinted, that no person whatever was so righteous as to be exempted entirely from punishment in a future state; and that the most pious Christian upon earth might think himself very happy to get off for a fast of seven or eight thousand years in the midst of fire and brimstone. Mrs. Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation. She had recourse to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popish doctrine of purgatory, and quoted Scripture in defence of the *fire everlasting prepared for the devil and his angels*. The Rev. Mr. MacCorkendale, and all the theologists and saints of that persuasion, were consulted, and some of them had doubts about the matter, which doubts and scruples had begun to infect our aunt when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We passed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itself. This too is pretty much the case with Stirling, though it still boasts of a fine old castle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reside in their minority. But Glasgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore, an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and truly he could not have done us more essential service. Mr. Moore is a merry, facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good-nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country. Our landlord showed us everything, and introduced us to all the world at Glasgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions. Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in spirit and expense; and I was soon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh. The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning as well as in commerce. Here is a university, with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed, and judiciously chosen. It was vacation time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects. The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors, but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow. He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was anything remarkable to be seen in art or nature. I believe the exercise occasioned by these jaunts was of service to my sister Liddy, whose appetite and spirits begin to revive. Mrs. Tabitha displayed her attractions as usual, and actually believed she had entangled one Mr. M'Clellan, a rich inkle manufacturer, in her snares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether spiritual, founded upon an intercourse of devotion at the meeting of Mr. John Wesley, who, in the course of his evangelical mission, had come hither in person. At length we set out for the banks of Loch Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there is a castle more curious than anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchanan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis;* and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the ancient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no rising ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery. From Dumbarton the West Highlands appear in the form of huge dusky mountains, piled one over another; but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan. We have fixed our headquarters at Cameron, a very neat country-house, belonging to Commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire. It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Loch Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four-and-twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands, covered with wood, some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer. They belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs. Tabitha would by no means trust herself again upon the water, and, to come hither, it was necessary to cross a small inlet of the sea in an open ferry-boat. This country appears more and more wild and savage the farther we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scotch, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheerupping cup they go to the public-house, called the Change-house, and call for a chopin of two-penny, which is a thin yeasty beverage, made of malt, not quite so strong as the table-beer of

England. This is brought in a pewter stoup, shaped like a skittle; from whence it is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles. It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipt round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved. The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky, a malt spirit, as strong as Geneva, which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of inebriation; they are used to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains. I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent small-pox, when the eruption seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable. The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the low country. They delight in hunting—have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black cattle, running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risk of his life from their hospitality. It must be observed that the poor Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage. They have been not only disarmed by Act of Parliament, but also deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and, what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches—a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience; indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long staves over their shoulders; they are even debarred the use of their striped stuff, called Tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose great-coats, of coarse russet, equally mean and cumbersome, and betray manifest marks of dejection. Certain it is, the Government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit.

We have had princely sport in hunting the stag on these mountains. These are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime. I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath that Ossian was wont to tread; and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass. When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit. The poems of Ossian are in every mouth. A famous antiquarian of this country, the Laird of M'Farlane, at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic, which has a great affinity to the Welsh, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words; and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surprised when, asking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we should find any game, he replied, "*Ilu niel Sassenagh*," which signifies *No English;* the very same answer I should have received from a Welshman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the low country but Sassenagh, or Saxons; a strong presumption that the Lowland Scotch and the English are derived from the same stock. The peasants of these hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; everything I see, and hear, and feel seems Welsh—the mountains, vales, and streams; the air and climate; the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welsh. It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we are in some articles—they have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season of the year. Their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expense.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his castles. His name, in plain English, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished (like the Welsh) by patronymics; and as I have known an ancient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designs himself Dou'l Mac-amish, mac-'oul ichian, signifying Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John. He has travelled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic economy; but he finds it impossible to abolish the ancient customs of the family; some of which are ludicrous enough. His piper, for example, who is a hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges. He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and dirk—a broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the functions of his minstrelsy; and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon or flag which was formerly carried before every knight in battle. He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music. In this exercise he indulges them with a number of pibrochs or airs, suited to the different passions which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr. Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bagpipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and indeed is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall. He therefore begged the piper would have some mercy upon him, and dispense with this part of the morning service. A consultation of the clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed that the laird's request could not be granted, without a dangerous encroachment upon the customs of the family. The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others. There was no remedy; Mr. Campbell being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of

his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the music ceases, he produces himself at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependants, who worship his first appearance by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago, he despatched above a hundred different solicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's housekeeping is equally rough and hospitable, and savours much of the simplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bedchamber to gentlemen-dependants and hangers-on of the family. At night half-a-dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid. My uncle and I were indulged with separate chambers and down beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath; and, indeed, I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant, being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast, accompanied by the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival; and the guests did such honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not stand when they were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a small oversight in leaving the corpse behind; so that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman half-way, carried upon poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave the orator, or *senachie*, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time, and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with the discharge of pistols; then we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The squire and I were, with some difficulty, permitted to retire with the landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards seemed to think it a disparagement to his family, that not above a hundred gallons of whisky had been drank upon such a solemn occasion. This morning we got up by four to hunt the roebuck, and in half an hour found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as strangers (my uncle not choosing to be of the party), of the *laird in person, the laird's brother, the laird's brother's son, the laird's sister's son, the laird's father's brother's son*, and all their *foster brothers*, who are counted parcel of the family. But we were attended by an infinite number of *Gaellys*, or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast:—One kit of boiled eggs; a second full of butter; a third full of cream; an entire cheese made of goat's milk; a large earthen pot full of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oatmeal made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream-kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns. Great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them in particular ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of dessert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chase over the mountains after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs. Campbell and our squire. To-morrow we shall set out on our return for Cameron. We propose to cross the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow in our way. This circuit being finished, we shall turn our faces to the south, and follow the sun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the rest of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite so biting, as he begins already to be on the tops of these northern hills. But our progress from place to place shall continue to be specified in these detached journals of yours always, J. MELFORD.

Argyleshire, Sept. 3.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—About a fortnight is now elapsed since we left the capital of Scotland, directing our course towards Stirling, where we lay. The castle of this place is such another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a surprising prospect of the windings of the river Forth, which are so extraordinary that the distance from hence to Alloa by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great measure on the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants of which send hither tobacco and other articles, to be deposited in warehouses for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we visited a flourishing iron-work, where, instead of burning wood, they use coal, which they have the art of clearing in such a manner as frees it from the sulphur, that would otherwise render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almost every part of Scotland.

The soil of this district produces scarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps because it is poorly cultivated, and almost altogether unenclosed. The few enclosures they have consist of paltry walls of loose stones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been scattered on purpose. When I expressed my surprise that the peasants did not disencumber their grounds of these stones, a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, assured me that the stones, far

from being prejudicial, were serviceable to the crop. This philosopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured, and sown with barley, and the produce was more scanty than before. He caused the stones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The stones were removed a second time, and the harvest failed. They were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The same experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the same success. Astonished at this information, I desired to know in what manner he accounted for this strange phenomenon, and he said there were three ways in which the stones might be serviceable. They might possibly restrain an excess in the perspiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative sweats, by which the human body is sometimes wasted and consumed. They might act as so many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the spring; or, by multiplying the reflection of the sun, they might increase the warmth, so as to mitigate the natural chillness of the soil and climate. But surely this excessive perspiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, chalk, or marl, of which last it seems there are many pits in this kingdom. As for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by enclosures; one half of the ground which is now covered would be retrieved; the cultivation would require less labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horses, would not suffer half the damage which they now sustain.

These north-western parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and moorish. The peasants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty. This last reproach they might easily wash off by means of those lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water with which they are so liberally supplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flourish where the farms are small, the leases short, and the husbandman begins upon a rack-rent, without a sufficient stock to answer the purposes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of East and Mid Lothian, the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and some tracks in Aberdeenshire and Moray, where I am told the harvest is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a strong curiosity to visit many places beyond the Forth and Tay, such as Perth, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriving; but the season is too far advanced to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. In short, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greatest part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with York Minster or Westminster; and about the middle of the descent from this to the cross is the College, a respectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish, an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article than to employ so much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares, and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city; so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port-Glasgow, situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the Frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise. Mr. Moore, a surgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran, who may be styled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the House of Commons; upon which occasion Mr. P(itt) observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar. I was also introduced to Dr. John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense. I moreover conversed with one Mr. G(la)ss(for)d, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a sort of national attachment to this part of Scotland. The great church dedicated to St. Mongah, the river Clyde, and, among other particulars, that smack of our Welsh language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all question, this was a Cumbrian kingdom. Its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village, which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles to restrain the incursions of

the Scotch or Caledonians, who inhabited the West Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two Friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchandise from one side of the island to the other.

From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves and meadows, and corn-fields interspersed; but on this side of Glasgow, there is little other grain than oats and barley; the first are much better, the last much worse, than those of the same species in England. I wonder there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil; and it is still more surprising that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew. The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*. The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town on the banks of Clyde, capital of the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the Prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an estuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation. We now crossed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles till it joins the frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathoms deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish—salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally?

Enclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

I have other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I must reserve them till the next occasion. I shall only observe at present that I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vast fantastic vision in the clouds, inviting the approach of, yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Cameron, Aug. 28.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.[1]

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy bank, so gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale.
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—If I was disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house at Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods,

[1] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man-of-war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr. Anson, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed "Juan Fernandez, by God!"

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradise, if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation, exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic Ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the small-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living,—the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the rest, a person whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable Druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of these lands; but, being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period; but every succeeding proprietor hath done everything in his power to make his old age easy and comfortable. He has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and he and his old woman reside in a small convenient farm-house, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr. Smollett calls him the Admiral, because he insists upon steering his pleasure-boat upon the lake; and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property. I asked him the other day if he was never sick, and he answered, Yes; he had a slight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisingly retentive. These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise, and good-nature. Notwithstanding all his innocence, however, he was the cause of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whose natural superstition has been much injured by the histories of witches, fairies, ghosts, and goblins, which he has heard in this country. On the evening after our arrival, Humphry strolled into the wood in the course of his meditation, and all at once the Admiral stood before him, under the shadow of a spreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in cases that are not supposed preternatural, he could not stand the sight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair standing on end, staring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs. Jenkins, seeing him in this condition, screamed aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us, he has seen something!" Mrs. Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit in the shape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night-gown. He was undeceived by the Admiral in person, who, coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch, par, etc., at the door, for the taking. The Frith of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and grey, cod, mackerel, whiting, and a variety of sea-fish, including the finest herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet juicy beef, and tolerable veal, with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, grouse, heath-cock, and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection as one would wish to find among near relations after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed under the auspices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch service, who offered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H(elen) C(olquhoun), we set out on horseback for Inverary, the county town of Argyle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle has an old castle at Inverary, where he resides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation, or even of population. All is sublimity, silence, and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter. But there is a margin of plain ground spread along the sea-side, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracts of the whole island; the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Those animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence, but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea-side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry which distinguishes these mountaineers in their own country. When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they

indulge an ancient spirit of animosity; and this difference is very discernible even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious; but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we stayed a few days, and were feasted in such a manner that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed that the Duke of Argyle can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell; and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike. The Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoshes, are powerful clans; so that, if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprise. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility; they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; so steeled against the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence, operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of Government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide et impera*. The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit; and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by Act of Parliament; so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them; but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the *feudal system*, about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it was a new discovery, like the *Copernican system*. Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the *feudal system*. The connexion between the clans and their chiefs is without all doubt *patriarchal*. It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connexion, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success. In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated. The Laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by Act of Parliament. His lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyle, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses; but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence. Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and Act of Parliament passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs. But their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence. In vain the Government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement. The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches, but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufactory of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line at one haul. It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with mussels; but the fish was so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet.

His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way, when the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent, nor indeed are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination, but a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland. Our people have a strange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we visited the adjacent islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the first, we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, Lord or King of the Isles, formerly resided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Crain, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage, in one of which the Florida, a ship of the Spanish Armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollett's ancestors. About forty years ago, John, Duke of Argyle, is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared that this ship had the military chest on board. He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between decks; however, they picked up several pieces of plate that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St. Columba chose for his habitation; it was respected for its sanctity and college or seminary of ecclesiastics. Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish, and Danish sovereigns, who were here interred. These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently the better adapted to the fishery. In their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent, and they speak the Erse or Gaelic in its greatest purity.

Having sent round our horses by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other side of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties, carried out a good way into the sea. New Port-Glasgow is such another place, about two miles higher up. Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large vessels in these harbours. Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our headquarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits. They had been, two days before, joined by Mr. Smollett and his lady, to whom we have such obligations as I cannot mention even to you without blushing.

To-morrow we shall bid adieu to the Scots Arcadia, and begin our progress to the southward, taking our way by Lanark and Nithsdale, to the west borders of England. I have received so much advantage and satisfaction from this tour, that, if my health suffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I shall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the northern extremity of Caithness, unencumbered by those impediments which now clog the heels of yours,

Cameron, Sept. 6. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,—Never did poor prisoner long for deliverance more than I have longed for an opportunity to disburden my cares into your friendly bosom; and the occasion which now presents itself is little less than miraculous. Honest Saunders M'Awley, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glasgow buying goods, and, coming to pay his respects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand. We have been six weeks in Scotland, and seen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility. The people are very courteous, and the country being exceedingly romantic, suits my turn and inclinations. I contracted some friendships at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular, commenced an intimate correspondence with one Miss R(en)t(on), an amiable young lady of my own age, whose charms seemed to soften, and even to subdue, the stubborn heart of my brother Jerry; but he no sooner left the place than he relapsed into his former insensibility. I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family constitution. I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken such root in my heart, as to be equally proof against all the pulis of discretion and the frosts of neglect.

Dear Letty! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh. While I sat discoursing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilson stood before me, dressed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell! It was one Mr. Gordon, whom I had not seen before. Shocked at the sudden apparition, I fainted away, and threw the whole assembly into confusion. However, the cause of my disorder remained a secret to everybody but my brother, who was likewise struck with the resemblance, and scolded after we came home. I am very sensible of Jerry's affection, and know he spoke as well with a view to my own interest and happiness, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed severely. I was not so much affected by the censure he passed upon my own indiscretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilson. He observed that if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable designs, he would have vindicated his pretensions in the face of day. This remark made a deep impression upon my mind: I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts, and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and spirits, so it was thought necessary that I should go to the Highlands, and drink goat-milk whey.

We went accordingly to Loch Lomond, one of most enchanting spots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning fresh from the mountains, and the pure air, and cheerful company, I have recovered my flesh and appetite, though there is something still at bottom which it is not in the power of air, exercise, company, or medicine, to remove. These incidents would not touch me so nearly, if I had a sensible confidant to sympathize with my affliction, and comfort me with wholesome advice. I have nothing of this kind, except Win. Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill qualified for such an office. The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her understanding, otherwise I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate

youth. But why do I call him *unfortunate?* Perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me, for having listened to the false professions of—But hold, I have as yet no right, and sure I have no inclination, to believe anything to the prejudice of his honour. In that reflection I shall still exert my patience. As for Mrs. Jenkins, she herself is really an object of compassion; between vanity, Methodism, and love her head is almost turned. I should have more regard for her, however, if she had been more constant in the object of her affection; but truly she aimed at conquest, and flirted at the same time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deserving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet-de-chambre, a debauched fellow, who leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly ashamed of my own sex. We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, sensibility, and all that; but I have seen enough to believe that our sex in general make it their business to ensnare the other; and for this purpose employ arts which are by no means to be justified. In point of constancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation. My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where she thought she had the least chance to dispose of her person, which, however, hangs still heavy on her hands. I am afraid she has used even religion as a decoy, though it has not answered her expectation. She has been praying, preaching, and catechising among the Methodists, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have such manifestations and revelations as even Clinker himself can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthusiasm. As for Jenkins, she affects to take all her mistress's reveries for gospel. She has also her heart-heavings and motions of the Spirit; and, God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this seems to me to be downright hypocrisy and deceit. Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl imposes on herself. She is generally in a flutter, and is much subject to vapours. Since we came to Scotland she has seen apparitions, and pretends to prophesy. If I could put faith in all these supernatural visitations, I should think myself abandoned of grace; for I have neither seen, heard, nor felt anything of this nature, although I endeavour to discharge the duties of religion with all the sincerity, zeal, and devotion that is in the power of, dear Letty, your ever affectionate, LYDIA MELFORD.

Glasgow, Sept. 7.

We are so far on our return to Brambleton-hall, and I would fain hope we shall take Gloucester in our way; in which case I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing my dear Willis. Pray remember me to my worthy governess.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MARY,—Sunders Macully, the Scotchman, who pushes directly for Vails, has promised to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miss the opportunity to let you now as I am still in the land of the living; and yet I have been on the brink of the other world since I sent you my last letter. We went by sea to another kingdom, called Fife, and, coming back, had like to have gone to pot in a storm. What between the frite and sickness, I thought I should have brought my heart up; even Mr. Clinker was not his own man for eight-and-forty hours after we got ashore. It was well for some folks that we 'scaped drownding; for mistress was very frexious, and seemed but indifferently prepared for a change; but, thank God, she was soon put in a better frame by the private exaltations of the Reverend Mr. Macrocodile. We afterwards churned to Starling and Glascow, which are a kipple of handsome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's house at Loff Loming, which is a wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't. They say as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a musician—and, truly, I believe it, for it is not in the coarse of nature. It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland;* and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congyration. The bell knolled when we were there. I saw lights, and heard lamentations. The gentleman, our landlord, has got another house, which he was fain to quit, on account of a mischievous ghost, that would not suffer people to lie in their beds. The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by; and they steal away the good women that are in the straw, if so be as how there an't a horshoe nailed to the door. And I was shown an old vitch, called Elspath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of gray bristles on her sin. That she mought do me no harm, I crossed her hand with a taster, and bid her tell my fortune; and she told me such things—desceriving Mr. Clinker to a hair—but it shall ne'er be said that I minchioned a word of the matter. As I was troubled with fits, she advised me to bathe in the loff, which was holy water; and so I went in the morning to a private place, along with the housemaid, and we bathed in our birth-day soot, after the fashion of the country; and behold, whilst we dabbled in the loff, Sir George Coon started up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and passed by him to the place where we had left our smocks. A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way. My comfit is, he knew not which was which; and, as the saying is, *all cats in the dark are gray.* While we staid at Loff Loming, he and our two squires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of selvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, and speak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, because he is so stout, and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise. Indeed, he was once so flurried by an operition, that he had like to have founded. He made believe as if it had been the ould edmiral; but the ould edmiral could not have made his air to stand on end, and his teeth to shatter; but he said so in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affeard. Mis Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline. I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's fey has sat her on her legs again. You nows got's fey is mother's milk to a Velch voman. As for mistress, blessed be God, she ails nothing. Her stomach is good, and she improves in grease and godliness; but, for all that, she may have infections like other people; and, I believe, she wouldn't be sorry to be called *your Ladyship,* whenever Sir George thinks proper to ax the question. But, for my part, whatever I may see or hear, not a pratical shall ever pass the lips of, dear Molly, your loving friend,

Grasco, Sept. 7. WIN. JENKINS.

Remember me as usual to Saul. We are now coming home, though not the nearest road. I do suppose I shall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—Once more I tread upon English ground, which I like not the worse for the six weeks' ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *Land of Cakes, where bannocks grow upon straw.* I never saw my uncle in such health and spirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs. Tabitha has no reason to complain. Nevertheless, I believe she was, till yesterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of insensible brutes, upon whom her accomplishments have been displayed in vain. At every place where we halted did she mount the stage, and flourished her rusty arms, without being able to make one conquest. One of her last essays was against the heart of Sir George Colquhoun, with whom she fought all the weapons more than twice over. She was grave and gay by turns—she moralized and methodized—she laughed, and romped, and danced, and sung, and sighed, and ogled, and lisped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the desert. The Baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as she could in conscience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, some degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambuscade that she could lay for his affection. While we were absent in the Highlands, she practised also upon the Laird of Ladrishmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumscailloch; but the Laird had such a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parson of the parish, and nothing passed but spiritual communications. After all these miscarriages, our aunt suddenly recollected Lieutenant Lismahago, whom, ever since our first arrival at Edinburgh, she seemed to have utterly forgot; but now she expressed her hopes of seeing him at Dumfries, according to his promise.

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed, in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat on his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words:—"This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, an' please your honour," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way."—"Honour not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honour your grey hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the gaol, then, turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and halloed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene, and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but, in the meantime, he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum, equal to the debt, in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without farther process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be

accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious, and to give five hundred pounds by way of dower to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude; for my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and, when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

On the day that succeeded this adventure, we went some miles out of our road to see Drumlanrig, a seat belonging to the Duke of Queensberry, which appears like a magnificent palace erected by magic, in the midst of a wilderness; it is indeed a princely mansion, with suitable parks and plantations, rendered still more striking by the nakedness of the surrounding country, which is one of the wildest tracts in all Scotland. This wilderness, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, instead of heath, are covered with a fine green sward, affording pasture to innumerable flocks of sheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithsdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is said to equal that of Salisbury Plain. Having passed the night at the castle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the Duke himself, who is one of the best men that ever breathed, we prosecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good provision and excellent wine, at very reasonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all respects as in any part of South Britain. If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would choose Dumfries as the place of my residence. Here we made inquiries about Captain Lismahago, of whom hearing no tidings, we proceeded by the Solway Frith to Carlisle. You must know that the Solway sands, upon which travellers pass at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, because, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the flood rushes in so impetuously, that passengers are often overtaken by the sea, and perish.

In crossing these treacherous syrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horse, which Humphry Clinker, after due inspection, declared to be the very identical beast which Mr. Lismahago rode when he parted with us at Feltonbridge in Northumberland. This information, which seemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had shared the fate of his horse, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who shed salt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master. But her grief and ours was not of long duration; for one of the first persons we saw in Carlisle was the lieutenant *in propria persona*, bargaining with a horse-dealer for another steed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted. Mrs. Bramble was the first that perceived him, and screamed as if she had seen a ghost; and truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have passed for an inhabitant of another world, for he was more meagre and grim than before. We received him the more cordially for having supposed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expressions of satisfaction at this meeting. He told us he had inquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glasgow that we had resolved to return by the way of Coldstream. He said, that in passing the sands without a guide, his horse had knocked up; and he himself must have perished, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return post-chaise. He moreover gave us to understand that his scheme of settling in his own country having miscarried, he was so far in his way to London, with a view to embark for North America, where he intended to pass the rest of his days among his old friends the Miamis, and amuse himself in finishing the education of the son he had by his beloved Squinkinacoosta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend such a long voyage by sea, and afterwards such a tedious journey by land. She enlarged particularly on the risk he would run with respect to the concerns of his precious soul, among savages who had not yet received the glad tidings of salvation; and she hinted that his abandoning Great Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of some deserving person whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generosity, understanding that Lismahago's real reason for leaving Scotland was the impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half-pay, began to be warmly interested on the side of compassion. He thought it very hard that a gentleman, who had served his country with honour, should be driven by necessity to spend his old age among the refuse of mankind, in such a remote part of the world. He discoursed with me upon the subject, observing that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an asylum at Brambleton-hall, if he did not foresee that his singularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable housemate, though his conversation at some times might be both instructive and entertaining; but, as there seemed to be something particular in his attention to Mrs. Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion that this intercourse should be encouraged, and improved, if possible, into a matrimonial union; in which case there would be a comfortable provision for both; and they might be settled in a house of

their own, so that Mr. Bramble should have no more of their company than he desired.

In pursuance of this design, Lismahago has been invited to pass the winter at Brambleton-hall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the spring. He has taken time to consider of this proposal; meanwhile, he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Bristol, where he has hopes of getting a passage for America. I make no doubt but that he will postpone his voyage, and prosecute his addresses to a happy consummation; and sure, if it produces any fruit it must be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe we shall take the Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton Wells in our way. At anyrate, from the first place where we make any stay, you shall hear again from yours always,

Carlisle, Sept. 21. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—The peasantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better and are better clothed than those of the same rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy; nay, I will venture to say they are better fed, notwithstanding the boasted wine of these foreign countries. The country people of North Britain live chiefly on oatmeal and milk-cheese, butter, and some garden stuff, with now and then a pickled herring, by way of delicacy; but flesh-meat they seldom or never taste, nor any kind of strong liquor, except twopenny, at times of uncommon festivity. Their breakfast is a kind of hasty-pudding of oatmeal, or peasemeal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, composed of cale or cole, leeks, barley, or big, and butter, and this is reinforced with bread, and cheese made of skimmed milk. At night they sup on sowens or flummery of oatmeal. In a scarcity of oats they use the meal of barley and pease, which is both nourishing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parsnips in every peasant's garden. They are clothed with a coarse kind of russet of their own making, which is both decent and warm. They dwell in poor huts, built of loose stones and turf, without any mortar, having a fireplace or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill-stone, and a hole at top to let out the smoke.

These people, however, are content, and wonderfully sagacious. All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to dispute upon the articles of their faith, which, in those parts I have seen, is entirely Presbyterian. I am told that the inhabitants of Aberdeenshire are still more acute. I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London who had declared war against this part of his country, and swore that the impudence and knavery of the Scotch in that quarter had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The river Clyde, above Glasgow, is quite pastoral, and the banks of it are everywhere adorned with fine villas. From the sea to its source, we may reckon the seats of many families of the first rank, such as the Duke of Argyle at Roseneath, the Earl of Bute in the isle of that name, the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayston, Lord Blantyre at Areskine, the Duchess of Douglas at Bothwell, Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton, the Duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the Earl of Hyndford at Carmichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furnished; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neatest little towns I have seen in any country. The old castle of Douglas being burnt to the ground by accident, the late Duke resolved, as head of the first family in Scotland, to have the largest house in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpose; but there was only one wing of it finished when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in possession of his great fortune, will complete the design of his predecessor. Clydesdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than corn. This is also the case with Tweeddale, through part of which we passed, and Nithsdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous. These hills are covered with sheep; and this is the small delicious mutton, so much preferable to that of the London market. As their feeding costs so little, the sheep are not killed till five years old, when their flesh, juices, and flavour are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar with which they are smeared to preserve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thousands are lost under huge wreaths of snow. 'Tis a pity the farmers cannot contrive some means to shelter this useful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, especially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greatest extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid is situated the castle of Drumlanrig, one of the noblest seats in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Queensberry, one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human nature. I shall not pretend to enter into a description of this palace, which is really an instance of the sublime in magnificence as well as in situation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, rising like a vision in the midst of the wilderness. His Grace keeps open house, and lives with great splendour. He did us the honour to receive us with great courtesy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other guests, with all their servants and horses, to a very considerable number. The Duchess was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live I see more reason to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are discovered to be erroneous and absurd. Such habits of thinking as interest the grand passions, cleave to the human heart in such a manner that, though an effort of reason may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no sooner ceases than they resume their grasp with an increased elasticity and adhesion.

I am led into this reflection by what passed at the Duke's table after supper. The conversation turned upon the vulgar notions of spirits and omens that prevail among the commonalty of North Britain, and all the company agreed that nothing could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable story of himself, by way of speculation:—"Being on a party of hunting in the north," said he, "I resolved to visit an old friend whom I had not seen for twenty years. So long he had been retired and sequestered from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping, melancholy way, much afflicted with lowness of spirits, occasioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he resided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen, with as many servants, we carried some provision with us from the next market town, lest we should find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the house till two

o'clock in the afternoon, and were agreeably surprised to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen, and the cloth laid with six covers. My friend himself appeared in his best apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us these two hours. Astonished at this declaration, I asked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he smiled, without making any other reply. However, presuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards insisted upon knowing; and he told me, very gravely, he had seen me in a vision of the second sight: nay, he called in the evidence of his steward, who solemnly declared, that his master had the day before apprized him of my coming, with four other strangers, and ordered him to provide accordingly; in consequence of which intimation he had prepared the dinner which we were now eating, and laid the covers according to the number foretold." The incident we all owned to be remarkable, and I endeavoured to account for it by natural means. I observed, that as the old gentleman was of a visionary turn, the casual idea, or remembrance of his old friend, might suggest those circumstances which accident had for once realized; but that in all probability he had seen many visions of the same kind, which were never verified. None of the company directly dissented from my opinion, but from the objections that were hinted, I could plainly perceive that the majority were persuaded there was something more extraordinary in the case.

Another gentleman of the company, addressing himself to me, "Without all doubt," said he, "a diseased imagination is very apt to produce visions; but we must find some other method to account for something of this kind, that happened within these eight days in my neighbourhood. A gentleman of a good family, who cannot be deemed a visionary in any sense of the word, was, near his own gate, in the twilight, visited by his grandfather, who has been dead these fifteen years. The spectre was mounted seemingly on the very horse he used to ride, with an angry and terrible countenance, and said something, which his grandson, in the confusion of his fear, could not understand. But this was not all—he lifted up a huge horse-whip, and applied it with great violence to his back and shoulders, on which I saw the impression with my own eyes. The apparition was afterwards seen by the sexton of the parish, hovering about the tomb where his body lies interred; as the man declared to several persons in the village, before he knew what had happened to the gentleman; nay, he actually came to me, as a justice of the peace, in order to make oath of these particulars, which, however, I declined administering. As for the grandson of the defunct, he is a sober, sensible, worldly-minded fellow, too intent upon schemes of interest to give in to reveries. He would have willingly concealed the affair, but he bawled out in the first transport of his fear, and, running into the house, exposed his back and his sconce to the whole family; so that there was no denying it in the sequel. It is now the common discourse of the country, that this appearance and behaviour of the old man's spirit portends some great calamity to the family, and the good woman has actually taken to her bed in this apprehension."

Though I did not pretend to explain this mystery, I said I did not at all doubt but it would one day appear to be a deception; and, in all probability, a scheme executed by some enemy of the person who had sustained the assault; but still the gentleman insisted upon the clearness of the evidence, and the concurrence of testimony, by which two credible witnesses, without having any communication one with another, affirmed the appearance of the same man, with whose person they were both well acquainted. From Drumlanrig we pursued the course of the Nid to Dumfries, which stands several miles above the place where the river falls into the sea, and is, after Glasgow, the handsomest town I have seen in Scotland. The inhabitants, indeed, seem to have proposed that city as their model; not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but also in prosecuting their schemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England by the way of Carlisle, where we accidentally met with our friend Lismahago, whom we had in vain inquired after at Dumfries and other places. It would seem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country, which he has now renounced for ever. He gave me the following particulars of his visit to his native soil: in his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a bourgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnership with his father-in-law. Chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate in the twilight, where he heard the sound of treddles in the great hall, which had exasperated him to such a degree, that he had like to have lost his senses. While he was thus transported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer master of his passion, he cried, "Degenerate rascal, you have made my father's house a den of thieves!" and at the same time chastised him with his horse-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had visited the burying-ground of his ancestors by moonlight; and having paid his respects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country. Finding the head of his family in such a disgraceful situation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former residence, and the expense of living increased to double of what it had been when he first left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to seek for repose among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loss to account for the apparition which had been described at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the story to the lieutenant, he was much pleased to think his resentment had been so much more effectual than he intended; and he owned he might at such an hour, and in such an equipage, very well pass for the ghost of his father, whom he was said greatly to resemble. Between friends, I fancy Lismahago will find a retreat without going so far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My sister Tabby is making continual advances to him in the way of affection; and, if I may trust to appearances, the captain is disposed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correspondence, and shall be glad to see them united; in that case, we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I and my servants will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrannic governante; and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire; for though an olla is a high-flavoured dish, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleased with Manchester, which is

one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns in Great Britain; and I perceive that this is the place which hath animated the spirit, and suggested the chief manufactures of Glasgow. We propose to visit Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton, from which last place we shall proceed directly homewards, though by easy journeys. If the season has been as favourable in Wales, as in the north, your harvest is happily finished; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barnes be properly reminded. You will find me much better in flesh than I was at our parting; and this short separation has given a new edge to those sentiments of friendship with which I always have been, and ever shall be, yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Manchester, Sept. 15.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Housekeeper at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. GWILLIM.—It has pleased Providence to bring us safe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular, the *Devil's Harse-a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*, which hath got no bottom; and, as we are drawing houmwards, it may be proper to uprise you, that Brambleton-hall may be in a condition to receive us, after this long jurney to the islands of Scotland. By the first of next month you may begin to make constant fires in my brother's chamber and mine; and burn a fagget every day in the yellow damask room; have the tester and curtains dusted, and the feather-bed and matrosses well haired; because, perhaps, with blissing of Heaven, they may be yused on some occasion. Let the ould hogsheads be well skewred and seasoned for bear, as Mat is resolved to have his seller choak-fool.

If the house was mine I would turn over a new leaf. I don't see why the sarvants of Wales shouldn't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cale, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter. I hope you keep accunt of Roger's purseeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my due when I come huom, without baiting an ass, I'll assure you. As you must have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do suppose there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the house; and a brave kergo of cheese ready for market; and that the owl has been sent to Crickhowel, saving what the maide spun in the family.

Pray let the whole house and furniture have a through cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger search into, and make a general clearance of the slit holes which the maids have in secret; for I know they are much given to sloath and uncleanness. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my last, and set their hearts upon better things than they can find in junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, she has undergone a perfect metamurphysis, and is become a new creeter from the ammunition of Humphry Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly that she may bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the same pains with that pert hussy Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he may have power given to penetrate and instill his goodness, even into your most inward parts, is the fervent prayer of, your friend in the spirit,

Sept. 18. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—Lismahago is more paradoxical than ever. The late gulp he had of his native air seems to have blown fresh spirits into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing that the Scotch were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the Union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners. The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect:—"Those who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deserve no answer. The Lacedæmonians were poorer than the Scotch, when they took the lead among all the free states of Greece, and were esteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The most respectable heroes of ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus, were poorer than the poorest freeholder in Scotland; and there are at this day individuals in North Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and silver than the whole republic of Rome could raise at those times when her public virtue shone with unrivalled lustre; and poverty was so far from being a reproach, that it added fresh laurels to her fame, because it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof against all the arts of corruption. If poverty be a subject of reproach, it follows, that wealth is the object of esteem and veneration. In that case there are Jews and others in Amsterdam and London, enriched by usury, peculation, and different species of fraud and extortion, who are more estimable than the most virtuous and illustrious members of the community; an absurdity which no man in his senses will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly no proof of merit. Nay, they are often, if not most commonly, acquired by persons of sordid minds and mean talents. Nor do they give any intrinsic worth to the possessor; but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his understanding, and render his morals more depraved. But granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be justly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can supply its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages. It produces every species of provision in abundance, vast herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with a great number of horses; prodigious quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copsewood, and in some parts large forests of timber. The earth is still more rich below than above the surface. It yields inexhaustible stores of coal, free-stone, marble, lead, iron, copper, and silver, with some gold. The sea abounds with excellent fish, and salt to cure them for exportation; and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom, for the convenience and security of navigation. The face of the country displays a surprising number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, swarming with people; and there seems to be no want of art, industry, government, and police. Such a kingdom never can be called poor, in any sense of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper use of those advantages, and the present prosperity of the Scotch, you seem to derive from the union of the two kingdoms."

I said, I supposed he would not deny that the

appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating since the Union than before. "I may safely admit these premisses," answered the lieutenant, "without subscribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I should take to be the natural progress of improvement. Since that period, other nations, such as the Swedes, the Danes, and in particular the French, have greatly increased in commerce, without any such cause assigned. Before the Union, there was a remarkable spirit of trade among the Scotch, as appeared in the case of their Darien Company, in which they had embarked no less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling; and in the flourishing state of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eastern coast, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in consequence of the Union. The only solid commercial advantage reaped from that measure, was the privilege of trading to the English plantations; yet, excepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other respects, I conceive the Scotch were losers by the Union. They lost the independency of their state, the greatest prop of national spirit; they lost their Parliament, and their courts of justice were subjected to the revision and supremacy of an English tribunal."

"Softly, captain," cried I; "you cannot be said to have lost your own Parliament, while you are represented in that of Great Britain." "True," said he, with a sarcastic grin, "in debates of national competition, the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland must make a formidable figure in the scale against the whole English legislature." "Be that as it may," I observed, "while I had the honour to sit in the Lower House, the Scotch members had always the majority on their side." "I understand you, sir," said he, "they generally side with the majority; so much the worse for their constituents. But even this evil is not the worst they have sustained by the Union. Their trade has been saddled with grievous impositions, and every article of living severely taxed, to pay the interest of enormous debts contracted by the English, in support of measures and connexions in which the Scotch had no interest nor concern." I begged he would at least allow, that, by the Union, the Scotch were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of English subjects; by which means, multitudes of them were provided for in the army and navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England and its dominions. "All these," said he, "become English subjects to all intents and purposes, and are in a great measure lost to their mother country. The spirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have served and settled, as formerly, in other countries, such as Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their descendants continue to flourish even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's sake, what has England got by this Union, which, you say, has been so productive of misfortune to the Scotch?" "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the Union," said Lismahago, in a solemn tone. "First and foremost, the settlement of the Protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness that no stone was left unturned to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the Union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisingly averse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back-doors against the enterprises of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers, and mechanics,—a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven years, during the last war, Scotland furnished the English army and navy with seventy thousand men, over and above those who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very considerable and seasonable supply to a nation, whose people had been for many years decreasing in number, and whose lands and manufactures were actually suffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that, to a nation in such circumstances, a supply of industrious people is a supply of wealth; nor repeat an observation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the English themselves, that the Scotch who settle in South Britain are remarkably sober, orderly, and industrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that, by their industry, economy, and circumspection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amassed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was so much lost to South Britain. "Give me leave, sir," said he, "to assure you, that in your fact you are mistaken, and in your deduction erroneous. Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to settle in his own country; and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can possibly diminish the stock of South Britain; for none of their treasure stagnates in Scotland. There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the streams which it distributes are refunded and returned; nay, in consequence of that luxury, which our connexion with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engrossed by the natives of South Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always against Scotland, and that she retains neither gold nor silver sufficient for her own circulation. The Scotch, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well answer all necessary occasions, seem to vie with each other in purchasing superfluities from England, such as broad cloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the most extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper, in their own country. For all these particulars, England, I conceive, may touch about one million sterling a year. I don't pretend to make an exact calculation; perhaps it may be something less, and perhaps a great deal more. The annual revenue arising from all the private estates of Scotland cannot fall short of a million sterling; and I should imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know the linen manufacture

alone returns near a half a million, exclusive of the home consumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I insist upon it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her possession, over and above the other advantages which I have specified; therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the United Kingdom."

I must own I was at first a little nettled to find myself schooled in so many particulars. Though I did not receive all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks, so far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error. After some recollection, "Well, captain," said I, "you have argued stoutly for the importance of your own country. For my part, I have such a regard for our fellow-subjects of North Britain, that I should be glad to see the day when your peasants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themselves with good wheaten loaves, instead of such poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myself into a premunire with the disputatious Caledonian. He said, he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things; that they might have some reason to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with saw-dust and fish-bones; but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat-flour, and the Scotch in general thought it at least as savoury. He affirmed, that a mouse, which in the article of self-preservation might be supposed to act from infallible instinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were consumed. For their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale robust constitutions of the people, who lived chiefly upon oatmeal; and instead of being inflammatory, he asserted that it was cooling, subacid, balsamic, and mucilaginous; insomuch, that, in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oatmeal.

"At least," said I, "give me leave to wish them such a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations." "Heaven forbid!" cried the philosopher. "Woe be to that nation where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a blessing, while restrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils. It brings false taste, false appetite, false wants, profusion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a spirit of licentiousness, insolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time destroys all the distinctions of civil society; so that universal anarchy and uproar must ensue. Will any sensible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be sought on these terms? No, sure; but I am one of those who think that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the allay of such concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Lismahago, whom I describe the more circumstantially, as I firmly believe he will set up his rest in Monmouthshire. Yesterday, while I was alone with him, he asked, in some confusion, if I should have any objection to the success of a gentleman and a soldier, provided he should be so fortunate as to engage my sister's affection? I answered, without hesitation, that my sister was old enough to judge for herself; and that I should be very far from disapproving any resolution she might take in his favour. His eyes sparkled at this declaration. He declared, he should think himself the happiest man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he should never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I suppose Tabby and he are already agreed, in which case we shall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you shall give away the bride. It is the least thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-sick maiden, who has been so long a thorn in the side of yours,

Sept. 20. MATT. BRAMBLE.

We have been at Buxton; but as I did not much relish either the company or the accommodations, and had no occasion for the water, we stayed but two nights in the place.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—Adventures begin to thicken as we advance to the southward. Lismahago has now professed himself the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addresses under the sanction of her brother's approbation; so that we shall certainly have a wedding by Christmas. I should be glad you was present at the nuptials, to help me to throw the stocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to the occasion. I am sure it will be productive of some diversion; and truly it would be worth your while to come across the country on purpose to see two such original figures in bed together, with their laced night-caps; he the emblem of good cheer, and she the picture of good-nature. All this agreeable prospect was clouded, and had well-nigh vanished entirely, in consequence of a late misunderstanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago, my uncle and I, going to visit a relation, met with Lord Oxmington at his house, who asked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation. Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of Captain Lismahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his Lordship's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a fashionable meal served up with much ostentation, to a company of about a dozen persons, none of whom we had ever seen before. His Lordship is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice than for his hospitality and understanding; and, indeed, it appeared that he considered his guests merely as objects to shine upon, so as to reflect the lustre of his own magnificence. There was much state but no courtesy; and a great deal of compliment, without any conversation. Before the dessert was removed, our noble entertainer proposed three general toasts; then, calling for a glass of wine, and bowing all round, wished us a good afternoon. This was the signal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our squire, who was greatly shocked at the manner of this dismission. He changed countenance, bit his lip in silence, but still kept his seat, so that his Lordship found himself obliged to give us another hint, by saying he should be glad to see us another time. "There is no

time like the present time," cried Mr. Bramble; "your Lordship has not yet drank a bumper to *the best in Christendom*." "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day," answered our landlord; "and I am sorry to see you have drank too many—order the gentleman's carriage to the gate." So saying, he rose and retired abruptly; our squire starting up at the same time, laying his hand upon his sword, and eyeing him with a most ferocious aspect. The master having vanished in this manner, our uncle bade one of the servants see what was to pay; and the fellow answering, "This is no inn:"—"I cry you mercy," said the other, "I perceive it is not; if it were, the landlord would be more civil. There's a guinea, however; take it, and tell your lord that I shall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in person for his politeness and hospitality."

We then walked down stairs through a double range of lacqueys, and, getting into the chaise, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the squire much ruffled, I ventured to disapprove of his resentment, observing that, as Lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a sensible man should rather laugh than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding. Mr. Bramble took umbrage at my presuming to be wiser than he upon this occasion; and told me that, as he had always thought for himself in every occurrence in life, he would still use the same privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he closeted Lismahago; and having explained his grievance, desired that gentleman to go and demand satisfaction of Lord Oxmington in his name. The lieutenant charged himself with this commission, and immediately set out a-horseback for his Lordship's house, attended, at his own request, by my man Archy M'Alpin, who had been used to military service; and truly, if M'Alpin had been mounted upon an ass, this couple might have passed for the knight of La Mancha and his squire Panza. It was not till after some demur that Lismahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his Lordship to single combat, in the name of Mr. Bramble, and desired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was so confounded at this unexpected message, that he could not for some time make any articulate reply; but stood staring at the lieutenant with manifest marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner send a challenge to a peer of the realm!—Privilege! privilege!—Here's a person brings me a challenge from the Welshman that dined at my table. An impudent fellow!—My wine is not yet out of his head."

The whole house was immediately in commotion. M'Alpin made a soldierly retreat with the two horses; but the captain was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet-de-chambre headed in this exploit; his sword was passed through a close-stool, and his person through the horse-pond. In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his disgrace. So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he mistook its object. He wanted to quarrel with Mr. Bramble; he said he had been dishonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands. My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he desired him to explain his pretensions. "Either compel Lord Oxmington to give me satisfaction," cried he, "or give it me in your person." "The latter part of the alternative is the most easy and expeditious," replied the squire, starting up; "if you are disposed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Tabby, who had overheard all that passed. She now burst into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, "Is this your regard for me," said she to the lieutenant, "to seek the life of my brother?" Lismahago, who seemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, assured her he had a very great respect for Mr. Bramble, but he had still more for his own honour, which had suffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he should have no farther cause of dissatisfaction. The squire said he should have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but as he now carved for himself, he might swallow and digest it as well as he could. In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs. Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonstrances of your humble servant, who joined them at this juncture, those two originals were perfectly reconciled; and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the insults they had received from the petulant peer; for until that aim should be accomplished, Mr. Bramble swore, with great emphasis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he should pass his Christmas on the spot.

In consequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his Lordship's house, all of us, with our servants, including the coachman, mounted a-horseback, with our pistols loaded and ready primed. Thus prepared for action, we paraded solemnly and slowly before his Lordship's gate, which we passed three times, in such a manner that he could not but see us, and suspect the cause of our appearance. After dinner we returned, and performed the same cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning following; but we had no occasion to persist in these manœuvres. About noon we were visited by the gentleman at whose house we had first seen Lord Oxmington. He now came to make apologies in the name of his Lordship, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle in practising what had been always the custom of his house; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his Lordship's knowledge, at the instigation of his valet-de-chambre. "If that be the case," said my uncle, in a peremptory tone, "I shall be contented with Lord Oxmington's personal excuses; and I hope my friend will be satisfied with his Lordship's turning that insolent rascal out of his service." "Sir," cried Lismahago, "I must insist upon taking personal vengeance for the personal injuries I have sustained."

After some debate, the affair was adjusted in this manner. His Lordship, meeting us at our friend's house, declared he was sorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage. The valet-de-chambre asked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Lismahago, to the astonishment of all present, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming, in a furious tone, "*Oui, je te pardonne, gens foutre.*"

Such was the fortunate issue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the squire is one of those who will sacrifice both life and fortune rather than leave what he conceives to be the least speck or blemish upon his honour and reputation. His Lordship had no sooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went

away in some disorder, and, I dare say, he will never invite another Welshman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this achievement, in order to prosecute our journey; but we follow no determinate course. We make small deviations to see the remarkable towns, villas, and curiosities on each side of our route; so that we advance by slow steps towards the borders of Monmouthshire. But, in the midst of these irregular motions, there is no aberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat, yours always, J. MELFORD.

September 28.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—At what time of life may a man think himself exempted from the necessity of sacrificing his repose to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I shall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almost all our visits, and seen everything that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards. A few days ago, understanding by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not pass so near his habitation without paying him a visit, though our correspondence had been interrupted for a long course of years.

I felt myself very sensibly affected by the ideas of our past intimacy, as we approached the place where we had spent so many happy days together; but when we arrived at the house, I could not recognise any one of those objects which had been so deeply impressed upon my remembrance. The tall oaks that shaded the avenue had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that surrounded the court-yard. The house itself, which was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a stone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was disposed to be contemplative. Now the old front is covered with a screen of modern architecture; so that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic. As for the garden, which was well stocked with the best fruit which England could produce, there is not now the least vestige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges. Nothing appears but a naked circus of loose sand, with a dry basin and a leaden Triton in the middle.

You must know that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and was in other respects extremely well qualified to make a respectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with some excesses of youth, and the expense of a contested election, he, in a few years, found himself encumbered with a debt of ten thousand pounds, which he resolved to discharge by means of a prudent marriage. He accordingly married a Miss Thomson, whose fortune amounted to double the sum that he owed. She was the daughter of a citizen who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the East Indies. Her own parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt, who had superintended her education, and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the usual purposes of the married state. Her virtues, however, stood rather upon a negative than a positive foundation. She was neither proud, insolent, nor capricious, nor given to scandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry. She could read and write, and dance and sing, and play upon the harpsichord, and smatter French, and take a hand at whist and ombre; but even these accomplishments she possessed by halves. She excelled in nothing. Her conversation was flat, her style mean, and her expression embarrassed. In a word, her character was totally insipid. Her person was not disagreeable; but there was nothing graceful in her address, nor engaging in her manners; and she was so ill qualified to do the honours of the house, that when she sat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the mistress of the family in some other place.

Baynard had flattered himself that it would be no difficult matter to mould such a subject after his own fashion, and that she would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domestic happiness. He proposed to reside always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthusiasm; to cultivate his estate, which was very improvable; to enjoy the exercise of rural diversions; to maintain an intimacy of correspondence with some friends that were settled in his neighbourhood; to keep a comfortable house, without suffering his expenses to exceed the limits of his income; and to find pleasure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family. This, however, was a visionary scheme which he never was able to realize. His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of everything that related to the conduct of a family; and she had no idea of a country life. Her understanding did not reach so far as to comprehend the first principles of discretion; and indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine to which she had been habituated. She had not taste enough to relish any rational enjoyment; but her ruling passion was vanity, not that species which arises from self-conceit of superior accomplishments, but that which is of a bastard and idiot nature, excited by show and ostentation, which implies not even the least consciousness of any personal merit.

The nuptial peal of noise and nonsense being rung out in all the usual changes, Mr. Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected. He told her that his fortune, though sufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the superfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally absurd and intolerable. He therefore hoped she would have no objection to their leaving London in the spring, when he would take the opportunity to dismiss some unnecessary domestics, whom he had hired for the occasion of their marriage. She heard him in silence, and, after some pause, "So," said she, "I am to be buried in the country?" He was so confounded at this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes: at length he told her he was much mortified to find he had proposed anything that was disagreeable to her ideas. "I am sure," added he, "I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate." "Sir," added she, "you are the best judge of your own affairs. My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thousand pounds; yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a husband who would not have begrudged me a house in London—" "Good God! my dear," cried poor Baynard, in the utmost agitation, "you don't think me so sordid—I only hinted

what I thought—but I don't pretend to impose—" "Yes, sir," resumed the lady, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey."

So saying, she burst into tears, and retired to her chamber, where she was joined by her aunt. He endeavoured to recollect himself, and act with vigour of mind on this occasion; but was betrayed by the tenderness of his nature, which was the greatest defect of his constitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the best part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, she began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear husband*, who had sat by her all this time, and now pressed her hand to his lips, in a transport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given. From thenceforward he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and dissipation, leading what is called a fashionable life in town. About the latter end of July, however, Mrs. Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, desired, of her own accord, that they might pay a visit to his country house, as there was no company left in London. He would have excused himself from this excursion, which was no part of the economical plan he had proposed; but she insisted upon making this sacrifice to his taste and prejudices, and away they went with such an equipage as astonished the whole country. All that remained of the season was engrossed by receiving and returning visits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourse, it was discovered that Sir John Chickwell had a house-steward and one footman in livery more than the complement of Mr. Baynard's household. This remark was made by the aunt at table, and assented to by the husband, who observed, that Sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more servants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs. Baynard eat no supper that evening; but was seized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the spirit of her consort. The two supernumerary servants were added. The family plate was sold for old silver, and a new service procured; fashionable furniture was provided, and the whole house turned topsy-turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated these particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered, in that character, to lay before her the necessity of reforming her economy, if she had any regard to the interest of her own family, or complaisance for the inclinations of her husband. But Baynard declined my offer, on the supposition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expostulation; and that it would only serve to overwhelm her with such distress as would make himself miserable.

Baynard is a man of spirit, and had she proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or instinct, she fastened upon the weak side of his soul, and held it so fast, that he has been in subjection ever since. I afterwards advised him to carry her abroad to France and Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expense it cost him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly. She was agreeably flattered with the idea of seeing and knowing foreign parts and foreign fashions, of being presented to sovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith seized the hint, which I had thrown out on purpose, and even pressed Mr. Baynard to hasten his departure; so that, in a few weeks, they crossed the sea to France, with a moderate train, still including the aunt, who was her bosom counsellor, and abetted her in all her opposition to her husband's will. Since that period I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correspondence. All that I knew of his transactions amounted to no more than that, after an absence of two years, they returned so little improved in economy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which at length obliged him to mortgage his estate. By this time she had borne him three children, of which the last only survives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good sense, nor the dread of indigence, nor the consideration of his children, has been of force sufficient to stimulate him into the resolution of breaking at once the shameful spell by which he seems enchanted. With a taste capable of the most refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendship and humanity, and a disposition strongly turned to the more rational pleasures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidst a mob of beings pleased with rattles, baubles, and gewgaws, so void of sense and distinction, that even the most acute philosophy would find it a very hard task to discover for what wise purposes of Providence they were created. Friendship is not to be found, nor can the amusements for which he sighs be enjoyed, within the rotation of absurdity to which he is doomed for life. He has long resigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exercise of husbandry, in which he delighted; and, as to domestic happiness, not the least glimpse of hope remains to amuse his imagination. Thus blasted in all his prospects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and spirits in such a manner that he is now threatened with a consumption.

I have given you a sketch of the man whom the other day I went to visit. At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacqueys, but no civility. After we had sat a considerable time in the coach, we were told that Mr. Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dressing; but we were introduced to a parlour, so very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was designed to be seen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damask, so smooth and sleek that they looked as if they had never been sat upon. There was no carpet on the floor, but the boards were rubbed and waxed in such a manner that we could not walk, but were obliged to slide along them; and as for the stove, it was too bright and polished to be polluted with sea-coal, or stained by the smoke of any gross material fire. When we had remained above half an hour, sacrificing to the inhospitable powers in this *temple of cold reception*, my friend Baynard arrived, and, understanding we were in the house, made his appearance, so meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really should not have known him had I met with him in any other place. Running up to me with great eagerness, he strained me in his embrace, and his heart was so full that for some minutes he could not speak. Having saluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable situation, and, con-

ducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate; then withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and in the meantime presented his son Harry, a shambling blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a hussar, very rude, forward, and impertinent. His father would have sent him to a boarding-school, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the house; so that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but just turned of twelve, and the whole house was in a commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foresaw it would be late before we dined, and proposed a walk to Mr. Baynard, that we might converse together freely. In the course of this perambulation, when I expressed some surprise that he had returned so soon from Italy, he gave me to understand that his going abroad had not at all answered the purpose for which he left England; that although the expense of living was not so great in Italy as at home, respect being had to the same rank of life in both countries, it had been found necessary for him to lift himself above his usual style, that he might be on some footing with the counts, marquisses, and cavaliers with whom he kept company. He was obliged to hire a great number of servants, to take off a great variety of rich clothes, and to keep a sumptuous table for the fashionable sorocconi of the country, who, without a consideration of this kind, would not have paid any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever so respectable. Besides, Mrs. Baynard was continually surrounded by a train of expensive loungers, under the denomination of language-masters, musicians, painters, and ciceroni; and had actually fallen into the disease of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible. At length she met with an affront which gave her a disgust to Italy, and drove her back to England with some precipitation. By means of frequenting the Duchess of B(edford)'s conversazione while her Grace was at Rome, Mrs. Baynard became acquainted with all the fashionable people of that city, and was admitted to their assemblies without scruple. Thus favoured, she conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and, when the Duchess left Rome, resolved to have a conversazione that should leave the Romans no room to regret her Grace's departure. She provided hands for a musical entertainment, and sent bighetti of invitation to every person of distinction; but not one Roman of the female sex appeared at her assembly. She was that night seized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which she declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her constitution. In order to prevent this catastrophe, she was speedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, she had purchased such a quantity of silks, stuffs, and laces, that it was necessary to hire a vessel to smuggle them over, and this vessel was taken by a custom-house cutter; so that they lost the whole cargo, which had cost them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expensive and fantastic than ever. She affected to lead the fashion, not only in point of female dress, but in every article of taste and connoisseurship. She made a drawing of the new façade to the house in the country; she pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, so as to let in the easterly wind, which Mr. Baynard's ancestors had been at great pains to exclude. To show her taste in laying out ground, she seized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the house, which she parcelled out into walks and shrubberies, having a great bason in the middle, into which she poured a whole stream that turned two mills, and afforded the best trout in the country. The bottom of the bason, however, was so ill secured that it would not hold the water, which strained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation. In a word, the ground which formerly paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a year, now cost him two hundred pounds a year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the first expense of trees, shrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the house, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind; nor did he raise a truss of hay or a bushel of oats for his horses, nor had he a single cow to afford milk for his tea, far less did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry. Every article of housekeeping, even the most inconsiderable, was brought from the next market-town, at the distance of five miles, and thither they sent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfast. In short, Baynard fairly owned that he spent double his income, and that in a few years he should be obliged to sell his estate for the payment of his creditors. He said his wife had such delicate nerves, and such imbecility of spirit, that she could neither bear remonstrance, be it ever so gentle, nor practise any scheme of retrenchment, even if she perceived the necessity of such a measure. He had therefore ceased struggling against the stream, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to ruin, by reflecting that his child at least would inherit his mother's fortune, which was secured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly against the indiscretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquiescence under the absurd tyranny which she exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his resolution, and make one effectual effort to disengage himself from a thraldom equally shameful and pernicious. I offered him all the assistance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authorize me to execute the plan I should form for his advantage. I was so affected by the subject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonstrances; and Baynard was so penetrated with these marks of my affection, that he lost all power of utterance. He pressed me to his breast with great emotion, and wept in silence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendship is undoubtedly the most precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great measure recalled me from an abyss of despondence in which I have been long overwhelmed; I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a distinct state of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the course you prescribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature—the truth is, there are tender connexions, of which a bachelor has no idea. Shall I own my weakness? I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneasy." "And yet," cried I, "she has seen you unhappy for a series of years, unhappy from her misconduct, without ever showing the least inclination to alleviate your distress." "Nevertheless," said he, "I am persuaded she loves me with the most

warm affection; but these are incongruities in the composition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

I was shocked at his infatuation, and changed the subject, after we had agreed to maintain a close correspondence for the future. He then gave me to understand that he had two neighbours, who, like himself, were driven by their wives at full speed in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three husbands were of dispositions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their consorts were admirably suited to the purpose of keeping them all three in subjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the same. They vied in grandeur, that is, in ostentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and she again piqued herself upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peeress, whose revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox realized in four different instances within the same county; one large fortune and three moderate estates in a fair way of being burst by the inflation of female vanity; and, in three of these instances, three different forms of female tyranny were exercised. Mr. Baynard was subjugated by practising upon the tenderness of his nature. Mr. Milksan, being of a timorous disposition, truckled to the insolence of a termagant. Mr. Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate who assailed him with the weapons of irony and satire, sometimes sneering in the way of compliment, sometimes throwing out sarcastic comparisons implying reproaches upon his want of taste, spirit, and generosity, by which means she stimulated his passions from one act of extravagance to another, just as the circumstances of her vanity required.

All these three ladies have at this time the same number of horses, carriages, and servants in and out of livery, the same variety of dress, the same quantity of plate and china, the like ornaments in furniture, and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expense of their dishes. I believe it will be found upon inquiry, that nineteen out of twenty who are ruined by extravagance, fall a sacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of silly women, whose parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enslave. Thank Heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weaknesses of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had discussed all these matters at leisure, we returned towards the house, and met Jerry with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the mansion had not yet made her appearance. In short, Mrs. Baynard did not produce herself till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her husband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and son, and she received us with a coldness of reserve sufficient to freeze the very soul of hospitality. Though she knew I had been the intimate friend of her husband, and had often seen me with him in London, she showed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addressed myself to her in the most friendly terms of salutation. She did not express the common compliment of, *I am glad to see you*; or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health since we had the pleasure of seeing you*, or some such words of course; nor did she once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my sister and my niece, but sat in silence like a statue, with an aspect of insensibility. Her aunt, the model upon which she had been formed, was indeed the very essence of insipid formality; but the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceasing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the same ungracious indifference, never speaking but in whispers to her aunt; and as to the repast, it was made up of a parcel of kickshaws, contrived by a French cook, without one substantial article adapted to the satisfaction of an English appetite. The pottage was little better than bread soaked in dish-washings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digested; the fricassees were involved in a nasty yellow poultice, and the rotis were scorched and stinking, for the honour of the fumet. The dessert consisted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character; the table-beer was sour, the water foul, and the wine vapid; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lackey stood behind every chair, except those of the master and mistress of the house, who were served by two valets dressed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old Gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble, and notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, struck me with such a chill sensation, that, when I entered it, the teeth chattered in my jaws. In short, everything was cold, comfortless, and disgusting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner, we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troublesome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a playfellow, forsooth, and would have romped with her, had she encouraged his advances. He was even so impudent as to snatch a kiss, at which she changed countenance, and seemed uneasy; and though his father checked him for the rudeness of his behaviour, he became so outrageous as to thrust his hand in her bosom; an insult to which she did not tamely submit, though one of the mildest creatures upon earth. Her eyes sparkled with resentment, she started up, and lent him such a box in the ear, as sent him staggering to the other side of the room.

"Miss Melford," cried his father, "you have treated him with the utmost propriety. I am only sorry that the impertinence of any child of mine should have occasioned this exertion of your spirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was so far from assenting to the candour of his apology, that she rose from table, and taking her son by the hand, "Come, child," said she, "your father cannot abide you." So saying, she retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her governante. But neither the one nor the other deigned to take the least notice of the company.

Baynard was exceedingly disconcerted; but I perceived his uneasiness was tinctured with resentment, and derived a good omen from this discovery. I ordered the horses to be put to the carriage; and, though he made some efforts to detain us all night, I insisted upon leaving the house immediately; but before I went away, I took an opportunity of speaking to him again in private. I said everything I could recollect to animate his endeavours in shaking off those shameful trammels. I made no scruple to declare that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaisance which he had shown for her foibles; that she was dead to all the genuine sentiments of conjugal affection; insensible of her own honour

and interest, and seemingly destitute of common sense and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's house, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreasonable woman herself, who was driving on blindly to her own destruction. I advised him to form a plan for retrenching superfluous expense, and try to convince the aunt of the necessity for such a reformation, that she might gradually prepare her niece for its execution; and I exhorted him to turn that disagreeable piece of formality out of the house, if he should find her averse to his proposal.

Here he interrupted me with a sigh, observing that such a step would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs. Baynard. "I shall lose all patience," cried I, "to hear you talk so weakly. Mrs. Baynard's fits will never hurt her constitution. I believe in my conscience they are all affected. I am sure she has no feeling for your distresses; and when you are ruined, she will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, such as I had advised; that he would form a plan of economy, and, if he found it impracticable without my assistance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promised to give him the meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs. With this mutual engagement we parted; and I shall think myself supremely happy, if, by my means a worthy man, whom I love and esteem, can be saved from misery, disgrace, and despair.

I have only one friend more to visit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bulford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but, being disabled by the gout from enjoying any amusement abroad, he entertains himself within doors, by keeping open house for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company. But he himself is generally the greatest original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceasing. I am told, that all the use he makes of his understanding at present is to excite mirth, by exhibiting his guests in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furnish him with entertainment of this kind; but I am resolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himself, and partly to pay my respects to his lady, a good-natured, sensible woman, with whom he lives upon very easy terms, although she has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his estate.

And now, dear Dick, I must tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would presume to send such a long-winded epistle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, because the subject interested the warmest passions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correspondent who has been so long accustomed to the impertinence of MATT. BRAMBLE.

Sept. 30.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be never so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea, we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sung and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed, "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time, he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet. He was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occasionally tried upon strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy. Sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living, that is, eating well. This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success in the course of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw betwixt a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the justice, who eat a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of broiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in some constitutions, had a poisonous effect. Mr. Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner. He answered that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank off immediately, and

retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half-an-hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a dismal cry of *Fire!* and starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half-dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the court-yard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran down-stairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second storey, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and posteriors exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder except the knight, who sat in the chair, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lord have mercy upon us! —save the gentleman's life!—mind your footing, dear captain! softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands!—there—well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart." Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorata, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green-room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction, he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh, "Mat," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha!—Such a *camisicata, scagliata beffata!—O che roba!*—Oh, what a subject!—Oh, what *caricatura!*—Oh, for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken!—Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows!—what lights and shadows!—what a group below!—what expression above!—what an aspect!—did you mind the aspect?—ha, ha, ha!—and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror!—ha, ha, ha!—then the blanket!—Oh, what *costume!* St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barabbas!—ha, ha, ha!" "After all then," cried Mr. Bramble very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm. We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!" "Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord, "such a farce! such a *denouement!* such a *catastrophe!*"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire, "we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience." "'Sdeath!" cried the knight, "I could not have bated him an ace had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century." Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying that he must be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green-room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said, "Here is a small mistake." "No mistake at all," cried the baronet; "a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." "Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service; but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought upon the stage again. I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand." So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he

presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned, "Odso!" cried he, "I had forgot the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would show the captain that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the farther end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way. "Jesu! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter? you look as if you was not a man for this world! Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord have mercy upon us!—What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated!" "Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I doubt it is all over with me. These mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah! oh! hey!" "Now the Lord forbid!" said the other, "what! man—have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel?—hah."

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown, discovered that his waistcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at least. "Heaven protect us all," cried Sir Thomas; "what a melancholy spectacle;—never did I see a man so suddenly swelled, but when he was either just dead, or just dying—Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?" "I don't think the case is quite desperate," said the surgeon, "but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught." The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency, "Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" Then he begged the surgeon, in the name of God to despatch—"As for my worldly affairs," said he, "they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs—but, my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul?—miserable sinner that I am!" "Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself," resumed the knight; "consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't." "Name not the devil," exclaimed the terrified Frogmore, "I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah! friend, I have been sly—sly—damn'd sly!—Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity." He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added, "Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering, that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon; and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life. The knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. Upon inquiry we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made of oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul, when those medicines produced their effect; so that the parson was obliged to hold his nose while he poured forth spiritual consolation from his mouth. The same expedient was used by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an easing-chair, under the pressure of a double evacuation. The short intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered, in a solemn snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egesta*, and felt his pulse, he declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting, that if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the meantime, Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond, just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and, throwing up the window sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, "Lord have mercy upon us! pray take care of the gentleman!—for God's sake mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm

blankets—comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room."

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence, "Sir Thomas Bulford," said he, "I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." "Give me thy hand," cried the baronet, "thou hast indeed paid me *scot and lot;* and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable." So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary—but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.*

I have seen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beast when teased for the entertainment of the spectators. As for Lismahago, he seemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's constitution; but the doctor hinted some apprehension that the gouty matter might, by such a sudden shock, be repelled from the extremities, and thrown upon some of the more vital parts of the machine. I should be very sorry to see this prognostic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs. Tabitha at parting, that he hoped she would remember him in the distribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. After all, I am afraid our squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit; for his constitution is by no means calculated for night alarms. He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper; so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow; in which case, you will have at least one day's respite from the persecution of J. MELFORD.

Oct. 3.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MARY,—Miss Liddy is so good as to unclose me in a kiver as fur as Gloster, and the carrier will bring it to hand. God send us all safe to Monmouthshire, for I 'm quite jaded with rambling. 'Tis true saying, *live and learn.* O woman, what chuckling and changing have I seen!—Well, there 's nothin sartin in this world—Who would have thought that mistriss, after all the pains taken for the good of her prusias sole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that she would cast the keys of infection upon such a carrying crow as Lashmyhago! as old as Mathewsullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a starved veezel—O Molly! hadst thou seen him come down the ladder, in a shurt so scanty, that it could not kiver his nakedness! The young squire called him Dunquickset, but he looked for all the world like Cradoc-ap-Morgan, the ould tinker that suffered at Abergany for stealing of kettle. Then he 's a profane scuffle, and, as Mr. Clinker says, no better than an impfiddle, continually playing upon the pye-bill, and the new burth. I doubt he has as little manners as money; for he can't say a civil word, much more make me a present of a pair of gloves for good will; but he looks as if he wanted to be very foreward and familiar. O! that ever a gentlewoman of years and discretion should tare her air, and cry, and disporridge herself for such a nubjack! as the song goes—

"I vow she would fain have a burd,
That bids such a price for an owl."

But, for sartin, he must have dealt with some Scotch musician to bring her to this pass; as for me, I put my trust in the Lord, and I have got a slice of witch-elm sowed in the gathers of my under-petticoat; and Mr. Clinker assures me that, by the new light of grease, I may defy the devil and all his works; but I nose what I nose. If mistress should take up with Lashmyhago, this is no sarvice for me. Thank God, there 's not want of places, and if I want for one thing, I would—but, no matter. Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year and parquisites, and dresses like a parson of distinkson. I dined with her and the valey de shambles, with bags and golden jackets; but there was nothing kimfittable to eat, being as how they live upon board, and having nothing but a piss of could cuddling tart and some blamangey, I was tuck with the cullick, and a murcy it was that mistress had her viol of assings in the cox.

But, as I was saying, I think for sartin this match will go forewood; for things are come to a creesus, and I have seen with my own heys such smuggling—but I scorn for to exclose the secrets of the family; and if it wance comes to marrying, who nose but the frolic may go round. I believes as how Miss Liddy would have no reversion if her swan would appear; and you would be surprised, Molly, to receive a bride's fever from your humble sarvant; but this is all suppository, dear girl, and I have sullenly promised to Mr. Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child shall know that arrow said a civil thing to me in the way of infection. I hopes to drink your health at Brambleton-hall, in a horn of October, before the month be out. Pray let my bed be turned once a-day, and the windore opened, while the weather is dry; and burn a few billets with some brush in the footman's garret, and see their mattrash be dry as a bone; for both our gentlemen have got a sad could by lying in damp shits at Sir Tummus Ballfart's. No more at present, but my service to Saul and the rest of our fellow-sarvants, being, dear Mary Jones, always yours, WIN. JENKINS.

Oct. 4.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,—This method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an answer, affords me, I own, some ease and satisfaction in the midst of my disquiet, as it, in some degree, lightens the burden of affliction; but it is at best a very imperfect enjoyment of friendship, because it admits of no return of confidence and good counsel. I would give the whole world to have your company for a single day. I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life.

I am quite dizzy with a perpetual succession of objects; besides, it is impossible to travel such a length of way without being exposed to inconveniences, dangers, and disagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curiosity.

Nature never intended me for the busy world; I long for repose and solitude, where I can enjoy that disinterested friendship which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society. Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have seen enough to give me a disgust to the generality of those who carry it on; there is such malice, treachery, and dissimulation, even among professed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to strike a virtuous mind with horror; and when vice quits the stage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by folly, which is often too serious to excite anything but compassion. Perhaps I ought to be silent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no secrets; and truly her weaknesses are such as cannot be concealed. Since the first moment we arrived at Bath, she has been employed constantly in spreading nets for the other sex; and at length she has caught a superannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name. My uncle and my brother seem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of conversation and mirth; for my part, I am too sensible of my own weaknesses to be diverted with those of other people. At present I have something at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmost terror and suspense.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, as I stood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn where we had lodged, a person passed a-horseback, whom, gracious Heaven! I instantly discovered to be Wilson! He wore a white riding-coat with a cape, buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and passed at a round trot, without seeming to observe us; indeed, he could not see us, for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may guess how I was affected at this apparition. The light forsook my eyes, and I was seized with such a palpitation and trembling that I could not stand. I sat down upon a couch, and strove to compose myself, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impossible to escape his prying eyes. He had observed the object that alarmed me, and doubtless knew him at the first glance. He now looked at me with a stern countenance, then he ran out into the street to see what road the unfortunate horseman had taken. He afterwards despatched his man for farther intelligence, and seemed to meditate some violent design. My uncle being out of order, we remained another night at the inn; and all day long Jerry acted the part of an indefatigable spy upon my conduct; he watched my very looks with such eagerness of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart. This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is so hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the sight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any share of my affection if he persists in persecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed some scheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he suspects some collusion from this appearance of Wilson. Good God! did he really appear! or was it only a phantom, a pale spectre to apprise me of his death!

O Letty, what shall I do? where shall I turn for advice and consolation? shall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compassionate?—this must be my last resource. I dread the thoughts of making him uneasy, and would rather suffer a thousand deaths than live the cause of dissension in the family. I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilson's coming hither; perhaps he was in quest of us, in order to disclose his real name and situation; but wherefore pass without staying to make the least inquiry? My dear Willis, I am lost in conjecture; I have not closed an eye since I saw him. All night long have I been tossed about from one imagination to another. The reflection finds no resting-place. I have prayed, and sighed, and wept plentifully. If this terrible suspense continues much longer, I shall have another fit of illness, and then the whole family will be in confusion. If it was consistent with the wise purposes of Providence, would I were in my grave; but it is my duty to be resigned. My dearest Letty, excuse my weakness, excuse these blots; my tears fall so fast that I cannot keep the paper dry; yet I ought to consider that I have as yet no cause to despair; but I am such a faint-hearted timorous creature!

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yesterday; he is resolved to pursue our journey straight to Wales. I hope we shall take Gloucester in our way; that hope cheers my poor heart: I shall once more embrace my best beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly bosom. O heaven! is it possible that such happiness is reserved for the dejected and forlorn LYDIA MELFORD.

October 4.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WATKIN,—I yesterday met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very surprising. As I stood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who should pass by but Wilson a-horseback! I could not be mistaken in the person, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my sister's confusion that she recognised him at the same time. I was equally astonished and incensed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an insult, or something worse. I ran out at the gate, and, seeing him turn the corner of the street, I despatched my servant to observe his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that satisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he supposed the horseman had alighted, but that he would not inquire without farther orders. I sent him back immediately to know what strangers were in the house, and he returned with a report that there was one Mr. Wilson lately arrived. In consequence of this information, I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, desiring him to meet me in half-an-hour, in a certain field at the town's end, with a case of pistols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our last rencounter; but I did not think proper to subscribe the billet. My man assured me he had delivered it into his own hand; and that, having read it, he declared he

would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'Alpin being an old soldier, and luckily sober at the time, I entrusted him with my secret. I ordered him to be within call; and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in case of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an enclosed field at a little distance from the highway. I found my antagonist had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horseman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes: but what was my astonishment, when, throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a person whom I had never seen before! He had one pistol stuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and advancing a few steps, called to know if I was ready; I answered "No," and desired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth, then replaced it in his belt, and met me half-way. When I assured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he said, *it might be so;* that he had received a slip of paper directed to Mr. Wilson, requesting him to come hither; and that, as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only. I then gave him to understand that I had been injured by a person who assumed that name, which person I had actually seen within the hour, passing through the street on horseback; that hearing there was a Mr. Wilson at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expressed my surprise, that he, who was a stranger to me and my concerns, should give me such a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation. He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole country; that no such horseman had alighted at the Red Lion since nine o'clock, when he arrived; that having had the honour to serve his Majesty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter soever it might come; and that, if any explanation was necessary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who summoned him into the field. Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolness of this officer, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour. He seemed to be turned of forty; wore his own short black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel. When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good-humour. He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a small farm-house, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diversion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in which case, we might perhaps find out the man who had given me offence. I thanked him very sincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at present, on account of my being engaged in a family party; and so we parted, with mutual professions of good-will and esteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what am I to make of this singular adventure? Am I to suppose that the horseman I saw was really a thing of flesh and blood, or a bubble that vanished into air; or must I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than she chooses to disclose? If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandestine correspondence with such a fellow, I should at once discard all tenderness, and forget that she was connected with me by the ties of blood. But how is it possible that a girl of her simplicity and inexperience should maintain such an intercourse, surrounded, as she is, with so many eyes, destitute of all opportunity, and shifting quarters every day of her life! Besides, she has solemnly promised—No, I can't think the girl so base, so insensible to the honour of her family. What disturbs me chiefly is the impression which these occurrences seem to make upon her spirits. These are the symptoms from which I conclude that the rascal has still a hold on her affection—surely I have a right to call him a rascal, and to conclude that his designs are infamous; but it shall be my fault if he does not one day repent his presumption. I confess I cannot think, much less write on this subject, with any degree of temper or patience; I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month; but before that period you will probably hear again from your affectionate J. MELFORD.

October 4.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,—When I wrote you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon; but I now sit down with a heart so full that it cannot contain itself; though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connexion in this address. We have been this day within a hair's-breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavour to explain. In crossing the country to get into the post-road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were a-horseback passed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down with such impetuosity, as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream. Lismahago and I and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power. Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already half-way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely; but whether his foot slipped, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a mill-stone (no bad emblem of matrimony); and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the shades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their distress. I snatched out my sister by the hair of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared. Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker haling ashore Mrs. Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears; but when I asked if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief. As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor squire, to all appearance deprived of life. It is not in my power to describe what I felt at this melancholy spectacle. It was such an agony as baffles all description! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had

been an infant of six months, carried him ashore, howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation. When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes and fetched a deep sigh. Clinker, perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horse-fleam, let him blood in the farrier style. At first a few drops only issued from the orifice; but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream; and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary-water, and held a smelling-bottle to his nose. As I had heard of the efficacy of salt in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the desired effect, or Nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the bystanders. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected. He laughed and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, seeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe. Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry clothes; and having swallowed a little warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family. I found Mrs. Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled periwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like Father Thame without his sedges, embracing Isis, while she cascaded in his urn. Mrs. Jenkins was present also, in a loose bedgown, without either cap or handkerchief; but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two, Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good woman of the house had shifted her linen and put her into bed; but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and, in this persuasion, made a dismal outcry. Nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe. Mr. Bramble hearing the noise, and being informed of her apprehension, desired she might be brought into his chamber; and she no sooner received this intimation than she ran thither half naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance. Seeing the squire sitting up in the bed, she sprung forwards, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a most pathetic tone, "Are you—are you indeed my uncle—my dear uncle!—my best friend!—my father? Are you really living? or is it an illusion of my poor brain?" Honest Matthew was so much affected that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying, "My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to show how sensible I am of your affection. But your spirits are fluttered, child—you want rest—go to bed and compose yourself—" "Well, I will," she replied; "but still methinks this cannot be real. The coach was full of water—my uncle was under us all. Gracious God!—you was under water—how did you get out? Tell me that, or I shall think this is all a deception." "In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear," said the squire; "and truly that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed." I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my clothes; so that I had only time to tell him that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half-an-hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged that it could not proceed without considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being housed at an inn which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well composed, and the men all afoot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words:—"So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water. As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risk, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." So saying, he presented him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value. "God forbid!" cried Clinker, "your honour shall excuse me. I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart. Oh! if your honour did but know how I rejoiced to see—blessed be His holy name that made me the humble instrument—but as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it—I have done no more than my duty—no more than I would have done for the most worthless of my fellow-creatures—no more than I would have done for Captain Lismahago, or Archy M'Alpin, or any sinner upon earth—but for your worship, I would go through fire as well as water." "I do believe it, Humphry," said the squire; "but as you think it was your duty to save my life at the hazard of your own, I think it is mine to express the sense I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment. I insist upon your receiving this small token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompense for the service you have done me. I have determined to settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life; and I desire these gentlemen will bear witness to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book." "Lord make me thankful for all these mercies!" cried Clinker, sobbing; "I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning. Your honour's goodness found me when I was—naked—when I was—sick and forlorn—I understand your honour's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your worship won't give me leave to speak—I must vent it in prayers to Heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Lismahago said he should have a much better opinion of his honesty if he did not whine and cant so abominably; but that he had always observed those weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this sarcastic remark, proceed-

ing from the lieutenant's resentment of Clinker's having, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpin and the sinners of the earth. The landlord being called to receive some orders about the beds, told the squire that his house was very much at his service, but he was sure he should not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave us to understand that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public-house, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood, he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss. He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr. Dennison, when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paltry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage, as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's College. When Mr. Dennison answered "Yes," with some marks of surprise. "Look at me, then," said our squire, "and let us see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years." The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly, "I protest!" cried he, "I do think I recall the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganshire, who was student of Jesus." "Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Dennison!" exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his breast, "I am that very identical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan." Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words, than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying, "Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Providence!—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!" Then, clasping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner:—"Your worship must forgive me—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, sir!—I can't contain myself!—I shall lose my senses—" "Nay, thou hast lost them already, I believe," said the squire peevishly; "prithee, Clinker, be quiet—What is the matter?" Humphry, fumbling in his bosom, pulled out an old wooden snuff-box, which he presented in a great trepidation to his master, who opening it immediately, perceived a small cornelian seal, and two scraps of paper. At sight of these articles he started, and changed colour, and casting his eye upon the inscriptions, "Ha!—how!—what!—where!" cried he, "is the person here named!" Clinker, knocking his own breast, could hardly pronounce these words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate showeth—Humphry Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me prentice." "And who gave you these tokens?" said my uncle hastily. "My poor mother on her deathbed," replied the other. "And who was your mother?" "Dorothy Twyford, an' please your honour, heretofore barkeeper at the Angel at Chippenham." "And why were not these tokens produced before?" "My mother told me she had wrote to Glamorganshire, at the time of my birth, but had no answer; and that afterwards, when she made inquiry, there was no such person in that county." "And so, in consequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and misery. I am really shocked at the consequence of my own folly." Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added, "Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd. You see, gentlemen, how the sins of my youth rise up in judgment against me. Here is my direction written with my own hand, and a seal which I left at the woman's request; and this is a certificate of the child's baptism, signed by the curate of the parish." The company were not a little surprised at this discovery; upon which Mr. Dennison facetiously congratulated both the father and the son; for my part, I shook my new-found cousin heartily by the hand; and Lismahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal; but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery. Mr. Dennison now desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford; and our squire satisfied him by answering to this effect:—"I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganshire; but when I came of age I sold that property, in order to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name; so that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambleton-hall, in Monmouthshire, at your service; and this is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan." At that instant, the ladies entering the room, he presented Mrs. Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. The old gentleman saluted them very cordially, and seemed struck with the appearance of my sister, whom he could not help surveying with a mixture of complacency and surprise. "Sister," said my uncle, "there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces. The quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphosed into Matthew Lloyd, and claims the honour of being your carnal kinsman. In short, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting, in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism." Clinker had by this time dropped upon one knee by the side of Mrs. Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying, with a demure aspect, "Brother, you have been very wicked; but I hope you'll live to see the folly of your ways. I am very sorry to say the young man whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your profane learning and repeated opportunity. I do think he has got the trick of

the eye, and the tip of the nose of my uncle Lloyd of Flluydwellin; and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's. Brother, as you have changed his name, pray change his dress also; that livery doth not become any person that hath got our blood in his veins." Liddy seemed much pleased with this acquisition to the family. She took him by the hand, declaring she should always be proud to own her connexion with a virtuous young man, who had given so many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her surprise at this discovery, and the apprehension of losing her sweetheart, exclaimed in a giggling tone, "I wish you joy, Mr. Clinker—Floyd, I would say—hi, hi, hi!—you'll be so proud, you won't look at your poor fellow-servants, oh, oh, oh!" Honest Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deserved. "But wherefore should I be proud?" said he; "a poor object, conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, nursed in a parish workhouse, and bred in a smithy. Whenever I seem proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in when I first saw you between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was discussed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; so that we walked all together to Mr. Dennison's house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hospitality. The house is old-fashioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whose house he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the meantime, as there is a man going to the next market-town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef-steak at Dolly's, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of yours, J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—Since the last trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, some of them of a singular nature, which I reserve as a fund for conversation; but there are others so interesting, that they will not keep *in petto* till meeting.

Know then, it was a thousand pounds to a sixpence that you should now be executing my will, instead of perusing my letter! Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midst of a rapid river, where my life was saved with the utmost difficulty, by the courage, activity, and presence of mind of my servant Humphry Clinker. But this is not the most surprising circumstance of the adventure. The said Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Lloyd, natural son of one Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, if you know any such person. You see, doctor, that, notwithstanding all your philosophy, it is not without some reason that we Welshmen ascribe such energy to the force of blood. But we shall discuss this point on some future occasion.

This is not the only discovery which I made in consequence of our disaster. We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly shore. The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Dennison, our fellow-rake at Oxford. We are now happily housed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity at which I have been aspiring these twenty years in vain. He is blessed with a consort whose disposition is suited to his own in all respects; tender, generous, and benevolent. She, moreover, possesses an uncommon share of understanding, fortitude, and discretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counsellor, and coadjutrix. These excellent persons have an only son, about nineteen years of age, just such a youth as they could have wished that Heaven would bestow, to fill up the measure of their enjoyment. In a word, they know no other allay to their happiness, but their apprehension and anxiety about the life and concerns of their beloved object.

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a second brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himself qualified to shine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profession. He disobliged his father by marrying for love, without any consideration of fortune; so that he had little or nothing to depend upon for some years but his practice, which afforded him a bare subsistence; and the prospect of an increasing family began to give him disturbance and disquiet. In the meantime, his father dying, was succeeded by his elder brother, a fox-hunter and a sot, who neglected his affairs, insulted and oppressed his servants, and in a few years had well-nigh ruined the estate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate consequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit business, and retire into the country, although this resolution was strenuously and zealously opposed by every individual whom he consulted on the subject. Those who had tried the experiment assured him, that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for less than the double of what his estate produced; that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horses, hounds, carriages, with a suitable number of servants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a mystery known only to those who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the success of it depending not only upon skill and industry, but also upon such attention and economy as no gentleman could be supposed to give or practise; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miscarried, and not a few had been ruined by their prosecution of agriculture. Nay, they affirmed that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the most inconsiderable article of housekeeping, than to have those articles produced on his own ground.

These objections did not deter Mr. Dennison, because they were chiefly founded upon the supposition that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid. The objects he had in view were, health of body, peace of mind, and the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence. He was very moderate in his estimate of the necessaries, and even of the comforts of life. He required nothing but whole-

some air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected that, if a peasant, without education, or any great share of natural sagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent, upon a farm for which he paid an annual rent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, surely he himself might hope for some success from his industry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a year to receive. He considered that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without distinction. He had studied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerness and delight; and he could not conceive there was any mystery in the practice but what he should be able to disclose by dint of care and application. With respect to household expense, he entered into a minute detail and investigation, by which he perceived the assertions of his friends were altogether erroneous. He found he should save sixty pounds a year in the single article of house-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butchers' meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almost every other circumstance of housekeeping, might be had for less than one-half of what they cost in town; besides a considerable saving on the side of dress, in being delivered from the oppressive imposition of ridiculous modes invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the least disturbance. He was now turned of forty, and having lived half that time in the busy scenes of life, was well skilled in the science of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure than that of a man who, with five hundred a year, presumes to rival in expense a neighbour who possesses five times that income. His ostentation, far from concealing, serves only to discover his indigence, and render his vanity the more shocking; for it attracts the eyes of censure, and excites the spirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a servant in his own house, nor a farmer in the parish, but what knows the utmost farthing that his lands produce; and all these behold him with scorn or compassion. I am surprised that these reflections do not occur to persons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a salutary effect. But the truth is, of all the passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding; nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved, as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a sketch of the character and situation of Mr. Dennison, when he came down to take possession of this estate; but as the messenger, who carries the letters to the next town, is just setting off, I shall reserve what further I have to say on this subject till the next post, when you shall certainly hear from yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Oct. 8.

To DR. LEWIS.

ONCE more, dear Doctor, I resume the pen for your amusement. It was on the morning after our arrival, that, walking out with my friend Mr. Dennison, I could not help breaking forth into the warmest expressions of applause at the beauty of the scene, which is really enchanting; and I signified, in particular, how much I was pleased with the disposition of some detached groves, that afforded at once shelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took possession of these lands, about two-and-twenty years ago," said he, "there was not a tree standing within a mile of the house, except those of an old neglected orchard, which produced nothing but leaves and moss. It was in the gloomy month of November when I arrived, and found the house in such a condition, that it might have been justly styled *the tower of desolation*. The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited such a rank plantation of weeds as I had never seen before; the window-shutters were falling in pieces—the sashes broken, and owls and jackdaws had taken possession of the chimneys. The prospect within was still more dreary. All was dark and damp, and dirty beyond description—the rain penetrated into several parts of the roof—in some apartments, the very floors had given way—the hangings were parted from the walls, and shaking in mouldy remnants—the glasses were dropping out of their frames—the family pictures were covered with dust—and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy. There was not a bed in the house that could be used, except one old-fashioned machine with a high gilt tester, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two centuries in the family. In short, there was no furniture but the utensils of the kitchen; and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that stunk so abominably, that I would not suffer anybody to enter it, until I had flashed a considerable quantity of gunpowder to qualify the foul air within.

"An old cottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the house, had left it with precipitation, alleging, among other causes of retreat, that they could not sleep for frightful noises, and that my poor brother certainly walked after his death. In a word, the house appeared uninhabitable; the barn, stable, and out-houses were in ruins, all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waste.

"The farmer who kept the key never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the spot. He rented a farm of sixty pounds, and his lease was just expiring. He had formed a scheme of being appointed bailiff to the estate, and of converting the house and the adjacent grounds to his own use. A hint of his intention I received from the curate at my first arrival; I therefore did not pay much regard to what he said by way of discouraging me from coming to settle in the country; but I was a little startled when he gave me warning, that he should quit the farm at the expiration of his lease, unless I would abate considerably in the rent.

"At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a person whose friendship laid the foundation of all my prosperity. In the next market-town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr. Wilson, who was lately come to settle in the neighbourhood. He had been lieutenant of a man-of-war, but quitted the sea in some disgust, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this parish, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of husbandry. Wilson is one of the best-natured men I ever knew; brave, frank, obliging, and ingenuous. He liked my conversation; I was charmed with his liberal manner. An acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was soon improved into a friendship without reserve. There are characters which, like similar particles of matter, strongly attract

each other. He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my estate, of consequence well qualified to advise me on this occasion. Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuse myself with the occupations of farming, he approved of my design. He gave me to understand that all my farms were underlet; that the estate was capable of great improvement; that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood; and that my own ground produced excellent marl for manure. With respect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he said he would willingly take it at the present rent; but at the same time owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in enclosures, it would be worth more than double the sum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my scheme without farther delay, and plunged into a sea of expense, though I had no fund in reserve, and the whole produce of the estate did not exceed three hundred pounds a year. In one week my house was made weather-tight, and thoroughly cleansed from top to bottom; then it was well ventilated, by throwing all the doors and windows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets. The floors were repaired, the sashes new glazed, and, out of the old furniture of the whole house, I made shift to fit up a parlour and three chambers, in a plain, yet decent manner. The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbish, and my friend Wilson charged himself with the dressing of the garden. Bricklayers were set at work upon the barn and stable; and labourers engaged to restore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whose recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the house, and keep constant fires in the apartments.

"Having taken these measures, I returned to London, where I forthwith sold off my household furniture, and in three weeks from my first visit, brought my wife hither to keep her Christmas. Considering the gloomy season of the year, the dreariness of the place, and the decayed aspect of our habitation, I was afraid that her resolution would sink under the sudden transition from a town life to such a melancholy state of rustication; but I was agreeably disappointed. She found the reality less uncomfortable than the picture I had drawn. By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance. The out-houses had risen out of their ruins; the pigeon-house was rebuilt, and replenished by Wilson, who also put my garden in decent order, and provided a good stock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard; and the house, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures. Farmer Bland spared me a milch cow for my family, and an ordinary saddle-horse for my servant to go to market at the next town. I hired a country lad for a footman; the hind's daughter was my housemaid; and my wife had brought a cook-maid from London.

"Such was my family when I began housekeeping in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raised from the sale of my superfluous furniture. I knew we should find occupation enough through the day to employ our time; but I dreaded the long winter evenings; yet for these too we found a remedy. The curate, who was a single man, soon became so naturalized to the family, that he generally lay in the house, and his company was equally agreeable and useful. He was a modest man, a good scholar, and perfectly well qualified to instruct me in such country matters as I wanted to know. Mr. Wilson brought his wife to see us, and she became so fond of Mrs. Dennison, that she said she was never so happy as when she enjoyed the benefit of our conversation. She was then a fine buxom country lass, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her husband, Jack Wilson; so that a friendship ensued among the women, which hath continued to this day.

"As for Jack, he hath been my constant companion, counsellor, and commissary. I would not for a hundred pounds you should leave my house without seeing him; Jack is an universal genius—his talents are really astonishing. He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artist in iron and brass. He not only superintended my economy, but also presided over my pastimes. He taught me to brew beer, to make cider, perry, mead, usquebaugh, and plague-water; to cook several outlandish delicacies, such as *ollas, pepper-pots, pillaws, corys, chabobs,* and *stuffatas.* He understands all manner of games, from chess down to chuck-farthing, sings a good song, plays upon the violin, and dances a hornpipe with surprising agility. He and I walked, and rode, and hunted, and fished together, without minding the vicissitudes of the weather; and I am persuaded, that in a raw, moist climate, like this of England, continual exercise is as necessary as food to the preservation of the individual. In the course of two-and-twenty years, there has not been one hour's interruption or abatement in the friendship subsisting between Wilson's family and mine; and, what is a rare instance of good fortune, that friendship is continued to our children. His son and mine are nearly of the same age and the same disposition; they have been bred up together at the same school and college, and love each other with the warmest affection.

"By Wilson's means, I likewise formed an acquaintance with a sensible physician, who lives in the next market-town; and his sister, an agreeable old maiden, passed the Christmas holidays at our house. Meanwhile I began my farming with great eagerness, and that very winter planted these groves that please you so much. As for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that quarter during my first campaign; they were all gone to town before I had settled in the country; and by the summer, I had taken measures to defend myself from their attacks. When a gay equipage came to my gates, I was never at home; those who visited me in a modest way, I received; and according to the remarks I made on their characters and conversation, either rejected their advances, or returned their civility. I was in general despised among the fashionable company, as a low fellow, both in breeding and circumstances; nevertheless, I found a few individuals of moderate fortune who gladly adopted my style of living; and many others would have acceded to our society, had they not been prevented by the pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters. Those, in times of luxury and dissipation, are the rocks upon which all the small estates in the country are wrecked.

"I reserved in my own hands some acres of ground adjacent to the house, for making experiments in agriculture, according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel, and others, who have written on this subject; and qualified their theory with the practicable observations of farmer Bland, who was my great master in the art of husbandry. In short, I became enamoured of a country life; and my success greatly exceeded

my expectation. I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern; I planted copse and willows where nothing else would grow; I gradually enclosed all my farms, and made such improvements, that my estate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a year. All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of spirits, except on a very few occasions, when our cheerfulness was invaded by such accidents as are inseparable from the condition of life. I lost two children in their infancy, by the small-pox, so that I have one son only, in whom all our hopes are centred. He went yesterday to visit a friend, with whom he has stayed all night, but he will be here to dinner. I shall this day have the pleasure of presenting him to you and your family; and I flatter myself you will find him not altogether unworthy of your affection.

"The truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of a very amiable character; and yet his conduct has given us unspeakable disquiet. You must know, we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heiress of a considerable fortune; but it seems he had a personal disgust to the alliance. He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences; but being pressed in letters, by his mother and me, to give a definitive answer, he fairly gave his tutor the slip, and disappeared about eight months ago. Before he took this rash step, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring that he would keep himself concealed until he should understand that his parents would dispense with his contracting an engagement that must make him miserable for life; and he prescribed the form of advertising in a certain newspaper, by which he might be apprized of our sentiments on this subject.

"You may easily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the least hint to his companion, Charles Wilson, who belonged to the same college. We resolved to punish him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord; but he maintained his purpose till the young lady chose a partner for herself; then he produced himself, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilson. Suppose we should unite our families by joining him with your niece, who is one of the most lovely creatures I ever beheld? My wife is already as fond of her as if she were her own child, and I have a presentiment that my son will be captivated by her at first sight." "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family," said I, "than such an alliance; but, my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly disengaged. There is a cursed obstacle—" "You mean the young stroller at Gloucester," said he. "You are surprised that I should know this circumstance; but you will be more surprised when I tell you that stroller is no other than my son, George Dennison; that was the character he assumed in his eclipse." "I am indeed astonished and overjoyed," cried I, "and shall be happy beyond expression to see your proposal take effect."

He then gave me to understand that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had disclosed his passion for Miss Melford, the niece of Mr. Bramble of Monmouthshire. Though Mr. Dennison little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Lloyd, he nevertheless furnished his son with proper credentials; and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in quest of us, to make himself and his pretensions known. The bad success of his inquiry had such an effect upon his spirits, that, immediately at his return, he was seized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction; but he is now happily recovered, though still weak and disconsolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of these circumstances, with which he was wonderfully pleased. He declared he would promote the match to the utmost of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr. Dennison as his friend and brother. Meanwhile, the father went to desire his wife to communicate this discovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not suffer too sudden a shock; and I imparted the particulars to my sister Tabby, who expressed some surprise, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy; for, though she could have no objection to an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous, she hesitated in giving her consent on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties. At length, however, she acquiesced, in consequence of having consulted with Captain Lismahago.

Mr. Dennison took care to be in the way when his son arrived at the gate, and without giving him time or opportunity to make any inquiry about the strangers, brought him up-stairs to be presented to Mr. Lloyd and his family. The first person he saw when he entered the room was Liddy, who, notwithstanding all her preparation, stood trembling in the utmost confusion. At the sight of this object he was fixed motionless to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmost eagerness of astonishment, exclaimed, "Sacred heaven! what is this?—ha!—wherefore—" Here his speech failing, he stood straining his eyes, in the most emphatic silence. "George," said his father, "this is my friend Mr. Lloyd." Roused at this intimation, he turned and received my salute, when I said, "Young gentleman, if you had trusted me with your secret at our last meeting, we should have parted upon better terms." Before he could make any answer, Jerry came round and stood before him with open arms. At first he started and changed colour; but, after a short pause, he rushed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy. Then he paid his respects to Mrs. Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy, "Is it possible," cried he, "that my senses do not play me false! that I see Miss Melford under my father's roof! that I am permitted to speak to her without giving offence! and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection?" Liddy blushed, and trembled, and faltered:—"To be sure, sir," said she, "it is a very surprising circumstance—a great—a providential—I really know not what I say, but I beg you will think I have said what's agreeable."

Mrs. Dennison interposing said, "Compose yourselves, my dear children; your mutual happiness shall be our peculiar care." The son, going up to his mother, kissed one hand; my niece bathed the other with her tears; and the good old lady pressed them both in their turns to her breast. The lovers were too much affected to get rid of their embarrassment for one day; but the scene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilson, who brought, as usual, some game of his own killing. His honest countenance was a good letter of recommendation. I received him like a dear friend after a long separation; and I could not help wondering to see him

shake Jerry by the hand as an old acquaintance. They had, indeed, been acquainted some days, in consequence of a diverting incident, which I shall explain at meeting. That same night a consultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage articles were settled without the least dispute. My nephew and I promised to make Liddy's fortune five thousand pounds. Mr. Dennison declared he would make over one-half of his estate immediately to his son, and that his daughter-in-law should be secured in a jointure of four hundred. Tabby proposed that, considering their youth, they should undergo one year at least of probation, before the indissoluble knot should be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the scheme implying that the young couple should live in the house under the wings of his parents, we resolved to make them happy without farther delay.

As the law requires that the parties should be some weeks resident in the parish, we shall stay here till the ceremony is performed. Mr. Lismahago requests that he may take the benefit of the same occasion; so that next Sunday the banns will be published for all four together. I doubt I shall not be able to pass my Christmas with you at Brambleton-hall. Indeed, I am so agreeably situated in this place, that I have no desire to shift my quarters; and I foresee that, when the day of separation comes, there will be abundance of sorrow on all sides. In the meantime we must make the most of those blessings which Heaven bestows. Considering how you are tethered by your profession, I cannot hope to see you so far from home; yet the distance does not exceed a summer day's journey, and Charles Dennison, who desires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to see his old compotator; but as I am now stationary, I expect regular answers to the epistles of yours invariably,

October 11. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,—Every day is now big with incident and discovery. Young Mr. Dennison proves to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long under the name of Wilson. He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he detested, and acted in different parts of the country as a stroller, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself; then he returned to his father and disclosed his passion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr. Bramble was his old companion Matthew Lloyd. The young gentleman being empowered to make honourable proposals to my uncle and me, had been in search of us all over England without effect; and he it was whom I had seen pass on horseback by the window of the inn, where I stood with my sister, but he little dreamed that we were in the house. As for the real Mr. Wilson, whom I called forth to combat by mistake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr. Dennison, and this connexion had suggested to the son the idea of taking that name while he remained in obscurity.

You may easily conceive what pleasure I must have felt on discovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a sister whom I love with uncommon affection; that instead of debasing her sentiments and views to a wretched stroller, she had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank, and superior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law so worthy of my friendship and esteem. George Dennison is, without all question, one of the most accomplished young fellows in England. His person is at once elegant and manly, and his understanding highly cultivated. Though his spirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and his manner so engaging as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am ashamed to find myself so light in the balance; but the comparison excites no envy—I propose him as a model for imitation—I have endeavoured to recommend myself to his friendship, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injustice we every day commit, and what absurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falsifying medium of prejudice and passion. Had you asked me a few days ago the picture of Wilson the player, I should have drawn a portrait very unlike the real person and character of George Dennison. Without all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and perusing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision.

The real Wilson is a great original, and the best-tempered companionable man I ever knew. I question if ever he was angry or low-spirited in his life. He makes no pretensions to letters; but he is an adept in everything else that can be either useful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete sportsman, and counted the best shot in the county. He and Dennison, and Lismahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a-shooting yesterday, and made great havoc among the partridges. To-morrow we shall take the field against the woodcocks and snipes. In the evening we dance and sing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.

Mr. Dennison is an elegant poet, and has written some detached pieces on the subject of his passion for Liddy, which must be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman. Perhaps he is one of the greatest theatrical geniuses that ever appeared. He sometimes entertains us with reciting favourite speeches from our best plays. We are resolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay. I think I shall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub;* and Lismahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet.* Wilson undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton,* for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our society is really enchanting. Even the severity of Lismahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs. Tabby is remarkably dulcified ever since it was agreed that she should take the precedency of her niece in being first noosed. For, you must know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once published in the parish church. The captain earnestly begged that one trouble might serve for all, and Tabitha assented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very slenderly equipped, has sent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great consequence, as everything is to be transacted with the utmost

privacy. Meanwhile, directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females. Liddy will be secured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain mistress of her own fortune, except one-half of the interest, which her husband shall have a right to enjoy for his natural life. I think this is as little in conscience as can be done for a man who yokes with such a partner for life.

These expectants seem to be so happy, that if Mr. Dennison had an agreeable daughter, I believe I should be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour seems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Lloyd, has a month's mind to play the fool in the same fashion with Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. He has even sounded me on the subject; but I have given him no encouragement to prosecute this scheme. I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promise subsisting; that I did not know what designs my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion that he should not at present run the risk of disobliging him by any premature application of this nature. Honest Humphry protested he would suffer death sooner than say or do anything that should give offence to the squire; but he owned he had a kindness for the young woman, and had reason to think she looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he considered this mutual manifestation of goodwill as an engagement understood, which ought to be binding to the conscience of an honest man; and he hoped the squire and I would be of the same opinion, when we should be at leisure to bestow any thought about the matter. I believe he is in the right; and we shall find time to take his case into consideration. You see we are fixed for some weeks at least; and as you have had a long respite, I hope you will begin immediately to discharge the arrears due to your affectionate J. MELFORD.

October 14.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR DEAR LETTY,—Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting, that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate, my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed!—and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well-nigh perished. O Heaven! I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his own father?—for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his assistance, and invite us to his house, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son; who do you think is this only son? O Letty! O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you, that this only son of Mr. Dennison is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart! Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppose my inclinations; on the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble! I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune; I have no merit, I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel; I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

This letter goes enclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker, alias Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post-chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where I am sure you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal; if you have any friendship, any humanity, you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprize, your ever faithful, LYDIA MELFORD.

Oct. 14.

To MRS. JERMYN, *at her house in Gloucester.*

DEAR MADAM,—Though I am not so fortunate as to be favoured with an answer to the letter with which I troubled you in the spring, I still flatter myself that you retain some regard for me and my concerns. I am sure the care and tenderness with which I was treated, under your roof and tuition, demand the warmest returns of gratitude and affection on my part, and these sentiments, I hope, I shall cherish to my dying day. At present I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy issue of that indiscretion by which I incurred your displeasure! Ah! Madam, the slighted Wilson is metamorphosed into George Dennison, only son and heir of a gentleman whose character is second to none

in England, as you may understand upon inquiry. My guardians, my brother, and I, are now in his house, and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the persons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will easily conceive how embarrassing this situation must be to a young inexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and strong apprehensions, and how much the presence of a friend and confidant would encourage and support me on this occasion. You know that, of all the young ladies, Miss Willis was she that possessed the greatest share of my confidence and affection, and, therefore, I fervently wish to have the happiness of her company at this interesting crisis.

Mrs. Dennison, who is the object of universal love and esteem, has, at my request, written to you on this subject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her solicitation. My dear Mrs. Jermyn! my ever honoured governess! let me conjure you, by that fondness which once distinguished your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart, which disposes you to promote the happiness of your fellow-creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and use your influence with Letty's mamma, that my most earnest desire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her safe, and even to accompany her to Gloucester, where, if you will give me leave, I will present to you, under another name, dear Ma'am, your most affectionate humble servant, and penitent,

LYDIA MELFORD.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Bramblcton-hall.*

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!—I have met with so many axidents, surprisals, and terrifications, that I am in a perfect fantigo, and believe I shall never be my own self again. Last week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and lost a bran new nightcap, with a sulfur stay-hook, that cost me a good half a crown, and an odd shoe of green gallow-monkey, besides wetting my clothes, and taring my smuck, and an ugly gash made in the back part of my thy, by the stump of a tree. To be sure, Mr. Clinker tuck me out of the cox, but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the squire, and I mought have had a watry grave if a millar had not brought me to the dry land. But O! what choppings and changes, girl. The player man that came after Miss Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Bristol Well, is now matthew-murphy'd into a fine young gentleman, son and hare of Squire Dollison. We are all together in the same house, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the surrymony will be performed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have; Mistriss is resolved to have the same frolick, in the naam of God! Last Sunday in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Lashmeheygo and Tapitha Bramble, spinster; he mought as well have called her inkle-weaver, for she never spun an hank of yarn in her life. Young Squire Dollison and Miss Liddy make the second kipple, and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr. Clinker. O Molly! what do'st think? Mr. Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own squire, and his right naam is Mr. Mattew Loyd (thof God he nose how that can be), and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles; but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his pistereroes. so he need not hold his head so high. He is for sartin very umble and compleasant, and purtests as how he has the same regard as before, but that he is no longer his own master, and cannot portend to marry without the squire's consent; he says we must wait with patience, and trust to Providence, and such nonsense. But if so be as how his regard be the same, why stand shilly shally? Why not strike while the iron is hot, and speak to the squire without loss of time? What subjection can the squire make to our coming together? Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honest woman. I didn't come on the wrong side of the blanket, girl. My parents were married according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angels. Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr. Clinker (Loyd I would say) had best look to his tackle. There be other chaps in the market, as the saying is. What would he say if I should except the soot and sarvice of the young squire's valley? Mr. Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars. He has a world of buck learning, and speaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandish lingos; to be sure he 's a little the worse for the ware, and is much given to drink; but then he 's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger. But I have no thoughts of him, I 'll assure you; I scorn for to do, or to say, or to think anything that mought give umbreech to Mr. Loyd, without furder occasion. But then I have such vapours, Molly; I sit and cry by myself, and take ass of etida, and smill to burnt fathers and kindal-snuffs; and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new light, to show me the way through this wretched veil of tares. And yet I want for nothing in this family of love, where every sole is so kind and so courteous, that wan would think they are so many saints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myself to your prayers, being, with my sarvice to Saul, your ever loving and discounselled friend, WIN. JENKINS.

Oct. 14.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,—You cannot imagine what pleasure I have in seeing your handwriting, after such a long cessation on your side of our correspondence. Yet, Heaven knows, I have often seen your handwriting with disgust—I mean when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin. I like your hint of making interest for the reversion of the collector's place for Lismahago, who is much pleased with the scheme, and presents you with his compliments and best thanks for thinking so kindly of his concerns. The man seems to mend upon further acquaintance. That harsh reserve, which formed a disagreeable husk about his character, begins to peel off in the course of our communication. I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and I make no doubt but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our little society, in the article of conversation by the fireside in winter.

Your objection to my passing this season of the year at such a distance from home would have more weight if I did not find myself perfectly at my ease where I am; and my health so much improved that I am disposed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatism. I begin to think I have put myself on the superannuated list too

soon, and absurdly sought for health in the retreats of laziness. I am persuaded that all valetudinarians are too sedentary, too regular, and too cautious. We should sometimes increase the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life;* and now and then take a plunge amidst the waves of excess, in order to case-harden the constitution. I have even found a change of company as necessary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the spirits, which is the very essence and criterion of good health.

Since my last, I have been performing the duties of friendship that required a great deal of exercise, from which I hope to derive some benefit. Understanding, by the greatest accident in the world, that Mr. Baynard's wife was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, I borrowed Dennison's post-chaise, and went across the country to his habitation, attended only by Lloyd (quondam Clinker) on horseback. As the distance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and, meeting the physician at the door, was informed that his patient had just expired. I was instantly seized with a violent emotion; but it was not grief. The family being in confusion, I ran up-stairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all assembled. The aunt stood wringing her hands in a state of stupefaction of sorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagances of affliction. He held the body in his arms, and poured forth such a lamentation, that one would have thought he had lost the most amiable consort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exist independent of esteem; nay, the same object may be lovely in one respect and detestable in another. The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itself in such a manner, by dint of use, to things that are in their own nature disagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was so absorbed in his delirium that he did not perceive me when I entered, and desired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber. At the same time, I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who stood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the distress of the scene. These steps being taken, I waited till the first violence of my friend's transport was abated, then disengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he struggled so hard, that I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his valet-de-chambre. In a few minutes, however, he recollected himself, and folding me in his arms, "This," cried he, "is a friendly office, indeed! I know not how you came hither, but I think Heaven sent you to prevent my going distracted. O Matthew! I have lost my dear Harriet!—my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with such warmth and purity of affection—my constant companion of twenty years!—She's gone—she's gone—for ever! Heaven and earth, where is she?—Death shall not part us!"

So saying, he started up, and could hardly be withheld from returning to the scene we had quitted. You will perceive it would have been very absurd for me to argue with a man that talked so madly. On all such occasions, the first torrent of passion must be allowed to subside gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by starting little hints, and insinuating other objects of discourse imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleased in my own mind at this event, I exerted myself with such an extraordinary flow of spirits as was attended with success. In a few hours, he was calm enough to hear reason, and even to own that Heaven could not have interposed more effectually to rescue him from disgrace and ruin. That he might not, however, relapse into weaknesses for want of company, I passed the night in his chamber, in a little tent-bed brought thither on purpose; and well it was that I took this precaution, for he started up in bed several times, and would have played the fool if I had not been present.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of business, and vested me with full authority over his household, which I began to exercise without loss of time, though not before he knew and approved of the scheme I had projected for his advantage. He would have quitted the house immediately; but this retreat I opposed. Far from encouraging a temporary disgust, which might degenerate into a habitual aversion, I resolved, if possible, to attach him more than ever to his household gods. I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was consistent with decency; I wrote to London that an inventory and estimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town house, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr. Baynard should quit the premises at Lady-day; I set a person at work to take an account of everything in the country-house, including horses, carriages, and harness; I settled the young gentleman at a boarding-school, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as soon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we dismissed. The aunt continued very sullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr. Baynard paid his respects to her every day in her own chamber; there also she held conferences with the waiting-women and other servants of the family; but the moment her niece was interred, she went away in a post-chaise prepared for that purpose. She did not leave the house, however, without giving Mr. Baynard to understand that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquisite of her woman; accordingly, that worthless drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceased mistress, to the value of five hundred pounds at a moderate computation.

The next step I took was to disband that legion of supernumerary domestics, who had preyed so long upon the vitals of my friend; a parcel of idle drones, so intolerably insolent that they even treated their own master with the most contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and these were the only patrons to whom they paid the least deference. I had therefore uncommon satisfaction in clearing the house of those vermin. The woman of the deceased, and a chambermaid, a valet-de-chambre, a butler, a French cook, a master gardener, two footmen, and a coachman, I paid off, and turned out of the house immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Those whom I retained consisted of a female cook, who had been assistant to the Frenchman, a housemaid, an old lacquey, a postillion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expense and care from the shoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, when he found himself so suddenly and so effectually relieved. His heart, however, was still subject to vibrations of tenderness, which returned at certain intervals, extorting sighs and tears, and

exclamations of grief and impatience; but these fits grow every day less violent and less frequent, till at length his reason obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the state of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thousand pounds, for eighteen thousand pounds of which sum his estate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent interest, and some of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a year clear from his lands, over and above the interest of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burden, I devised the following expedient:—His wife's jewels, together with his superfluous plate and furniture in both houses, his horses and carriages, which are already advertised to be sold by auction, will, according to the estimate, produce two thousand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thousand pounds. I have undertaken to find him ten thousand pounds at four per cent., by which means he will save one hundred a year in the article of interest, and perhaps we shall be able to borrow the other eight thousand on the same terms. According to his own scheme of a country life, he says he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a year; but, as he has a son to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of seven hundred a year, principal and interest, to pay off the encumbrance; and, I think we may modestly add three hundred on the presumption of new-leasing and improving the vacant farms; so that, in a couple of years, I suppose there will be above a thousand a year appropriated to liquidate a debt of sixteen thousand.

We forthwith began to class and set apart the articles designed for sale, under the direction of an upholder from London; and, that nobody in the house might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its own channel, to refresh the fainting Naïads, who had so long languished among mouldering roots, withered leaves, and dry pebbles. The shrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleasure-ground will be restored to its original use of corn-field and pasture. Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the house, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and chestnut, at the east end, which is now quite exposed to the surly blasts that come from that quarter. All these works being actually begun, and the house and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaise, and made him acquainted with Dennison, whose goodness of heart would not fail to engage his esteem and affection. He is indeed charmed with our society in general, and declares that he never saw the theory of true pleasure reduced to practice before. I really believe it would not be an easy task to find such a number of individuals assembled under one roof more happy than we are at present.

I must tell you, however, in confidence, I suspect Tabby of tergiversation. I have been so long accustomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her designs while they are yet in embryo. She attached herself to Lismahago for no other reason but that she despaired of making a more agreeable conquest. At present, if I am not much mistaken in my observation, she would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage. Since he arrived she has behaved very coldly to the captain, and strove to fasten on the other's heart with the hooks of overstrained civility. These must be the instinctive efforts of her constitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate design; for matters are carried to such a length with the lieutenant, that she could not retract with any regard to conscience or reputation. Besides, she will meet with nothing but indifference or aversion on the side of Baynard, who has too much sense to think of such a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any such connexion at the present juncture. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thousand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage. Young Dennison has agreed that Liddy's fortune shall be appropriated to the same purpose, on the same terms. His father will sell out three thousand pounds stock for his accommodation. Farmer Bland has, at the desire of Wilson, undertaken for two thousand; and I must make an effort to advance what farther will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philistines. He is so pleased with the improvements made on this estate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himself as a pupil in farming to Mr. Dennison, and resolved to attach himself wholly to the practice of husbandry.

Everything is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties shall have been resident in the parish the term prescribed by law. Young Dennison betrays some symptoms of impatience; but Lismahago bears this necessary delay with the temper of a philosopher. You must know the captain does not stand altogether on the foundation of personal merit. Besides his half-pay, amounting to two-and-forty pounds a year, this indefatigable economist has amassed eight hundred pounds, which he has secured in the funds. This sum arises partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a consideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half-pay, to which he is now restricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry during his sachemship among the Miamis.

Liddy's fears and perplexities have been much assuaged by the company of one Miss Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-school. Her parents had been earnestly solicited to allow her making this friendly visit on such an extraordinary occasion; and two days ago she arrived with her mother, who did not choose that she should come without a proper governante. The young lady is very handsome, sprightly, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good sort of a woman; so that their coming adds considerably to our enjoyment. But we shall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr. Clinker Lloyd has made humble remonstrance, through the channel of my nephew, setting forth the sincere love and affection mutually subsisting between him and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and praying my consent to their coming together for life. I would have wished that Mr. Clinker had kept out of this scrape; but as the nymph's happiness is at stake, and she has had already some fits in the way of despondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical catastrophe, have given him leave to play the fool in imitation of his betters; and I suppose we shall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambleton-

hall. The fellow is stout and lusty, very sober and conscientious; and the wench seems to be as great an enthusiast in love as in religion.

I wish you would think of employing him some other way, that the parish may not be overstocked. You know he has been bred a farrier, consequently belongs to the faculty; and, as he is very docile, I make no doubt but, with your good instruction, he may be in a little time qualified to act as a Welsh apothecary. Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has consented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as she now considers Clinker in the light of a relation; but I believe her objections are of a more selfish nature. She declares she cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Lloyd in the character of a servant; and she foresees that, on such an occasion, the woman will expect some gratification for her past services. As for Clinker, exclusive of other considerations, he is so trusty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him such personal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can possibly be shown him by yours,

October 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,—The fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a close, and the curtain is ready to drop; but the latter scenes of this act I shall recapitulate in order. About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excursion across the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr. Baynard, who has just lost his wife, and was for some time disconsolate, though, by all accounts, he had much more cause for joy than for sorrow at this event. His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a person of rare accomplishments. But we have received another still more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miss Willis from Gloucester. She was Liddy's bosom-friend at boarding-school, and being earnestly solicited to assist at the nuptials, her mother was so obliging as to grant my sister's request, and even to come with her in person. Liddy, accompanied by George Dennison and me, gave them the meeting half-way, and next day conducted them hither in safety. Miss Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of disposition, an agreeable contrast to my sister, who is rather too grave and sentimental for my turn of mind; the other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good-humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handsome. Ah, Phillips! if these qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make! But these are idle reflections—my destiny must one day be fulfilled.

At present we pass the time as agreeably as we can. We have got up several farces, which afforded unspeakable entertainment, by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions. Two nights ago, Jack Wilson acquired great applause in Harlequin Skeleton, and Lismahago surprised us all in the character of Pierot. His long lank sides, and strong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part. He appeared with a ludicrous stare, from which he had discharged all meaning. He adopted the impressions of fear and amazement so naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the skeleton held him in chase, his horror became most divertingly picturesque, and seemed to endow him with such preternatural agility as confounded all the spectators. It was a lively representation of Death in pursuit of Consumption; and had such an effect upon the commonalty, that some of them shrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmost consternation.

This is not the only instance in which the lieutenant had lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been soured and shrivelled by disappointment and chagrin, is now swelled out and smoothed like a raisin in plum-porridge. From being reserved and punctilious, he is become easy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs, and banters, with the most facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our schemes of merriment and pastime. The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks, and a long deal box, not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he displayed for the entertainment of the company; and he freely owned that it consisted chiefly of the *opima spolia* taken in battle. What he selected for his wedding suit was a tarnished white cloth, faced with blue velvet, embroidered with silver; but he valued himself most upon a tie-periwig, in which he had made his first appearance as a lawyer, about thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever since, and now all the servants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the ceremony, which was yesterday celebrated at the parish church. George Dennison and his bride were distinguished by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerness and joy, and she trembled with coyness and confusion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis supported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed indeed such a pair of originals as I believe all England could not parallel. She was dressed in the style of 1739; and the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold; but this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her shoulders a fur cloak of American sables, valued at fourscore guineas, a present equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, she was led up to the altar by Mr. Dennison, who did the office of her father. Lismahago advanced in the military step, with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that surpasses all description, and a languishing leer upon his countenance, in which there seemed to be something arch and ironical. The ring which he put upon her finger he had concealed till the moment it was used. He now produced it with an air of self-complacency. It was a curious antique, set with rose diamonds: he told us afterwards it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a present from his grandmother. These circumstances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generosity; for he had, in the morning, presented my uncle with a fine bear's skin and a Spanish fowling-piece, and me with a case of pistols curiously mounted with silver. At the same time, he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purse, made of silk grass, containing twenty crown pieces. You must know this young lady, with the assistance of Mr. Lloyd, formed the third couple who yesterday sacrificed to Hymen. I wrote you in my last that he had recourse to my mediation, which I employed successfully with my uncle; but Mrs. Tabitha held out till the love-sick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then she relented, and those two cooing turtles were caged for life. Our aunt

made an effort of generosity in furnishing the bride with her superfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my sister; nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occasion. It was indeed a day of peace-offering. Mr. Dennison insisted upon Liddy's accepting two bank-notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, besides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Dennison and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilson had resolved to execute some jokes on Lismahago, and, after supper, began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired; but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alleging that the adventure in which he had engaged was a very serious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Christian to pray that he might be strengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finish the adventure. He was spared accordingly, and permitted to ascend the nuptial couch with all his senses about him. There he and his consort sat in state, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction posset was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago, the fragments were distributed among the bystanders, according to the custom of the ancient Britons, on the supposition that every person who ate of this hallowed cake should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilson's waggery fell upon honest Humphry and his spouse, who were bedded in an upper room, with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking. This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a sort of caterwauling ensued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat, shod with walnut-shells, which, galloping along the boards, made such a dreadful noise as effectually discomposed our lovers. Winifred screamed aloud, and shrunk under the bedclothes. Mr. Lloyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him in *propria persona*, laid aside all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency. At length the poor animal, being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and meauled with the most piteous exclamation. Lloyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, rose and set the door wide open, so that this troublesome visitant retreated with great expedition; then securing himself, by means of a double bolt, from a second intrusion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without disturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well satisfied with what has passed. George Dennison and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any strong marked signs of their mutual satisfaction, but their eyes are sufficiently expressive. Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago is rather fulsome in signifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry. He sighs, and ogles, and languishes at this amiable object; he kisses her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and sings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him sincere. In order to show how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland saraband over a naked backsword, and leaped so high that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Matthew Lloyd, when asked how he relishes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying, "For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: Amen." His helpmate giggles, and holds her hands before her eyes, affecting to be ashamed of having been in bed with a man. Thus all these widgeons enjoy the novelty of their situation; but perhaps their note will be changed when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs. Willis cannot be persuaded to stay, and Liddy is engaged by promise to accompany her daughter back to Gloucester, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence, and that most of us will spend the Christmas holidays at Bath; in which case, I shall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters. By this time, I suppose, you are sick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that scheme of peregrination which was last year concerted between you and your affectionate J. MELFORD.

November 8.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—My niece Liddy is now happily settled for life; and Captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands; so that I have nothing farther to do but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my son Lloyd, who is also fairly joined to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. You are an excellent genius at hints. Dr. Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr. Lewis in that respect. What you observe of the vestry-clerk deserves consideration. I make no doubt but Matthew Lloyd is well enough qualified for the office; but at present you must find room for him in the house. His incorruptible honesty and indefatigable care will be serviceable in superintending the economy of my farm, though I don't mean that he shall interfere with Barnes, of whom I have no cause to complain. I am just returned with Baynard from a second trip to his house, where everything is regulated to his satisfaction. He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, so that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore I will not part with him till the spring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of husbandry, which will at once employ and amuse his attention. Charles Dennison has promised to stay with him a fortnight, to set him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilson will see him from time to time; besides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his society. In less than a year, I make no doubt but he will find himself perfectly at ease, both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerously affected the other; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing my friend rescued from misery and contempt.

Mrs. Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Gloucester, our plan has undergone some alteration. Jerry has persuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither. For my part, I have no intention to take that route; it must be something very extraordinary that will induce me to revisit either Bath or London. My sister and her husband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Gloucester, and make the best of our way to Brambleton-hall, where I desire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Christmas dinner. You must also employ your medical skill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good case to receive the rest of our company, who promise to visit us in their return from Bath. As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble

with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise. I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr. Lismahago, who is a keen sportsman, and we shall take the heath in all weathers. That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters; a resolution which, had I taken it sooner, might have saved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epistles of MATT. BRAMBLE.

November 14.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *at Brambleton-hall.*

GOOD MRS. GWYLLIM,—Heaven, for wise purposes, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manger of my brother's family. But as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams, I desire you will get your accunts ready for inspection, as we are coming home without further delay. My spouse, the captain, being subjcet to rummatticks, I beg you will take geat care to have the bloo chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception. Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well tousled. Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant; therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room. If she can spin, and is mistress of plain work, so much the better: but she must not expect extravagant wages; having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests your loving friend,

November 20. TAB. LISMAHAGO.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. JONES,—Providinch hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. We were yesterday three kiple chined by the grease of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney; and I now subscrive myself Loyd at your sarvice. All the parish allowed that young squire Dallison and his bride was a comely pear for to see. As for Madam Lashmileygo, you nose her picklearities—her head, to be sure, was fintastical; and her spouse had rapt her with a long marokin furze clock from the land of the selvedges, thof they say it is of immense vally. The captain himself had a hudge hassock of air with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with sulfur. Wan said he was a monkeybank; and the ould botler swore he was the born inich of Titidall. For my part, I says nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me. Mr. Loyd was dressed in a little frog and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in caparison with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow private squire in the county; and then his pursing is far from contentible. Your humble sarvant had on a plain pea green tabby sack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and side curls. They said, I was the very moral of Lady Rickmanstoue, but not so pale—that may well be, for her ladyship is my elder by seven good years and more. Now, Mrs. Mary, our satiety is to suppurate. Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dallisons, and the rest of us push home to Wales to pass our Christmash at Brampleton-hall. As our appartments is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd story, pray carry my things thither. Present my compliments to Mrs. Gwillim, and I hope she and I will live upon dissent terms of civility. Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher spear, you'll excuse my being familiar with the lower sarvants of the family; but as I trust you'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good-will and purtection of, yours, W. LOYD.

November 20.

THE REGICIDE;

OR,

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

A Tragedy.

HUNC—
ANXIETATE CARENS ANIMUS FACIT, OMNIS ACERBI
IMPATIENS, CUPIDUS SILVARUM, APTUSQUE BIBENDIS
FONTIBUS AONIDUM.—JUVENAL.

—Τόν θ' ὑμνοποιὸν, αὐτὸς ἂν τίκτῃ μέλη,
Χαίροντα τίκτειν.—EURIP. IKETIA.

THE PREFACE.

WHATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the public with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself that a fair representation of the usage I have met with, will be a beacon to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers; to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes, and after a cajoling dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit for having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself entitled to some share of indulgence, for the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees, and, in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and I hope amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone. But, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage. But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms. Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only, but must entirely depend on the faction raised on its behalf. Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long; and, like my brother Bays, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight. But four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it was retrieved by pure accident, I believe, from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith

condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb where it had lain two whole years, but also to new-model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in a most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the meantime, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury Lane Theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on. In the interim, my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious manager, next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a play, the fate of which everybody knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune that attended my unhappy issue, which in the succeeding spring had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here, too, I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden Theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance, which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed so urgently in its behalf with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success that the season was almost consumed before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman who interested himself in my concerns to go and expostulate with the vaticide. And, indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand, and in the mettle of his wrath pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardiness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was first put into his hands, he answered that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion—for the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words:—

"Sir,—I have received Mr. L(acy)'s answer; who says he thinks your play has undubitable merit, but his prior promises to Mr. T(homso)n, as an honest man, cannot be evaded." And concluding thus:—"As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you 'll be advised by me, rest it with me."

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was a message to my patroness, importing (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command; but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and, in the meantime, give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction. I would have taken him at his word, without hesitation; but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship. The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus have I in the most impartial manner (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I have had any concern, relating to my tragedy. And whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities, unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first presented my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured was an accumulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity. For, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either at once forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to soothe the pride, and humour the petulance, of a mere Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become the sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may

never find an occasion to practise this vile condescension to advantage. For, after he has gained admission to a patentee (who is often more difficult of access than a sovereign prince), and even made shift to remove all other objections, an insurmountable obstacle may be raised by the manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expense on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disoblige his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts.

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, "If I must entertain the town with variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the productions of my friends, or of those who have any friends worth obliging, to the works of obscure strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all likelihood, will never rise in judgment against me."

That such have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connexion with the stage, some people have commenced dramatic authors, who otherwise would have employed their faculties in exercises better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been said, anything by way of application would be an insult on the understanding of the public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible obligation for former favours, as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following play.

THE REGICIDE; OR, JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

Persons of the Drama.

King of Scotland.	Dunbar.	Athol.	Grime.	Queen.
Angus.	Ramsay.	Stuart.	Cattan.	Eleonora.

Guards, Attendants, etc.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.—*A Convent in Perth.*—Angus, Dunbar.

Dun. But that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office. Now, when justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.—
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

Angus. Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death
Is Valour limited. She sits serene [alone
In the delib'rate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.—
—What frenzy were it
To risk our fortune on th' unsure event
Of one occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeseen disaster, when the terms
We proffer may retard th' impending blow?
—Better to conquer by delay. The rage
Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope
Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,
And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.

Dun. Well hast thou taught me how the piercing
Of calm sagacity excels the dint [eye
Of headstrong resolution.—Yet, my soul
Pants for a fair occasion to revenge
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves
Within my veins, the traitor shall not find
His perfidy forgot.—But what of this?
What are my private injuries, compar'd
To those he meditates against the State!—
Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
His faithless heart. Not ev'n the sacred bond
Of friendship unreserv'd—For well thou know'st,
The king securely listen'd to his voice,
As to an oracle.

Ang. 'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guilt
With boundless confidence; and little thought
That very confidence supplied his foe [led
With means to shake his throne!—While Athol
His royal kinsman through the dang'rous path
Of sudden reformation, and observ'd
What murmurs issued from the giddy crowd.
Each popular commotion he improv'd
By secret ministers: and disavow'd
Those very measures he himself devis'd!
Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,
Rebellion glow'd in secret, till at length
His scheme mature, and all our loyal Thanes
At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
The flame burst out. Now from his native hills,
With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
Impetuous Stuart, like a sounding storm
He rushes down with five revolting clans;
Displays a spurious title to the crown,
Arraigns the justice of his monarch's sway,
And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
To sweep him from the throne.

Dun. Aspiring villain
A fit associate has he chose. A wretch
Of soul more savage breathes not vital air
Than Grime; but Stuart, 'til of late, maintain'd
A fairer fame.

Ang. A cherish'd hope expires
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
Remain'd unshaken, by th' enchanting lure
Which vain ambition spread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour, and external grace:
For thou, sole rival of his fame, wast train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

Dun. O Thane!
Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold damp night,
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile
Of her, who bless'd that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own
The tender throbbings of my captive heart;
The melting passion which has long inspir'd
My breast for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's sanction to support my claim?

Ang. Were she more fair and gentle than she is
(And to my partial eye nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair), I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar smiles.
Dun. Then will I strive
With unremitted ardour, to subdue
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breast!—But see! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.—ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Eleon. Something of moment, by a fresh de-
Imparted to the king, requires in haste [spatch
The presence of my sire.
Ang. Forbear a while
Thy parley with the foe; and here attend
Our consultation's issue. [*Exit Ang.*

SCENE III.—DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dun. Ill it suits
A soldier's tongue to plead the cause of love,
In phrase adapted to the tender theme:
But trust me, beauteous wonder! when I swear,
Not the keen impulse and impatient hope
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,
With more awaken'd transport fill'd my soul
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel
At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averse,
With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,
And scorn'd my proffer'd vows!—
Eleon. O youth, beware!
Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
That faithless passion to the view presents,
Ensnare thee into woe!—Thou little know'st
What mischief lurks in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on love.
Dun. Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unapprov'd:
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!
Eleon. Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind
That o'er its present fate repining, courts
The vain resource of Fancy's airy dreams.
War is thy province—war be thy pursuit.
Dun. O! thou would'st tell me, I am savage all—
Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,
To warm thy breast!—Yes, war has been my
school—
War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes
Of peaceful commerce—soften'd not the less
To pious truth, humanity, and love.
Eleon. Yes:—I were envious to refuse applause,
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Distinguished by thy choice; and though my heart
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
Th' esteem of Eleonora.
Dun. O! thy words
Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul
With ecstasies of pride!—How then shall I,
Elate with every vainer hope, that warms
Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain
With moderation?—Cruelly benign!
Thou hast adorn'd the victim; but, alas!
Thou likewise giv'st the blow!
—Though Nature's hand
With so much art has blended ev'ry grace
In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
With transport views thee, and conveys unseen
The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,
Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,
That vindicates thy sway!—
Eleon. O gilded curse!
More fair than rosy morn, when first she smiles
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
Than sirens, tempests, and devouring flame!
May I ne'er sicken, languish and despair
Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!
And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—
If e'er my breast— [*Kneeling.*
Dun. For ever let me pine
In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!
But, ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace,
Perhaps in one rash moment.—

SCENE IV.—DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

Her. —From the tower
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host
Is now descried; and, from the southern gate,
A cloud of dust is seen to roll; the gleam
Of burnish'd arms, oft through the dusky sphere
Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
With valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,
That hastens to our aid. The first, suppos'd
The rebel train of Athol. By command
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand
An audience of the foe.
Dun. I follow straight. [*Exit Herald.*
Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
Inspires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,
My soul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain complainings vex
Thy gentle nature. My unblemish'd love
Shall plead in my behalf. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.—ELEONORA.

Eleon. Adieu, brave youth!
Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?
And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch
That must inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
I yielded up my fond believing heart
To him who basely left it, for the charms
Of treacherous ambition!—hapless Stuart!
How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel fate,
Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin!

SCENE VI.—*Enter* STUART *disguised like a priest.*

STUART, ELEONORA. [high
Stuart. The mighty schemes of empire soar too
For your distinction, daughter. Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice [*self.*
That soothes her wishes most. [*Discovering him-*
Eleon. Ha, frantic youth!
What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps
To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of Heav'n?
Stuart. No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud
The fervour of my love—My love misplac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
With anger and disdain.
Eleon. Have I not cause
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chas'd
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
A prince who cherished thee with parent's zeal,
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?
Stuart. Curse on his arts!—his aim was to en-
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress [slave
Th' emerging dictates of my native right,
To efface the glowing images within,
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
The sceptre he usurps!

Eleon. Insidious charge!
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
In course direct—
Stuart. In idle argument
Let us not now consume the precious hour;
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore
Invites our dauntless footsteps.—Yonder sun,
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
Will shake before them—Ere the tempest roars,
I come to snatch thee from th' impending storm—
Eleon. O impotent of thought!—O! dead to
Shall I for pompous infamy forego [shame!
Th' eternal peace that virtue calls her own?
Stuart. Or, say thy love, inconstant as the wave,
Another object claims. False—perjur'd maid!
I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
With grov'ling adulation. Yes, I saw
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose
Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.
Eleon. Away—away!
I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce
Thy passion with thy crimes. Though bred in
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous, and humane; [camps,
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win
The coyest virgin's heart.—
Stuart. Perdition whelm
The prostrate sycophant!—may heav'n exhaust
Its thunder on my head—may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitiff, till his blood
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious slave,
To steal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!
O lovely curse! restore me to myself!—
Eleon. Rage on, fierce youth, more savage than the storm
That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid,
Too credulously fond! who gave away
Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
The woes that from her indiscretion flow!
—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate! [pow'rs!
Stuart. Ha! weep'st thou!—witness all ye sacred
Her philters have undone me!—lo, my wrath
Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,
Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?
Eleon. Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recall
Those flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
To wreck my peace!—recall thy fervent vows
Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!
Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—
Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!
Stuart. Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!
Ev'n while thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish
Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast
Unutterable fondness pants again!
—Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd
By Tay's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd
Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze? [paths
Eleon. Adieu—dear scenes, adieu—ye fragrant
So courted once—ye spreading boughs, that wave
Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!
Where the bewitching music of thy tongue
First charmed my captive soul!—when gentle love
Inspir'd the soothing tale!—Love—sacred love
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp! [hail
Stuart. In time's eternal round, shall we not
Another season equally serene?
—To-day, in snow array'd, stern winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year:
And shall not we—while fate, like winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?
Eleon. Wouldst thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—
Angus [*within*]. Guard every gate
That none may 'scape—
Eleon. Ha!—Whither wilt thou fly
Discover'd and beset!
Stuart. Let Angus come—
His short-lived pow'r I scorn—
[*Throws away his disguise.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter* ANGUS *with Guards*, STUART, ELEONORA.

Angus. What dark resolve,
By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led
Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence!—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I 'll brook no answer— [*Exit Eleonora.*
Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,
And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war! [hate
Stuart. Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling
Defrauds my courage. Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel,
In secret lifted, reeks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens at the head
Of warlike thousands to assert our cause?
Ang. The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder. Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.
Stuart. That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora cancell'd or unknown—
Vows by thyself indulg'd, ere envy yet,
Or folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
The fortunes of our foe. Thy foul reproach
My soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
Revenge will have its turn!—
Ang. Ha! must I bear
A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitless war of words with thee, [just,
Vain-glorious stripling. While thine aims were
I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
But now, begrim'd with treason, as thou art,
By Heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe
My approbation!—But the King himself
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* ELEONORA, *who kneels.*
—O! let me thus
Implore compassion at a parent's knees,
Who ne'er refused—
Ang. Convey him hence.
[*Stuart is led off.*
Arise—
Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn. Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece [charms,
That clothes our northern hills! her youthful
Her artless blush, her look serenely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heiress— [*Exit Angus.*

SCENE IX.

Eleon. Yes—I will adhere
To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;

And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arm
(Which Heav'n avert!) to treason add success,
My father's death will join his sov'reign's fall,
And if the cause of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—
From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,
To pining anguish doom'd and fell dismay!

ACT THE SECOND.—*Scene continues.*

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

Dun. By Heav'n it gladdens me, that my sword shall
An ample field to-day. The King arous'd, [find
Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!
Ang. I mark'd his indignation, as it rose
At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,
And overboiling wrath. But say, my friend,
How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd
By military skill?—Or come they on
In undistinguish'd crowds?—
Dun. In concourse rude
They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
With sword and target. On their first assault
(Fearless, indeed, and headlong!) all their hopes
Of conquest must depend. If we, unbroke,
Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,
To wheel, to rally, and renew the charge,
Confusion, havoc, and dismay, will seize
Th' astonish'd rout.
Ang. What numbers bring they on?
Dun. Ten thousand, as I guess.
Ang. Ours scarce amount
To half the number; yet, with those, we mean
To hazard an encounter. Thou, meanwhile,
Shalt visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls. Here I attend
The King—and lo! he comes. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE II.—KING, ANGUS.

King. The commonweal
Has been consulted. Tenderness and zeal
Became the parent. Those have nought avail'd,—
Now, let correction speak the King incens'd!
Ang. Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath. What reign shall 'scape
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?
King. Let Heaven decide
Between me and my foes. That I would spare
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconcilement—opposite, perhaps,
To my own dignity. But I will rise
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds
That have bedimm'd my state.
Ang. The odds are great
Between the numbers: but our cause is just:
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breast among us entertains
A doubt of victory.
King. O valiant Thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal,
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompense
My love shall study.
Ang. Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,
Regardless of the danger that surrounds
The fortunes of my prince!
King. I know thee well.
Meantime, our care must be, to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers. In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad-targe and expeditious sword:
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand
With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd;
The spears extended form the second line,
And our light archers hover to and fro,
To gall their flanks. Whatever accident
In battle shall befall, thy vigilance
Will remedy. Myself will here remain
To guard the town, and with a small reserve
(If need requires) thine exigence supply.
Ang. With joy the glorious task I undertake! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

Ram. They halt, and occupy the narrow pass
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill;
With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host
On the small plain that skirts the town.
Dun. 'Tis well.
Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve
Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure
An easy conquest, and retard their flight.
To Angus hie thee straight with this advice.
My task perform'd, I wait the King's command
In this appointed place. [*Exit Ramsay.*

SCENE IV.—ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

Eleon. I sought thee, youth.—
Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide
The public fate, let us to private woe
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
One moment snatch to hear me, and condole
The anguish of my soul?
Dun. O Eleonora!
Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul
The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes
Thy spotless bosom?—happy! far above
The pride of conquerors, were I to ease
Thy sorrow's pangs!—
Eleon. Thy gen'rous heart alone
Can brook the enterprise—
Dun. O! task my love;
That I, more swift than gales that sweep the plain,
May fly to thy relief!
Eleon. Then summon up
Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul
To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon
My misery demands, will crave them all!
Dun. Be it to brave the menaces of death,
In shape however horrid, so my faith
And love remain inviolate, my heart
Beats with unusual ardour; and demands
The test, impatient!—
Eleon. Friendless and forlorn
In fetters Stuart lies!—
Dun. Ha!
Eleon. From the snares
Of gloomy fate release him.
Dun. Cruel maid!
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite
Of adoration. Could thy mind suggest
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute
A deed so fatal to its own repose! [powers!
Eleon. I sought not—witness, ye celestial
To aggravate thy pain. My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload
Her burden to another. Thou alone,
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims

Th' engagement all her own.
Dun. Yet, with reserve
Was that impawn'd; my loyalty and love
Were sacred ev'n from that; nor can I loose
His chains, without an injury to both!
Eleon. Cold—unaspiring is the love that dwells
With tim'rous caution; and the breast untouch'd
By glory's godlike fervour that retains
The scruples of discretion. Let the winds
That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy vows!
Dun. Shall I, through rash enthusiasm, wed
Eternal anguish? Shall I burst asunder
The bonds of awful justice, to preserve
The serpent that has poison'd all my peace!
No, Eleonora!—blasted be—
Eleon. Take heed!
Nor, by an oath precipitate involve
Thy fate beyond resource. For know, Dunbar,
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,
This morn, my solemn vow to Heav'n appeal'd
Hath sever'd us for ever—
Dun. Then I'm still!
Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid storm!—
Let the young traitor perish, and his name
In dark oblivion rot—
Eleon. Shall I, alas!
Supinely savage, from my ears exclude
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe entail'd
By me, too!—If my heart denies him love,
My pity, sure, may flow!—Has he not griefs
That wake ev'n thy compassion?—Say, Dunbar,
Unmov'd couldst thou survey th' unhappy youth
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
And pow'r magnificent) stretch'd on the ground
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair,
With not one friend his sorrows to divide,
And cheer his lone distress?
Dun. Can I resist
So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue?
When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,
Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—
No!—let me rather hail the social pang,
And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,
Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—
Away with each emotion that suggests
A rival favour'd, and a traitor freed!
—My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,
This hour he shall be free— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.—ELEONORA

Eleon. O wondrous power
Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!
What recompense (thus bankrupt as I am)
Shall speak my grateful soul!—A poor return
Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope
Of fond desire! and my invidious fate
Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
With avarice of grief, my private woe;
When, pale with fear, and harass'd with alarm,
My royal mistress, still benign to me,
The zealous tender of my duty claims. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Discovers* STUART *in chains.*

Stuart. Curse on my headstrong passion!—I
The wages of my folly!—Is it thus [have earn'd
My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE VII.—STUART, DUNBAR.

Stuart. Ha! com'st thou to insult my chains?—
My unpropitious demon gave me up ['Twas well
To your resentment, tamely.—
Dun. To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.
'Tis what Dunbar disdains. Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.
Stuart. To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low?—
Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie
These slavish manacles, that I may scourge
This wretched arrogant!—
Dun. True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words;
And, to the valiant, actions speak alone.
Then let my deeds approve me. I am come
To give thee instant freedom.
Stuart. Mean'st thou death?
I shall be free then. An apt minister
Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.
Dun. Why wilt thou belie
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st my sword
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely styled
Usurper, ever sullied with a stain
Of cruelty or guile. My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol.—
Stuart. Fawning coward!
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—
Dun. When the battle joins,
Thou shalt be answer'd.—
Stuart. When the battle joins!—
Away dissembler!—Sooner wouldst thou beard
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
My valour on the plain!
Dun. Ha! who art thou, [high throne!
That I should dread thy threats?—by Heav'n's
I'll meet thee in a desert, to thy teeth
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword
Explore thy faithless heart!—Meanwhile, my steps
Shall guide thee to the field.
[*Stuart is unchained, and presented with a sword.*
Stuart. No!—lightning blast me
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!
Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave
My free-born will. Here, captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy
My friendship!—No! nor stifle my revenge!
Dun. Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—
What have I proffer'd, other motives urg'd—
The gift is Eleonora's.—
Stuart. Sacred powers!
Let me not understand thee.—Thou hast rous'd
My soul's fury!—In the blood that warms
Thine heart, perfidious! I will slake mine ire.
Dun. In all my conduct, insolent of heart!
What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
That thy foul tongue its license thus avows?
To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
Wild tumult of my reason overwhelms!—
Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath
Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
Thy pride, ev'n here!—
Stuart. In this accursed place
Let me be shackled—riveted with bolts,
Till the rust gnaw my carcass to the bone,
If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
Ev'n here, where thou art lord!—Ha! dost thou
shake?
By Heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
Confess pale terror and amaze!
Dun. —Away!—
Away, lewd railer!—not thy sland'rous throat,
So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe
In thy captivity:—But soon as war [out—
Shall close th' encount'ring hosts, I'll find thee

Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,
And tell thee what thou art.
Stuart. I burn !—I rage!
My fell revenge consumes me !—But no more—
Thou shalt not 'scape me !—Goaded by my wrongs,
I 'll haunt thee through the various scenes of death!
Thou shalt be found !
Dun. I triumph in that hope. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Changes.*—KING, QUEEN, *Attendants, etc. etc.*

King. Courageous Angus shall not be o'er-
Myself will bring him aid.— [power'd—
Queen. Alas ! my prince !
King. What means the gentle partner of my
Dismiss thy fears. This day will dissipate [heart?
The cause of thy dismay. Ev'n now I go
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
Fresh laurels in thy lap.
Queen. Ah ! why let in
A train of harpy sorrows to my breast?—
Ah ! why in your own precious life, expose
Your kingdom's safety, and your comfort's peace?
Let me restrain you from the field to-day.
There is no fame—no glory to be won
From a revolter's brow.—
King. The public weal
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,
When I reject the call !
Queen. Ill-omen'd call !
That like the raven's croak, invades my quiet !
O ! would to Heaven our minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble solitude, with meek-eyed peace,
Remote from royalty, and all the cares
That brood around the throne !—
King. No, let us scorn
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
When public misery implores our aid.
What dignity of transport feels the prince,
Who from the fangs of fierce oppressive power
A people rescues?
Queen. What a dreadful host
Of dangers 'circle him !
King. Disease confers
The stamp of value upon health ; and glory
Is the fair child of peril. Thou thyself
My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind
Its native calm regains, and reason sways
Uncheck'd by fear.—Secure till my return
Remain within, and every thought indulge
Foreboding my success.—
Queen. Adieu—Adieu !
Heav'n crown your valour with a happy wreath.
[*Exit Queen.*
King [*to an Attendant*]. Swift, hie thee to
Dunbar, and bid him lead
The chosen citizens—

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.—KING *attended*, RAMSAY.

Ram. O fatal chance !
The traitor Grime, with a selected band
(While Angus, press'd on ev'ry side, sustains
Th' unequal fight), a secret path pursued
Around the hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpris'd the eastern gate : the citizens,
With consternation smote, before his arms
In rout disorder'd fly.—
King. Ha ! then the wheel
Of fate full circle rolls to crush me down,
Nor leaves one pause for conduct !—Yet I 'll bear
My fortunes like a King—Haste and collect
The scatter'd parties—let us not submit
Ere yet subdu'd—To arms ! [*Drawing.*
Ram. Alas ! my prince !
The convent is beset—Hark ! while we speak
The gates are burst—behold—
King. We must prevent
The pangs of ling'ring misery, and fall
With honour, as we liv'd—

SCENE X.—KING *attended*, RAMSAY.—GRIME *with Followers bursting in.*

King. What bold contempt
Of majesty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private scenes?
Grime. The hour is fled
That saw thy wanton tyranny impose
The galling yoke.—Yes, I 'm come to wrest
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I serve.
King. Outrageous wretch !—
Grown old in treachery ! whose soul untam'd,
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain !
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From justice hath redeem'd ; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,
Unaw'd and unreclaim'd !—
Grime. That I yet breathe
This ambient air, and tread this earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions reft
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsome dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach through all the groaning land ;
Thou durst not shed my blood !—the purple stream
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance ! and o'er-
The proud oppressor.— [whelm'd
King. Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverse to truth !—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,
Thy conscious malice knows.—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The justice of my reign.
Grime. Vain were th' attempt,
With artifice of words, to soothe my rage,
More deaf to mercy than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid !—My starv'd revenge
Thy blood alone can satiate !—Yield thee, then,
Or sink beneath mine arm.
King. Heav'n shall not see
A deed so abject vilify my name—
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
Still streams within my veins ; my courage soars
Superior to a ruffian's threats—
Grime. Fall on,
And hew them piecemeal.
[*King, Ramsay, and Attendants drive off Grime and his Followers ; but are afterwards overpowered and disarmed.*
Grime. Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
Thy subjects, guards, and thunder of thy throne,
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives hence.
[*Exeunt King, Ramsay, etc., guarded.*

SCENE XI.—*Enter a* SOLDIER *to* GRIME.

Sold. A troop of horsemen have possess'd the
By which we gain'd the city. [gate
Grime. Blast them, hell !
We must retreat another way, and leave
Our aim unfinish'd !—Our victorious swords
At least shall guard the treasure they have won.
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain,
His whelps forlorn an easy prey remain.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN.

Queen. What from the battlements hast thou
descry'd? [in clouds,
Capt. Nothing distinct, my Queen. Involv'd

Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continued doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
And clattering armour; till at length the noise
In distant murmurs died. O'er all the plain,
Now a dread stillness reigns!

Queen. Then all is lost!
Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke?
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
And feed productive woe? Where shall the groans
Of innocence deserted find redress?
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n
Its pity and protection hath withdrawn!
Earth yield me refuge, then!—give me to lie
Within thy cheerless bosom!—there put off
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
The load of my distress!

Eleon. Alas! my Queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring?
How shall I, from my own despair, collect
Assuasive balm?—Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my sire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief
Can scarce afford a tear!

Queen. O luxury
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells
Too big for utterance, the silent streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail!
O my lost lord!—O save him—save him, powers!

Eleon. Is there no gentle remedy to soothe
The soul's disorder, lull the jarring thoughts,
And with fair images amuse the mind?
Come, smiling hope!—divine illusion! come
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs
Of misery and pain!

Queen. Low—low indeed
Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam
Of wand'ring hope, how vain soe'er or false,
Our invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will death deliver me?—Shall I not rest
Within the peaceful tomb, where I may sleep
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks
Of stormy life;—no sounds disturb the grave,
Of murder'd husbands;—or the dismal scream
Of infants perishing!—Ha! whither leads
Imagination!—Must ye perish then,
Ye tender blossoms?—Must the lofty oak
That gave you life, and shelter'd you from harm,
Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony
Of fond distraction!

Eleon. Ha!—behold where comes
The warlike son of March!—What, if he brings
The news of victory!

Queen. My soul, alarm'd
With eagerness and terror, waits her doom.

SCENE II.—QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

Queen. Say, youth, how fares the King?

Dun. Fair princess, hail!
To you my duty and my speed were bent—
Your royal consort triumphs.

Queen. Lives he, then?
Lives he, delivered from the fatal snares
Which had enclos'd him?

Dun. To their hills repell'd,
The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm—
He bade me fly before him to the Queen,
With the glad tidings cheer her drooping soul,
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine
Himself will soon adore.

Queen. Will he then come
And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek?
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

Dun. Let me not dally with my Queen's dis-
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe. [tress.
That it might fall more grievous? By the faith
Of my allegiance, hither speeds the King,
By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.

Queen. O welcome messenger! How sweetly
sounds
Thy prelude! Thus, the warbler of the morn,
To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,
Brings balmy slumber, ease, and hope, and health!
O wond'rous destiny!

Eleon. Thus, on my Queen
May fortune ever smile! May bliss to bliss
Succeed a tranquil scene! Say, noble youth,
Returns my sire in safety from the field?

Dun. Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form.
In war's variety, mine eyes have seen
Variety of valour and of skill;
But such united excellence of both,
Such art to baffle and amuse the foe,
Such intrepidity to execute
Repeated efforts, never, save in him,
My observation trac'd! Our monarch's acts
My feeble praise would sully and profane.

Eleon. Thy words, like genial showers to the
Refresh my languid soul! [parch'd earth,

Queen. The trumpet swells!
My conqueror approaches! Let me fly
With ecstasy of love into his arms!
He comes! the victor comes!

SCENE III.—KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

King [*embracing the Queen*]. My better part!
My soul's chief residence! my love! my Queen!
Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
Ev'n too profusely!

Queen. Celebrate this hour,
Ye songs of angels! and ye sons of earth,
Keep festival! My monarch is return'd!
I fold him in these arms! I hear his voice—
His love soft chiding!

King. O ye powers benign!
What words can speak the rapture of my soul!
Come to my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,
Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth,
And twines around my heart!

Queen. Mysterious fate!
My wishes are complete! Yet I must ask
A thousand things, impertinently fond!
How did you 'scape? What angel's hand, my King,
Preserv'd you from destruction?

King. Heav'n indeed
Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief
The son of March, who, with a chosen few,
Deliver'd me from Grime. Thence to the field
We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword
Of Angus had well-nigh achiev'd before.

Queen to Dun. How shall acknowledgment
Thy worth unparalleled? [enough reward

King. Now, by my throne!
Not my own issue shall engross me more
Than thou, heroic youth! Th' insulting foe,
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.
An audience have I promis'd. Ere the hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
Refresh my weary'd limbs.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Attendants.*

SCENE IV.—DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Eleon. Renown, to-day,
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head. [thus

Dun. What boots it that my fortune decks me
With unsubstantial plumes, when my heart groans

Beneath the gay caparison, and love
With unrequited passion wounds my soul?
Elcon. Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
To me for ever doom'd, alas! to nurse
The slow-consuming fire.
Dun. Heav'ns! what are all
The boasted charms that with such wond'rous power
Attach thee to my rival? Far from me
Be the vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart
Thy preference is fix'd.
Elcon. Alas! Dunbar,
My judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
My love and my esteem. But trust me, youth,
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!—
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach,
Immers'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
By thy superior merit and success.
Yet ev'n this Stuart, for I would not wrong
Thine expectation, still retains a part
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love! [kings,
Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of
Disgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize
Of a divided heart?
Dun. No! witness, Heaven,
I love not on such terms! Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling maid! for ever to deplore
Thy unabating rigour? The rude flint
Yields to th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,
Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains,
Unmov'd by my complaint!
Elcon. My father comes!
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power
That screen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V.—ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Ang. Rise, my child,
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!
Such innocence endearing gently stole
Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd
Love's tender languishment, when to my view
Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!
[*Turning to Dunbar.*
Come to my arms, Dunbar! To shield from death
A parent, is the venerable act
Of the most pious duty. Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my son! The rebel chiefs,
Secure in my safe conduct, wait without
The promis'd audience. To the King repair,
And signify their presence. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VI.—ANGUS, ELEONORA.

Ang. Eleonora,
Behold th' undaunted youth, who stept between
The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpower'd, un-
And by the foe surrounded, I had sunk [hors'd,
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
Had not that instant to my rescue sprung.—
Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm
Releas'd I know not—headlong rush'd against
My vigilant deliverer oppos'd [me,
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
Soon prostrate fell.—
Elcon. Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?
O! speak, my father.—
Ang. Wherefore this alarm?
Let me not find thy bosom entertain
A sentiment unworthy of thy name.—
The gen'rous victor gave him back his life,
And cried aloud, "This sacrifice I make
For Eleonora's love."—
Elcon. O matchless youth!
His virtues conquer'd my esteem before;
But now my grateful sentiment inflames
Ev'n to a sister's zeal!
Ang. With rigid power
I would not bridle thy reluctant thought;
Yet, let me, with parental care, commend
The passion of Dunbar.—
Elcon. A fairer garb
His title could not wear. But when I think
What rocks in secret lie, what tempests rise
On love's deceitful voyage, my timid soul
Recoils affrighted, and with horror shuns
Th' inviting calm!
Ang. Retire, my child, and weigh
The diff'rent claims—Here glory, love, and truth
Implore thy smiles:—There vice, with brutal rage,
Would force thee to his wishes.—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I must attend
My sovereign in his interview with Athol. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment.—ATHOL, GRIME.

Athol. What we to fortune owed, our arms have paid:
But let us now the changeling power renounce.—
Unhappy those who hazard their designs
On her without reserve!—
Grime. Our plan pursu'd
A purpose more assur'd:—With conquest crown'd,
Our aim indeed a fairer wreath had worn;
But that denied, on terms of darker hue
Our swords shall force success!—
Athol. Th' approaching scene
Demands our utmost art!—not with tame sighs
To bend before his throne, and supplicate
His clemency, like slaves; nor to provoke,
With pride of speech, his anger half appeas'd;
But with submission mingle, as we speak,
A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd
For all events.
Grime. Without the city walls,
The southern troops encamp'd, already fill
The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—
Athol. By Heaven! their flushed intemperance will yield
Occasion undisturb'd. For while they lie [lurk
With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that
Behind th' adjacent hills, shall in the dark
Approach the gate, when our associate Cattan
Commands the guard; then, introduc'd by him,
We take with ease possession of the town,
And hither move unmark'd.
Grime. Here, if we fail,
May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath
My well-tried dagger, nor my hungry hate
Enjoy the sav'ry steam of hostile gore!
Athol. How my fired soul anticipates the joy!
I see me seated in the regal chair,
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—
But this important enterprise demands
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
Will much avail.—But this unpractised youth,
To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last resolve.—
Grime. It shall be mine
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand curses load
Th' ambitious stripling! [*Enter* DUNBAR.
Dun. By the King's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.
Athol. 'Tis well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING *seated*, ANGUS, *Attendants. Enter* ATHOL, GRIME, *introduced by* DUNBAR.

King. It is not well—it is not well we meet

On terms like these!—I should have found in
A trusty counsellor and steady friend! [Athol
And better would it suit thy rev'rend age,
Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,
To hush ill-judging clamour, and cement
Divided factions to my throne again,
Than thus embroil the state.—
Athol. My present aim
Is to repair, not widen more the breach
That discord made between us: this, my liege,
Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke,
Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
On terms which equally become us both,
Our int'rests reunite.
King. Ha!—reunite!
By Heav'n, thy proud demeanour more befits
A sov'reign than a subject!—Reunite!
How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord;
And with an helmet load that hoary head
To wage rebellious war?
Athol. The sword of Athol
Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs
His country suffer'd.
King. Dar'st thou to my face
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus thy guilt
My clemency implores?
Athol. Not yet so low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footstool. In our camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.
King [*rising hastily*]. Swift hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back!
Away!—Now by the mighty soul of Bruce!
Thou shalt be met; and if thy savage clans
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into dust. Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their camp.
Athol. Forgive, my prince,
If, on my own integrity of heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound
Too much inflam'd already. Not with you,
But with your measures ill-advis'd I warr'd:
Your sacred person, family, and throne,
My purpose still rever'd.
King. O wretched plea!
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy discontent. Ye live not in a reign
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her state. I charge thee, say
What lawless measures has my power pursued?
Athol. I come to mitigate your royal wrath
With sorrow and submission; not to sum
The motives which compell'd me to the field.
King. I found your miserable state reduc'd
To ruin and despair; your cities drench'd
In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:
All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:
No industry, save what with hands impure
Distress'd the commonwealth; no laws in force
To screen the poor, and check the guilty great;
While squalid famine join'd her sister fiend,
Devouring pestilence, to curse the scene!—
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole:
And lo! my recompense!—But I relapse.—
What is your suit?
Athol. We sue, my liege, for peace.
King. Say, that my lenity should grant your prayer,
How for the future shall I rest assur'd
Of your allegiance?
Athol. Stuart shall be left
The pledge of our behaviour.
King. And your arms
Ere noon to-morrow shall be yielded up.
Athol. This too shall be perform'd.
King. Then mark me, Thane.
Because the loins, from whence my father sprung,
On thee too life bestow'd, enjoy the gift.
I pardon what is past. In peace consume
The winter of thy days. But if ye light [throne
Th' extinguished brand again, and brave my
With new commotions—by th' Eternal Pow'r!
No future guile, submission, or regard
Shall check my indignation! I will pour
My vengeance in full volley; and the earth
Shall dread to yield you succour or resource!
Of this no more. Thy kinsman shall remain
With us an hostage of thy promis'd faith.
So shall our mercy with our prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—STUART.

Stuart. This solitude but more foments despair!
Recalls, compares, and to the incessant pangs
Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!
O! what a miscrable slave am I!
Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
Of eagle-eyed ambition, to th' abyss [thought.
Of mutt'ring horror, curs'd from thought to
—Ha, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!
Her hissing snakes arouse, her torch inflames
My madd'ning soul!—Yes, if he thus permits
My feet to range at will, my vengeful hand
Will soon requite him. [*Enter* GRIME.

SCENE II.—STUART, GRIME.

Grime. Wherefore thus alone?
Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,
Observes a sullen cloud o'erhang thy brow.
Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,
A mute aversion to his love, secludes
Thy lonely steps—
Stuart. Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
The cause accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!— [thought!
And freed by whom!—there's poison in the
—Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?
Grime. Thou dwell'st on that too much. Few live exempt
From disappointment and disgrace, who run
Ambition's rapid course. Inur'd to pain,
The harden'd soul, at last, forgets to feel
The scourge of fate; and fearless rushes on
To deeds advent'rous.
Stuart. Who shall frame th' attempt
That Stuart dreads t' achieve?—Not pestilence,
Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound
My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,
For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,
Since not the voice of Heav'n itself can lure
My honour back again—what pow'r of hell
Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge? [sable pow'r,
Grime. Ha! Didst thou say revenge!—Hail,
To me more dear than riches or renown!
What gloomy joy to drench the dagger deep
In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!
My fortune thwarted, or essay'd by fraud
To poison my delights?
Stuart. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The scorpion-thought that stings me!—Mark me, Grime.
Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus:
If conquest for the foe declar'd to-day,
Our arms again the vagraut might compel,
And chain her to our side. But know, my love
Has been defrauded! Eleonora's heart
That wretch invades—that ravisher, who cropp'd
My budding fame, and sunk me to reproach!

He, whom my jealousy, in all its rage,
Hath singled for destruction!
Grime. He shall die!—[impal'd!
Stuart. Yes,—he shall die!—He shall be flay'd—
And his torn bowels thrown to beasts of prey;
My savage hate shall on his tortures feed!
I will have vengeance!
Grime. Wouldst thou have it full,
Include his patrons.
Stuart. Ha!—What—shall my arm
Unsheath the secret steel?
Grime. Yes. Strike at once,
For liberty, ambition, and revenge.
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;
And all his offspring swell the sanguine stream.
Let Angus perish too.
Stuart. O wond'rous plan
Of unrestrain'd barbarity!—It suits
The horrors of my bosom!—All!—What, all?
In slaughter'd heaps—the progeny and sire!
To sluice them in th' unguarded hour of rest!
Infernal sacrifice!—dire, ev'n too dire
For my despair! To me what have they done
To merit such returns?—No, my revenge
Demands the blood of one, and he shall fall.
Grime. It shall suffice. Dunbar shall bleed alone.
But let us seize him on the verge of bliss;
When the fond maid's enkindling looks confess
The flames of bashful love; when eager joy,
And modest fear, by turns exalt the blush
To a more fervid glow; when Eleonora
Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd view,
And smiles him to her arms.
Stuart. Ha! Lightning scorch
Thy tongue, blasphemer! Sooner may this globe
Be hurl'd to the profound abyss of hell!—
But vain are words. This is no place—remember
He shall not triumph thus! Thou hast belied him—
He means it not. Nor will the siren smile—
No, Grime, she dares not smile him to her arms!
Grime. Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, she yields
Her plighted faith, this hour. But see!—the maid
Moves hitherward alone!—
Stuart. Haste, leave me, Grime!
My soul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
Love, jealousy, implacable despair
In tempests wheel.—
Grime. Thou shalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic rage may rashly overturn
Our whole design!—
Stuart. Let me not urge again
Thy swift departure; hence! I come anon.
[*Exit Grime.*

SCENE III.—STUART, ELEONORA.

Stuart. When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
Our mutual jealousies, and breath'd anew
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
One adverse thought to constancy and me?
Eleon. Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame?—
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?
And shall my love be to the breast confin'd
Where treason in her darkest hue presides?
No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
From my abhorrent thoughts!—
Stuart. Not all this pride
Of mimic virtue—not th' assembled host
Of female wiles, how exquisite soe'er,
Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw
Thy tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue
Seduce me to thy faithless arms again?
Eleon. Is this the testimony of thy love?
This thy asserted honour! to revile
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
My duty—to forget thee. Dost thou ask
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
There needed none. The measure of thy guilt
Was full enough before. Yet thou hast heap'd
Offences to excess. In battle fought
Against thy King; and sought, with lifted arm,
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the honour of my name forbids
Our fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said,
That Eleonora, lost to glory, took
A traitor to her bed!—
Stuart. Perfidious witch!
Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging minister of broken faith!
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
Or—mark me—punish with thy guilty blood
Thy perjury and fraud!—
Eleon. Wilt thou attempt
To gain by menaces, what the soft sigh
Of plaintive anguish would implore in vain?
Here strike!—and let thy ruthless poniard drink
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
In virtue's cause; and ev'ry soil enrich'd,
From wintry Scania to the sacred vale
Where Lebanon exalts his lofty brow. [peace—
Stuart. Egregious sorc'ress!—give me back my
Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth
Adorn'd in all its splendour, and elate
With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!—
Ere yet thy spells had discompos'd my brain,
Unstrung my arm, and laid me in the dust,
Beneath a rival's feet!
Eleon. Hear, all ye powers!
He claims of me, what his own conscious guilt
Hath robb'd him of. And dost thou look for peace
In my afflicted bosom? There, indeed,
Thine image dwells with solitude and care,
Amidst the devastation thou hast made! [*Weeps.*
Stuart. O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drops
Which fall but to ensnare!—Thy precious words
Shall sooner lull the sounding surge, than check
The fury that impels me!—Yet—by Heav'n,
Thou art diviuely fair! and thy distress
With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—
Wert thou not false as hell, not paradise
Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn
My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;
And from my sense exclude the soothing sound
Of thy enchanting tongue!—Yet—yet renounce
Thine infidelity—To thine embrace
Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
Speak peace to his distracted soul; and ease
The tortures of his bosom!
Eleon. Hapless youth!
My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—
O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!
Here would I kneel, a suppliant to Heav'n,
In thy behalf; and offer to the grave
The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear
Our days of pleasure are for ever past!
Stuart. O thou hast joy and horror in thy gift,
And sway'st my soul at will!—bless'd in thy love,
The memory of sorrow and disgrace,
That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake
My raptur'd thought, and hell should plot in vain
To sever us again!—O let me clasp thee,
Thou charm ineffable!
Eleon. Forbear, fond youth,

Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd
Eternal bars between us !
Stuart. Ha !—what bars ?
Eleon. A sacrifice demanded by my sire—
A vow—
Stuart. Perdition !—Say what vow, rash maid ?
Eleon. A fatal vow ! that blasts our mutual love—
Stuart. Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart !—A
A vow that to my rival gives thee up ! [vow !—
Shall he then trample on my soul at last !—
Mock my revenge and laugh at my despair !
Ha !—shall he rifle all thy sweets at will,
And riot in the transports due to me ?
Th' accursed image whirls around my brain !—
He pants with rapture !—Horror to my soul !
He surfeits on delight !—
Eleon. O gentle Heav'n !
Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend
In dews of peace !—Why roll with fiery gleam
Thy starting eye-balls !—Why on thy pale cheek
Trembles fell rage !—and why sustains thy frame
This universal shock ?—Is it, alas !
That I have sworn, I never will be thine ?—
True, this I swore.—
Stuart. Ha !—never to be mine,
Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage !—
Be witness, heav'n, and earth, and hell ! she means
To glad the bosom of my foe !—Come, then,
Infernal vengeance ! aid me to perform [*Draws.*
A deed that fiends themselves will weep to see !
Thus, let me blast his full-bloom'd—
[*Enter* DUNBAR, *who interposes.*

SCENE IV.—DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

Dun. Ruffian, hold
Thy desp'rate hand !—What fury 'scap'd from
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood [hell,
Of such excelling goodness ?—
Stuart. Infamy
Like mine, deface the glories of thy name !
What busy demon sent thee hither, now,
My vengeance to defeat ?—The hour is come—
The hour is come at last, that must decide
For ever our pretensions !
Dun. Whatsoe'er
Thy hate could meditate against my life
My nature might forgive. But this attempt
Divests my soul of mercy—
Stuart. Guide my point,
Ye powers of darkness, to my rival's heart,
Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*
Eleon. Restrain—restrain
Your mutual frenzy !—Horror !—help—behold—
Behold this miserable bosom !—plunge
Your poniards here ; and in its fatal source
Your enmity assuage !
Stuart [*falling*]. It will not be—
Thy fortune hath eclips'd me, and the shades
Of death environ me. Yet, what is death
When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal
Of glory, never—never to be broke !
O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour !
My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd
With thy approaching nuptials, and my soul
Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora !—Oh ! [*Dies.*

SCENE V.—DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dun. Ah ! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender
In woful attitude ?—ah ! wherefore lift [hands
Thy streaming eyes to Heav'n, while the deep
Dilates thy lab'ring breast ? [groan
Eleon. This is too much—
This is too much to bear—thou hast destroy'd
My last remains of peace !
Dun. And was thy peace
Deposited in him ?—in him who rais'd
His impious hand to kill thee ?—Is it well
To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow
That rescu'd thee from death ?
Eleon. I blame not thee,
No, Heav'n forbid !—I blame not my protector—
Yet thy protection has undone me quite !
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd
Such terrible success—How pale appear [glow'd !
These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour
O dismal spectacle !—How humble now
Lies that ambition that was late so proud !—
Did he not call me with his latest breath ?—
He would have said—but cruel fate controll'd
His falt'ring tongue !—he would have said, " For
"For thee, false maid, I perish undeplor'd !" [thee,
O ! hadst thou known how obstinately true
My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,
My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd
To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My persecuted truth !
Dun. O turn thine eyes
From the sad object !—Turn thy melting thoughts
From the disastrous theme, and look on me—
On me who would with ecstasy resign
This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
With Eleonora's tears !—Were I to fall,
Thy pity would not thus lament my fate ! [move,
Eleon. Thy death such lamentation would not
More envied than bemoan'd ;—thy memory
Would still be cherish'd ; and thy name survive
To latest ages, in immortal bloom.—
Ah, 'tis not so with him !—He leaves behind
No dear remembrance of unsullied fame !
No monument of glory, to defy [shame !
The storms of time !—Nought but reproach and
Nought, but perpetual slander, brooding o'er
His reputation lost !—O fearful scene
Of dire existence, that must never close !

SCENE VI.—ANGUS *entering*, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, *Attendants.*

Ang. What sound of female woe—Ha ! Stuart slain !
Alas ! I fear thou art the fatal cause ! [*To Eleonora.*
Eleon. Too well my father has divin'd the cause
Of their unhappy strife !—Wherefore, ye powers !
Am I to misery deliver'd up ?
What kindred crime, alas ! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick
On my poor head ?
Ang. [*to Dun.*] How durst your lawless rage
Profane this sacred place with private brawl ?
Dun. By Heav'n ! no place, how much soe'er rever'd, [aim
Shall screen th' assassin, who, like him, would
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast ! [just
Ang. Ha !—were his aims so merciless ?—Too
The vengeance that o'ertook him ! But th' event
With this unstable juncture ill accords !
Remove the body. Thou meanwhile retire ;
Thy presence may awake, or aggravate
The rage of Athol. [*The body is removed.*
Dun. Therefore I obey ;
And, O thou lovely mourner ! who now droop'st
Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,
When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom
With vernal freshness, and again unfold
Thy beauties to the sun ! [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VII.—ANGUS, ELEONORA.

Ang. Let us, my child,
Lament with steadiness those ills that flow
From our mishap ; yet therefore not ascribe
To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,
The guilt of accident. Thou hast enough

Denoted thy concern—Let me not think
Thy sorrow hath espous'd a traitor's cause.
Elcon. Ah! what avails to me the hard-won
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest [palm
Internal anguish?—Will it yield me peace?
Ang. Thy indiscreet affliction shall not plead
Against thee with me now. Remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour still
A guilty flame; to thy assistance call
That noble pride and dignity of scorn,
Which warms, exalts, and purifies the soul—
But I will trust thee to thyself. Withdraw;
For Athol comes, and on his visage low'rs
A storm of wrath. [*Exit Eleonora.*

SCENE VIII.—ANGUS, ATHOL.

Athol. Are these the fair effects
Of our submission!—These, the promis'd fruits
Of amity restor'd—to violate
The laws of hospitality—to guide
The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,
And sacrifice your guests!
Ang. That Athol mourns
This unforeseen severity of fate,
I marvel not. My own paternal sense
Is wak'd by sympathy; and I condole
His interesting loss. But thus to tax
Our blameless faith with traitorous design,
Not with our pure integrity conforms,
Nor with thy duty, Thane.
Athol. Ha! who art thou,
That I should bear thy censure and reproof?
Not protestation, nor th' affected air
Of sympathy and candour, shall amuse
My strong conception, nor elude the cry
Of justice and revenge!
Ang. Had justice crav'd,
With rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
How hadst thou far'd? Say, what hath plac'd thy
Above my censure? Let this day's event [deeds
Proclaim how far I merit thy disdain.
That my humanity is misconceiv'd,
Not much alarms my wonder: conscious fraud
Still harbours with suspicion. Let me tell thee—
The fate of Stuart was supremely just.
Th' untimely stroke his savage heart prepar'd
Against the guiltless breast of Elconora,
Avenging Heav'n retorted on himself. [end,
Athol. I thought where all thy probity would
Disguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,
Should this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure
In thy protection, or th' unjust extent
Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread
The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
And blood shall answer blood!
Ang. How far thy threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the King!

SCENE IX.—KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

King. Tell me, proud Thanes, why are ye found
oppos'd
In loud revilings? You that should promote,
By fair example, unity, and peace!
Athol. Have I not cause to murmur and com-
Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge [plain?
Of love fraternal, sooth'd my bending age:
Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
From my parental arms; and left, alas!
This sapless trunk, to stretch its wither'd boughs
To you for justice!—Justice then I crave.
King. To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
How great soe'er th' offender, or the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile:
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king!
Say freely, Thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And, were he dear as her who shares our throne,
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.
Athol. Then I charge
The son of March with perfidy and murder!
Ang. Were I with mean indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve
Your royal confidence. Dunbar has slain
The kinsman of this Thane; yet fell he not
By murder, cowardice, or foul design.
The sword of Stuart was already drawn
To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
By Heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,
Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
His rival's fury on his hapless head.
Athol. Must I refer me to the partial voice
Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
The tainted evidence, and rather claim
The combat proof. Enfeebled are my limbs
With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung,
Yet shall the justice of my cause recall
My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,
Swell every sinew, strengthen every limb,
And crown me with success. Behold my gage:
I wait for justice.
King. Justice shalt thou have—
Nor shall an equitable claim depend
On such precarious issue. Who shall guard
The weak from violence, if brutal force
May vindicate oppression? Truth alone
Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbiass'd sway
Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar [*To Angus.*
Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge.
[*Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE X.—ATHOL, GRIME.

Athol. Curse on the smooth dissembler!—Wel-
come Grime!
My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage
Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd
Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds
I give the phantom. May this carcass rot,
A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heav'n,
If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound
The progress of my hate!
Grime. What means my prince?
Athol. Th' unhappy youth is slain!
Grime. Ha!—Hell be prais'd! [*Aside.*
He was a peevish stripling, prone to change.
Vain is condolence. Let our swords be swift
To sate his hov'ring shade. I have conferr'd
With trusty Cattan, our design explain'd,
And his full aid secur'd. To-night he rules
The middle watch. The clans already move
In silence o'er the plain.
Athol. Come, then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lopp'd,
But they will sprout again: my vig'rous trunk
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again project an awful shade.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

Queen. O! this was more than the ill-sorted
Of undetermin'd fancy—this convey'd [train
No loose imperfect images: but all
Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand
Of fate had wrought it. Profit by those signs—
Your guardian angel dictates. O, my prince!
Let not your blind security disgrace
The merit of your prudence.
King. No, my Queen,
Let us avoid the opposite extremes

Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.
Already hath our vigilance perform'd
What caution justifies. And for thy dream,
As such consider it—the vain effect
Of an imagination long disturb'd.
Life with substantial ills enough is curs'd:
Why should we then with frantic zeal pursue
Unreal care; and with illusive form,
Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
Our reason from her throne?

Queen. In all your course
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
When my soul suffer'd the successive pangs
Of fond impatience and repressive fear;
When ev'ry reeking messenger from France,
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,
And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale
That spoke your praise—say, did my weak des-
Recall you from the race? Did not my heart [pair
Espouse your fame, and patiently await
The end of your career?—O! by the joys
I felt at your return, when smiling love,
Secure, with rapture reigned—O! by these tears,
Which seldom plead; indulge my boding soul!
Arouse your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard
The couvent with a chosen band. The soul
Of treason is abroad!

King. Ye ruling powers!
Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,
When my degen'rate breast becomes the haunt
Of haggard fear. O! what a wretch is he,
Whose fev'rish life, devoted to the gloom
Of superstition, feels th' incessant throb
Of ghastly panic! in whose startled ear
The knell still deepens and the raven croaks!

Queen. Vain be my terrors, my presages vain—
Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
And my repose restore! Not for myself,
Not to prolong the season of my life,
Am I thus suppliant? Ah, no! for you,
For you whose being gladdens and protects
A grateful people—you whose parent boughs
Defend your tender offspring from the blasts
That soon would tear them up! for you, the source
Of all our happiness and peace, I fear! [*Kneels.*

King. Arise, my Queen—O! thou art all com- [pos'd
Of melting piety and tender love!
Thou shalt be satisfied.—Is ev'ry guard
By Angus visited?

Dun. Ev'n now, my liege,
With Ramsay and his troop, he scours the plain.

King. Still watchful o'er his charge.—The lib'ral
Of bounty will have nothing to bestow, [hand
Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
Who rules the nightly watch?

Dun. To Cattan's care
The city guard is subject.

King. I have mark'd
Much valour in him. Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him with a chosen few surround
The cloisters of the convent; and remain
Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.
[*Exit Dunbar.*
Thus shall repose with glad assurance waft
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—GRIME, CATTAN.

Grime. Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems
To recompense us for the day's disgrace. [inclin'd
Our band conceal'd within the cloisters, wait
With eagerness and joy th' auspicious hour,
To perpetrate the deed. It now remains
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His share of this great enterprise assign.
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
The usurper and his progeny to death:
His power and principles will still supply
Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts
Can ne'er surmount.

Cat. Then let our swords prevent
All further opposition, and at once
Dismiss him to the shades.

Grime. Thine be the task—
I know with what just indignation burns
Thy gen'rous hate against the partial Thane,
Who to thine age and services preferr'd
A raw unpractised stripling.

Cat. Ha!—no more.
The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!

Grime. While we within perform th' intrepid
To his apartment thou shalt move alone; [blow,
Nor will pretence be wanting: Say, thou bring'st
Intelligence important, that demands
His instant ear:—then shalt thou find thy foe
Unarm'd and unattended. Need my tongue
Instruct thee further?

Cat. No, let my revenge
Suggest what follows.—By the pow'rs of hell!
I will be drunk with vengeance!

Grime. To thy guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch till he returns
With Ramsay from the plain. But see! they come;
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment.*—ANGUS, RAMSAY.

Ang. By Heav'n it much alarms me!—Wide
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct, [o'er all
Are seen the soldiers rolled in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

Ram. When we return'd
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town:
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

Ang. But that I consult
My King's tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted citizens with an alarm,
An hundred trumpets should this instant raise
Their brazen throats together, and arouse
Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
And with thy uninfected troop attend
To ev'ry motion of th' uncertain night.
[*Exit Ram.*

SCENE IV.—ANGUS.

Ang. Now the loud tempest of the toilful day
Subsides into a calm; and yet my soul [night,
Still labours through the storm!—By day or
In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy; for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V.—ANGUS, CATTAN.

Cat. My noble lord,
Within the portal as I kept my watch,
Swift gliding shadows, by the glimmering moon,
I could perceive in forms of armed men,
Possess the space that borders on the porch.—
I question'd thrice; they yielded no reply:
And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,
Wait your command.

Ang. Quick, lead me to the place—
Foul treason is at work!—

Cat. It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd;—courageous Thane,
Receive this dagger.
[*Attempts to stab Angus, who wrests the dagger from him and kills him.*

Ang. Ha, perfidious slave! [scape.
What means this base attempt?—Thou shalt not
Cat. Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike
The poniard to thy heart!—How like a dog
I tamely fall despis'd!
Ang. Fell ruffian say,
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!—
Cat. Just are thy terrors.—By the infernal gulf
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into th' abyss with joy, could the success
Of Athol feast my sense!
[*A noise of clashing swords and shrieks.*
—Ha!—now the sword
Of slaughter smokes!—Th' exulting Thane surveys
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime,
With purple honours deck'd.—
Ang. Tremendous powers!
Cat. O'er the fall'n tyrant strides— [*Dies.*
Ang. Heav'n shield us all!
Amazing horror chills me!—Ha! Dunbar!
Then treason triumphs!—O my son! my son!

SCENE VI.—ANGUS, DUNBAR, *wounded.*

Dun. I sought thee, noble Thane, while yet my
Obey their lord.—I sought thee, to unfold [limbs
My zealous soul, ere yet she takes her flight.
Stretch'd on the grouud, these eyes beheld the King
Transfix'd, a lifeless corse! and saw this arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—
Ang. Weep, Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is
Thy father and thy King!—O! this event, [slain—
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
If yet thy strength permits, how this befell.
Dun. A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
By Athol, lurk'd behind th' adjacent hills:
These faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
Admitted to the city, join'd their power
With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.
To the sad scene ere I could force my way,
Our monarch was no more! Around him lay
An heap of traitors, whom his single arm
Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy Queen,
Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!
Ang. Illustrious victims!—O disastrous fate!
Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
To wanton thus in royal blood!
Dun. O Thane!
How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
How will thy fond parental heart be rent
With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates
The fate of Eleonora!
Ang. Ha!—my fears
Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,
How fares my child?
Dun. The shades of endless night
Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,
And, with her snowy arms, supplied a bolt
To bar their entrance:—but the barb'rous crew
Broke in impetuous, crush'd her slender limb,
When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
Behold the sorc'ress, whose accursed charms
Betray'd the youth, and whose invet'rate sire
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
This for revenge!—then plung'd it in her breast!
Ang. Infernal homicide!
Dun. There—there, I own,
He vanquish'd me indeed!—What though I rush'd
Through many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart
Imbrued my faithful steel.—But see, where comes,
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

SCENE VII.—ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA *wounded and supported.*

Eleon. Here set me down—vain is your kind
concern,
Ah! who with parent tenderness will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains!
[*Swoons.*
Ang. O misery!—look up—thy father calls—
[*Embracing her.*
Eleon. What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father?—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—yes, he survives
The havoc of this night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t' avenge his murder'd prince,
To save his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory farther still!
Ang. And is it thus
The melting parent clasps his darling child!
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs
Of complicated woe!
Dun. The public craves
Immediate aid from thee.—But I wax weak.—
Our infant King, surrounded in the fort,
Demands thy present help.—
Ang. Yes, loyal yonth,
Thy glorious wounds instruct me what I owe
To my young sov'reign, and my country's peace!
But how shall I sustain the rav'nous tribe
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal master falls, my country groans,
Aud cruel fate has ravish'd from my side
My dearest daughter, and my best-lov'd friend!
Dun. Thy praise shall be thy daughter; and thy
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest breast. [friend
Ang. Must we then part for ever?—What a plan
Of peaceful happiness my hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,
How fast thy sweets consume!—come to my arms,
That I may taste them ere they fleet away!
[*Embracing her.*
O exquisite distress!
Eleon. For me, my father,
For me let not the bootless tear distil.—
Soon shall I be with those who rest secure
From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.
Ang. Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear
Thy cheering voice again!—a long farewell!
[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE VIII.—DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dun. Soon shall our shorten'd race of life be
Our day already hastens to its close; [run.—
And night eternal comes. Yet, though I touch
The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
The tossing wave from which I shall be free,
No rest will greet me on the silent shore,
If Eleonora sends me hence unbless'd. [last,
Eleon. Distemper'd passion, when we parted
Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
With horror was beheld. But reason now
With genial mildness beams upon my soul,
And represents thee justly, as thou art,
The tend'rest lover, and the gentlest friend.
Dun. O transport, to my breast unknown before!
Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings,
Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart
Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
To my exhausted spirits!—but, alas!
Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace
Its precious channels!—on thy polish'd cheek
The blowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes
Death sheds a misty languor!

Elcon. Let me lean
Upon thy friendly arm—yet, O retire!
That guilty arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
Against my peace?—But let me not revolve
Those sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raise
That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! so low!
And from the verge of death my life recall,
What joy could visit my forlorn estate,
Self-doom'd to hopeless woe!
Dun. Must I then wander,
A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,
And groan for ever under thy reproach?
Elcon. Ah, no! thou faithful youth, shall I repay
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
May no repose embrace me in the tomb,
If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall
With sister woe!—Thy passion has not reap'd
The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.
Dun. A while forbear, pale minister of fate,
Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd ear
Let the last music of this dying swan
Steal in soft blandishment, divinely sweet!
Then strike th' unerring blow.—
Eleon. That thus our hopes,
Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the sun of joy
Matur'd them into fruit, repine not, youth.—
Life hath its various seasons, as the year;
And after clust'ring autumn—but I faint—
Support me nearer—in rich harvest's rear
Bleak winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
The leaden hand of death lie heavy on me.—
Thine image swims before my straining eye—
And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word?—
Not one farewell?—Alas! that dismal groan
Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers
Protect my father, show'r upon his—Oh! [*Dies.*
Dun. There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
In mortal clay!—I come, my love, I come—
Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
And held attention captive!—Let me kiss
This pale deserted temple of my joy!
This, chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—
Through all my veins he shivers like the north—
O Eleonora! as my flowing blood
Is mix'd with thine—so may our mingling souls
To bliss supernal wing our happy—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE THE LAST.

ANGUS, RAMSAY, ATHOL, etc. *Prisoners.*

Angus. Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm achiev'd,
Courageous Ramsay; and thy name shall live
For ever in the annals of renown.
—But see, where silent as the noon of night
These lovers lie!—rest—rest, ill-fated pair!
Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell
Within the breast of Angus; and his love
Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!
Ram. O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd.
Ang. [*to Athol.*] O bloody author of this night's mishap!
Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood
Of majesty distain'd!—Contemplate here
The havoc of thy crimes! and then bethink thee,
What vengeance craves.
Athol. With insolence of speech
How dares thy tongue licentious thus insult
Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal
Espous'd a sinking cause. But thou may'st still
Deserve my future favour.
Ang. O thou stain
Of fair nobility?—Thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who has crept
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views!
Athol. Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me, thy lawful prince. Yes, talking lord!
The day will soon appear when I shall rise
In majesty and terror to assert
My country's freedom; and at last avenge
My own peculiar wrongs. When thou, and all
Those grov'lling sycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,
Will fawn on me. Ye temporizing slaves!
Unchain your King; and teach your humble
To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet. [mouths
[*To the Guard.*
Ang. The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
Return before thy carcass be cast forth
Unburied, to the dogs and beasts of prey;
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air,
The monument of treason.
Athol. Empty threat!
Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.
Ang. Then hell hath cheated thee. Thou shalt be crown'd—
An iron crown, intensely hot, shall gird
Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd
Acclaims thee king of traitors.
Athol. Lakes of fire!—
Ha! saidst thou, lord, a glowing iron crown
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
Myself awake to misery and shame!
Ye sceptres, diadems, and rolling trains
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those dreams
Of idle superstition, that ensnare
Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!
Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated hopes! and may despair
Descend in pestilence on all mankind!
Ang. Thy curse just Heav'n retorts upon thy-
To separate dungeons lead the regicides. [self!
[*Exit Guard with the Prisoners.*
From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire;
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire.
From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul;
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage control;
Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!

THE REPRISAL; OR, THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, IN 1757.

Persons represented.

HEARTLY, *a young gent. of Dorsetshire, in love with* Harriet.
BRUSH, *his servant.*
CHAMPIGNON, *commander of a French frigate.*
OCLABBER, *an Irish lieutenant in the French service.*
MACLAYMORE, *a Scotch ensign in the French service.*
LYON, *lieutenant of an English man-of-war.*
HAULYARD, *a midshipman.*
BLOCK, *a sailor.*
HARRIET, *a young lady of Dorsetshire, betrothed to* Heartly.
Soldiers, Sailors, etc.

SCENE.—*On board a French ship lying at anchor on the coast of Normandy.*

PROLOGUE.

AN ancient sage, when death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
With vows and prayers, he fairly brib'd the devil;
Yet neither vows nor prayers, nor rich oblation,
Could always save the sinner—from damnation.
Thus authors, tott'ring on the brink of fate,
The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.
Here justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.
So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dulness is—prepense.
He means to please—he owns no other view;
And now presents you with—a sea-ragout.
A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours:
A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boiled in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar:
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the dessert shall be a bloodless battle.
What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flowers of France.
Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still shall that godlike flame your bosom fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the sire:
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—the unrivall'd empress of the main.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—HEARTLY, BRUSH.

Brush. Well, if this be taking diversion on the water, God send me safe on English ground! and if ever I come in sight of the sea again, may a watery grave be my portion: first, to be terrified with the thoughts of drowning: secondly, to be tossed and tumbled about like a foot-ball: thirdly, to be drenched with sea-water: fourthly, to be stunk to death with pitch and tar, and the savoury scent of my fellow-sufferers: fifthly, to be racked with perpetual puking, till my guts are turned inside out: and, sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and plundered by the French.

Heartly. Enough—enough—

Brush. Enough!—ay, and to spare—I wish I could give part to those who envy my good fortune: but, how will the good Lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her daughter, Miss Harriet, is fallen into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon!

Heartly. No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I have nothing to fear—as there is no war declared, we shall soon be released; and, in the meantime, the French will treat us with their usual politeness.

Brush. Pox on their politeness! ah, master! commend me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff. The rascallion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter, in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong; but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out. Another of these polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me: a third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles; nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

Heartly. I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and despatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon, the commander, did not keep his hands clear of the pillage, an instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer. Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

Brush. Faith! not to flatter you, sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works. He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry; but you was in the right to call yourself her brother; if he knew you were his rival, you might pass your time very disagreeably.

Heartly. There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would

not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but condoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

Brush. You mean Lieutenant Oclabber and Ensign Maclaymore, a couple of damn'd renegadoes!—you lean upon a broken reed, if you trust to their compassion.

Heartly. Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer. The other is a Highlander, excluded, I suppose, from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed. I see them walking this way in close conference. While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to overhear their conversation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

Ocl. Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potato; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivel question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

Macl. Weel, weel, Maister Oclabber, I wonna tak' upon me to say a'together ye're in the wrang; but ye ken there's a time for a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly, while we're under command.

Ocl. You may talk as you plaise, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed, I am always happy when you are spaiking, whether I am asleep or awake, a gra. But, by my shoul, I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the English pleasure-boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war; much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pirates and privateers.

Macl. To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war; for ye ken, in ancient times, the victor teuk the *spolia opima;* and in my country, to this very day, we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere.* But then, ye man take notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae to see the saut brine come happin' o'er her winsome cheeks.

Ocl. Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah O'Shannaghan, whom I left big with child in the county of Fermenaghan, grammachree!—Ochone, my dear Sheelah! Look here, she made me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon; and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—oh! my dear honey captain, cried she, I shall never do penance, but I will be thinking of you. Ah! poor Sheelah, she once met with a terrible misfortune, gra. We were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough. And so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell downstairs out of a window. When I came to her, she told me she was speechless; and by my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon her legs again. Then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of Drimmendoo; but a friend of mine, of the order of Shaint Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen-a-Roon.

Macl. Whether is't an elegy or an ode?

Ocl. How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all even?

Macl. Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the *carmen elegiacum;* or, gif it be an ode, it may be monocolos, dicolos, tetrastrophos, or, perhaps, it's loose iambics.

Ocl. Arrah, upon my conscience, I believe it is simple shambrucks, honey. But, if you'll hold your tongue, you shall see with your own eyes.

SONG.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone;
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone;
Ochone my dear jewel,
Why was you so cruel,
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?
Though Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
Though Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
In the dark she was groping;
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more;
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more;
If you're dead, do but own it;
Then you'll hear me bemoan it:
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
O! the month of November,
She'll have cause to remember,
As a black-letter day all the days of her life.
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
But, without a dismission,
I'd lose my commission,
And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven long years? An it plaised God to bring us within forty miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life.

Macl. Hoot-fie! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy? did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione?* or Volusenus, my countryman, *de Tranquillitate Animi?* I'se warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochaber—my yellow-hair'd dearie that wont to meet me amang the heather. Heigh, sirs! how she grat and cried, "Wae's my heart that we should sunder." Whisht, what's a' that rippet? [*A noise of drums.*

Ocl. Arran-mon-deaul! they are beating our grenadier's march, as if the enemy was in view; but I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge; or, by Shaint Patrick! I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

Macl. [*to a bagpiper crossing the stage.*] Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

Piper. Guid fait! an please your honour, the commander has sent for her to play a spring to the sasenach damsel; but her nain sell wad na pudge the length of her tae, without your honour's order; and she'll gar a' the men march before her with the British flag and the rest of the plunder.

Macl. By my saul! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-show of her ain misfortune; but, howsomever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macrecmon's composition; and if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll soon gar her forget her disaster.

Ocl. Arrah, now since that's the case, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compose her spirits, by my soul! the drum shall beat till she's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—but we'll go and see the procession. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A PROCESSION.

[*First the bagpipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters*

—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum, followed by a crew of French sailors.]

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

Champ. Madame, you see de fortune of de war —my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de cautive of your eye —by gar! my glorie turn to my disgrace!

Har. Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

Champ. Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not understand vat you mean, madam—I ave de honour to carry off one great victorie over de Englis.

Har. You have carried off an unarmed boat, contrary to the law of nations; and rifled the passengers in opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse?

Champ. Common robber! madam, your serviteur tres humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne. In one and t'oder you be perfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my art at your altar.

Har. If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice—for my own part, I have no taste for the *fumet;* so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

Champ. Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felcite demselves dat you renounce de tendre of Monsieur de Champignon. Madame de la duchesse —mais taisons—alte la—et la belle marquise! ah quelles ames! vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man a bonnes fortunes. Diable m'emporte! till I rencountre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succes in love as in war.

Har. I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wise.

Champ. A ma charmante;—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid the transports of my flame.

Har. In a proper place, I believe, I should find them very entertaining.

Champ. How you ravish me, my princesse!—avouez donc, you ave de sentiments for my personne—parbleu it is all your generosité—dere is noting extraordinary in my personne, diable m'emporte! hai, hai. [*Cuts a caper.*

Har. Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice; for you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

Champ. Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope my fantasie—your smile inspire me wid allegresse—allons! vive l'amour! la, la, la, la—

Har. What a delicate pipe! I find, monsieur, you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

Champ. Madame, your slave eternellement—personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chansonettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, tree, four, ten year ago. I take possession sabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre!—dey refuse to submit, and carry me to Plimount —dere I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Anglaises. I teash dem to love—they teash me to sing your jollies vaudevilles. "A coblere dere vas, and he live in one stall." Hai, hai! how you taste my talens, madame?

Har. Oh! you sing enchantingly; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobler all the days of your life. Ha, ha, ha!

Champ. Hai, hai, hai; if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my princesse, vat sort of lover you shoose—I vil transform myself for your plaisir.

Har. I will not say what sort of lover I like; but I'll sing what sort of lover I despise.

Champ. By gar, she love me eperduement. [*Aside.*

SONG.

From the man whom I love, though my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

Champ. Morbleu, madame you sing a marveilles —by gar, de figure be ver singulier.

SCENE IV.—HARRIET, CHAMPIGNON, HEARTLY.

Champ. Mons. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most umble serviteur—mademoiselle your sister aves des perfections of an ange; but she be cold as de albatre. You do me good office—I become of your alliance—you command my service.

Heartly. I hope my sister will set proper value upon your addresses. And you may depend upon my best endeavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it deserves.

Champ. As it deserves!—mardy! dat is all I desire—den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires*] Comment! que m'importe—madame, I must leave you for one moment to de garde of Monsieur your broder? but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—HEARTLY, HARRIET.

Heartly. My dear Harriet, have you good-nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes?

Har. I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

Heartly. You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear your misfortune with such good-humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

Har. I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon shot came whistling over our heads; and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner! but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it. And as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that, upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him—O' my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice. I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery myself.

Heartly. Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French Court.

Har. I should be loth to trouble the Court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

Heartly. I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter; I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

SCENE VI.—HEARTLY, HARRIET, BRUSH.

Heartly [*to Brush*]. Well, sir, have you been fishing the bonny Scot? Have you caught any intelligence?

Brush. Sir, I have done your business—Captain Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of sour wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

Har. Pray, Mr. Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud stalking Highlander?

Brush. I won his heart with some transient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid as an improvement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

Heartly. These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

Brush. He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, "By my saul, mon," says he, "ye're na fule; I see you ken foo weel how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man be better acquainted." I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family; and sighing, cried, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Heartly. That scrap of Latin was a home-thrust—You see, sirrah, the benefit of a charity school.

Brush. Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my accidence, that ever my learning would turn to such account—Captain Maclaymore was surprised to hear me speak Latin. Yet he found fault with my pronunciation. He shook me by the hand, though I was a little shy of that compliment, and said he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle. But I put him in mind of the singet cat, for I was better than I was bonny—then he carried me to his cabin, where we might discourse more freely; told me the captain was "a light-headed guse," and expressed his concern at your captivity, which he said was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Har. There, I hope, you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

Brush. I extolled his understanding; interested his gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and, in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him that my master's great-grandmother's aunt was a Scotchwoman of the name of Macintosh, and that Mr. Heartly piqued himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

Heartly. I'm obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance—I hope the discovery had a proper effect upon my cousin Maclaymore?

Brush. He no sooner heard that particular than he started up, crying, "What the deil say ye? Macintosh?—swunds mon! that's the name of my ain mither—wha kens but Mester Heartly and I may be coozens seventeen times removed?" Then he gave me a full account of his pedigree, for twelve generations, and hawked up the names of his progenitors till they set my teeth on edge. To conclude, he has promised to give you all the assistance in his power, and even to favour our escape; for, over and above his other motives, I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks a piece of service done to an English gentleman may enable him to gratify that inclination.

Heartly. But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

Brush. The boat is alongside—our men are permitted to walk the deck:—when the captain retires to rest, and the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoist the sails, and make the best of our way to Old England.

Heartly. But you don't consider that Monsieur de Champignon, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chase—nay, compliment us with a dish of sugar-plums that may be very hard of digestion.

Brush. There the friendship of Maclaymore will be of service. For, as soon as our flight is known, he and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle and confusion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach; and then we must trust to our own canvas and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime sailer.

Harriet. The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

Heartly. Odso! there he comes—Brush, go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

SCENE VII.—HEARTLY, OCLABBER.

Ocl. Your humble servant, sir,—I hope the lady is plaised with her accommodation—don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea!—upon my conscience! now, it's so delicate and keen, that, for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf-dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

Heartly. Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the the politeness of Captain Oclabber.—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

Ocl. Acquaintance, honey—by my shoul! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life.

Heartly. Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

Ocl. Ub—ub—oo!—by Shaint Patrick, I remember you as well as nothing in the world—Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

Heartly. My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

Ocl. Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh! I remember, you two made one with us at the Hotel de Bussy—by my shoul! we were very merry and frolicsome; and you know I hurt my ankle, and my foot swelled as big as three potatoes—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot. Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me but I

am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

Heartly. Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with Captain Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

Ocl. I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't choose to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know;—therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a meer baist.

Heartly. I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own.—I understand by my servant, too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

Ocl. By my shoul! I told him so before you came aboard.—As for Ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arrah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head.—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the Archbishop of Armagh—didn't you know we were sworn brothers?—though I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

SCENE VIII.—HEARTLY, OCLABBER, BRUSH.

Brush. O Lord, sir! all the fat's in the fire.

Ocl. Arrah, what's a-fire, honey?

Brush. All our fine project gone to pot!—We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.

Heartly. What does the blockhead mean?

Brush. One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears, and storms in a breath!—I have seen Bedlam; but an English lunatic, at full moon, is a very sober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

Heartly. I care not for his passion or power.—By heaven! he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll assault him, though unarm'd, and die in her defence.— [*Going.*

Ocl. Won't you be easy now!—your dying signifies nothing at all, honey; for, if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy!—by my shoul! you'd look very foolish.—Take no notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation! I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

Heartly. The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage.

Ocl. Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

Heartly. Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

Brush. Zooks, sir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no: He'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already. Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name to take care of yourself: for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

Ocl. O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with Ensign Maclaymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

Brush. Soldierly or unsoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape; I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

Ocl. Devil fire you, my dear! you're a wag—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows?—By my shoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

Heartly. I'm so confounded and perplexed, in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

Ocl. Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads—for my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A great noise and bustle behind the Scenes.*—MACLAYMORE, CHAMPIGNON.

Champ. [*running upon the stage in a ridiculous dishabille.*]—Prenez garde qu'elle ne vous echappe!—aux armes!—Mons. le Second—contre maitre—la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

Macl. [*overturning him, as if through mistake.*] As I sall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft!—deel stap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

Champ. Ah meutrier! assassin! vous avez tué votre commandant!—holla ho! mes gens, à moi.

Macl. Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow!—Preserve us a'! it's the vera mon—weel I wot, sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle—but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

Champ. [*rising.*] Ventre saingris! my whole brain be derangée!—traitre! you be in de complot.

Macl. Traiter, me nae traiter! Mester Champpignon, or guid faith! you and I man ha' our kail through the reek.

Champ. Were be de prisoniers! tell a me dat—ha!—mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau!—de prise! de prisoniers!—sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les prisoniers—you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

Macl. Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer—I wus some other people, who haud their heads unco high, kenn'd the respact due to an officer, we should na be fash'd with a' this din.

Champ. Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur Artlie? were be de prisoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your sottises?

Macl. Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge, and sae ye may gang

and leuk after him; and as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet, whom you ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your bouillon, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed, I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

Champ. Morbleu! Monsieur Maclaimore, you distrait me wid your babil. I demand de Englis prisoniers—m'entendez vous?

Macl. Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien—there was nae English prisoner here; for I man tell you, sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*, or *Puffendorf de Officio Hominis et Civis*, ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello—ergo* he was nae prisoner of war—now what says the learned Puffendorf?

Champ. Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu! you be one impertinent.

Macl. What, what! that's a paughty word, sir—that's nae language for a gentleman—nae mair o' that, or guid faith we'll forget where we are.

Champ. Morbleu! you have forgot dat I be your general—your chief.

Macl. By my saul, mon, that's strange news indeed. You my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

Champ. Oui, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

Macl. Dinna rustre me, sir, or deel dam my saul, but I'll wrast your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France.

[*They draw, and fight.*

SCENE II.—OCLABBER, CHAMPIGNON, MACLAYMORE.

Ocl. Devil fire you, my lads! what's the maining of all this disturbance?—o' my conscience! there's no such thing as resting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been a-bed these tree hours, but I could not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep. [*Pretending to discover Champignon.*] Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? What, is it your own self, Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign? By my shoul! that's not so shivel now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the King's name—you shall see one another locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then, if you cut one another's troats, by the Blessed Virgin! you shall be brought to a court-martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

Macl. [*sheathing his sword.*] Weel, weel, sir—ye're my commanding officer; *tuum est imperare*—but, he and I sall meet before mountains meet, that's a'.

Champ. [*to Ocl.*] Vat! you presume to entremettre in mes affaires d'honneur—you have the hardiesse to dispute wid me the command of dis vaisseau de guerre?—Tell a me if you know my condition, ha?

Ocl. Indeed, indeed, my dear, I believe your present condition is not very savoury; but, if Ensign Maclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse; and yet, upon my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all.

Champ. Monsieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi—you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

Ocl. By my shoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was threadbare and out at elbows.

Champ. Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie—Daignez, my goot Lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—du rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

Ocl. Och! I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my soul! a very venerable building it was—ay, and very well bred to boot, honey; for it stood always uncovered; and never refused entrance to any passenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

Champ. You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

Ocl. By Shaint Patrick, I know them as well as the father that bore them. Your nephew is a begging brother of the order of Shaint Francis; Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent savatier in the county of Bearne; and your own shelf, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan, then served the Count de Bardasch for your diversion, and now, by the King's favour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

Champ. Ah quelle medisance!—que vous imaginez bien, Monsieur—but I vill represent your conduit to des marchaux of France; and dey vil convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some consideration—nn charlatan!—mardy! dat be ver plaisant. Messieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres pour rattraper de Englis chaloupe—jusque au revoir—charlatan!—savatier!—Morte de ma vie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

Ocl. Faith and troth, my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight by this time.

Macl. By my saul! captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet. He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

Ocl. If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh! I main he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—arra man deaul! that's not the thing neither; but you know my maining, as the saying is.

Macl. Hoot ay—I'se warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my part pretty weel for a beginner.

Ocl. For a beginner! Devil fetch me, but you played like a man that jokes in earnest. But your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you; and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

Macl. Let that flie stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out. But now we man tak care of the poor waff lassie that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

Ocl. I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

Macl. It's now break of day—dinna you see the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig? We'll e'en gang doun and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—HARRIET, BRUSH.

Har. O Lord! I'm in such a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being retaken?

Brush. Yes, yes, madam, safe enough for this bout. The two land officers performed their

parts to a miracle. My master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the sentries, who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake. But now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England. I 'm sure I sent many a wishful look after them.

Har. What! you are sorry then for having stayed behind with me?

Brush. Oh! by no manner of means, ma'am—to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my master through the barricado; but yet, ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr. Heartly, ma'am, that I should be glad to share all his dangers, ma'am—though, after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to leave his mistress and faithful servant in such a dilemma.

Har. Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly. You know how unwillingly he complied with my request. We could not guess what villanous steps this fellow Champignon might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

Brush. Well—Heaven grant him success, and that speedily. For my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence. If I had broke my leg two days ago, I should not have been in this quandary. God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

Har. Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage. I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

Brush. Odso! I 'll run down to Lieutenant Oclabber and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose.

[*Exit Brush.*

SCENE V.—CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

Champ. Madame, you pardon my presomption dat I pay my devoirs in dishabille—bot it be all for your service. Monsieur your amant ave decampé sans façon. I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure de plaisir of seeing him again—Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitresse!

Har. Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

Champ. By gar! it be tout a fait impossible. He steal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité!

Har. I 'm heartily glad to hear it!

Champ. For vat you be glad, my princess, ha?

Har. That he 's no longer in your power.

Champ. Bon!—juste ciel!—how you make me happy to see you glad, madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, revanche! revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra. Permettez donc, madame, dat I ave de honeur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom. Ah! larron! perfide! la, la, ra, ra.

[*He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.*

Monsieur Artlie is not in my power—bon—but, by gar, madame, you know who is, hah!

Har. As for me, my sex protects me. I am here, indeed, a prisoner, and alone; but you will not, you dare not, treat me with indignity.

Champ. Dare not!—Bravo!—Show to me de man vil say I dare not—ça, ha, ha! [*Capers about.*

Har. You 're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want music. Shall I sing you a song?

Champ. Ah cruelle! you gouverne vid soverain empire over my art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into one calm.

SONG.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown,
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierced to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers, will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SCENE VI.—CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH.

Brush. News! news! there 's an English man-of-war's boat alongside, with a flag of truce.

Champ. Comment!—madame, you ave de bonté to retire to your cabane—I go dress myself, and give de audience. [*Exit Champignon.*

SCENE VII.—HARRIET, BRUSH.

Har. O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates with fear and suspense! What does the arrival of this boat portend?

Brush. Our deliverance from the hands of the Philistines, I hope. It could not arrive at a more seasonable juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that I am so much concerned on my own account, ma'am—but I can't be insensible to your danger, ma'am. I should be an ungrateful wretch, if I did not feel for one that is so dear to Mr. Heartly, ma'am.

Har. Really, Mr. Brush, you seem to have improved mightily in politeness since you lived among these French gentlemen.

Brush. Lived, ma'am—I have been dying hourly since I came aboard; and that politeness which you are pleased to mention, ma'am, is nothing but sneaking fear and hen-heartedness, which I believe, God forgive me, is the true source of all French politeness; a kind of poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity. I should be very proud to be drubbed in England for my insolence and ill-breeding.

Har. Well, I hope you 'll soon be drubbed to your heart's content. When we revisit our own country, you shall have all my interest towards the accomplishment of your wish. Meanwhile, do me the favour to make further inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—BLOCK, *and another Seaman.*

Block. Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieftenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder; nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is. We shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money, if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage; he 's all upper-work and head-sail. I 'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

To him, BRUSH.

Heh?—how!—no sure!—Yes faith but it is—Odso! cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

Block. What cheer, ho? How does mother Margery? Meet me among the French! Agad!

I 'd never desire better pastime, than to be among 'em with a good cutlash in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle. Why, look you, brother, hearing as how you and your mistress were windbound, we are come alongside to tow you into the offing.

Brush. The Lord reward you, cousin. But what if this damn'd Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

Block. Why then, Lieftenant Lyon is a cruising to windward of that there headland; he 'll be alongside in half a glass, full under your stern, clap his helm a starboard, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman and every soul on board to the devil, in the turning of a handspike.

Brush. The devil he will! But, cousin, what must become of me, then?

Block. Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose. We sailors never mind those things. Every shot has its commission, d' ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

Brush. O! curse your comfort.

Block. Hark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore—What d' ye say to a slug?

Brush. Slug!—O, I understand you.

[*Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.*

Block. Right Nantz, strike my topsails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution. Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains. This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French. An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother; but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy. No more keg, no more courage.

Brush. T'other pull, cousin.

Block. Avast, avast—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel. Smite my cross-trees! we begin to yaw already—Hiccup.

Brush. Odso! our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midshipman.

Block. Steady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH, TOM HAULYARD, *an English Midshipman.*

Champ. Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite-il?

Haul. Anan, Monseer sweat ye!—Agad! I believe, if we come alongside of you, we 'll make you all sweat.

Macl. That 's mair than ye can tell, my lad. Ye may gar me sweat with fechting; but it 's no in your breeks to gar me sweat with fear.

Ocl. You may sweat me after I 'm dead, honey; but, by the Blessed Virgin! you shall not sweat me alive; and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

Haul. If it wa'n't for such as you that show your own country the foretopsail, wold our enemy's cable, and man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to show their colours at sea; but, howsomever, we 'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the saying is. If so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

Champ. Mardy! de commission be very peremptoire!—écoute mon ami, vat you call monsieur your commandant?

Haul. I don't take in your palaver, not I; and mayhap you don't know my lingo; but, egad! we 'll soon make you understand plain English.

Ocl. Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

Haul. Who should it be but Lieftenant Lyon, of the Triton man-of-war, of sixty guns! as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

Champ. Bon!—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne?

Haul. Suppose!—if you do, he 'll run you alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water; that 's all.

Champ. By gar! he vil find himself mistaken; here is not vater for one sixty-gun ship [*aside*]. Heark you me, monsieur, vat is your name—tell Monsieur Lionne dat I am called Michel Sanson Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau; dat I ave de honeur to serve de King; dat fear be one bagatelle of which I ave de mepris; dat I regard you ambassade as de galimatias; dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre; and dat if Monsieur Lionne be disposed to rendre moi une visite, I shall ave de glorie to chastise his presomption; so I permitte you go your way.

Macl. Dissentio.—Bide you, Billy—there 's nae clerk here, I trow. Weel, Lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments in your hand against the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English leddy, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, you may gang about your business; when ye come back, I'se tauk with you in another style.

Ocl. For my own part, honey, I shall be after showing you some diversion in the way of my duty; but I take you to witness that I have no hand in detaining the lady, who is plaised to favour us with her company, against her own consent, gra.

Haul. Mayhap you may trust to your shoal-water—if you do, you're taken all aback, brother; for Lieftenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns, and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak—and—heh!—agad! yonder she comes round the point with a flowing sail. B'w'ye, Monseer Champignon! all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taste some of your soupmeagre by that time you pipe to dinner. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.—CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH.

Champ. Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendais par sitot, a quelle coté faut-il que je me tourne? sacrebleu! [*Aside.*

Messieurs, I demand your counseil; you protest against my conduite; if you tink me ave done de injustice, you will find me tout a fait raisonable; we render mademoiselle to de Englis; for I judge it bien mal-a-propos to engage de ennemi, vere de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

Ocl. Faith and troth! my dear, the contradiction is all over; you have nothing to do but to station your men; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerhead in the air, honey, but we 'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

Macl. Never fash your noddle about me; conscience! I'se no be the first to cry barley.

Ocl. Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your

division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o' the head, gra; but I'm afraid they're no better than dunghills; for they were raised from the canaille of Paris. And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger, you know; and then she'll be released without ransom.

Brush. God bless you, Captain Oclabber for your generosity to my poor lady. I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exeunt Oclabber, Maclaymore, and Brush.*

SCENE XI.

Champ. Ventre saingris! que ferai-je! Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autres Anglais sont si precipites! que diable les étouffe. Allons! Aux armes! matelots—mes enfans! chardon—chison—fortie—fumière—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes! [*A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musketry.*

A mon bon Dieu! ayez pitie de moi encore—qu'on m'apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur!—je suis mort!—je suis enterré!—ah! voila assez mes enfans—cessez—desistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—Lieutenant O-claw-bear!

SCENE XII.

Ocl. Halloa! [*Behind the scenes.*

Champ. Laissez—laissez—leave off your fire—le ennemi be too strong—we have abaissé le drapeau—I command you leave off.

Ocl. Leave off!—arrah, for what?

Champ. De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

Ocl. Devil burn your quarter!—what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd? The men are lying along the deck like so many paise; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my shoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[*Coming upon the stage.*] Arrah, mon deaul! I believe the English have made a compact with the devil, to do such execution; for my ensign has lost all his men too, but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecastle, sword in hand.

Brush [*in great trepidation*]. O Lord! Mr. Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpose; my master is come aboard, and if they should meet, there will be murder!

Ocl. By my shoul! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him, it will be in the way of friendship, honey; howsomever, if there's any mischief done, I'll go and prevent it.

[*Exit Oclabber.*

SCENE XIII.—CHAMPIGNON, *Lieutenant* LYON, HEARTLY, HAULYARD, BRUSH, BLOCK, *and English sailors.*

Champ. [*throwing himself on his knees, and presenting his sword.*] Ah! misericorde, Monsieur Artlie, quartier—quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

Heartly. I have no time to mind such trifles—where is my Harriet?

Brush. I'll show you the way to the poor solitary pigeon—master, this is a happy day!

[*Exeunt Heartly and Brush.*

SCENE XIV.—OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, *Lieutenant* LYON, HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, *etc.*

Ocl. [*delivering his sword.*] Gentlemen, yours is the fortune of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble. Our commander there is a very shivel person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the soldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my shoul! now they're the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of my life! about two minutes agone they were lying like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they are all scampered off about their business.

Macl. As I sall answer, it's a black burning shame! and I hope the King will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem.*

Ocl. By my shalvation! if the King will take my adviee, every single man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE THE LAST.—*To them* HEARTLY, *leading in* HARRIET.

Heartly. [*embracing Ocl. and Macl.*] Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shown to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessory to our grievances.

Ocl. [*receiving his sword.*] Mr. Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my shoul.

Lyon. I a'n't used to make speeches, madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old schoolfellow Heartly is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't show a commission authorizing him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's-arm by the neck, as a pirate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfered from you and Mr. Heartly.

Har. At that rate, I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled: "Hanging and marriage go by destiny;" yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

Champ. Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable, not worth your revanche.

[*Enter* BLOCK, *drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.*

Block. Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[*Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's clothes.*

By your leave, Tinsey—odds heart! these braces are so tort, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

Lyon. Ahey! what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

Block. All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon overhaul the rest of the cargo.

[*Pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons.*

What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—'sblood, the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

[*The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvas shirt, with very fine laced ruffles.*

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all

gingerbread work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow.

[*Draws out a plume of feathers.*

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that, like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—hark'ye, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigged with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledged, no wonder they are so ready to fly.

[*Finds a pocket glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.*

Swing the swivel-eyed son of a whore! he fights under false colours, like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog; he dares not show his own face to the weather.

Champ. Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

Block. Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood. The best way of beating the French is to spare all their Shampinions—odds heart! I would all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

Lyon. But, in the meantime, I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

Block. Swab! I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

Lyon. None of your jaw, you lubber.

Block. Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of Old England; but, go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul. I have seen the day when thou wouldst have shown thy colours with the best o' un.

Lyon. Peace, porpus.

Block. I am a porpus; for I spout salt water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps agoing.

Har. Come, Mr. Block, I must make you friends with Lieutenant Lyon. As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

Block. Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess how he's as brisk a seaman as ever greased a marlinspike—I'll turn'un adrift with e'er a he that reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

Har. Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

Block. I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see, then a may to sea when I wool, and hoist the Union flag.—Staud clear, John Frenchman—"The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves," as the song goes.

Lyon. And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

Champ. Monsieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a little exceed my orders, which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

Heartly. Well, I'm persuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny; and to show that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress; but in other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

Lyon. I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly. I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness; but there are Champignons in every service. While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities. When she breaks her treaties, and grows insolent, we will drub her over to her good behaviour—Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose, that wont, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

SONG.

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses:
Buss and part with your frolicsome lasses;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, etc.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other music than catches;
Man our quarters, and handle our matches,
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, etc.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

EPILOGUE.

Ay—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic ass—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup—maigre;
To bootless longings I had fall'n a martyr;
But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar.
Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.
Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder; [*gal.*
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder, [*To the*
Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulf, but that which horrid yawns below. [*To the pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potato.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause;
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize. [*the house.*
But if this welkin angry clouds deform, [*Looking round*
And hollow groans portend th' approaching storm:
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
[*To the gal.*
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
He 'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.
[*To the pit.*

POEMS.

ADVICE AND REPROOF.

TWO SATIRES.

First Published in the Year 1746 *and* 1747.

. . . Sed podice levi,
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.——
O Proceres! censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
JUVENAL.

. . . nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?—*Ibid.*

ADVICE: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

Poet. Enough, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorc'd, all hell should not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.
Friend. Exert your talents; nature, ever kind,
Enough for happiness bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
Why sleeps the muse?—Is there no room for praise,
When such bright constellations blaze?
When sage Newcastle, abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the State;
And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own.
Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame;
Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel yet unsung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!
Poet. Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse the engag'd attention of the great;
Amus'd, perhaps, with C—'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum;
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell,
Ev'n Atticus (so wills the voice of fate),
Enshrines in clouded majesty his state;
Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
Though priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venial tribe,
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe,
Bribe him, to feast my mute imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie?
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the State!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow!
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
And rid his country of one curse at least?
Friend. What! turn assassin?
Poet. Let th' assassin bleed;
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractised mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.
Friend. Heav'ns! how you rail! how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you 'll climb the higher,
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave.
Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail,
Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,
The slave, perhaps, of some insatiate dame;

Ver. 8. A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having, unfortunately, forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureate on Colley Cibber, Esq., a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen, famous in their day for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption:—

Among th' innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified.

Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Ver. 62. To be little read and less approved.

But if exempted from the Herculean toil ;
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil ;
There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite ;
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star ;
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure ;
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary.
Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L—d.
And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace.
Poet. Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground !
A vice that, spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains !
Pollio ! the pride of science and its shame,
The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom, [name !
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom !
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obscene with crimes avow'd of ev'ry dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury ;
Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead,
"Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame !
Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,
Her tempting fathers, and her yielding sons ;
While dulness screens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch.
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.
Friend. Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one ?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door,
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lacqueys fatten at his board.
To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.
Poet. Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame !
But if an impious wretch, with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside ;
If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears ;
Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.

What if, arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo through his hall ;
And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome :
What though whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale ;
While the remains, through mouths unnumber'd
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last : [past,
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole ?
These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive ;
And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this fantasy of show.
When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize ?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast ?
No ! petrify'd by dulness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh !
Friend. Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral owns thy merit's price.
Poet. Sooner in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn !—
What new resource ?
Friend. A thousand yet remain,
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain :
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care ?
Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair.
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace th' excelling patroness ;
Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
And heard with joy, by defamation praise.
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace ;
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd ;
And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive sallies of her tongue.
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
Soon shalt thou sharp in company at whist ;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate. [waste
Poet. But say, what recompense for all this
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste ?
To shine confess'd her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule ?
Again shall Handel raise her laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow !
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks,
And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.
Lo, Russell falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream :

Ver. 88. This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression), without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black. It is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Ver. 103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white for the entertainment of his guests.

Ver. 109. In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office, in which dulness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

Ver. 177. These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them. We have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Ver. 187. A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon him. He was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last his generous patronesses, after much solici-

With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid,
And sees their favour like a vision fade!
Is this, ye faithless sirens!—this the joy,
To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and shackl'd, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd, and undone!
Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
My muse with murders shall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Guthrie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

Friend. 'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
What though success will not attend on all!
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread;
Each weakness, vice, and folly yields thee bread;
Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

Poet. What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:
Turn usurer o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood,
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood?

Friend. Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal—

Poet. Why not a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

Friend. How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the scenes of life;
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peevish dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

Poet. Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide;
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul:
My soul serene amidst the storm shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

Friend. Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

Poet. No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
And moral rage heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

Friend. Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who sought the bosom of the wood?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

Poet. If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' inhospitable shore.

tation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

Ver. 199. These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Ver. 237. This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

"Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

Vers. 248, 249. This last line relates to the behaviour

REPROOF: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

Poet. Howe'er I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heav'n! what demon thunders at the gate?

Friend. In vain you strive in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

Poet. An injur'd friend! who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your praise relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

Friend. No; but your cynic vanity you 'll own,
Expos'd my private counsel to the town.

Poet. Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
I grant I printed it for public use.

Friend. Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due)
Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

Poet. Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth,
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortified than I;
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles doom'd to groan
Beneath the inhuman scoffs of Williamson.

Friend. Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

Poet. What then?

Friend. Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

Poet. With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse:
I 'll own my error and expunge my verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of sable shall the goddess wear;
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves, fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without control th' unguarded flocks:
The suff'rers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
To shield their lambs from dangers and alarms;
A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm association stood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest:
Their prayer was heard, and by consent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood,

of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day—the Hanoverian general in the battle of Dettingen.

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower.

Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

Then Pug aghast fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd in threescore miles to look behind;
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scar'd baboon, to cut the matter short,
With all his speed could not outrun report;
And, to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All senior members of the horned race,—
The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
And a grave hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd:—
If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
Th' important issue of this grand debate,
May furnish precedent for your own fate:
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe so desperate and fell.
'Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every man that fell like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave.
Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent. [scope,

Friend. There needs no magic to divine your
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.—

Poet. Hail, sacred themes! the muse's chief de-
O bring the darling objects to my sight! [light!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode, and Hanbury's song.
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay;
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.

The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
But, lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle:
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

Friend. Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

Poet. You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle, caress'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball;
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supplied a scourge
For the vile tribe of usurers and bites,
Who sneak at Jonathan's, and swear at White's.
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bred
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontroll'd and blossoms o'er the land,
Nor feel the rigour of my chast'ning hand:
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;
Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
Which daily persecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his bosom while the mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
While the young lordling struts with native pride,
His party-colour'd tutor by his side,
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.
Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,

Ver. 70. It is not to be wondered at that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it: consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that, among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, etc., which gives reason to suspect that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Ver. 108. Two productions resembling one another very much in that very cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to *Crassum unguentum et Sardo cum melle papaver.*

Ver. 110. The Earl of Chesterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Mackercher, Esq., a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the Scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesey title and estate.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

Ver. 129. A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want, at the moderate interest of £50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

Ver. 139. A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double-entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Esq., whose character is too well known to need description.

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spews new monsters to the crowd;
I see with joy the vatic'de deplore
An hell-denouncing-priest and sov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord,
Employ the social chair and venal board;
Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
These and a thousand idle pranks I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame.
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawley's face,
Gives Hawley praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace;
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to a herd of swine.
Friend. The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;
Thy flowers of poetry that smell so strong,
The keenest appetite have loath'd the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty,
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city.
While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.
Poet. Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him who never speaks but to arraign;
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn.
Or his, who, to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums and shakes his empty head;
Until some oracle ador'd pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd.
These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

Ver. 170. Monsters of absurdity.

"He look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies;
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten horned fiends and giants rush to war,
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all."
DUNCIAD.

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview, to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid.—Venal board. Equally applicable to the dining and card table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Ver. 180.—*Hawley.* A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste are much of the same dimension.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

SONG.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To combat April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she 's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She 's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she 'll neither share nor prove,
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human 's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE.[1]

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms essay'd too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee through the worst of ways?

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids,
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beset with towers dank;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
Nor where to mix with offal, soil and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs
Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou shouldst doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and sympathizing breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd:
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren,
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind
What comfort can I find?
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad and funeral lay,
Oh! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth,
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of grief forlorn;
Thy glitt'ring colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display:
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild, a second sun, with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower:
Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn;
Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With laughter at her side.
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now affliction's power,
Fear not now wild passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer.
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the canker care away,
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king,
The glitt'ring host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry, with toil embrown'd;
Content with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO BLUE-EYED ANN.

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll:
When Lybian's sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla 's lost;
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Ann I 'll cease to love.

[1] Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by Lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
Nor love's light god inhabit earth,
Nor beauty give the passion birth,
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forget to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose looks sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic Superstition for his guide
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In heav'n's name, urg'd th' infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow—
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd;
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopp'd; he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' impression of her charms;
He seiz'd th' advantage fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vig'rous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew,
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where, under cover of a flow'ring thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant, to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the fav'rite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms,
To burst th' Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He with the generous rustics sat,
On Uri's rocks, in close divan;
And wing'd that arrow, sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
Th' all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;

Ver. 16. Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince, Vitikind, fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

Ver. 53. Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

Ver. 58. The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis Khan, Timur Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpations of the French King, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd,
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There Study shall with Solitude recline;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains;
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

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